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The Loyal Rebels.

COSMETICS: A QUESTION OF TASTE.

HE read his *Daily Mail*, as I and you,
  And scanned the question of the moot cosmetic;
He lent a patient ear to every view,
  The ethic, the eugenic, the æsthetic;
The revelations shocked him, for, in truth,
He was a prim variety of youth.

The solemn jeremiads of "M.D."
  And "Anxious Mother" had his approbation;
The sage that kept his anonymity
  Beneath the veil of "Nature for the Nation"
Our hero liked. He frankly could not hide
His scorn of those that took the other side.

His sense of rectitude could never brook
  The shameless pleas of unrepentant ladies;
To him, they had a Babylonish look;
  He saw the cloven hoof, and thought of Hades;
Yet the conclusion forced upon his wit
Was this, that every woman 's doing it.

"But no," he cried, "*two* rosy cheeks at least
  Down to the paint pot's lure have never knuckled!
Two ruby lips their charm have ne'er increased
  With specious art!" His love o'erheard, and chuckled.
She winked a roguish eye, albeit chaste,
And said, "Dear boy! He has no sense of taste!"

THE LIBERAL CLUB NEXT DOOR.

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

[If these lines contain an unjust reflection on his neighbours the poet invites some better explanation of the noises proceeding from their kitchen in the small hours of the morning.]

I have a flat, a pleasant flat,
Whose windows look with eyes serene
Across a flowery garden at
The storied Thames; and, in between,
The Council's trams in steady flight
Rumble all day and half the night.

Not these annoy me; I ignore
The dissipated hours they keep;
Indeed, their rather soothing roar
Might rock a happier frame to sleep,
Like to the surf of thundering seas
That pound upon the Hebrides.

But on the other side my bed
Stands where a ruder clamour gains
Access to my recumbent head
And works like madness on my brains,
Coming from kitchens which supply
A Liberal Caravanserai.

Fresh from the Lobby's midnight hum
(Leaving the Welsh Church disendowed)
I picture how these revellers come
And give their orders very loud—
Welsh Rarebit, and a lager beer,
And other strange nocturnal cheer.

And still they feast till nearly morn;
From hour to hour, from chime to chime,
The chef grows wearier, more forlorn,
With toasting cheeses all the time;
And I must toss about and tear
The remnants of my Tory hair.

This happens when the Party's health
Is but *piano* (thanks to George);
But what, I ask, will be the wealth
Of Cymric suppers they will gorge
When those Marconi scandals wane
And Lloyd becomes himself again?

Meanwhile I seek the Premier's ear.
Sometimes I think he seems to lack
A proper knowledge, full and clear,
Of what goes on behind his back;
So, for his sake—as well as mine—
I take this frank and open line.

O. S.

"Lost on 31st May, between Elie and Kilconquhar, smooth-haired Fox Terrier. Collar round neck."—*East of Fife Record.*

And tail at latter end of body.

"During lunch time Bird took four for 54."
Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

And yet we grudge these strenuous athletes their tea interval.

Suggested name for a certain "rare and refreshing fruit"—the Medlar.

THE COMPROMISE FINE.

I.

R. Fordham, Supervisor of Customs and Excise, to Murdoch McGavin, 3, Poynings Avenue, Glasgow, N.W.
3rd April, 191–.

I am directed by the Commissioners of Customs and Excise to acquaint you that they have ordered legal proceedings to be instituted against you for Keeping a Dog without a Licence. They have however authorised me to state that, if you do not disclaim liability, they are prepared, having regard to all the circumstances, and in virtue of the powers given them by Sect. 35 (1) of the Inland Revenue Regulation Act, 1890, to stay proceedings provided you pay forthwith the sum of Five Shillings. I shall therefore refrain from taking further steps for ten days from the date of this letter so as to give you the opportunity of paying the above amount. If you avail yourself of that alternative, the amount should be paid or remitted to me within the time named.

II.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham.
7th April, 191–.

I have your favour of 3rd inst. indicting me for keeping a dog without a licence, and suggesting that I should pay a fine of 5*s.* to stay further proceedings. It is true that I overlooked this matter till 17th March, when you sent me an official inquiry. I then took out a licence and intimated the fact to you. I can only assume that the charge you make refers to the period between 2nd Jan. and 17th March. But as the alleged offence must be purely a technical one I am at a loss to understand why you should threaten me with legal proceedings. It is perhaps not a wholly irrelevant fact that my dog died on 27th March, and that I shall therefore be guilty of keeping a licence without a dog for fully three-quarters of the current year. If you think it necessary to go any further in this matter, I shall be glad to be favoured with your observations on these facts.

P.S.—If I am entitled to a rebate for the unexpired period of my licence, perhaps you will be so kind as to refer me to the proper form.

III.

R. Fordham to Murdoch McGavin.
10th April, 191–.

In reply to your letter of 7th April, I may say that there appears to be no doubt that an offence was committed. That being so, the Board are acting leniently in giving you the option of paying the Compromise Fine.

IV.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham.
11th April, 191–.

I have to thank you for your letter of yesterday, and note that you are now in some doubt whether an offence has been committed. You say "there appears to be no doubt," which shows that there is room for considerable dubiety. In these circumstances I am sorry I cannot agree with you in your opinion that the Board is treating me leniently. In my opinion the Board is threatening purely vexatious proceedings against a regular taxpayer, and the suggestion of a Compromise Fine seems to come perilously near compounding an alleged felony. You have omitted to refer me to the proper form of application for rebate on the unexpired period of dog licence, and I shall be obliged if you will kindly do this within ten days of the date hereof. My wife wishes me to add that she considers it heartless on the part of your Board to write as you have done so soon after the death of poor Ponto.

V.

R. Fordham to Murdoch McGavin.
13th April, 191–.

I have to refer you to my letter of 10th April, advising you that, in the opinion of the Board, an offence has been committed. The period allowed for payment of the Compromise Fine has now expired, but the Board will accept the fine if sent within five days from the date hereof.

VI.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham.
16th April, 191–.

I have your letter of 13th April and note contents. I must remind you that you have neglected, in spite of two inquiries, to refer me to the proper form of application for rebate on unexpired period of dog licence. This is not in keeping with the usual courtesy of your Department. If I am entitled to repayment there would be a small balance in my favour, even if the Compromise Fine were legally exigible, as I am advised that it is not. I make out that the difference between three-fourths of 7*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* amounts to 7½*d.* This is, of course, without prejudice, and is not to be founded upon by your Board as an admission by me of the technical offence you allege. I shall be glad to hear from you at your convenience.

VII.

R. Fordham to Murdoch McGavin.
17th April, 191–.

In reply to your inquiry of yesterday I have to state that no rebate can be allowed in respect of any dog-licence.



LANSDOWNE ENTERS THE LISTS.



"Now here, Sir, for eighteen-and-six we have an infallible——"
"No, thanks; none of your hair-restorers." "Then your baldness be on your own head, Sir."

The licence permits you to keep one dog at any time during its currency. You have the recourse of getting another dog.

VIII.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham.
22nd April, 191–.

I have to thank you for your reply to my inquiry, and am surprised to learn that no rebate is allowed in respect of an unexpired dog licence. I do not quite understand your reference to the currency of the dog. I should have thought that the currency of the dog ceased with its death. On this point my wife wishes me to say that she would never think of replacing poor Ponto within a year of his demise, and she is surprised that anyone should suggest such a reproach to his memory.

IX.

R. Fordham to Murdoch McGavin.
23rd April, 191–.

Unless I receive remittance of Five Shillings by return of post I shall understand that you disclaim liability, in which case proceedings will be instituted forthwith.

X.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham.
6th May, 191–.

The summons with which you threatened me on 23rd April, and which should have been delivered about 26th, has never arrived. As a regular taxpayer I must protest against your dilatory way of conducting the business of your Department.

XI.

The Same to the Same.
15th May, 191–.

I am still awaiting the summons which you promised me would be delivered immediately after your letter of 23rd April. As I am most anxious to have a public opportunity of clearing my character of the unfounded slander which you have laid upon it, I must insist upon receiving the summons within ten days of the date hereof. In the event of your failure to comply with this request, I shall be forced to send a copy of this correspondence to Sir Francis Tribble, Somerset House, and also to *The Times*.

XII.

The Same to the Same.
26th May, 191–.

The ten days' grace mentioned in my letter of 15th May having now elapsed, I must request you to forward a summons by return of post. If you fail to do so, I shall follow the course indicated in my letter, and thereafter institute legal proceedings for defamation of character.

XIII.

R. Fordham to Murdoch McGavin.
27th May, 191–.

The Board instruct me to acquaint you that, in the special circumstances of your case, they do not propose to take any further action. I have to add that no reflection on your character has been intended or could be implied.

XIV.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham.
29th May, 191–.

I accept your apology and, in the special circumstances of your case, have instructed my lawyers to stay proceedings. Kind regards to your Board.

GUN-RUNNING.

The children of the Opposition Member were congregated on the lawn preparatory to acting their original, topical, pastoral play, entitled *The Gun-Runners*. Harold, aged 11 and a born commander of men, gave his final instructions.

"Now, you're Sir Edward Carson, Reggie. And, Winnie, you're Mr. Redmond. When I——"

"If I'm Mr. Redmond I'm not playing," pouted Winnie. Actresses are like that sometimes.

"Oh! all right, then. Reggie'll have to be Redmond."

"Not me," said Reggie decidedly. "I'm Carson, and don't you forget it."

Stern martinet as he was, there were occasions which rendered Harold susceptible to the noblest impulses of self-sacrifice.

"Very well, then. If you're such a couple of kids, *I'll* be Redmond," he said. "Win, you can be Keir Hardie."

"Why, what's he got to do with it?"

"Nothing that I know of."

"Well, why's he in it?"

"Look here, if you're going to be so beastly inquisitive, I won't let you play at all. Who do you *want* to be, anyway?"

"Lord Roberts," said Winnie.

"I don't see what—Oh! well, I daresay we can work him in somehow. Now you see the summer-house in the corner? Well, that's Italy, where the rifles come from. This is England in the middle of the lawn, and that's Ulster by the rockery. You two have got to get the rifles past me and land them in Ulster. See?"

"Oh! that's easy," said Reggie.

"Is it?" replied Mr. Redmond, grimly. "Are you ready? Come on, then." At which command Lord Roberts and Sir Edward Carson raced madly in the direction of Italy and began to stagger heavily back across the Continent under the weight of a long wooden box. Vainly they tried to circumvent Mr. Redmond, sometimes making remarkable circuits *viâ* Norway and occasionally dodging

"Out of France into Spain,
Over the hills and back again."

At last they found themselves up against it on English soil. Mr. Redmond had actually laid hands upon the contraband articles. Pointing with incriminating finger at the suspicious object the Home-Ruler cried, "What have you in that box, Sir Edward?"

"Rifles," replied Sir Edward, with commendable promptitude.

"Silly little ass. You don't say 'Rifles'; you say 'Bananas' or 'Pianos.' Anything but 'Rifles'!"

Then he repeated in the imperious voice that suited him so well, "What is in that box, Sir Edward?"

"Croquet mallets. You know they are!"

"I think not, Sir Edward. Kindly let me see inside that case."

"Shan't," replied the learned gentleman stoutly.

"No, don't let him," agreed Lord Roberts, with warmth.

"I would remind you, Sir Edward, that the laws of this country expressly forbid——"

What promised to be an excellent sentence, spoken with admirable restraint, was here brought to an abrupt termination. Paterfamilias had made a leisurely but at the same time dramatic appearance at the drawing-room French windows.

It was a mean advantage, but for the sake of the cause Sir Edward felt justified in using the vilest strategy to gain his end. "Look! There's Father!" he shouted, thereby causing Mr. Redmond to turn quickly and for one brief second to forsake his responsibilities. The second was enough for Sir Edward and Lord Roberts. Simultaneously they grabbed the case of rifles.

"Come on, Bobs!" shouted Sir Edward. "Ulster for ever!" And with a superhuman effort they made all speed for Ireland. The Grand Coup was so sudden and so effective that, with their pursuer still yards behind, they succeeded easily in dumping their cargo on Ulster territory.

"Well, now that we've got here, what are we going to do with Redmond?" asked Lord Roberts.

"Tie him up and brain him," replied the other bloodthirsty conqueror.

Meekly, with a smile that tried to look sad upon his proud young features, Mr. Redmond submitted to the tying-up process. That done, his captors proceeded to burst open the case and extract a hefty croquet-mallet. Sir Edward, raising this on high, cast a questioning glance at Lord Roberts. The latter, with memories of a certain lavish cinema display, slowly turned her right wrist until the thumb pointed mercilessly downwards. And then, just as the murderous implement was about to fall, a clarion voice caused a sudden stay of execution.

"Stop!" cried the Father of the players. "I've been watching you all the time. You're doing it entirely wrong. In the first place, why drag in Lord Roberts? Then you should really remember your geography, Harold. You seem to have made no allowances for the North Sea and the Irish Channel. And in this connection the excellence of your main idea is distressingly marred by the reflection that these rifles would never travel by land at all. They would be shipped direct from Italy, to avoid the risk of confiscation attendant upon the transport of any such consignment across Europe and England. Then to turn from the practical to the moral side. You two victorious invaders—are you going to forget that you are Britons? Would you inflict the death penalty upon Mr. Redmond without so much as a trial?"

A look of uncertainty passed between Sir Edward and Lord Roberts. For a space the fate of Mr. Redmond hung in the balance, until that gentleman himself turned the scale by remarking none too politely, "Look here, Father! If you think you know more about this business than we do, you'd better come and play Redmond yourself. I'm sick of the part, anyway. Ah! you don't fancy it either. Then please allow us to continue." And, expanding his chest as fully as the cruel bonds would allow, he looked steadily into the eyes of his arch-enemy, and said, "Strike, Carson! Erin go bragh!"



PLAYWRIGHTS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES GO TO CHINA (SEE *THE YELLOW JACKET*). THEY MIGHT GO ALSO TO THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND OF ALMINTO, WHERE A DRAMATIC CRITIC IS ALWAYS ON THE STAGE. IT IS SAID THAT THE HISTRIONIC ART OF ALMINTO IS REMARKABLE CHIEFLY FOR ITS RESTRAINT.



THE CORRECT ATMOSPHERE.

"JUST IN TIME. WE'RE OFF TO SEE MY NEW ALPINE BORDER AT THE TOP OF THE GARDEN. HITCH AUNTIE ON BEHIND YOU, ALEC, AND JODEL WHEN YOU'RE READY."

THE MARVEL OF IT.

(*A Rhapsody of Subterranean Travel.*)

OH, not the seed of fire I praise
In busy circuit running round,
Whenas by labyrinthine ways
Each morning on the Underground
I journey—not the infernal skill and not the force profound;

Not all the system vast and strange
Which shoots us Citywards like peas,
The "bullet" of impetuous range,
The lift, the oceanic breeze;
Let mightier bards than I hold forth on such dashed things as these.

To simpler phantasies I soar,
A homely and bucolic theme:
As through the tunnelled night we roar
Of flowery pasture-lands I dream
And the red steers of Hereford knee-deep in some cool stream.

The maze of this mechanic mole
Affects me not at all. I spy
The stern-faced ruminants who roll
On meadow margents of the Wye;
Theirs is the praise I sing. No other help but theirs is nigh.

For one of these it was, I think,
A stalwart beast of splendid thews,
That passed to death from that low brink
Well loved, and amaranthine chews
Of the lush grasses, and the wild flowers wet with pearlèd dews,

And gave a portion of his strong,
His undefeated epiderm
To make me my familiar thong,
Whereunto like a dangled worm
Pendent from first to last—yet still in that strong succour firm—

Always I cling. Nor I alone;
The other day a stoutish chap
Shared in my labour and my moan,
Co-dancer on the selfsame strap;
Yet still the tough trapeze availed; we plumped on no one's lap.

Small wonder then that I should think
Fondly on this, and pay no heed
To larger glories of the "link,"
Its might, its magic and its speed,
But boom the hide of England's ox, still staunch at England's need!

EVOE.

"Dalkey's Island, a few hundred miles from the mainland, is an ideal spot for picnics."—*Advt. in "Daily Mail."*

Herbert (*to his wife, who is undoing the hamper*): "No, dear, I will *not* go back for the mustard. The corkscrew last week was different. It was much calmer then."

"According to the calendar Saturday was the longest day in the year, the sun rising at 3.26 a.m. and setting at 8.37 p.m. For a day or two there will be no apparent difference in the length of the days, but of course the change will become more marked with the progress of time."—*Belfast News Letter.*

Indeed, as we get near to Christmas it should be quite noticeable.

LORDS TEMPORAL.

We have eight clocks, called after the kind people who gave them to us. Let me introduce you: William, Edward, Muriel, Enid, Alphonse, Percy, Henrietta and John—a large family.

"But how convenient," said Celia. "Exactly one for each room."

"Or two in each corner of the drawing-room. I don't suggest it; I just throw out the idea."

"Which is rejected. How shall we arrange which goes into which room? Let's pick up. I take William for the drawing-room; you take John for your work-room; I take——"

"Not John," I said gently. John is— John overdoes it a trifle. There is too much of John; and he exposes his inside—which is not quite nice.

"Well, whichever you like. Come on, let's begin. William."

As it happened, I particularly wanted William. He has an absolutely noiseless tick, such as is suitable to a room in which work is to be done. I explained this to Celia.

"What you want for the drawing-room," I went on, "is a clock which ticks ostentatiously, so that your visitors may be reminded of the flight of time. Edward is a very loud breather. No guest could fail to notice Edward."

"William," said Celia firmly.

"William has a very delicate interior," I pleaded. "You could never attend to him properly. I have been thinking of William ever since we had him, and I feel that I understand his case."

"Very well," said Celia, with sudden generosity; "Edward. You have William; I have Alphonse for the dining-room; you have John for your bedroom; I have Enid for mine; you——"

"Not John," I said gently. To be frank, John is improper.

"Well, Percy, then."

"Yes, Percy. He is young and fair. He shall sit on the chest-of-drawers and sing to my sock-suspenders."

"Then Henrietta had better go in the spare-room, and Muriel in Jane's."

"Muriel is much too good for Jane," I protested. "Besides, a servant wants an alarm clock to get her up in the morning."

"You forget that Muriel cuckoos. At six o'clock she will cuckoo exactly six times, and at the sixth 'oo' Jane brisks out of bed."

I still felt a little doubtful, because the early morning is a bad time for counting cuckoos, and I didn't see why Jane shouldn't brisk out at the seventh "oo" by mistake one day. However, Jane is in Celia's department, and if Celia was satisfied I was. Besides, the only other place for Muriel was the bathroom; and there is something about a cuckoo-clock in a bathroom which—well, one wants to be educated up to it.

"And that," said Celia gladly, "leaves the kitchen for John." John, as I think I have said, displays his inside in a lamentable way. There is too much of John.

"If Jane doesn't mind," I added. "She may have been strictly brought up."

"She'll love him. John lacks reserve, but he is a good time-keeper."

And so our eight friends were settled. But, alas, not for long. Our discussion had taken place on the eve of Jane's arrival; and when she turned up next day she brought with her, to our horror, a clock of her own—called, I think, Mother. At any rate, she was fond of it and refused to throw it away.

"And it's got an alarm, so it goes in her bedroom," said Celia, "and Muriel goes into the kitchen. Jane comes from the country, and the cuckoo reminds her of home. That still leaves John eating his head off."

"And, moreover, showing people what happens to it," I added severely. (I think I have already mentioned John's foible.)

"Well, there's only one thing for it; he must go under the spare-room bed."

I tried to imagine John under the spare-room bed.

"Suppose," I said, "we had a nervous visitor . . . and she looked under the bed before getting into it . . . and saw John . . . It is a terrible thought, Celia."

However, that is where he is. It is a lonely life for him, but we shall wind him up every week, and he will think that he is being of service to us. Indeed, he probably imagines that our guests prefer to sleep under the bed.

Now, with John at last arranged for, our family should have been happy; but three days ago I discovered that it was William who was going to be the real trouble. To think of William, the pride of the flock, betraying us!

As you may remember, William lives with me. He presides over the room we call "the library" to visitors and "the master's room" to Jane. He smiles at me when I work. Ordinarily, when I want to know the time, I look at my watch; but the other morning I happened to glance at William. He said "twenty minutes past seven." As I am never at work as early as that, and as my watch said eleven-thirty, I guessed at once that William had stopped. In the evening—having by that time found the key—I went to wind him up. To my surprise he said "six-twenty-five." I put my ear to his chest and heard his gentle breathing. He was alive and going well. With a murmured apology I set him to the right time . . . . and by the morning he was three-quarters of an hour fast.

Unlike John, William is reticent to a degree. With great difficulty I found my way to his insides, and then found that he had practically none to speak of at all. Certainly he had no regulator.

"What shall we do?" I asked Celia.

"Leave him. And then, when you bring your guests in for a smoke, you can say, 'Oh, don't go yet; this clock is five hours and twenty-three minutes fast.'"

"Or six hours and thirty-seven minutes slow. I wonder which would sound better. Anyhow, he is much too beautiful to go under a bed."

So we are leaving him. And when I am in the mood for beauty I look at William's mahogany sides and am soothed into slumber again . . . and when I want to adjust my watch (which always loses a little), I creep under the spare-room bed and consult John. John alone of all our family keeps the correct time, and it is a pity that he alone must live in retirement.

A. A. M.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

Ups and Downs.

Once upon a time towards the end of June the birds gathered together to compare notes as to the nesting season. It is a regular habit—a kind of stock-taking.

"And what has been your luck?" the owl asked the plover.

"Half-and-half," said the plover. "My first clutch of eggs—beauties they were, too—were found by a farm boy, and within a couple of days they were in the œsophagus of a pretty actress at the Savoy, at one-and-six a-piece; but I need hardly say," added the plover with a wink, "that it was not the little lady herself who paid for them.

"So I laid again," the plover continued, "and this time we pulled through; and this very morning I've been giving my family a lesson in taking cover. The difficulty is to make them keep their silly little beaks shut when they're in danger: they will *cheep* so, and that, of course, gives the show away. Still, chicks will be chicks, you know."

"Yes, indeed," replied the owl; "but years will put that right only



HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

V. Dine at smart restaurants and forget all you ever learnt of table manners.

too successfully;" and both birds sighed.

"Yes," said the nightingale to the woodpecker, "I managed capitally. I had a wonderful season. Every night people came to hear me sing; Caruso and Melba couldn't have more devoted audiences. We brought up a healthy family, too, with strong musical tendencies. In fact, it wasn't till yesterday that anything went wrong; and that wasn't exactly a calamity, although it hurt me quite a little bit."

"Tell me," said the woodpecker.

"With pleasure," said the nightingale. "It was like this: I was in the hedge just as that nice lady at the Grange came along with her little girl, and the little girl saw me and, as children always do—you 've all heard them time and again—asked the mother what that pretty brown bird was called. Now this, you must understand, is the lady who has been leaning out of her window every night all through June just to hear me sing; but what do you think she said to the little girl in reply? 'That brown bird, darling? That 's only a sparrow.'"

"You 've been as immoral as usual, I suppose?" said the thrush to the cuckoo.

"Quite," said the cuckoo, "if by immorality you mean taking furnished lodgings for my family instead of going in for building and small ownership, like you."

"That 's not wholly what I meant," said the thrush. "There 's such a thing as taking furnished apartments and paying for them, and such a thing as depositing your family there and never showing up again."

"Still," said the cuckoo, "it 's a very small family—only one. Smaller even than a French family."

"I wish, all the same," said the thrush, "you 'd tell me why you are so averse from building."

"I don't exactly know," said the cuckoo, "but I think it's fastidiousness. I never can find a site to suit me. Either there 's no view, or the water 's bad, or I dislike the neighbours; try as I will, I never can settle. So there you are!"

"And who, may I ask," said the thrush, "has had the honour of fostermothering your illustrious offspring this season?"

"The nuthatch," said the cuckoo; "and she wasn't half disagreeable about it either. While as for her own children, the little pigs, they couldn't have taken it with less philosophy. Grumbled day and night. My poor boy was jolly glad when he was fledged, I can tell you."

"What are you going to do with him?" the thrush asked.

"I haven't made up my mind," said the cuckoo. "What do you advise?"

"Apprentice him to a builder," said the thrush as he flew away.

Final.

"Mrs. A. P. Payne, General Hospital, will not be at home to-day, owing to her absence from home."—*Brisbane Courier.*

"The Minister's Wife.
By One of Them."
From list of contents of "Life and Work."

A Mormon minister, we trust.

"The bridal pair motored to the station en route for Hubertusstoch, where the honeymoon will be spent, cheered by enormous crowds."—*Cape Times.*

Not our idea of a honeymoon.

"Stevens, who is only twelve years old, has now played four 3-figure innings three of which were centuries, for his school."
Hampstead Advertiser.

Possibly the remaining effort consisted of three singles.

CHARIVARIA.

As a result of the slowness of the Government in appointing a Poet Laureate, we are still without an official Marconi poem recording adequately the famous victory of the Government.

"Lord MURRAY must be very thick-skinned," remarked a Tory the other day. As a matter of fact we believe he now has an oil skin.

The improvement of the road exits from London was foreshadowed by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at the first sitting of the International Road Congress. It is hoped that this may make the Government less nervous about going to the Country.

A Berlin paper has started a prize symposium on the question, "Who is the most stupid man in Berlin?" Such is the respect for the bureaucracy there that all the local officials, we understand, are *hors concours*.

It was perhaps a little bit tactless on the part of the gentleman who drew up the *menu* for the Admiralty dinner to the French officers that it should have included "Crème Germiny."

The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* says that congratulations on the occasion of the EMPEROR'S Jubilee from foreign Sovereigns and Heads of states were so numerous that it has been decided not to publish them or the replies. It is hoped that this will put a stop to the nuisance.

Mr. JOHN WILLIAM GRIFFITH, of Shepton Mallet, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday last week, has spent seventy-three years among the cheeses. He gives them the highest character for quietness and general behaviour.

The BRAZILIAN PRESIDENT has sanctioned a decree establishing Greenwich time in Brazil. Over here we still reckon by rag-time.

The conditions prevailing at the famous Sing-Sing prison in New York are declared to be most inhumane, and are to be the subject of enquiry. The matter is an important one, as the tendency has been of late to get a better class of prisoner there.

"Hen" parties, *The Evening News* tells us, were a feature of Ascot Sunday on the river this year. Fortunately there seems to have been no accident attributable to these boats with no cox.

Mr. HARRY LAUDER preached last week at the Castle Green Congregational Chapel, Bristol. He appears to have been the greatest success, and we can picture the sacred edifice ringing again and again with merry laughter.

In his speech at the annual dinner of the Associated Booksellers, Mr. HALL CAINE, in referring to the sevenpenny reprints, pointed out that our publishers were now giving the public "the masterpieces of literature at the price of a glass of brandy." One of the inevitable drawbacks of success is that one is charged sevenpence for a glass of brandy.

"Why not cow-catchers for race-horses?" suggests a correspondent with the view of minimising the danger of such incidents as took place at Epsom and Ascot.

The demand for Life Guards for Motor Omnibuses continues to be pressed. The War Office, however, is not prepared to risk the lives of these valuable soldiers in such service.

The appointment of Mr. MEREDITH NICHOLSON to the post of American Minister to Portugal seems an appropriate one. Mysterious disappearances of political opponents of the present *régime* are reported from Lisbon. Mr. NICHOLSON once wrote a novel entitled *The Port of Missing Men*.

No, my child, the Omnibus Box at the Opera House is not the place where the conductor sits.

The art of repartee in this country has received a blow from which it will take it some time to recover. A fire at Swansea Vale Spelter Works last week destroyed 4,000 retorts.

Professor KROMEGER, of Breslau, predicts that three thousand years hence all males of the human species will be bald-headed. It is a long time since the brush and comb trades have been so depressed.



"ANYTHING IN THE FANCY-TIE LINE, SIR?"

A New Disease.

"Mrs. —— stated that her son was a good boy. . . . A little while ago he had tuberculosis of the not only of the bishop and his clergy but also lung."—*Eastbourne Gazette*.

Fortunately "Tuberculosis of the bishop" is very unusual in this country.

The following genuine letter reaches us from an Irish correspondent:—

"To Mr. ——

Sir,—I should have sent on the interest to you on the money and am I told that you are dead, and if so please tell me who I am to send it on two but I hope it not true. I be very sorry, and very much oblige.

Yours sincerely, ——."

"Queen Victoria Eugenie gave birth to a son this morning."
Irish Independent.

Won't Dr. SALEEBY be pleased!

"Can a gentleman recommend a well-mannered boy, strong, good appearance, as Boy-Footman? Age 16; height 6 ft. 7. Town and country."—*Church Times*.

We know plenty of suitable boys but they are all relatively dwarfs.

"Notice is hereby given that Life Policy No. 15007, issued by the Empire of India Life Assurance Company, Limited, on my life, has been totally destroyed by worms and due notice has been given to the Company.
JOGGASOMER ADHYCARRY."
The Statesman (Calcutta).

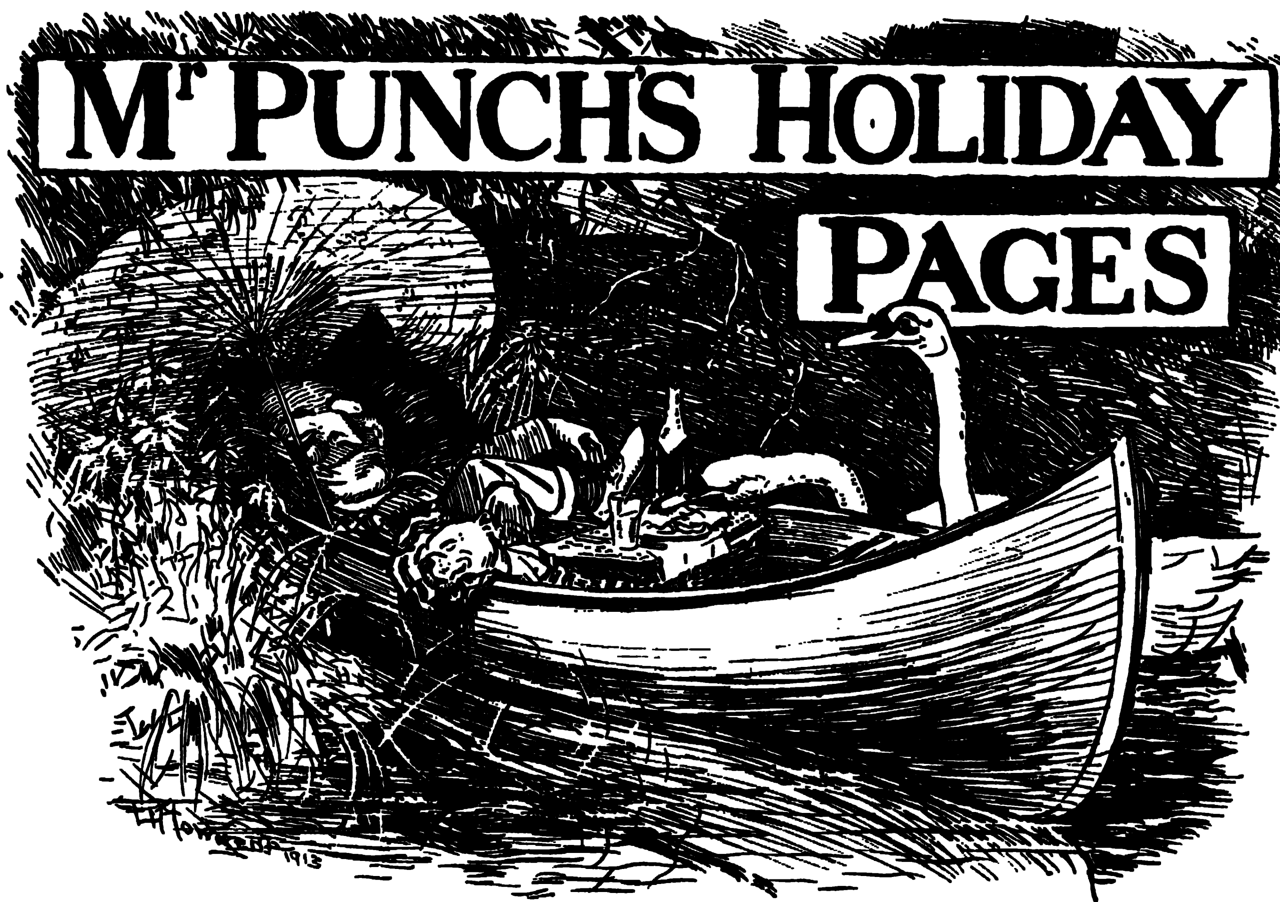
Alas, JOGGASOMER'S own turn is coming.

The Language of Convention.

(SCENE—*Drury Lane Theatre, during enigmatical manœuvres of so-called Tennis Ballet.*)

"*Qui va là?*" says he.

"*Jeux*," says I, not knowing the language, but pretending to.



FROM A RAILWAY-CARRIAGE WINDOW.

WE leave the draggled skirts of town
And pass to meadows, woods and rills,
Gladdened by Nature's spotless gown
And *Gollop's "Get-There" Liver Pills.*

Anon we rest our jaded eyes
On browsing kine and woolly flocks
Grouped in a grassy Paradise
That 's labelled *Bloke's Extract of Ox.*

See yonder gently-rising knoll
With daisy-ribbons interlaced;
What message does it bring the soul?
Polish your Boots with Blinko Paste.

A sleeping church, a smiling farm,
An unsophisticated inn,
A crumbling tower, whose ivied charm
Retires before *Juventus Gin;*

A vision of a jewelled dell,
Where Flora lends her *habitat*
To blazon forth the magic spell
Of *Antitum, the Foe of Fat;*

And then the windy heights that slope
Down to the dancing sea; and there
We read the crowning words of hope—
Brinol will Banish Mal-de-Mer.

MODERN FAIRIES.

"THE Fairy Glen" I drew anear;
I 'd seldom seen a spot more pleasing
To wearied eye and harassed ear,
Fresh from the town's incessant teasing;
And, seated by the rippling rill,
Watching its eddies' odd vagaries,
I wondered was the valley still
The chosen whereabouts of fairies.

They 'll come (I thought) to dance and sing;
Kelpie and gnome and elf and brownie
Will form again the fairy ring
Here where the sward is soft and downy,
Or haply recommence the feast
(Such was my summer-day delusion)
That I feel sure has lately ceased
Owing to my profane intrusion.

I see their traces all around;
With fairy signs the banks bedecked are;
The feast's remains adorn the ground,
Ambrosial crumbs and drops of nectar;
'Tis plain enough the fairy brood
(Witness the way the grass is mottled)
Use paper-bags to hold their food
And much prefer their nectar bottled.

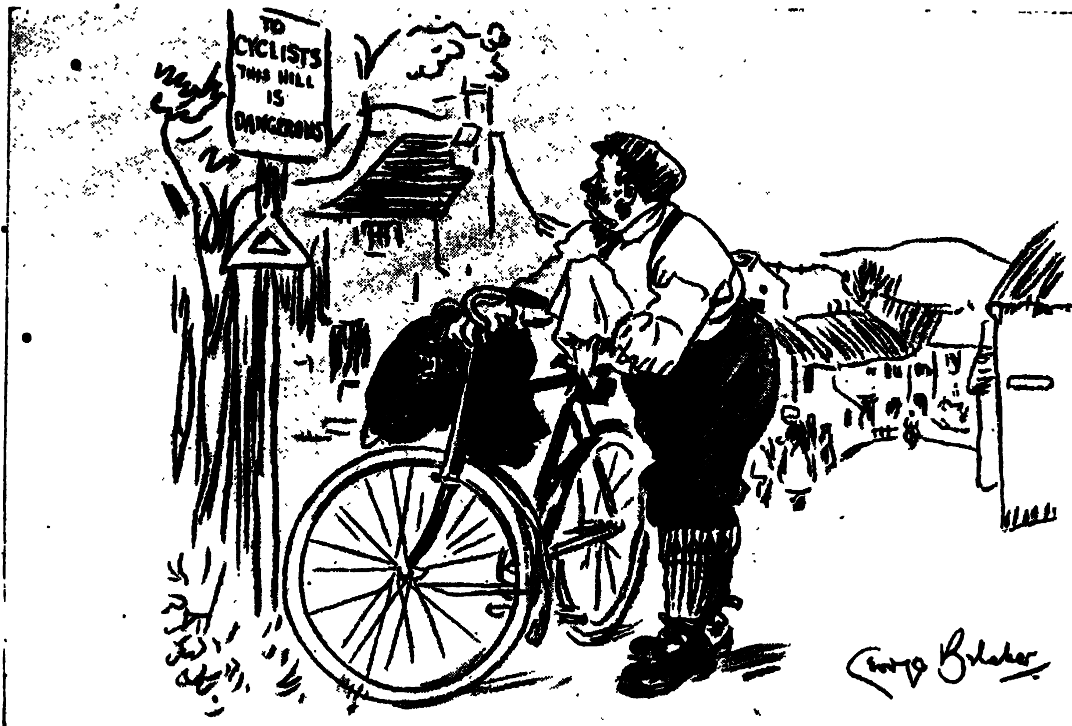


ADVERTISING THE ENEMY.

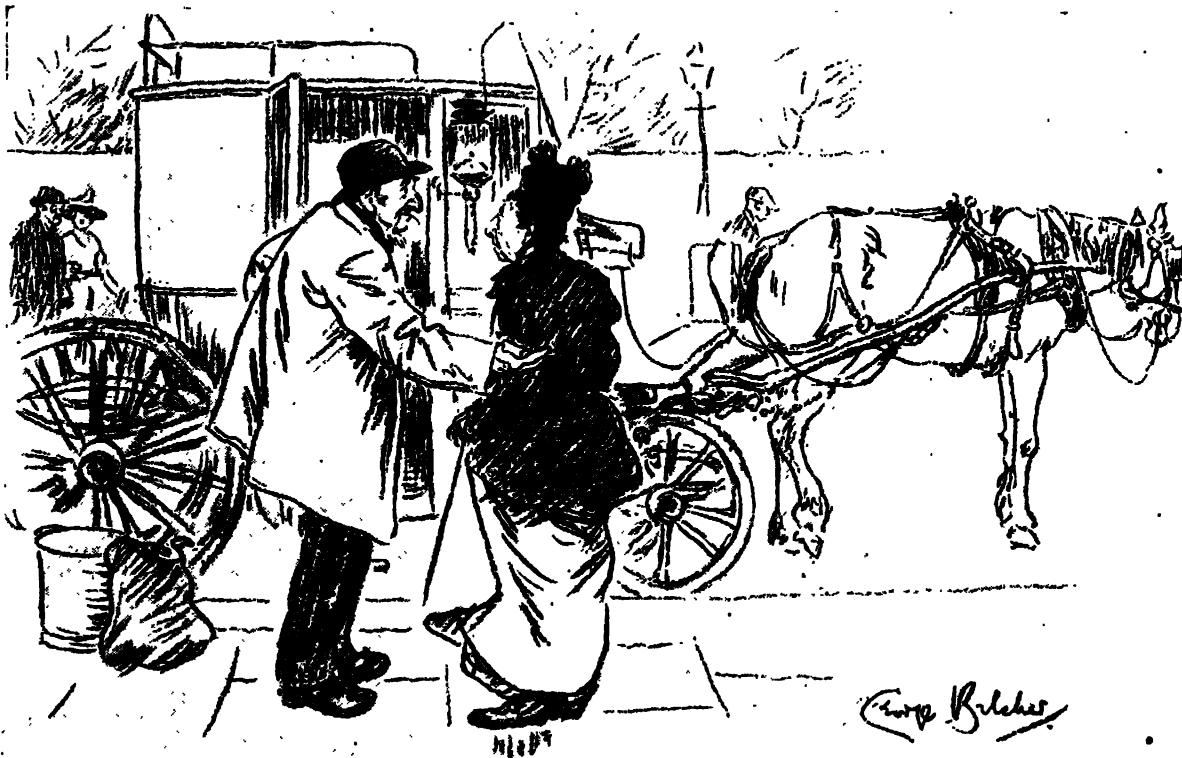
Painful position of M.P. returning to his hotel in the only clothes left him after a quiet bathe behind the rocks.



Gorgeous Individual (*visitor at sea-side, running across resident friend*). "Thanks for your note, old chap. I'll be delighted to dine with you to-night." *Friend.* "That's good. By the way, I think I said, 'Come as you are;' but do you mind *dressing*? We're such plain simple people."



Gentleman (who has just climbed the hill). "NEVER WAS A TRUER WORD SPOKEN THAN THAT."



Old Lady. "DOES YOUR HORSE EVER SHY AT MOTORS?"
Cabby. "LOR' BLESS YER, NO, LADY; 'E DIDN'T EVEN SHY WHEN RAILWAY TRAINS FUST COME IN."



THE FINER POINTS.

The Authority. "As I explained to 'im at the time, a celluloid collar in lodgings, well and good; but in a boarding establishment, such as Sea View, a thousand times *no!*"



A REARGUARD ACTION.

Ingoing Batsman (who has been commandeered at the last moment). "Er—haven't you another pair of guards? My legs are quite exposed at the back."



Irate Major. "WHY DON'T YOU COME AND HELP ME OUT INSTEAD OF STANDING THERE GRINNING LIKE A TYPHOID IDIOT?"
Scout. "I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU WAS TAKING COVER, SIR?"



Owner. "YOU'LL BE A NEW MAN AFTER THIS, MY BOY."
Feeble Voice. "WELL, THERE ISN'T MUCH OF THE OLD ONE LEFT."

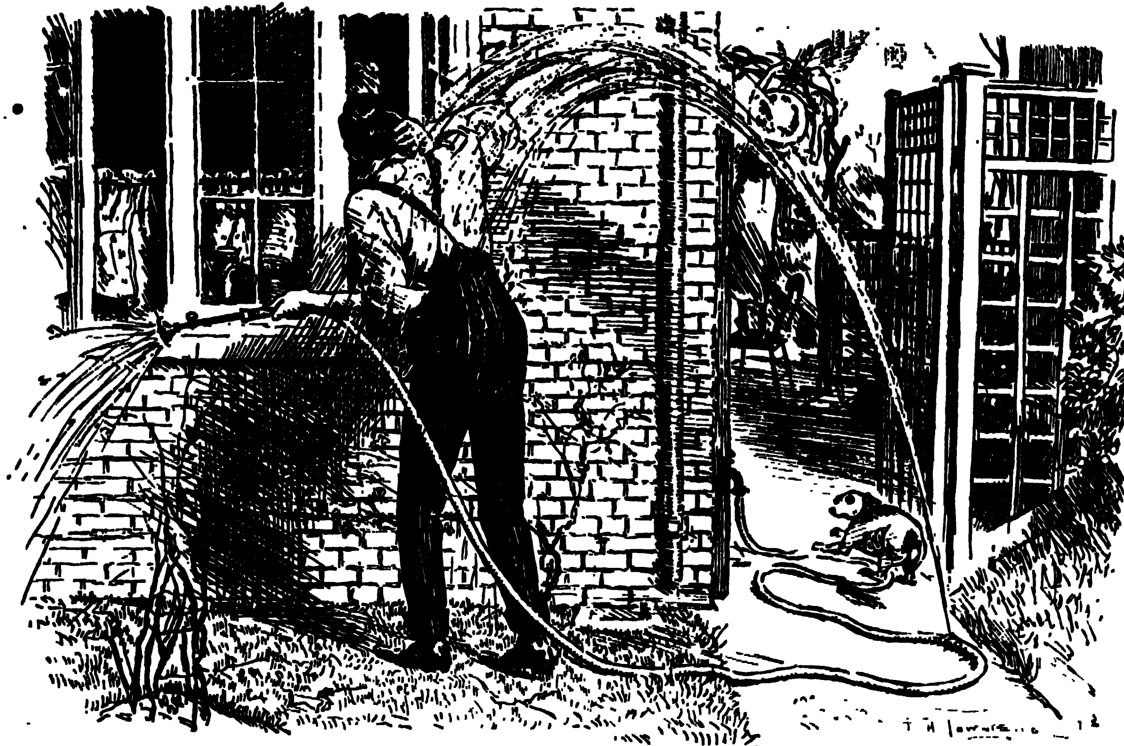


Harold (after a morning's gardening). "I WON'T WASH MY HANDS FOR DINNER, NURSE, THEN I SHALL BE READY FOR GARDENING AGAIN DIRECTLY AFTERWARDS."



She (lecturing him on self-denial). "FOR INSTANCE, WHY DIDN'T YOU PUT A PENNY IN THE MISSIONARY-BOX THAT GIRL IS HANDING ROUND, INSTEAD OF SPENDING IT ON CIGARS?"

[Horror of superfine person whose cigars never cost him less than one-and-sixpence.]



OUR GARDEN SUBURB—ITS DARK SIDE.

Jones (unwarrantably suspecting another unneighbourly action). "ANNIE, JUST RUN NEXT DOOR AND TELL MR. SIMPKINS I AM PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF WATERING MY OWN LAWN, AND I SHALL BE MUCH OBLIGED IF HE WILL HAVE THE DECENCY TO KEEP HIS HOSE PLAYING WITHIN HIS OWN BOUNDARIES."



OUR GARDEN SUBURB—ITS BRIGHT SIDE.

Mr. and Mrs. HOGARTH-JENKINS, 89, Ruskin Close, AND Mr. and Mrs. DERWENT-POTTS, 90, Ruskin Close.

LAWN TENNIS. AT HOME—July 3rd, 2.30 to 6. *R.S.V.P. to either address.*

HOW TO HAVE A THOROUGH CHANGE;

WHICH, IN THE OPINION OF EXPERTS, IS THE ESSENCE OF A HOLIDAY.



THUS, A SOCIETY WOMAN MIGHT GO AS PAYING GUEST TO A COUNTRY VICARAGE.



A YOUNG LADY OF AMOROUS TENDENCIES COULD NOT DO BETTER THAN TAKE ROOMS IN A REMOTE VILLAGE.

+ Youngest male inhabitant.



A GOURMET SHOULD TAKE LODGINGS OVER A TRIPE SHOP AND FEED DOWNSTAIRS.



A MEMBER OF THE BACHELORS' CLUB SHOULD GO BEAN-FEASTING TO EPPING.

THE LIBERAL PLEASURE-PARTY AT SEA.

HOW TO HAVE A THOROUGH CHANGE.

(Continued.)



The footlight favourite should try the effect of absolute loneliness, say, somewhere in the Orkneys.



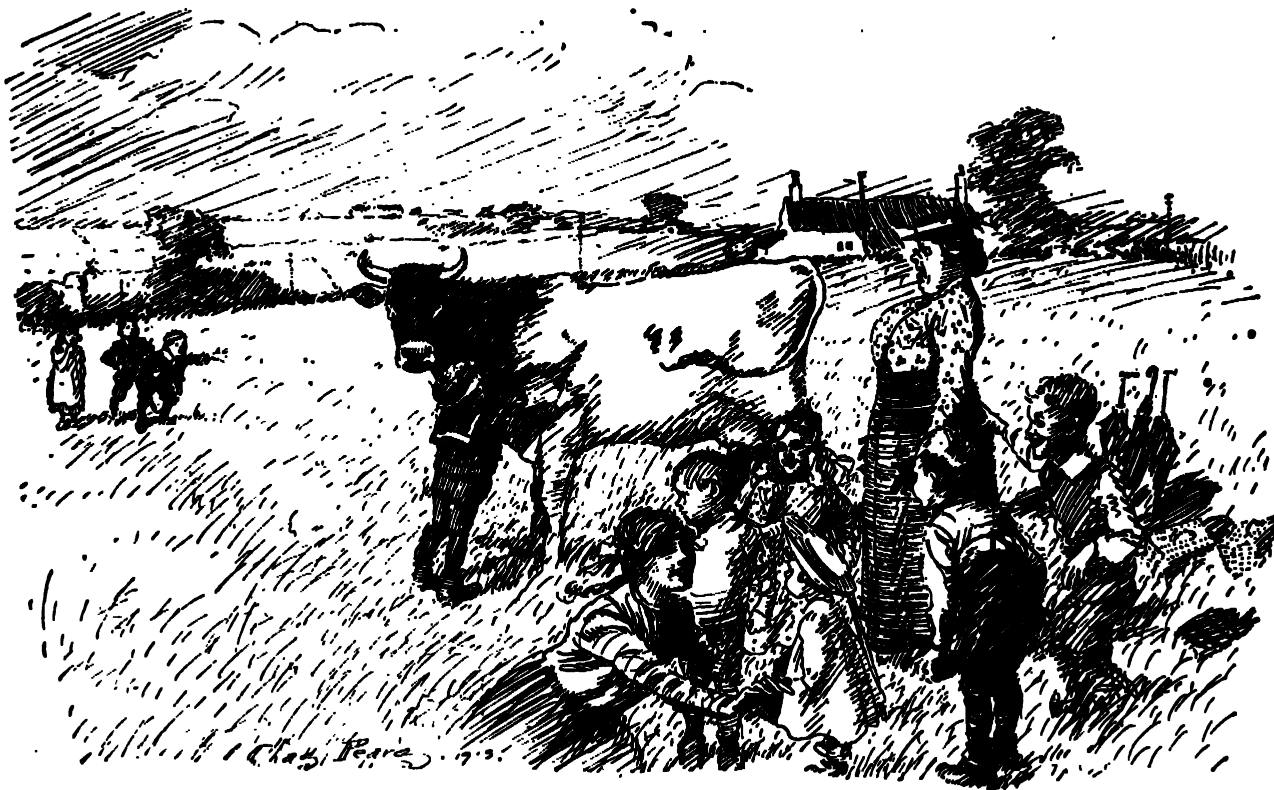
The sporting man might sample the pleasures of a month at a health resort.



The Scotch elder should go into retreat at Trouville or Ostend,

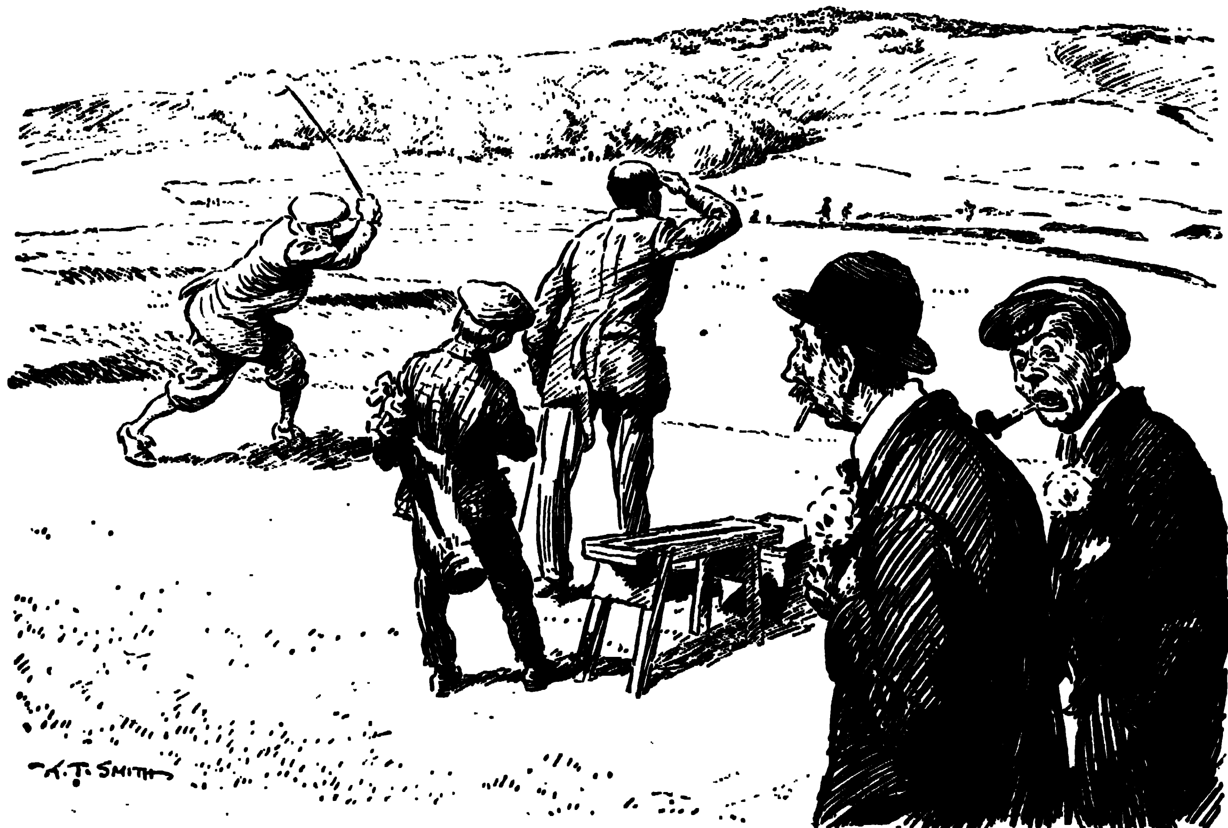


while the "Militant" might camp out in the middle of Dartmoor or any other non-inflammable locality.



OUR SCHOOL TREAT—BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

Little Willie (*triumphantly, having captured cow*). "Teacher!"



Tripper (*after a long straight drive by golfer*). "What's 'e do now, 'Erbert?"

Herbert. "Walks after it and 'its it again."

Tripper. "Do 'e? Lor' lumme, then I should take jolly good care not to 'it it too fur."

TO BRIGHTEN COUNTRY GARDEN PARTIES.



Our two crack lawn-tennis players might give us a knockabout exhibition.



Our young Stock Exchange resident might tell a few of the latest stories from the House.



Diving for goldfish might prove a distraction,



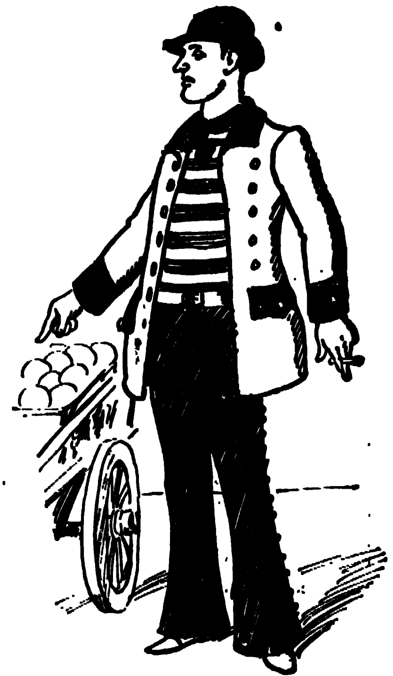
And no male guest should be allowed a drink until he has lassoed the butler or a footman.



DUST MAN



FLOWER-GIRL



COSTER



CHAR-WOMAN



CADDIE



CHIMNEY-SWEEP

SOME PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN NEGLECTED BY THE FASHION-PLATE ARTIST.



"LET'S GO AND 'AVE A SWIM, LIZA." "GARN, SILLY! 'OW 'D THEY KNOW I WAS WITH A SOLJER IF WE DID?"



Tourist (landing on small island in Hebrides—to old resident). "WHO LIVES HERE, MY FRIEND?"
"OH, JUST ME AND THE WIFE AND MY BRITHER-IN-LAW."
"AND WHAT SORT OF PLACE IS IT?" "OH, AN AWFU' PLACE FOR SCANDAL."



MR. PUNCH'S SEASIDE NOVELETTE.

[May be read on the pier.]

No. XCVIII.—A SIMPLE ENGLISH GIRL.

CHAPTER I.—PRIMROSE FARM.

PRIMROSE Farm stood slumbering in the sunlight of an early summer morn. Save for the gentle breeze which played in the tops of the two tall elms all Nature seemed at rest. Chanticleer had ceased his song; the pigs were asleep; in the barn the cow lay thinking. A deep peace brooded over the rural scene, the peace of centuries. Terrible to think that in a few short hours . . . but perhaps it won't. The truth is I have not quite decided whether to have the murder in this story or in No. XCIX.—*The Severed Thumb*. We shall see.

As her alarum clock (a birthday present) struck five, Gwendolen French sprang out of bed and plunged her face into the clump of nettles which grew outside her lattice window. For some minutes she stood there, breathing in the incense of the day; then dressing quickly she went down into the great oak-beamed kitchen to prepare breakfast for her father and the pigs. As she went about her simple duties she sang softly to herself, a song of love and knightly deeds. Little did she think that a lover, even at that moment, stood outside her door.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed Gwendolen, and she poured the bran-mash into a bowl and took it up to her father's room.

For eighteen years Gwendolen French had been the daughter of John French of Primrose Farm. Endowed by Nature with a beauty that is seldom seen outside a novelette, she was yet as modest and as good a girl as was to be found in the county. Many a fine lady would have given all her Parisian diamonds for the peach-like complexion which bloomed on the fair face of Gwendolen. But the gifts of Nature are not to be bought and sold.

There was a sudden knock at the door.

"Come in," cried Gwendolen in surprise. Unless it was the cow, it was an entirely unexpected visitor.

A tall and handsome young man entered, striking his head violently against a beam as he stepped into the low-ceilinged kitchen.

"Good morning," he said, repressing the remark which came more readily



to his lips. "Pray forgive this intrusion. The fact is I have lost my way, and I wondered whether you would be kind enough to inform me as to my whereabouts."

Recognizing from his conversation that she was being addressed by a gentleman, Gwendolen curtsied.

"This is Primrose Farm, Sir," she said.

"I fear," he replied with a smile, "it has been my misfortune never to have heard so charming a name before. I am Lord Beltravers, of Beltravers Castle, Beltravers. Having returned last night



from India I came out for an early stroll this morning, and I fear that I have wandered out of my direction."

"Why," cried Gwendolen, "your lordship is miles from Beltravers Castle. How tired and hungry you must be." She removed a lettuce from the kitchen-chair, dusted it, and offered it to him. [*Dusted the chair, of course, and offered it to him.*—ED.] "Let me get you some milk." Picking up a pail she went out to inspect the cow.

"Gad," said Lord Beltravers as soon as he was alone. He paced rapidly up and down the tiled kitchen. "Deuce take it," he added recklessly, "she's a lovely girl." The Beltraverses were noted in two continents for their hard swearing.

"Here you are, Sir," said Gwendolen, returning with the precious liquid.

Lord Beltravers seized the pail and drained it at a draught.

"Heavens, but that was good!" he said. "What was it?"

"Milk," said Gwendolen.



"Milk, I must remember. And now may I trespass on your hospitality still further by trespassing on your assistance so far as to solicit your help in putting me far enough on my path to discover my way back to Beltravers Castle?" (When he was alone he said that sentence again to himself, and wondered what had happened to it.)

"I will show you," she said simply.

They passed out into the sunlit orchard. In an apple-tree a thrush was singing; the gooseberries were over-ripe; beet-roots were flowering everywhere.

"You are very beautiful," he said.

"Yes," said Gwendolen.

"I must see you again. Listen! To-night, my mother, Lady Beltravers, is giving a ball. Do you dance?"

"Alas, not the Tango," she said sadly.

"The Beltraverses do not tang," he announced with simple dignity. "You valse? Good. Then will you come?"

"Thank you, my lord. Oh, I should love to!"

"That is excellent. And now I must bid you good-bye. But first, will you not tell me your name?"

"Gwendolen French, my lord."

"Ah! One 'f' or two?"

"Three," said Gwendolen simply.

CHAPTER II.—BELTRAVERS CASTLE.

Beltravers Castle was a blaze of lights. At the head of the old oak staircase (a magnificent example of the Selfridge period) the Lady Beltravers stood receiving her guests. Magnificently gowned in one of Sweeting's latest creations and wearing round her neck the famous Beltravers seed-pearls, she looked the picture of stately magnificence. As each guest was announced by a bevy of footmen, she extended her



perfectly-gloved hand and spoke a few words of kindly welcome.

"Good evening, Duchess; so good of you to look in. Ah, Earl, charmed to meet you; you'll find some sandwiches in the billiard-room. Beltravers, show the Earl some sandwiches. How-do-you-do, Professor? Delighted you could come. Won't you take off your goloshes?"

All the county was there.

Lord Hobble was there wearing a magnificent stud; Erasmus Belt, the famous author, whose novel "Bitten: A Romance" went into two editions; Sir Septimus Root, the inventor of the fire-proof spat; Captain the Honourable Alfred Nibbs, the popular breeder of



blood-tortoises—the whole world and his wife were present. And towering above them all stood Lord Beltravers of Beltravers Castle, Beltravers.

Lord Beltravers stood aloof in a corner of the great ball-room. Above his head was the proud coat-of-arms



of the Beltraverses—a headless sardine on a field of tomato. As each new arrival entered Lord Beltravers scanned his or her countenance eagerly, and then turned away with a snarl of disappointment. Would his little country maid never come?

She came at last. Attired in a frock which had obviously been created in Little Popley, she looked the picture of girlish innocence as she stood for a moment hesitating in the doorway. Then her eyes brightened as Lord Beltravers came towards her with long swinging strides.

"You're here!" he exclaimed. "How good of you to come. I have thought about you ever since this morning.



There is a valse beginning. Will you valse it with me?"

"Thank you," said Gwendolen shyly.

Lord Beltravers, who valsed divinely, put his arm round her waist and led her into the circle of dancers.

CHAPTER III.—AFFIANCED.

The ball was at its height. Gwendolen, who had been in to supper eight times, placed her hand timidly on the arm of Lord Beltravers, who had just begged a polka of her.

"Let us sit this out," she said. "Not here—in the garden."

"Yes," said Lord Beltravers gravely. "Let us go. I have something to say to you."

Offering her his arm he led her down the great terrace which ran along the back of the house.

"How wonderful to have your ancestors always around you like this!" cooed Gwendolen, as she gazed with reverence at the two statues which fronted them.

"Venus," said Lord Beltravers shortly, "and Samson."

He led her down the steps and into the ornamental garden, and there they sat down.

"Miss French," said Lord Beltravers, "or, if I may call you by that sweet name, Gwendolen, I have brought you here for the purpose of making an offer to you. Perhaps it would have been more in accordance with etiquette had I approached your mother first."

"Mother is dead," said the girl simply.

"I am sorry," said Lord Beltravers, bending his head in courtly sympathy. "In that case I should have asked your father to hear my suit."

"Father is deaf," she replied. "He couldn't have heard it."

"Tut, tut," said Lord Beltravers impatiently; "I beg your pardon," he added at once, "I should have controlled myself. That being so," he went on, "I have the honour to make to you, Miss French, an offer of marriage. May I hope?"

Gwendolen put her hand suddenly to her heart. The shock was too much for her fresh young innocence. She was



not really engaged to Giles Earwaker,

though he too was hoping; and the only three times that Thomas Ritson had kissed her she had threatened to box his ears.

"Lord Beltravers," she began—

"Call me Beltravers," he begged.

"Beltravers, I love you. I give you a simple maiden's heart."

"My darling!" he cried, clasping her thumb impulsively. "Then we are affianced."

He slipped a ring off his finger and fitted it affectionately on two of hers.

"Wear this," he said gravely. "It was my mother's. She was a de Dindigul. See, this is their crest—a roeless herring over the motto *Dans l'huile*." Observing that she looked puzzled he translated the noble French words to her. "And now let us go in. Another dance is beginning. May I beg for the honour?"

"Beltravers," she whispered lovingly.

Chapter IV.—Exposure.

The next dance was at its height. In a dream of happiness Gwendolen revolved with closed eyes round Lord Beltravers of Beltravers Castle, Beltravers.

Suddenly above the music rose a voice, commanding, threatening.

"Stop!" cried the Lady Beltravers.

As if by magic the band ceased and all the dancers were still.

"There is an intruder here," said Lady Beltravers in a cold voice. "A milkmaid, a common farmer's daughter. Gwendolen French, leave my house this instant!"

Dazed, hardly knowing what she did, Gwendolen moved forward. In an instant Lord Beltravers was after her.

"No, mother," he said, with the utmost dignity. "Not a common milkmaid, but the future Lady Beltravers."

An indescribable thrill of emotion ran through the crowded ball-room. Lord Hobble's stud fell out; and Lady Susan



Golightly hurried across the room and fainted in the arms of Sir James Batt.

"What!" cried the Lady Beltravers. "My son, the last of the Beltraverses, the Beltraverses who came over with Julius Wernher (I should say Cæsar), marry a milkmaid?"

"No, mother. He is marrying what any man would be proud to marry—a simple English girl."

There was a cheer, instantly suppressed, from a Socialist in the band.

For just a moment words failed the Lady Beltravers. Then she sank into a chair, and waved her guests away.

"The ball is over," she said slowly. "Leave me. My son and I must be alone."

One by one, with murmured thanks for a delightful evening, the guests trooped out. Soon mother and son were alone. Lord Beltravers, gazing out of the window, saw the 'cellist



laboriously dragging his 'cello across the park.

Chapter V.—The End.

[And now, dear readers, I am in a difficulty. How shall the story go on? The editor of *Mr. Punch's Seaside Library* asks quite frankly for a murder. His idea was that the Lady Beltravers should be found dead in the park next morning and that Gwendolen should be arrested. This seems to me both crude and vulgar. Besides I want a murder for No. XCIX. of the series—*The Severed Thumb*.

No, I think I know a better way out.]

* * * * *

Old John French sat beneath a spreading pear-tree and waited. Early that morning a mysterious note had been brought to him, asking for an interview on a matter of the utmost importance. This was the trysting-place.

"I have come," said a voice behind him, "to ask you to beg your daughter—

"I have come," cried the Lady Beltravers, "to ask you——

"I HAVE COME," shouted her ladyship, "TO——"

John French wheeled round in amazement. With a cry the Lady Beltravers shrank back.

"Eustace," she gasped—"Eustace, Earl of Turbot!"

"Eliza!"

"What are you doing here? I came to see John French."

"What?"

She repeated her remark loudly several times.



"I am John French," he said at last. "When you refused me and married Beltravers I suddenly felt tired of Society; and I changed my name and settled down here as a simple farmer. My daughter helps me on the farm."

"Then your daughter is——"

"Lady Gwendolen Hake."

* * * * *

A beautiful double wedding was solemnized at Beltravers in October,



the Earl of Turbot leading Eliza, Lady Beltravers to the altar, while Lord Beltravers was joined in matrimony to the beautiful Lady Gwendolen Hake. There were many presents on both sides, which partook equally of the beautiful and the costly.

Lady Gwendolen Beltravers is now the most popular hostess in the county; but to her husband she always seems the simple English milkmaid that he first thought her. Ah! A. A. M.

"The Bishop remained motionless and impassive. . . . A woman rushed wildly to the front of the platform and endeavoured to agree with the vicar, whom she hit on the back with an umbrella."

The Englishman (Calcutta).

Agreement off.



PAINTING THE LILY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 23.—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, rising at Question time to reply to inquiry from FRED HALL (still of Dulwich) about equitable readjustment of local and imperial finance, startled by outburst of cheering. It sprang spontaneously from Ministerial benches and was vociferously echoed by Irish Members opposite.

In exceptional gushes of wifely attachment *Mrs. Micawber* was accustomed to assure her husband that she would "never desert him." Not, as *Mr. Micawber* once tartly observed, that there had been any suggestion of abrupt parting. It was merely casual assurance of her faith, affection and attachment.

In this sense the unexpected demonstration was construed. In spite of anything that may have happened in the way of private investments, in scorn of insinuations made in certain quarters, Liberals are not going to desert LLOYD GEORGE.

Little incident prelude to brisk debate on procedure as applied to Bills engineered in connection with operation of Parliament Act. PREMIER moved Resolution intermitting Committee and Report Stage in respect of Home Rule Bill, Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill and Bill designed to encourage Temperance in Scotland.

In able speech that crowns Parliamentary reputation slowly but steadily growing, SON AUSTEN went to root of the matter. By way of mollifying Opposition the Resolution gave one day to consideration of Irish Finance and three hours for financial Resolution of the Welsh Church Bill.

"Is not the right honourable gentleman over-generous?" AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN asked. "Why give any time at all? What is the use of it?"

That is a question submitted the other day by the MEMBER FOR SARK. The course of procedure with these Bills is an inevitable sequence to the passing last year of the Parliament Act. That allotted to measures approved by majority of the Commons and thrown out by the Lords a course of three sessions before they reach the Statute Book. But, in order to profit by provisions of the Act, a Bill passed for the third time by the Commons and sent on to the Lords must be identical word for word, comma for comma, with the one carried in first session.

Then what is the use of discussing it over again in the second session? Though Members speak with the tongues of men and angels, they cannot alter a line. If they did, the whole fabric would break down; would have to be finally abandoned or rebuilt from the foundations. It is in the next, the third, session that business may be done.



"She would 'never desert him.'"
(MR. LLOYD GEORGE as *Mr. Micawber*.)

If to the sensitive mind need be for formally going through stages of such Bills in second session, the measures now in hand might be driven three abreast, a stage a sitting, the journey to be completed in four days. This would be equally efficacious and would practically leave four sittings for progress with other business.



"SON AUSTEN goes to the root of the matter."

That was SARK's idea. Pleased to find support from the eminent Parliamentarian who puts the question in briefest form "Why [in the second session] give any time at all? What is the use of it?"

Business done.—Ministerial Procedure Resolution carried by 294 against 202.

Tuesday.—Whilst the Lords have with fraternal zeal been considering case of Ancient Monuments, the Commons not only did exceptionally good day's work but finished it before half-past seven. This largely due to circumstance that Bill amending Insurance Act was brought in under Ten Minutes' Rule. Exposition of provisions of Bill limited to that period of time, and only one supplementary speech permitted. The privilege was not exercised by Opposition, and, within quarter-of-an-hour after his rising, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, amid loud cheers from Ministerialists, retreated to Bar, faced right-about, and marched up to the Table, bringing his sheaves with him in form of folded sheet of foolscap purporting to be a copy of the Bill.

(As matter of fact it was a blank sheet of paper known as "a dummy." Thus doth the stately Mother of Parliaments upon occasion palter with the truth.)

House straightway went into Committee to consider financial proposals of Home Rule Bill. Here was more scope for conversation. The whole of remainder of sitting, a minimum of seven hours, might have been occupied more or less usefully in discussion. Yesterday, when PREMIER moved Resolution strictly limiting time for debate, angry speakers from Opposition Benches denounced him for "throttling" them and loudly lamented "the degradation of Parliament." And behold! with seven hours at their disposal exactly one-half the time was found to suffice.

While it lasted, conversation became occasionally lively. TIM HEALY—who has attacked the Bill from the first, not because he loves Home Rule the less but because he hates JOHN REDMOND the more—had a final fling. Protested he had no confidence in calculations of Treasury Clerks, upon which financial scheme of Bill was based.

"It is," he said, "the same at the

Treasury as with other departments of the Irish Government. If a Coercion Bill is wanted, up goes the record of murders and outrages. If the Government are on another tack, backing a Home Rule Bill, down go the numbers. The thing works like a concertina."

The INFANT SAMUEL, who knows more about finance than the semi-episcopal duties of St. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL permit him to acquire, blandly described the Irish policy of the Opposition as "a combination of kicks and ha'pence." Whereto COUSIN HUGH, perhaps irrelevantly, retorted, "In dealing with the financial problem between England and Ireland the Government are combining a little robbery with a little starvation."

This sounds quarrelsome. Only their fun. At twenty-three minutes past seven Resolution moved by CHIEF SECRETARY agreed to without division.

Business done.—Insurance Act Amendment Bill introduced. Money proposals of Home Rule Bill agreed to.

Friday.—Motion made from Treasury Bench for appointment of Committee to consider Parliamentary procedure. The pertinacious PIRIE, not waiting for its report, introduces new form. House, being in Committee on Scotch Estimates, was as usual almost empty. Denizens of other parts of still United Kingdom have so high an opinion of business capacity of Scotchmen that they instinctively leave them to manage their own business. The pugnacious PIRIE, though not unconscious of the compliment, resented its result. If English, Welsh and Irish Members within call in case of snap division would not sit out the debate they should at least be disturbed in their idle pursuits in tea-room or on terrace. Accordingly at half-past four, the very moment when strawberries, cream and buttered buns are in most urgent request, he moved a count.

Members crowded in, "made a House," and straightway rushed off, hoping to find remains of their interrupted meal intact from alien hands.

"Very well," said the implacable PIRIE. "At a quarter to six, I will do it again."

And he was as good as his word. At the hour named the tintinnabulation of the bell announced another count, which was followed by same sudden rush and swift retreat.

Here is a new Parliamentary procedure that promises pleasing excitement and useful exercise on sultry evenings. Attempt to count out the House common enough. Where the punctilious PIRIE creates a diversion is in respect of naming the precise moment when he will move. As a doctor fixes a particular hour when pill or potion is to be administered, so he decrees count at quarter-to-six.

CAMPBELL of North Ayrshire so fascinated by idea that he attempted to adapt it. But it is not everyone who can wield the spear of Achilles. At a quarter-past nine CAMPBELL moved a count. DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN declined to put motion.

"What!" gasped the gallant Captain, "didn't you inform me that at a quarter-past nine you'd allow a count?"

"I informed the honourable Member that a count might not be called until



"The INFANT SAMUEL."

a quarter-past nine," loftily replied the DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN. "I gave no indication as to what view I should take if my attention were then called to the absence of a quorum."

Business done.—Committee appointed to consider procedure.

PASTIMES FOR M.P.'S.

THE recent Parliamentary Pigeon-Flying Match proved such an enormous popular success and was, we may add, so eagerly supported by the illustrated Press that it seems quite certain that our legislators will not be content to stop there. Our representative in the Lobby last week met with only one opinion on the subject, namely, that it was a thousand pities that this sort of thing had not been thought of sooner, the more so as, in the opinion of many experts, the precincts of Westminster are curiously well-adapted to some of our national sports and pastimes.

The promoters of the Rabbit-Coursing Meet, which was to have been held (in the event of an Autumn Session) on the Terrace, have met with some opposition, and it is feared that the project will have to be abandoned. An alternative plan, however, is receiving influential support. It is proposed to get through a short Bill legalizing the Embankment as the scene of this contest and closing it to all other traffic during its continuance. It is thought that even in the present congested state of public business such a Bill, powerfully backed as it will be and of an entirely non-contentious nature, should have no difficulty in reaching the Statute Book.

Meanwhile the Whips are being consulted on the feasibility of introducing a new system of Pairs, by which a whole team of contending members of the Government and the Opposition might be paired *en bloc*, in the event of an important division threatening to occur during a game of Rounders in Parliament Square.

It is said that the movement in favour of Ratting parties, with a terrier and hockey sticks, along the waterside, is by no means smiled upon by the Government, and it is even asserted that members of the Coalition have had to sign an agreement not to join any party for this sport unless it shall embrace members of the Opposition in a proportion of two to one, as a safeguard against "Snaps." On the other hand the Cabinet is doing all it can to foster the new interest that has been aroused in the old round game of throwing cards into a hat—with, of course, Order papers substituted as the regulation missile. This game may be enjoyed, with a little ordinary circumspection, in the Chamber itself, and is an admirable means of keeping one's supporters on the spot.

There are still some old-fashioned prejudices to be overcome. Hunt-the-slipper has been forbidden in the Smoking Room. But the new movement has been enthusiastically received by the Press photographers and it should do much as time goes on to brighten the lives of our members and relieve the tedium of debate.

The World's Builders.

"The militants have erected minitancy into a princle."—*Glasgow Herald.*

Not so easy as it sounds.

Very Long Putts.

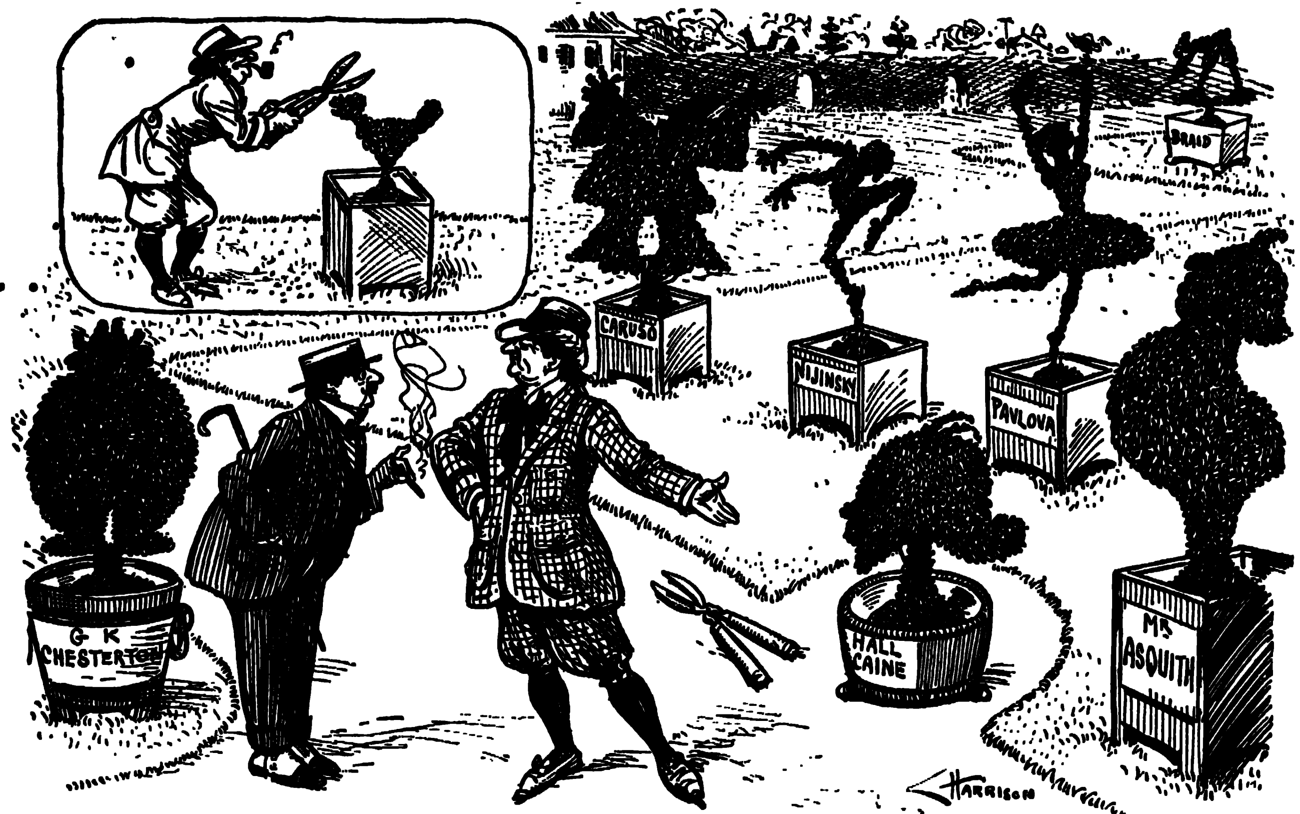
"Time after time long putts either stopped about an inch short of the tee or turned aside at the last minute."—*Yorkshire Post.*

Sickening, after being dead straight for the first five minutes.

"Will Ray maintained his straightness in the long game. On the answer to that question perhaps depends the result."

Daily Mirror.

But can a statement about EDWARD RAY'S brother WILLIAM (if he has one) be called a question?



TOPIARY FEVER.

Inset—First symptoms.

A DREAM-DINNER.

No silk pavilions raised of Eastern fable
  For me, nor ottomans and awkward poses;
Dark oak upon the walls, upon the table
  White napery, old silver, and red roses—
These o'er a garden where dream-borders shine
I build of dreams, and Stella comes to dine.

I do not set the cresset's sparks a-flitting
  Down an Arabian dusk on hot winds roaming;
Softest electrics in an old French fitting
  I blend for her with June's wide-windowed gloaming,
Wherein I hang the yellow moon, because
A friend to lovers moonlight ever was.

Slaves do not hand us, of *Aladdin's* uses,
  The snow-cooled sherbets of date-palmed Damascus;
We do not squeeze the pink pomegranate's juices,
  But, when a shadow-butler bends to ask us,
We plump for Château Rothschild '78
(Stella 's particular about the date).

No roasted kid for us, no fatted suckling,
  Whereof a Sultan eats in silken splendour;
We like clear soup, Scotch salmon, and a duckling,
  And heaped red strawberries whose legions render
Enough for half-a-dozen helps at least
When Stella shares with me a moonshine feast.

No conch shall blare, nor any nautch-girl's cymbal
  Sully the flow of pleasant conversation;
My Stella—bless her!—has a wit that 's nimble;
  Her tongue makes music for my admiration;
And, should some sudden silence drop the veil,
Outside my nightingales take up the tale.

Mocha comes last—black-magic, hot and fragrant,
  Ambrosial on the summer evening falling;
We drink it on a terrace where the vagrant
  Blue smoke-wreaths curl up and the owls are calling;
And what 's to pay? But nothing. You will find,
That he who dines in dreams leaves naught behind,
Saving, mayhap, a little peace of mind!

A "Clerical" Error.

"The Rev. Preb. H. G. Hellier urged that the demonstration should be not only non-political, but everything should be done to make it irreligious."—*Wells Journal.*

"The special consignments at ———'s, Widmore Road, Bromley, this week are salmon, live lobsters, whitebait, trout, Marche Héroique Andantino in D flat, and . . . "—*Bromley District Times.*

Here the list breaks off; and we hasten to send in our order for a brace of Marches Héroiques and one whitebait.

"'Marcus stoned in the Garden,' 92 guineas."—*Western Mail.*

We prefer the more stirring picture, "The Hon. John collaring the Cheat."

DICKENS.

(Possibly by the author of the article on Balzac in a recent number of "The Times Literary Supplement.")

This study, if indeed we may so term it, study being of the mind impalpable, whereas something solid may not unreasonably be expected to come of an addition of pages to the number of not fewer than four hundred and fifteen (and in this we do not, such being the custom, reckon either preface or index), has, since it was not unknown that Mr. Hickson was deeply engaged upon the work, been for a long time in the so blandly nebulous region of expectation, and is now at last, its sails bellying with a favourable wind, come into harbour.

It may be well, as we set ourselves to tread its decks and, with whatever of inspecting power we may possess, to explore and classify the so carefully packed and labelled cargo, to consider for not more than a moment and to explain clearly what the good ship "Hickson"—and for the word "good" we make no apology—is not rather than is, this method being not so much to aim a spear outside the target or around or above or below it, but to the very heart and centre of it, where you and we and they, too, may see it quiver. We may leave out, as being superfluous, the mere beginning and what next follows thereon as an immediate consequence, largely conditioned though it be, we make no doubt, by the reader's mind in grappling with the so insistent problem of enumeration.

Thirdly, then, Mr. Hickson—and if we name him again it is plainly with the respect due to one whose intellect, not, indeed, merged into, but plainly attracted by, the *fiction* (we underline that word) of Dickens, has shown us mellifluously, none the less, the old stage-directions and *tutti quanti* of his subject—is not a tramp steamer ploughing the ocean by an unfixed route over at the mercy of winds and waves and such other influences as an uncharted sea may bring to bear, but a stately vessel, showing by the mere magic of her predestined voyaging how closely and how reasonably, seamanship as a science being granted, a man with his limits of outlook may triumph over what, for want of a better word, we may tentatively term the elements.

Of the characters of Dickens it must be said, and of this Mr. Hickson to his credit is more than dimly aware, that they move in orbits of their own and are subject, not to such accidents as may properly be predicted of those orbits, but to other quite extraordinary accidents having only this in common with the ordinary accidents of human nature that they happen and must necessarily be accepted as having happened; but of this the great reading public has scarce other than the vaguest notion and cannot know that they couldn't and didn't happen, but could and would be and were described in such far better language than if they had been what, in truth, they were never intended to be and actually were not. Caught and imprisoned, now thrust backward to a pillar, now forward with a quite different poignancy to something imagined that might, where all else was so remorselessly changeable, pass for a post, are there yet not intervals, are there not spaces in which it is still vaguely understood that *Pecksniff* was, indeed, a spirit not of compromise but of limitless mockery transcendentally embodied for aversion and laughter? For this Mr. Hickson, while not *too* precisely convicted of . . .

[Here the MS. abruptly ends.]

A Bargain.

"18-carat 3 stone diamond and ruby ring, large size, cost £1 10s., sell £3 15s."—*Evening News.*

RHYME OF THE EVASIVE REVIEWER.

When a novel that might disgust a Dago
  Falls to my lot for a full review,
Or a sex-romance by a shrill virago
  With a hero-cad and a heroine-shrew,
I 'm far too gentle to crab or slate them
  Or lay them out in the Bludyer style;
So I make it my aim to understate them
  With the aid of euphemistic guile.

Though the plot and the dialogue are amazing
  Enough to startle a Tosk or a Gheg,
And the hero's language is equal to raising
  A crop of hair on a hard-boiled egg,
I don't enlarge upon these shortcomings,
  But I ladle the eulogy slab and thick
On the author's "freedom from hawings and
    hummings,"
  His "faithful portraits done from the quick."

When the heroine jilts a dean for a tailor—
  A Polish Jew with a terrible beak—
Or talks in a style that would shock a whaler
  And raise a blush on a scavenger's cheek,
It were simply a verbal desecration
  To call her a nasty little minx,
So I dwell on the fun of the situation
  As the finest sport and the highest of jinks.

When a prosperous versatile impostor
  In a number of *rôles* essays to shine,
I lend my pen the illusion to foster
  That here is an artist who 's all divine;
He may be only the minnows' Triton,
  But I find that it generally pays
To lavish upon a bastard Crichton
  The pap of an undiluted praise.

When a half-baked suitor for musical laurels
  Composes a sloppy amorphous thing—
To a book of pseudo-exotic morals—
  That is hard to play and ugly to sing,
Though the creature's Himalayan labours
  Have only produced a melodic mouse,
With patriot pen I exhort my neighbours
  To hail the fraud as a super-Strauss.

When an underbred intellectual greaser
  Has perpetrated a putrid play,
From which, in the days of a decadent Cæsar,
  The dregs of Rome would have kept away;
Though it 's fit to turn a black man livid
  I speak of its art in an awestruck tone
As "honest" and "brave" and "patiently vivid,"
  And leave its dustbins and drains alone.

So over the gamut of gross evasion,
  Day in, day out, I cheerfully range,
And use my gift of oily persuasion
  To prove that the vile is only the strange;
For why should I strive to lift my brothers
  Out of the clutch of their native mire?
Unsalaried tasks I leave to others;
  No man can deny that I earn my hire.

Doing it thoroughly.

"In China not so many years ago a large river overflowed its banks and five millions of people lost their lives by drowning, and afterwards by starvation."—*Navy League Quarterly.*



Militant. "Now, isn't that provoking? Here's a lovely big house to let *and I've forgotten my matches!!*"

THE HAND OF FATE.

People have called me inconsistent; some people have gone so far as to say I am hopelessly inconsistent; but then, some people. . . .

As a matter of fact and entirely without prejudice, I have the artistic temperament. It is only on this ground that I can account for the fact that I should love Olivia and Daphne at one and the same time, or concurrently, as we of the higher branch put it.

Olivia is very fair; I mean, of course, fair of feature.

Daphne is dark and, from an alliterative point of view, I feel sure that nothing could be neater. Daphne is dark.

When I add that Olivia is tall and cumbersome, whereas Daphne is *petite*, you will readily deduce that the two girls are distinguishable one from the other.

And yet I loved them equally well. In the absence of Olivia, Daphne occupied the whole of my heart; conversely, in the absence of Daphne, Olivia more than filled the vacancy.

It was a strange situation, even to one accustomed, as I am, to the vicissitudes of life.

Up to a few days ago, fortune had never decreed that the two girls should meet in the presence of my heart, and therefore I had never been able to discover which of the two was to be the lucky one. After an encounter with Olivia, the odds rose a shade in her favour; a subsequent meeting with Daphne and the betting turned right round. The betting turned right round.

It was a strange situation. Whatever people may have said of me (see above), I am not lacking in courage. I decided that a joint meeting should be arranged, accepting with quiet calm the danger of the situation. I refer, of course, to the possibility of my heart being torn in doubt; in two, perhaps.

With consummate guile, I wandered into the town on the day when the largest local milliner was holding a sale. In the most natural manner, and perfect snow-white spats, I strolled up and down the High Street just outside the milliner's. My scheming was immediately successful. Before five minutes had elapsed Olivia was on the scene.

"Hello!" she said, and my heart leapt.

"Hello!" I replied with perfect calm. "Shopping?"

Olivia nodded. "'M."

I was just about to say something witty, when Daphne emerged from the shop. My handkerchief pocket quivered in a most alarming manner.

"Hello!" said Olivia.

"Hello!" said Daphne.

"Are you there?" I suggested.

They both laughed. Honours, so far, were even.

"Shopping?" I enquired.

Daphne nodded. "'M."

In the short silence that followed my excitement was tremendous. I was just on the point of saying something clever when Daphne interrupted.

"Well," she said, "aren't you going to congratulate us?" I looked at her blankly.

"Us!" I exclaimed. "But you can't both, you know. I mean, there can only be one of you, and, as yet, I don't know which." I was getting a little confused.

"My dear man, what *do* you mean?" said Olivia. "Of course we can both, you know."

She patted Daphne's arm. "The future Mrs. Banton," she announced.

Daphne nodded to Olivia. "The future Mrs. Merrilies," she exclaimed.

And then I understood. Fortune had shirked the task, and dealt with them equally. There was to be no lucky one.

"£1,000,000 will suit to-day."
Daily Mail.

Or, at a pinch, would suit to-morrow.

AT THE PLAY.

"BORIS GODOUNOV."

THOSE who imagine from long and bitter experience of Grand Opera that singers cannot be expected to act, should at once correct this error by a visit to the Russian Company at Drury Lane Theatre. Certainly M. CHALIAPINE's great performance is proof enough that the possession of a voice is no necessary bar to the highest dramatic gifts. And a rare delight it was, after the cosmopolitan medleys of Covent Garden, to hear a chorus singing their national tongue in a national drama and wearing their national dress as to the manner born. May Heaven—if not Society—reward Sir JOSEPH BEECHAM!

MOUSSORGSKY's work calls itself a Music Drama, and this means, of course, that the dramatic element always had its chance. The action, in fact, was not there to illustrate the orchestra, but the orchestra was there to interpret the action. Yet the music in this play of forty years ago still retains a certain dominance over the drama, and a true compromise between the two arts, as shown, for instance, in PUCCINI's *La Tosca*, is still only foreshadowed. For though the action is seldom delayed for the sake of the orchestra (the few superfluous moments that *Boris* wastes over his dying are as nothing compared with the interminable prolixity of *Tristan's* decease), no sort of attempt is made to give logical continuity to the plot. The designs, for instance, of the pretender *Grigori* are of the haziest. He starts from nowhere in particular and disappears into the inane. And the various disjointed scenes, or "tableaux," are obviously selected without regard to their part in the sequence of the scheme, but largely for the musical opportunities which they offer—here a choral effect, there a casual folk-song or a lament for a lost lover that nobody has heard of.

It was impossible therefore to be very greatly intrigued about the issue, and this made it the more remarkable that the dramatic intelligence of the actors should have cast so strong a spell over us. M. CHALIAPINE, alike in his attitude of composed dignity and in his moments of hallucination induced by the madness of remorse, was a splendid and noble figure. Next to him I most admired the charm of Mme. E. PETRENKO as the Tsarevitch's *Nurse*. She did not reappear with the others to take our plaudits, and I was greatly tempted to shout "*Nurse! Nurse!*" But the hour was getting late and I feared that my neighbours might suspect that it was my bedtime. Excellent singing was done, too, by M. ANDREEW as an old monk, and indeed by everyone, though I found M. DAMAEW (as *Grigori*) too nasal.

The music, naturally a little barbaric in its louder colouring, was very poignant in the simplicity of its tenderer passages. At times it seemed curiously to anticipate the flowing quality of *Madama Butterfly*.

Miss ROSA NEWMARCH's libretto was much better than most operatic translations, and for the one-and-sixpence you paid for it they threw you in an astonishingly generous assortment of misprints. One of the best that caught my eye occurs in the duck-and-drake song of the bonny widow:—

"Sweetheart mine for whom I wait,
Come console me
Quick, your bony widow woo."

O. S.

THE DEADLY VIRTUE.

"YOU *will* go shopping with me to-morrow, won't you?" said Betty, lifting her head from his shoulder so that she might look at him.

Percival started. It occurred to him that Betty had fouled. He knew that she knew that he hated shopping. To visit shops in Regent Street with Betty was to feel that he was a cypher—something which Betty took along to hang her parcels on, and as a foil to her own stately appearance.

But Percival was bland and good-tempered—he was probably one of the best-tempered men who have ever lived.

"Er—well," he said, "I 'd just been thinking that—that we hadn't done any shopping for a long time. I 'll be delighted."

Then Betty made a terrible blunder. She took Percival's face between her hands and said, "I knew you 'd say that. You 're the best-tempered man in the world. There never was a saint with such a good temper."

Now to be called good-tempered is to be accused by implication of a lack of all other qualities worthy of remark. It is to be dubbed negligible, and Percival did not like this.

"No," he said, "no—I 'm not like that. I 'm not good-tempered."

Daintily Betty laid fingers upon his lips.

"Don't contradict me, dear," she returned. "Of course you 're good-tempered. It 's the thing I like about you best."

"I 'm not," he told her, still smiling, but with a suggestion of pain in his voice. "I can't allow you to call me that. Please withdraw the observation."

"I won't," said Betty. "I 've said that you have the sweetest nature any man ever had, and it 's true."

Percival regarded her gravely.

"Betty," he said, "you are disappointing me. You call me good-tempered while all the time I know that I am not. I am cross-grained. At the least thing I am ready to do violence and to say terrible words. I am the plaything of my passions. If I have seemed suave and courteous, forget it. It was only a mask. And now you know the sort of man I am."

She did not. She still assumed that he was starting some new sort of parlour game. So she stuck to her point.

"I know I 'm right," she said. "But, anyhow, don't let 's quarrel over it."

"I have no desire to quarrel," he frowned; "but I object to being called names. I am not good-tempered. You hear? I am the worst-tempered man in London. I am like an east wind; I am like a tornado; I am an unbearable man."

With a laugh, the first symptom of mild hysteria, Betty moaned—

"You are not! You are not! You are good-tempered—sweet-tempered. It 's just because you are so sweet-tempered that you won't admit it."

That touched Percival on the raw.

"Be quiet!" he cried out on a note of fury; "I won't stand it! Me good-tempered. I, I mean. You don't know me! Don't argue! I say you don't know me."

Betty was in tears now. "You *are* good-tempered," she sobbed. "Goo-good-tempered. You cou-couldn't do an unkind thing—or s-say a harsh word."

Percival's face grew red, his eyes fierce. Madly he seized an encyclopædia from the table and crashed it into the grate. The rattle of the fire-irons roused him to an access of wrath.

"This is too much!" he shouted, stretching a hand out for another book. "I tell you I am *not* good-tempered. I give you one last chance before we part for ever. *Am* I good-tempered?"

She bowed her head.

Percival stalked up to her and glared into her eyes.

"You persist?" he demanded throatily.

Again she bowed her head. With her right hand she fumbled at the third finger of her left. Shakily she held out the engagement ring.

"Yes," she told him; "and please go. I hear mother coming down. I don't want her to see you in this state."

"I don't want to see her in any state," he barked. "Good-bye! I am a bad-tempered man!"

In a moment he was outside in the road. A little innocent dog came trotting up to him. He kicked it aside and strode on into the gloom.



Excited Old Lady (as express thunders through station). "Oh, porter, doesn't that train stop here?"
Patient Porter. "No, lidy; it don't even hesitate."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Roger Rochford was the missing heir, or the claimant, or something just as romantic, to the estate and title of Westwood. *Rosalind Wynnstay* was the attractive niece of the American millionaire who had rented the former. So now you see what *Rosalind in Arden* (Dent) is about. Anyhow, you see the end, for with protagonists so situated it would be as much as a circulating library subscription is worth not to leave them embracing on the last page. Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson seems to have been not only sensible of this, but (I fancy) somewhat hard put to it to provide them with six shillings-worth of obstacle to the inevitable. Indeed, having practically finished his tale when the lovers told their love several chapters before it should be commercially due, he was obliged to invent a number of quite tiresome persons, who (like the works of a watch) have nothing to do with the case, in order that they might chatter through a sufficiency of pages. All this is only to say that I found *Rosalind in Arden* a dainty and attractive, if not strikingly original, short story, spoilt by expansion into a novel. Also the process seems to have been hurried. As witness this:—"At the registered hour he [*Roger*] was at Charing Cross to catch the boat train to Dover. He paid no heed to his man, but recalled him when he reached the *Gare St. Lazare.*" If the author had paid a little more heed to his proofs this would never have happened.

The first few strains of *The Common Chord* (Martin Secker) made my heart sink. For I found that Phyllis Bottome had apparently arranged for me to meet one after the other a composer-pianist with nerves, a beautiful young girl living a Bohemian life alone in a studio, and a handsome young man, stupid but staunch, who loved her in vain. I felt those were all people I knew well enough to wish to avoid; which only shows once more the danger of judging by appearances. It was the fast friendship between *Jean Ucelle*, the French musician, and *Jimmy Armstrong*, the sturdy Briton, which first showed me that *Jean* at least must be unusual, and I soon began to realise that for all his Gallic charm he had enough Saxon grit (for after all he had an English mother) to gratify my insular prejudice. Oh, and another thing. *Jimmy*, who might so well have been handicapped in his rivalry for the love of *Judith S. Calvert* by the possession of riches or noble birth, laboured under no such unromantic disabilities, and in fact, on the score of prospects, *Jean* was always giving away a pound or two of weight; so that *Judith*, who was quite nice enough for either of them, had a fair choice. Still, she naturally enough chose *Jean*, though there were nearly some serious complications over the artistic allurements of *Sonia*, the great Russian dancer (need she have danced the swan dance? Are there not swallows and humming birds?), for whom *Jean* wrote the music which "caused him to arrive." In the end no one suffered much except *Jimmy*, and I am afraid he was always cut out for silent self-sacrifice, so that I did not greatly mind. Altogether, if Phyllis Bottome has used some familiar harmonies in building up her novel, she has managed to arrange them with unexpected freshness, and *The Common Chord* should on no account be lost.

Perhaps Mr. Winston Churchill, author of the admirable *Coniston* and no tyro, therefore, in the novelist's art, has, in *The Inside of the Cup* (Macmillan), let his sincerities run away with him. He crowds his stage with so many folk that it is almost impossible to keep accurate count of

them, to say nothing of getting comfortably acquainted. His theme is the old theme of the generous and impatient modernists of every age. Why preach (and finance) Christianity and conduct lives and accept principles altogether opposed to it? Why polish so assiduously the outside of the cup? His hero, *John Hodder*, is a sterling parson in an important Middle-West American city; his villains, *Eldon Parr*, millionaire, manipulator and pillar of the Church, with the satellites who stand in with the big man in the same deals and worship in the same tabernacle. His heroine is *Eldon Parr's* daughter *Alison*, a lovable character, admirably drawn. The contending forces range themselves for the contest—the big battalions of the dollars and the orthodoxies on the one side, the modern ideas and the deep sincerities on the other—with a precise definition which it is the weakness of real life not to allow. If the eagerness of the author's convictions shatters the respectable quality of detachment, his book will be none the less welcome to those who are sincerely interested in the always recurring experiments with new wine and old bottles. And certainly here is a tract which is neither dull nor shallow.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him" is, for a proverb, an unusually acute estimate of the way of the world. But I think it rather loses its point when it is the sad, bad, mad dog who christens himself a wrong 'un. In *Barry and a Sinner* (Smith, Elder) the sinner who tells the story of his relations with the friend who picks him out of the gutter is not nearly so black as he paints himself. He was too much inclined to look upon the wine when it is red, and he got six months for abstracting from the office petty-cash box the wherewithal to back a horse which didn't win. But beyond that the mud which he keeps flinging at himself doesn't stick. That, of course, is the obvious design of the author, Mr. John Barnett. He means you to think him the fine fellow that he really is. But this left-handed way of drawing a hero, or rather of making the hero paint his own picture, using the darkest possible colours for the shadows, gives an irritating air of artificiality to the greater part of the story. There is a delightful love scene at the end, and nothing in the sinner's life becomes him half so well as the manner of his leaving it as described in his own words. But Mr. Barnett sacrifices too much in order to get his dramatic climax.

The Wilderness Lovers (Hodder and Stoughton) makes two entirely distinct appeals to the reader, though Mr. E. R. Punshon has done his best—and a very good best—to weave them into one story. First there are the doings of an American millionaire who talks delightful Yankee and is blissfully convinced that the angels are blind to the misery his operations may cause so long as he endows a church or builds a Sunday School with part of the profits. Then there is a psychological study of the effect produced on a young Englishwoman, married to a shrewd but stodgy solicitor, when she comes suddenly in contact with a rather fine and lawless dweller in the "foothills" of the Far West. These two last are the Wilderness Lovers, and I found their goings-on rather mawkish and Mr. Punshon's reasonings thereon a trifle dull beside the breezy go-ahead movements of the financier. Still, there are the two things, and you can make your choice which you will skip. There is very good stuff in the book either way.

I found something stimulatingly colonial about *Lu of the Ranges* (Heinemann). There is a fine quality of youth and vigour in Miss Eleanor Mordaunt's writing that invests with fresh interest the not very new story she tells. *Lu* herself is as vital a heroine as you need wish. We first meet her, the starving child-mother of two little brothers on the Main Ranges, the three of them having been abandoned by their parents. Then comes along *Julian Orde*, wanderer, cynic, sentimentalist and incurable egoist (a figure touched in with admirable success), who from the natural kindness that is in him rescues the little family from starvation, puts *Lu*—much to her disgust—on a farm, and finally, after a period of separation, drifts back to her with results that were inevitable. There follow some chapters dealing with a hospital that are as crudely (and superfluously) horrible as anything that I remember in recent fiction. What upheld me through them was the certainty that no heroine with the gift for dancing displayed by *Lu* as a child of nature in the mountains would ever be allowed to end without becoming a popular idol of the stage. Which of course is what happens; leading up to the final scene, grimly moving, in which she again meets *Orde*, and, dying, he commands her to dance again for him as she did under the trees in their youth. There is a plenty of other incidents; at some of them one might perhaps sneer as melodramatic, but the whole effect is undeniably robust. For this and for the character of *Orde* I hail the book as one that promises well for Australian literature.



STUDIES IN CRIMINOLOGY.

Practising the confidence trick with a lay figure.

The plight of Colonel Seely's Territorial Cavalry, who are not to be allowed to march past at the Royal Review, finds a touching echo in the state of things at Carlsbad, as set forth with considerable pathos in the local *Herald*:—

"Some of our old cure-guests who use to come here regularly year after year, will surely remind themselves of those donkey cavalcades, which formerly walked through the whole town and how great the pleasure always was for the strangers to take a ride on those donkeys. They used to be quite a splendid specimen of donkeys and they belonged to the town stud. These times seem to be finally over now. Those donkey-cavalcades have totally disappeared. As far as they are still alive, the bearers of this beautiful donkey period are to be found in the town stable for donkeys. There are very few who live still and it won't be long till also the last of their race will be dead."

CHARIVARIA.

SAYS Mr. BARRY PAIN, in *Mrs. Murphy*: "There's illnesses as is illnesses, and there's illnesses as ain't. And it's only them with time and money to spare as can afford the illnesses as ain't." It seems almost incredible, but Mr. BARRY PAIN has evidently not heard of the Insurance Act.

* * *

"Dr. J. Sinclair," it is announced, "has been appointed chief medical officer to the Post Office." The work involved must be peculiarly arduous, for, since it took over the telephones, the Post Office suffers from more complaints than any other public department.

* * *

With reference to the gentleman who recently hoaxed the London Hospital in the matter of a big donation to its funds, we understand that the medical staff trust that, if he should ever have to undergo an operation, he will place himself in their hands.

* * *

Negotiations are reported to be in progress for the purchase by the British Government of an Unger airship. Meanwhile, is anything being done to provide us with guns capable of hitting aircraft? We need not only Ungers, but also Unger-Strikers.

* * *

A swarm of bees occupied a post-office letter-box at Salcombe, Devon, one day last week. A Suffragette is suspected of having brought them there in her bonnet.

* * *

Croydon, which is seeking to extend its boundaries, is in some fear lest the borough shall be annexed by London. This would be strenuously resisted by Croydon, and, as it is thought that London would probably object to being annexed by Croydon, it is possible that a delicate situation may arise before long.

* * *

An elephant, we read, figured among the presents at an Eastbourne wedding. We suspect it was a white one.

* * *

The Vicar of Sittingbourne, Kent, we learn from *The Express*, has started a "Bargemen's Brotherhood," which already numbers fifty-seven members, who pledge themselves "always to attend a place of worship once on the Sunday when on shore, and to *endeavour* not to swear." The word in italics (ours) would seem to point to a compromise having been arrived at in the negotiations between the reverend gentleman and the bargees.

* * *

It is announced that, in spite of the considerable expense involved, the cross on the dome of St. Paul's is to be regilded. To the credit of the authorities an offer by an American commercial man to bear the cost in return for advertising rights is said to have been refused.

* * *

A costermonger's donkey was killed by a motor omnibus in the Strand last week. It must have been an unequal combat from the beginning.



Kind-hearted Gentleman (who has brought a pavement artist to see the Academy). "THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF BEAUTIFUL PICTURES HERE, PAINTED BY HUNDREDS OF ARTISTS."

Pavement Artist. "HO, YES; BUT ARE THEY ALL THEIR OWN WORK?"

We are not allowed to comment on a case which, at the time of going to press, is still *sub judice*, but we hope we shall not get into trouble for drawing attention to the following headlines which appeared in *The Daily Mail* last week:—

"LADY SACKVILLE
ON THE SCOTTS.

MR. WALTER SCOTT
ON HIS KNEES."

* * *

If *The Sydney Herald* publishes many paragraphs like the following we are sorry we do not see it more often:—"Mr. Herbert Moss has returned to Sydney. His engagement (under romantic circumstances) has just been announced to Miss Howgate, of 'Glen Iris,' Heidelberg Road, Clifton Hill." This must have been much more satisfactory than keeping back the news from Miss Howgate until the wedding day.

* * *

The fact that a huge signboard, advertising "Come Over Here" at the London Opera House, fell and was wrecked the other day, reminds us that, when France's champion prize-fighter appeared in the Revue, a strip of paper announcing "Engagement of Georges Carpentier" was pasted across the poster depicting Mlle. POLAIRE. So far, no damages have been claimed for breach.

* * *

In an age when under-dressing is all too common, it is gratifying to read that the monks at the monastery of St. Michael at Maikop, in the Caucasus, have gone on strike in consequence of an order issued by their Father Superior prohibiting them from wearing trousers.

* * *

Last year's floods in Norfolk have resulted in deposits of mud in the Broads. Norfolk people, however, are not easily discouraged, and we may expect shortly to see some such advertisement as this:—

"WHY GO TO THE CONTINENT
WHEN YOU CAN GET
EXCELLENT MUD BATHS
IN YOUR OWN COUNTRY?"

* * *

Reading that the Lowestoft drifter, *Lord Wenlock*, realised £337 for one night's work, her catch being 150 crans, a well-to-do Gotham man asked his fishmonger to obtain a cran for him, as he had never tasted one.

* * *

Sir ROBERT ROGERS has taken exception to the toast-master's having announced Sir SAMUEL EVANS as "The President of the Divorce Court" at the Guildhall Luncheon to the French President. "Sammy" would certainly have sounded more genial.

* * *

We are authorised to deny as a silly canard the report that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will shortly appear in a Revue at the National Liberal Club, entitled "Halo Ragtime."

"The Brass Band are entering for the Band Competition at the coming Feis in Mullingar. They are, however, severely handicapped for want of instruments."

Westmeath Independent.

No Brass Band of spirit would let a little thing like that worry it.

BETTER THAN A PLAY.

[Lines addressed to a waiter at a restaurant where they offer facilities for theatre-dinners.]

Nay, rush me not, Antonio; let me savour
This coffee *à la Turque* at my slow ease,
And lap this blend of Benedictine flavour
Distilled by holy friars on their knees;
Bring me a brand of Cuba, green and balmy,
With gilded cummerbund and long and fat;
I have no play to see to-night, *mon ami*,
I thank my gods for that.

This hour to inward peace is dedicated;
To-night I will escape that captious mood
Which comes of healthy appetite unsated
Or else the bitter pangs of bolted food.
Lingering meals, with choice cigars for sequel,
Suit my digestive system better far;
I have seen many plays, but few to equal
A really good cigar.

And then compare the charges! For a scanty
Stall I must put my demi-guinea down,
Whereas this full and generous "Elegante"
Costs me the paltry sum of half-a-crown;
And, as I smoke it, I may hold a quiet
Duologue with myself, of fancy wrought,
Where no intruding mummers, making riot,
Distract my train of thought.

It is, I own, an honourable calling,
That of the histrion; I respect his art;
The grind, I always think, must be appalling
Of getting such a lot of words by heart;
I would not seem, for worlds, to cast suspicion
Upon his shining claims; I but protest
He cannot stand the strain of competition
With one of Cuba's best.

But when the ferment of my peptic juices
Begins, my good Antonio, to abate,
Letting my brain, now blind to Thespian uses,
Enter upon a more receptive state,
Lest you should deem that I have touched too lightly
On sacred matters, I will move along
To where they give two exhibitions nightly,
And hear a comic song. O. S.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

Civilization.

Once upon a time there was a man who was tired of hurry and fret and competition and politics and fashion and modernity. Above all he was tired of newspapers.

"I will," he said, "betake me to the wilderness for a while and get back a little peace and simplicity."

But the first thing that he saw on reaching the wilderness was the office of *The Wilderness Gazette*.

From a circular:—

"Briefly, Pellidol is diacetylamidoazotoluol."

If the writer is really aiming at brevity, he must try again.

"Only one of the officers is now living who took part in the 'Charge of the Light Brigade' at Balaclava; but there are probably still 1,500 of the privates on earth who took part in that great historical event."—*Greenwood (B.C.) Ledge.*

All that was left of them—left of six hundred.

THE CREATIVE GIFT.

["A character will every now and then seem to take the bit between his teeth and say and do things for which his creator feels himself hardly responsible."—*William Archer.*]

The budding dramatist looked again at the passage in the Playwright's Manual. Yes, there it was in cold print.

"Once your characters are clearly in your mind," he read, "you can let them work out their own salvation. They, not you, will construct the play. The late Clyde Fitch used to insist that his characters often surprised him by their actions."

The budding dramatist breathed hard. This was a new gospel to him; he had been on the wrong track from the start. Clearly the proper course was to individualize the characters mentally, to decide on the opening scene, and then to sit back in a receptive mood and record the actions of the children of his party. At last he could begin on *To-Morrow*, his great dramatization of Laziness; for already the character of *Lucius Doolittle* was clearly in his head. How, then, should the play open? Once this was decided, he could liberate *Lucius* and let him go his own way.

At exactly eight o'clock the next morning a splendid idea for the beginning of Act I. presented itself. Scene: *Morning in* Lucius Doolittle's *bachelor apartments. An alarm clock heard ringing without.* Lucius *in his pyjamas emerges from his bedroom door, and lighting a cigarette (character touch) strolls listlessly toward the bath.* A great beginning: true to every-day life and yet unusual. Not a soul in the audience but would be startled into attention by the insistent tinkle of the alarm. What psychology! And later, perhaps, the audience could actually hear *Lucius's* bath running. Uncompromising realism!

Such was the budding dramatist's fever of excitement that he could hardly wait to scramble into his clothes and to pounce upon his bacon and eggs before beginning the work of a lifetime. At last all was ready—his pen chosen, his paper ranged before him. Trembling with excitement he proceeded to focus his inner eye upon *Lucius Doolittle*, who was to choose his own path through the piece unhindered. Cautiously he wrote as follows: "*Time—early morning.* Doolittle's *apartments are in disorder. Glasses and a half-emptied bottle stand on the centre-table; beside them lies a pack of cards. There is nobody in the room;* Doolittle *is obviously not yet up.*"

The dramatist paused, and with a little gasp of excitement set down these words:—

"*An alarm clock is heard ringing without.*"

He waited, eyes shut.

"Now, *Lucius*, go it," he murmured.

Somehow in his inner consciousness he could feel *Doolittle* stirring, waking. What was the character saying? Wait—here it was! Slowly the dramatist's hand traced the words as if from dictation:—

Voice of Doolittle (within). "*Bl—— the clock; I'm going to sleep again.*" [*Long pause.*

Curtain.

The dramatist looked at the finished work doubtfully, critically.

"It's a short Act," he muttered, "but I like the method. It certainly shows up the man *Doolittle.*"

"Stuff the shoes with paper, then dip a rag in turpentine and rub the suede. Continue rubbing, turning the rag when soiled, till the shoes look quite clean. Then hang in a current of air to remove the smell of the turpentine."—*North Star.*

If on descending from this breezy position you find that the odour still remains, have a hot bath and change all your clothes.



THEIR ANNUAL TREAT.

Irish and Welsh Bills (*to Chucker-out*). "WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"



Club Hall-porter. "GOOD NIGHT, SIR; AND *NO* STEP AT THE DOOR."

ANOTHER INJUSTICE.

BEING in the thick of a temporary embarrassment, and having, as it seemed, run upon the rocks at the precise moment that all my friends and relations had performed a similar feat, there was nothing for it but to seek professional aid.

On asking the advice of one to whom all such mysteries are an open book, I was directed to an upper room in Jermyn Street.

The second floor, he had told me; but when I reached it and found no name on the door but plain

AARON BREITSTEIN

I felt convinced there had been some mistake. For only that morning had I not been reading about Lord NEWTON'S Moneylenders Bill, the point of which is that no moneylender at the present time would dream of having anything but a Christian—or, if possible, a Scotch—name.

I was therefore beating a retreat, when the door opened and I was asked if I was looking for anything. To the blond, muscular, snub-nosed and very obvious Anglo-Saxon gentleman who put the question I replied that I was in search of one whose privilege and pleasure it was to assist his fellows in times of financial stress.

"Come in," he said; "that's what I'm jolly well here for."

I held my swimming head.

"But," I said, "how can you be a moneylender when your name is Aaron Breitstein? It's impossible. If your name was Aaron Breitstein you would have to change it in order to succeed in such a business. You would call yourself Graham or Moffatt or Bunty or Archer or Rosslyn or Harmsworth or Pearson. I know; I have been reading the aliases in the daily press only this morning."

"My real name is not Aaron Breitstein," he said. "That's only my business name."

"What is your real name?" I asked.

"John George Albion," he said.

"But if that's your real name," I replied, "you must be English, and indeed you look it; and how can an Englishman be a moneylender? It's not done."

"I'm merely an innovator," he said. "I want to be in the van. Seeing this change coming I decided to be the first moneylender with a frankly Semitic name, and so I opened this office right away in order to get a start of all the 'Scotchmen' when they have to revert to their true style."

"But your triumph cannot last long," I reminded him; "for you'll have to change back too."

"I don't think so," he said. "I don't expect to be worried very much. Only the suspected are under suspicion, you know."

"True," I said.

"Meanwhile," he continued, "how much do you want?"

I told him.

"Your name and address?" he added, looking me full in the face.

I smiled as I gave them, and he smiled as he wrote them down.

"Ah!" he said, "Lord NEWTON is very solicitous for the health of the public, but what about the public's friends in need? What about money-borrowers' aliases? That's where *we* suffer, and no peer will ever do anything to protect us."



A CHEAP DIVERSION.

"LET'S GO TO THE MUSIC-HALL?" "NAW."
"LET'S GO TO THE SINNEMER, THEN?" "NAW."
"WELL, COME ON, LET'S GO AND SEE MY PANEL DOCTOR?" "RIGHT-O."

RURAL REVELRY.

(*Vide* Local Press *passim.*)

ON Friday last the annual outing of the Titteringham Literary Society was held in perfect weather, to the complete satisfaction of all who were privileged to participate therein. Hitherto the members have fared forth on their annual expeditions in horse-drawn vehicles, usually of the waggonette type, but on this occasion a new departure was made, and the Society availed themselves of the new and commodious motor-brake recently acquired by Messrs. Docking and Posh. Mr. Jno. Posh, Junr., was at the wheel, and his tactful execution of his chauffeurial functions elicited the warmest encomiums, the list of casualties being confined to one hedgehog, for which no claim was preferred.

An excellent start was effected at 10.30 A.M. from the "Hammer and Tongs Inn," and in less than an hour the splendidly upholstered vehicle, gliding swiftly over the well-appointed road, drew up at the entrance to Newbottle Abbey. A special feature of these excursions is the excellent practice of allotting each place visited to a member with special antiquarian knowledge. On this occasion it fell to the lot of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Ezra Tipple, to discourse on the beauties of Newbottle Abbey; and right eloquently did he avail himself of his opportunities. Mr. Tipple gave a short and masterly sketch of the original Roman camp of Novo-Bottilium, on the site of which the Abbey was subsequently built by Goswy, King of Northumbria. Later on, when KING JOHN was on his disastrous march to the Wash, he was entertained with lavish hospitality by the Abbot, and in return for a magnificent dish of carp, which were served up to the royal epicure, the Abbey received the right to adopt the somewhat pagan motto of *Carpe diem*. Proceeding thence to Stuttingford the party partook of an excellent luncheon at the "Gray Goose Hotel," where mine host (Mr. Jonah Bulpitt) literally surpassed himself in the amplitude of the *menu* provided.

Before leaving Stuttingford on the return journey, the Society spent a delightful hour in the Free Library, where Mr. Widgery Bamber, the librarian, did the honours of the institution, and Mr. Theophilus Moult delivered an interesting address on the principal branches of local manufacture, viz., cotton, linen, canvas for sails, sacking, candlewicks, hats, axes, adzes, spades, hoes, and sickles. The chief articles of export, in addition to some of the above, are wool, grain, butter, bath-chairs, gunpowder, golf-balls, pig-iron, crinolines (for Central Africa), swoggles and bobbins. On the motion of Mr. Hatherley Goole a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Moult for his lucid and illuminating address.

Having partaken of lunch at Stuttingford the party were delighted to find tea provided for them on reaching Tittenhanger at 4.45 P.M., Messrs. Pottle and Sons, the well-known caterers of Wigborough, having purveyed the repast, which included shrimps and cherries as *hors d'œuvre*. When repletion had supervened the party migrated to the monastery, where the Rev. John Bluck, whose services as *cicerone* were greatly appreciated, gave a vivid account of this great but now derelict foundation. In the days of HENRY VII. the staff included an arch-mandible, seventeen wapentakers, twenty halberdiers, several seneschals, and a deputy swan-marker. The soil is chiefly clay and the land is in many parts swampy, but remarkably fine lobsters are bred in the river; the air is salubrious and the surrounding scenery of pleasing character. Several human bones were dug up in the immediate neighbourhood of the gatehouse, which is a fine specimen of mid-Victorian *flamboyant* style, with machicolated transoms and garbled triforium.

On an excursion of this sort not much



THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

AN ENTHUSIAST (WHO HAS THE FUTURE OF BRITAIN VERY MUCH AT HEART) TIMING A WELSHER OVER THE 200 METRES.

time is available for the collector, but while the Stuttlebury woods were being explored specimens were obtained of the lesser pimpernel, the striped or deadly pipsqueak, stuntwort, talking nettle, and friable rock-bane, also known as the vegetable lamprey. Mr. Josiah Povey also brought back with him two horseshoes, three gutty golf-balls, probably dating from the early 'nineties, a disused sprocket-wheel, and a pair of Argosy braces.

A halt was made on the return journey at the parish church of Great Snoring, which the Rev. John Bluck described as one of the stateliest monuments of the Decorated Soporific school of art. Within a mile of home the complete success of the excursion was very nearly impaired by a serious accident. Mr. Timothy Wanlip, junr., who had partaken heartily of shrimps, was suddenly seized with what Mr. LLOYD GEORGE elegantly calls "cross-Channel" symptoms, and fell from the box-seat. Fortunately the brake had been fitted only the day before by Messrs. Brackley and Jeeves with a cowscraper, which most efficiently prevented Mr. Wanlip, junr., from being crushed under the wheels. Restoratives were promptly administered by our good friend Mr. Hugo Trotter, L.P.S., and the homeward journey was completed without any further *contretemps*.

THE DAVID-AND-JONATHAN BRIGADE.

"THE affectionate relations between Mr. CHURCHILL and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE," says *The Star*, "was (*sic*) noted in various little ways at the National Liberal Club outside the speeches. As they left the room Mr. CHURCHILL was assuring Mr. GEORGE, 'You're the man for us,' and patting him on the back."

The almost doglike devotion that Mr. ASQUITH displays at all times towards Mr. JOHN REDMOND received a charming illustration during the division on the Third Reading of the Ministerial Investments Bill. As they returned from the Lobby the PREMIER was holding on to the Irish Leader's hand and, looking wistfully up into his eyes, was heard to remark, "Where *should* we be without you?"

Sir MAURICE LEVY and Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, it is well known, are bosom friends and enjoy each other's confidence in a remarkable degree. The depth of the feeling existing between them was made apparent to passers-by the other day when, standing outside the Leicester Lounge, the Radical plutocrat placed his arm round his colleague's neck and murmured in his ear, "RAMSAY, you're the limit!"

Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT and Mr. JOHN BURNS are, of course, inseparable. Only the other day, as they strolled together across Palace Yard, the COLONIAL SECRETARY was observed to punch his comrade in the ribs and shout admiringly, "Ho, you *are* a one!"

THE STORY BOOK.

["It is announced in an American newspaper that a hen's egg, laid at Shuqualak, Mississippi, had the words 'Watch and pray' plainly visible and somewhat raised above the surface of the shell. The 'W' and 'P' were in capital letters."]

A VOLUME most delightful
I'm happy to possess,
Of pasted cuttings quite full
Collected from the Press;
For years I've kept it going,
Preserving thus intact
The fictions, glib and flowing,
Retailed to us as fact.

The range of choice is ample,
But one I chiefly love—
The staggering example
That's reproduced above;
I've sought in each direction,
But none with this can vie,
The gem of my collection,
The Very Biggest Lie.

Letter from a parent to a Bridlington schoolmistress:—

"Dear Miss ——,—Dorothy's absense was required at home yesterday afternoon.—J.F."

LOT 176.

"Do you happen to want," I said to Henry, "an opera hat that doesn't op? At least it only works on one side."

"No," said Henry.

"To anyone who buys my opera hat for a large sum I am giving away four square yards of linoleum, a revolving bookcase, two curtain rods, a pair of spring-grip dumb-bells and an extremely patent mouse-trap."

"No," said Henry again.

"The mouse-trap," I pleaded, "is unused. That is to say, no mouse has used it yet. My mouse-trap has never been blooded."

"I don't want it myself," said Henry, "but I know a man who does."

"Henry, you know everybody. For Heaven's sake introduce me to your friend. Why does he particularly want a mouse-trap?"

"He doesn't. He wants anything that's old. Old clothes, old carpets, anything that's old he'll buy."

He seemed to be exactly the man I wanted.

"Introduce me to your fellow club-man," I said firmly.

That evening I wrote to Henry's friend, Mr. Bennett. "Dear Sir," I wrote, "if you would call upon me to-morrow I should like to show you some really old things, all genuine antiques. In particular I would call your attention to an old opera hat of exquisite workmanship and a mouse-trap of chaste and handsome design. I have also a few yards of Queen Anne linoleum of a circular pattern which I think will please you. My James the First spring-grip dumb-bells and Louis Quatorze curtain-rods are well known to connoisseurs. A genuine old cork bedroom suite, comprising one bath-mat, will also be included in the sale. Yours faithfully."

On second thoughts I tore the letter up and sent Mr. Bennett a postcard asking him to favour the undersigned with a call at 10.30 prompt. And at 10.30 prompt he came.

I had expected to see a bearded patriarch with a hooked nose and three hats on his head, but Mr. Bennett turned out to be a very spruce gentleman, wearing (I was sorry to see) much better clothes than the opera hat I proposed to sell him. He became businesslike at once.

"Just tell me what you want to sell," he said, whipping out a pocket-book, "and I'll make a note of it. I take anything."

I looked round my spacious apartment and wondered what to begin with.

"The revolving bookcase," I announced.

"I'm afraid there's very little sale for revolving bookcases now," he said, as he made a note of it.

"As a matter of fact," I pointed out, "this one doesn't revolve. It got stuck some years ago."

He didn't seem to think that this would increase the rush, but he made a note of it.

"Then the writing-desk."

"The what?"

"The Georgian bureau. A copy of an old twentieth-century *escritoire*."

"Walnut?" he said, tapping it.

"Possibly. The value of this Georgian writing-desk, however, lies not in the wood but in the literary associations."

"Ah! My customers don't bother much about that, but still—whose was it?"

"Mine," I said with dignity, placing my hand in the breast pocket of my coat. "I have written many charming things at that desk. My 'Ode to a Bell-push,' my 'Thoughts on Asia,' my——"

"Anything else in this room?" said Mr. Bennett. "Carpet, curtains——"

"Nothing else," I said coldly.

We went into the bedroom and, gazing on the linoleum, my enthusiasm returned to me.

"The linoleum," I said with a wave of the hand.

"Very much worn," said Mr. Bennett.

I called his attention to the piece under the bed.

"Not under there," I said. "I never walk on that piece. It's as good as new."

He made a note. "What else?" he said.

I showed him round the collection. He saw the Louis Quatorze curtain-rods, the cork bedroom suite, the Cæsarian nail-brush (quite bald), the antique shaving-mirror with genuine crack—he saw it all. And then we went back into the other rooms and found some more things for him.

"Yes," he said, consulting his note-book. "And now how would you like me to buy these?"

"At a large price," I said. "If you have brought your cheque-book I'll lend you a pen."

"You want me to make you an offer? Otherwise I should sell them by auction for you, deducting ten per cent. commission."

"Not by auction," I said impulsively. "I couldn't bear to know how much, or rather how little, my Georgian bureau fetched. It was there, as I think I told you, that I wrote my 'Guide to the Round Pond.' Give me an inclusive price for the lot, and never, never let me know the details."

He named an inclusive price. It was something under a hundred-and-fifty pounds. I shouldn't have minded that if it had only been a little over ten pounds. But it wasn't.

"Right," I agreed. "And, oh, I was nearly forgetting. There's an old opera hat of exquisite workmanship, which——"

"Ah, now, clothes had much better be sold by auction. Make a pile of all you don't want and I'll send round a sack for them. I have an auction sale every Wednesday."

"Very well. Send round to-morrow. And you might—er—also send round a—er—cheque for—quite so. Well, then, good morning."

When he had gone I went into my bedroom and made a pile of my opera-hat. It didn't look very impressive—hardly worth having a sack specially sent round for it. To keep it company I collected an assortment of clothes. It pained me to break up my wardrobe in this way, but I wanted the bidding for my opera-hat to be brisk, and a few preliminary suits would warm the public up. Altogether it was a goodly pile when it was done. The opera-hat perched on the top, half of it only at work.

* * * * *

To-day I received from Mr. Bennett a cheque, a catalogue and an account. The catalogue was marked "Lots 172–179." Somehow I felt that my opera hat would be Lot 176. I turned to it in the account.

"Lot 176—Six shillings."

"It did well," I said. "Perhaps in my heart of hearts I hoped for seven and sixpence, but six shillings—yes, it was a good hat."

And then I turned to the catalogue.

"*Lot 176*—Frock coat and vest, dress coat and vest, ditto, pair of trousers and opera hat."

"*And opera hat.*" Well, well. At least it had the position of honour at the end. My opera hat was starred.

A. A. M.

Also Ran.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George were present at a performance of 'La Boheme,' given at Covent Garden on Monday night, when Melba and Caruso were never heard to such good advantage. The King and Queen were also present."—*Carnarvon Herald.*

"'Cynic,' 'iconoclast,' 'wanton'—all these terms, and many more, have been applied to Bernard Shaw from the time when his *Widows' Houses* was produced down to the present."

The Sunday Times (Sydney).

But you ought to have heard the things they said when his *Widowers' Houses* was produced.



THE MARCONI INFLUENCE.

Inspecting Officer (to captain who has been captured with his entire company). "I UTTERLY FAIL TO UNDERSTAND WHAT CAN HAVE INDUCED YOU TO EXPOSE YOUR COMPANY INSTEAD OF TAKING COVER."

Captain Feddup. "WELL, SIR, I MAY HAVE ACTED THOUGHTLESSLY, I MAY HAVE ACTED CARELESSLY, MISTAKENLY; BUT I HAVE ACTED INNOCENTLY, HONESTLY, AND, *AS YOU SEE, OPENLY.*"

A HIGHLAND SOLITUDE;

OR, SACRIFICED TO MAKE A SPORTSMAN'S HOLIDAY.

(*Being a poignant illustration of the darker aspects of life on a sporting estate.*)

IT was generally understood in the hotel that Mr. Ezekiel Thornton, of Salford, was studying social conditions from a Radical point of view. Certainly he took no interest whatever in the fishing, and as the rest of us, for the time being, took no interest whatever in anything else our intimacy with him did not ripen as it might have done. He seemed to spend most of his time poking about making deplorable discoveries, but he was always most ready to talk when he could find a victim. I came upon him one sunny morning leaning against the railing and gazing out across the loch.

"You know, I do feel for these Highland shepherds," he began. "Theirs is a bleak, hard life." And he sighed.

I gave him no encouragement, but he went on.

"The population is leaving the country; and can you wonder at it? There"—with a fine wave of his arm—"where there might be and ought to be a flourishing community tilling the heather, the place is a mere solitude given over to grouse and deer. Do you see that little white cottage over there? Near the head of the lake? One of the gillies was telling me to-day that the shepherd's wife that lives there has broken down completely—mental depression — nervous collapse. Surely that ought not to be."

"Certainly not," said I.

Mr. Ezekiel Thornton took a long breath, and I knew that I was in for it.

"Twenty years ago her husband took her over there as a bride, a strong, healthy, buxom young woman of twenty-three. And now it has come to this!"

"But what went wrong?"

"Sheer loneliness," he replied mournfully. "She had no neighbours. There is no road, not even a track to the cottage. Week after week she never saw the face of a stranger. There she sat day after day, her husband away on the hill, cut off from her fellows, looking out across the steel-grey loch."

There was a short pause, and then he began to pile it on. "There she sat, I say, listless, forgotten by the busy world, forced back upon her own brooding solitude year after year. And now has come the inevitable collapse."

"And has she no children? I asked.

"Thirteen." He shook his head sadly. "Thirteen mouths to fill."

Journalistic Modesty.

"WASTE PAPER WANTED.

A PROBLEM SOLVED BY 'THE DAILY CHRONICLE.'"—*The Daily Chronicle.*

"He believed the whole financial difficulty could be overcome through fostering free will offerings, and he held very strongly to the opinion that the whole difficulty could be overcome through fostering freewill offerings, and he held very strongly to the opinion that the whole difficulty could be overcome through the good old orthodox method—the church offertory."—*Daily News and Leader.*

He held on too long.

"WANTED TO BUY.—Handcuffs and Fakes of every description. Must be cheap or useless."—*The Magical World.*

Cheap, for choice, please.

The Lightning Impersonator.

"Then there was more applause and more recalls, and at last (copying Madame Patti) he appeared on the platform with his hat, his cane, and his gloves."

Daily News and Leader.



HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

VI. Acquire a few original expletives and let them loose on appropriate occasions.

THE M.P.'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

(After Robert Louis Stevenson.)

I.

The Whole Duty of Members.

M.P.'s should to their chiefs be true
And vote as they are told to do;
Be gentlemanly in debate
Or try to be, at any rate.

II.

A Thought.

It's really very nice to think
That in the House there's meat and drink,
With no necessity to speak
And all the time £8 a week!

III.

The Daily Round.

In winter sitting late at night
I hate the artificial light;
In summer it is rather hard
To leave the sun in Palace Yard.

I have to go inside the place,
And hang about all day in case
The Tories spring a snap division
And their object to its rescission.

Now does it not seem hard to you,
When there are nicer things to do,
That I should have to spend my day
In such a tiresome sort of way?

IV.

Two of a Kind.

I love the man who pairs with me
And gives me whole days off;
On politics we disagree
But both are keen on golf.

It's nicer far at Walton Heath
Than voting like machines,
For here there's lovely turf beneath
Our feet and perfect greens!

All worries we have left behind;
We are as free as air;
It would be difficult to find
A more contented pair.

V.

The Road to Success.

I do as I am told each day
And in the end it's bound to pay,
For if I don't make any slips
I'll win the favour of the Whips.

A Member who, though not much worth,
Can't some day get a decent berth,
He is a bad M.P., I'm sure,
Or else his brains are very poor.

VI.

A Pretty Thought.

The House is so full of delightful M.P.'s
I'm sure we should all be as happy as bees.

VII.

Good and Bad Members.

Members! once you've been elected,
Always vote as you're expected,
Not the way your heart inclines,
But on strictest Party lines.

Let it be your only hobby
To perambulate the Lobby;
Very seldom even try
To attract the Speaker's eye.

Ready at a moment's notice
In your place, whate'er the vote is—
That was how—and still is yet—
Members reached the Cabinet.

But the lazy and unruly
And the sort who speak unduly,
Let them put aside the notion
They will ever get promotion.

Faithless and unwilling henchmen
Never will become front-bench-men,
And they cannot well complain
If Private Members they remain.

"Two reservoirs at Bradford have been poisoned by dye.
"The action is attributed to Suffragettes, and the supply has been cut off."
South African News.

In England the supply of them continues.



THE LOOKER-ON.

TURKEY (*to the Balkan "Allies"*). "IT PAINS ME, GENTLEMEN, TO THINK THAT YOU, WHO HAVE BEEN ANIMATED FROM THE FIRST BY PURE CHRISTIAN ZEAL ON BEHALF OF OPPRESSED NATIONALITIES, SHOULD FALL OUT OVER THE SWAG. IF THE MEDIATION OF A MUTUAL FRIEND WOULD PROVE ACCEPTABLE, PRAY COMMAND MY SERVICES."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Lords, June 30.—Lord Newton not only makes excellent jokes; he passes good Bills. Already this Session, whilst others talk and wrangle, he has carried through a useful measure dealing with the evils of betting. To-day moves second reading of the Moneylenders Bill. Not the kind that Josiah or Abraham would voluntarily endorse, even with the prospect of something more than the maximum of 5 per cent. interest which figures modestly in their circulars. And yet its provisions are so simple, and the obvious marvel is they were not earlier enforced.

All that Lord Newton asks is that moneylenders shall describe themselves as such; that in addition to their assumed names they shall give their own; and that their circulars shall be sent only to such hapless students of this type of literature as shall indicate desire to have it supplied.

A flutter audible on certain benches when, as result of inquiry, Newton told how these honest traders, solicitous to add appearance of respectability to shady business, borrow names of noble lords and flaunt them in place of their own, invariably suggestive of Semitic origin. For example, there are among the tribe a Burton, a Stewart (no kinsman of Londonderry or Galloway), a Fortescue and—here Newton, smitten with genuine emotion, shuddered—a Curzon. This indignity to an historic assembly, which has not even a preamble to recommend it, will be made impossible by passing of the Bill.

"For example," Newton said, glancing lightly from Ministerial Bench to Front Bench opposite, from Secretary of State for India to Leader of Opposition who confronted him, "Moses and Aaron trading as Crewe and Lansdowne will be obliged to disclose their identity."

Prospect of deliverance from the pest of moneylenders' circulars evidently touched a chord of sympathy. The Member for Sark, who watched debate from Commons' pen, bore personal testimony to prevalence of the plague.

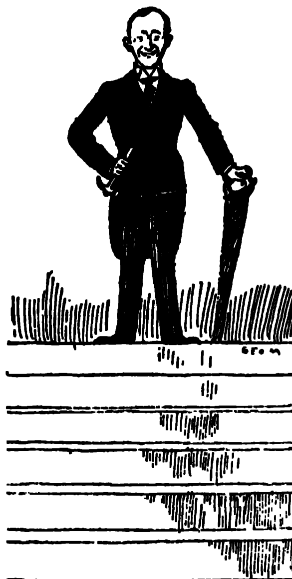
"Rarely a morning passes without the post bringing me one or more of these circulars," he said. "Any day I might, on ridiculously low terms, find myself in possession of sums varying from £100 to £20,000. No questions asked; no disclosure made. Just your note of hand, and there's your money. Following a hint dropped some years ago by my lamented friend Labby, I used to put the circulars in an unstamped envelope and re-address them to the sender, Moses or Aaron as the case might be. Pictured to myself their benevolent smile when, having paid twopence for the missive expectant of prey, they found their own circular.

"Am told this artless expedient is counterchecked by hereditary wariness. Orders have been given in all moneylenders' offices not to take in unstamped letters. What puzzles me is how these fellows come to know of my straitened circumstances, a condition of life the privacy of which I jealously guard. As they say at the War Office, the Admiralty or elsewhere, when an embarrassing document gets into the papers, there's a leakage somewhere."



THE MASKED MONEY-LENDERS.

"Moses and Aaron trading as Crewe and Lansdowne."



The stairs that Benn built.

(Mr. Wedgwood Benn.)

Business done.—Second Reading of Moneylenders Bill passed without division. Chorus of approval promises swift and certain progress to Statute Book.

House of Commons, 8.30 A.M., Thursday.—After sitting that ran nearly the full round of the clock House sleepily adjourned. In other days, before Irish Members found salvation, it was a familiar incident in week's work to go home with the milk in the morning. Of late an all-night sitting is so unusual as to create some talk. Suggests inquiry about reasonableness of charging overtime. Labour Members testify that when that overloaded Titan, the British workman, is required to stay on after completion of a full day's work he is paid per hour at increased rate. Why should there be one law for the dock-worker and another for the wage-earner at Westminster? Talk of organising strikes if demands on this score be ignored by Chancellor of Exchequer.

Late sitting occasioned by resolute opposition displayed against Plural Voting Bill in Committee. Earlier in afternoon there was outbreak disclosing afresh electricity in an atmosphere which through long hours is dolefully depressing. Marconi episode petered out and Archer-Shee not quite ready with his oil-can. Accordingly, by way of filling up time, Wolmer, devoured with anxiety for political purity, brings in Bill extending scope of Corrupt Practices Act. Based upon incident occurring at recent by-election at Leicester. Some misunderstanding about communication to working-men voters as to view taken by Labour leaders in the Commons of interposition of third candidate. Wolmer with frankness of comparative youth had already indicated his view of transaction.

"A forged telegram," he remarked, when Maurice Levy, who transmitted the message, escorted the new Member for Leicester to the Table to take the oath.

"A vulgar and insulting remark," Levy described it.

Wolmer, shocked at this language, appealed to Speaker for protection. Got more than he expected in shape of stern reminder that his own disorderly conduct had put him out of court.

Few minutes later the Speaker again shortened unseemly episode by stopping Levy, who was on the point of what would have been deplorable final retort to the noble Lord who talked about forgery.



"THE FIVE MEMBERS."

Mr. MASTERMAN, Colonel LOCKWOOD, Mr. BONAR LAW, Mr. HARCOURT and Mr. WILLIE REDMOND figuring as models for the picture that is to decorate the centre panel of the new staircase to the Terrace.

Business done.—Wrestled round Plural Voting Bill the long night through.

Friday.—The week has seen something more than irresistible progress of Home Rule Bill, Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill, and Plural Voting Bill towards Statute Book. Has witnessed opening of new staircase leading from dining-room lobby to Terrace. Tendency of Parliamentary mind distinctly running in direction of staircases leading anywhither so that they lead away from the workshop where our £400 a year is so arduously earned.

A few years ago new staircase was built regardless of expense for use of ladies going to tea on the Terrace or dinner in the Harcourt Room. Extravagance was the outcome of protest by clique of misanthropes who complained that, when they left enclosure on Terrace reserved "For Members only" and tried to run upstairs in response to sound of division bell, their progress was impeded by what they called "women" tripping downstairs, usually occupying the whole of centre-way.

New staircase primarily for service of Members; they are indebted to the energy of WEDGWOOD BENN, representative in Commons of Board of Works. A First Commissioner (in this case his deputy) is naturally desirous of leaving his mark—to be more precise, his signature—indelibly written on walls of historic edifice. Thus LOULU built a spacious banquet hall and Members call it the "Harcourt Room." The new descent to the Terrace will be known as the Bennachree Staircase, a name which happily blends the patronymic of the Minister with a compliment to the Irish alliance with the Ministry of the day.

As BENN told a deeply interested House, it is intended to decorate the centre panel of the staircase with a picture designed by SEYMOUR LUCAS representing "The Flight of the Five Members." Promise of much competition for places on the panel. As yet no decision arrived at as to identity of sitters for what is likely to be a stirring picture of Members bolting downstairs. All that has yet been settled is that, in accordance with rule governing nomination of Select Committees, two shall be selected from the Ministerial side, two from the Opposition Benches, with one Irish Member.

Business done.—Plural Voting Bill through Committee.

The Surprise.

From a Ceylon circular:—

"Printed Carpets on Japanese grass, looks like carpets."

Rotten if they had looked like banana skins.

"Wanted—Baby's cot; also rabbits."

Advt. in "Victoria Colonist."

We prefer the ordinary hutch.

THE PUSHER.

JAMES may say what he likes, but it was not my intention to hit the girl in the rhododendron-coloured jersey. I hate these losing hazards off the red. And the same applies to the young man with the artificially-preserved eye who was helping her to study the line of her putt; the wanton destruction of plate-glass is wholly abhorrent to my retiring disposition. But, just as the bee or the butterfly is lured by the brightness of certain flowers, just as the moth flutters round the evening lamp and the bird dashes itself against the lighthouse window, well—he was a pale-faced handsome-looking fellow, my ball, with a black rolling eye, and naturally enough the society of two commonplace men was a bit dull for him.

It was at the fourth tee that the trouble began. I had waggled about a long time before letting fly, and probably he hypnotised me, so that I caught him a most tremendous crack across the left flank with the toe of my club. Fortunately there is no silly point at golf, or he would have got it in the neck; but Pink Coat and her cavalier who were then standing on the seventh green only escaped his importunity by a magnificent piece of ducking. It was done in perfect time and looked very pretty. As I walked slowly away from James to round up the renegade I took off my cap and



First American Lady Polo Player. "Don't like him to play against? Why?"
Second American Lady Polo Player. "Well, he always plays as if I was only a woman."

spoke to them. "No holding him to-day, I am afraid," I murmured apologetically; "the drought seems to be in his blood."

The girl stared and the young man put up the forcing-frame which had fallen from his eye during the recent manœuvres and positively looked niblicks at me.

"Oughtn't to allow them on the links at all," I heard him say, as I tried to bolt the wanderer from the burrow where he had gone to earth.

He was quite steady after that, until the eleventh hole, where, taking advantage of the fact that I used a cleek for my second, he tried to make up to them again. I shouted "Fore!" and watched him. He travelled with a low curly gait about ankle high, the sort of shot that leaves cover-point guessing every time. Rhododendron and Glass-house were taking the flag out of the fifteenth hole, and they cut him by a brisk leap into the air. I could scarcely refrain from shouting "Encore!" as I hurried across to whip him in. I managed, however, to make another apology, and there was another frost.

"Disgusting," said the young man as he replaced his stopper, and they both deliberately turned their backs on me.

"I don't think I like those people," I said to James as I rejoined him; "they seem rather reserved."

"I know the man a little," said James, and as luck would have it he was the only occupant of the male compartment of the club-house when we came in to tea.

"Hullo, I'm afraid my partner nearly damaged you this afternoon," said James; "he's very sorry about it."

Then I made my third apology, and the chap looked at me through his glass as if I had been a green-fly. This was unbearable. Hang it all, the grievance was more mine than his. It was obviously the gay, worldly appearance of himself and his partner that had tempted my ball away from its proper courses.

I determined to be affable.

"Are you going to play another round?" I asked him.

"No," he replied coldly; "I am going home. There's no safe place on these links."

Very sadly indeed I ate an enormous tea; and, whether it was the effect of the second piece of cake or not I do not know, but my first drive afterwards had a huge slice upon it. Almost at once it was obvious that my ball would drop, not on the course, but out of bounds in the road that runs outside. A second later, as it hovered in the air, it was clear that it was extremely likely to hit a large open motor-car coming from the club-house. As a matter of fact it timed its descent with extraordinary precision. I have seldom seen two motorists look so frightened. Simultaneously they leapt into the air and flung themselves back against the cushions. One of them, I noticed, had a monocle in his eye. His companion wore a fur coat, but she had a kind of pink woollen garment on her lap, and the adventurer fell exactly between them.

I did not pursue them to reclaim my property. Legally speaking, they had no right to appropriate the ball; yet, morally, I felt that they had earned it.

"Hampshire, 532. Oxford 1 for no wickets."—*Dundee Courier.*

This is headed "Good Work by Oxford," and we must congratulate them on their plucky run.

TRY OUR MIXTURE.

Scene—*A Restaurant.*

[*Both the* Old *and the* Young Man *should look the picture of radiant health, the* Waiter *should be very genial, the* Doctors *pompous and well-meaning, and the* Voices *should be extremely agitated.*

Old Man. I am glad to see you are taking Bingo's Life Preserver.

Young Man. Yes, I always take it, and so do all my family. It is splendid stuff.

Old Man. And so cheap, too. Only one-and-nine the small bottle, and inferior makes cost two-and-nine or even three-and-two.

Young Man (*sternly*). I avoid all substitutes. Bingo's is the only true and original life preserver. (*Very impressively*) It saved the life of my aunt at Cromer.

Old Man. How delightful.

Young Man. And my great-uncle, who is ninety-eight, ascribes his robust health entirely to Bingo.

Old Man (*con amore*). I am not at all surprised.

Young Man. My grandfather lived to be one-hundred-and-eleven with the aid of the large bottle of Bingo, and then he was only killed by a motor-'bus.

Old Man. Good.

Young Man. My liver, etc., etc.

Old Man (*an hour later*). You may well say that.

Young Man. It is splendid stuff.

Old Man (*after a pause*). It is splen— I mean it is really good. (*A reverent silence for a minute.*) But tell me, Abraham, how does your love affair progress?

Young Man (*assuming a lugubrious expression and heaving a profound sigh*). Alas! alas!

Old Man. Oh dear, does she refuse you?

Young Man. Refuse me? Aurelia? No, she loves me to distraction; she would go through fire and water for me; but her father will not hear of an engagement. He says I have no money.

Old Man. What an *impasse*!

Young Man. Aurelia has enough for two, but she will not marry without her father's consent.

Old Man. Why not?

Young Man. She would lose her money if she did. I don't know what we shall do. Alas! (*Weeps bitterly.*)

Old Man. All this is very pathetic. It affects me strangely. It is quite like a play. (*Restaurant band starts playing "Hitchy Koo."*) Ah, there is some slow music. I think I will now weep. (*Does so.*) [*Enter* Waiter.

Waiter. Another bottle, Sir? (*Perceives their situation.*) Dear, dear, don't take on so, gentlemen. Be British.

Old Man. Ow, ow, ow.

Waiter. Come, come, Sir, every cloud has a silver lining.

Old Man (*rousing himself*). That's true. I never thought of that.

[*A woman's shriek now rends the air, which is also filled with confused cries and shouts. Several people rush in to the Restaurant in a very excited condition. Then an elderly gentleman in a state of collapse is carried in. His daughter* (*much affected*) *is by his side.*

First Voice. Quick, quick, a chair.

Second Voice. No, a sofa.

First Voice. Water, water.

Second Voice. Waiter, waiter.

First Voice. Fetch a doctor.

Third and Fourth Voices. Help, help! Oh lor! Oh lor!

Young Man. Goodness gracious, it is Aurelia. (*Rushes up to her.*)

Aurelia. Oh, Abraham, help. My poor father has been taken ill; he is dying. What shall we do?

Young Man. Send for a doctor.

[*Enter three* Doctors, *each with a silk hat, a stethoscope and a thing that looks like a stiletto. They punch the elderly gentleman about the ribs.*

First Doctor (*after hurried examination*). I can do nothing. He has only an hour to live. Science is of no avail. My remedies are worthless. I am sorry. [*Pockets fee and exit.*

Young Man. Aurelia, bear up. This one may be wrong. He is not on the panel.

Second Doctor (*shaking his head*). He cannot live a day. [*Exit.*

Old Man. This one is very terse. The whole thing is strangely dramatic.

Third Doctor (*after usual preliminaries*). No, my colleagues are right this time. It is quite hopeless, though I give him a week. It is most interesting. I can do nothing. I will call again. [*Exit.*

Aurelia. Oh! what shall I do?

Young Man (*tearing his hair distractedly*). I am completely nonplussed.

Old Man. Abraham, have you forgotten Bingo's Life Preserver?

Young Man. Ah, my Bingo. (*Pulls out his bottle and gives it to* Aurelia's Father, *who at once shows some signs of life. Slowly he returns to consciousness; at last he rises, looks round him and begins to dance about.*)

Aurelia's Father. I feel very fit. I would like a game of squash rackets.

Aurelia (*shocked*). Father.

Aurelia's Father (*surprised*). Why, it isn't Sunday. Oh! I remember now. I was ill. What was the matter?

Old Man. Ill, Sir! You were at death's door. You were saved by this gallant young fellow.

Young Man (*modestly*). It wasn't me. I only did what every Englishman worthy of the name would have done. It was Bingo who saved you.

Aurelia's Father (*in a tone of displeasure*). Abraham, do I see you here?

Young Man (*nervously*). I was here first.

Aurelia's Father. I suppose you were. I was brought in here, of course, when I was taken ill. And who is this Bingo who saved me?

Young Man. Bingo's Life Preserver, which I gave you in the nick of time.

Aurelia's Father (*with emotion*). Ah, how it comes back to me. My old father always told me to take it. The last, indeed the only, thing he ever gave me was a bottle of Bingo. But I neglected his warnings. I went my own way, reckless, careless, Bingoless. (*Very firmly*) I will be wiser now. Morning and night I will take my Bingo.

Aurelia. And you will consent to our engagement?

Aurelia's Father. Well, I suppose I must. (*Grumpily*) Abe, you can take my daughter.

All. Hip! hip! hoorah!

Old Man (*to the audience*). This is all due to Bingo.

Abraham *and* Aurelia *embrace; the* Waiter *brings out drinks for all, and the* Old Man *walks off with* Aurelia's Father. *As the curtain falls he is heard saying*—

Yes, but the large bottle at two-and-seven comes cheaper in the long run.

Curtain.

PUT TO THE PROOF.

Lately I gave the camera-man
One last conclusive show:
He was to trace my final face
For after-men to know.
The deed was done; I looked—and got
A really nasty blow.

Plump and high-browed I knew I was,
But not half-bald and fat.
Those lines! That nose! Could they be those
I wear beneath my hat?
And, horrified, "Kind heavens!" I cried,
"It can't have come to that!"

Back went they; but next day arrived
Still deadlier printed lies;
A blasting sight! By day and night
Their memory never dies.
That Clapham Junction of a brow!
Those bagged and bleary eyes!

And with them came a note that made
Still worse his wanton act:
The earlier lot had given me what,
Said he, my features lacked,
Till Art "re-touched." These latest showed
The Unmitigated Fact.

HINTS TO FOREIGNERS WHO PRODUCE CINEMA FILMS FOR THE ENGLISH MARKET.



An English nobleman as a rule does not act in the above manner during a misunderstanding with a lady who has engaged his affections.



English sportsmen and sportswomen are seldom as decorative as this.



When the Earl of Wessex meets an ex-officer of his regiment in the desert they are unlikely to behave like this.



When the notice preceding the picture definitely states that the action takes place in Piccadilly the above doesn't look right somehow.

CAMPER'S LUCK.

WELL, yes, of course one is "roughing it," as they say. That is all right. You don't expect a vagrant's life to be a bed of roses. But I am not complaining of the rules of the game. Being no mean sportsman, I am always prepared to rough it in a spacious, weatherproof, well-ventilated and luxuriously appointed caravan, with a first-class stove, comfortable chairs and a thundering good bed. The trouble lies not in the inherent privations of existence on tour—far from it. The trouble lies in the ups and downs, the undulations—if you take me—in the run of luck. Even so, it would be all right if one thing did not lead to another. But it does.

They go in cycles, generally of about twenty-four hours. If a day means to be good it is not at all easy to spoil it. And if it means to be bad you can't cure it. It is simply the steady preponderance of good days over bad that makes caravanning the finest holiday in the world. But "when they are bad" (like the little girl in the poem) "they are horrid."

You can nearly always tell them as soon as you get up. The rubber bath acts as a sort of rough index for the day. If it behaves well you are pretty sure to be all right. But if it begins by flopping over when you are filling it, and flooding the corner where you keep the boots, and ends by turning on you viciously as you are emptying it out of a high window, you are in for it. You must go forward in faith, with no immediate hope, and with your eye fixed bravely on the morrow. In the meantime you may expect a bad egg for breakfast, a heavy downpour of rain while you are packing up, a broken trace when you stick in the gate, a mistake in the map, which lands you into impossible country, a lame horse. You will find you have forgotten the corkscrew and left behind your only pipe; the shops in the village that you were counting on are closed for the weekly half-holiday; your letters have been sent to the wrong place. You endure endless delays in finding camping ground, because the farmer has recently made the farm over to his brother-in-law (just now at the station with the milk), who has sub-let the only possible field to the butcher, who is at a market four miles off, and (when he is found) can't move the cattle unless he has permission to put them into the meadow that belongs to the aged schoolmaster, who is in bed with a sharp attack of pneumonia and can't be consulted. That is the sort of way it works.

And, as I have said, one thing leads to another.

It is late at night and everything is at last in order. It occurs to you, just before turning in, that you will clean the fish for breakfast. That will not take five minutes. You go into the kitchen, get a bowl, a sharp knife and the bucket. In pouring the water into the bowl you slip and flood the floor. You mop it up, and then you must wash your hands. You get a basin, fetch the soap from the bedroom and pour out more water. You wash your hands. Very well, you return to the fish. The candle has almost burned out. You go and grope for another in the locker, and have the misfortune to get your hand into the blacking. You light the candle, wash your hands and return to your fish. But by degrees you are getting deeper in. The candle topples over. You had jammed it on the top of the hot stump and it has gone weak in the knees. You make a grab at it. You are too late to save it, but you knock something off the table and can hear it dripping quietly in the dark. You plunge fishy hands into your pockets, but find you have no matches. You have to go for them to the bedroom, stepping on the lard *en route*. You find that the dripping sound was methylated spirit and it has contaminated the frying-pan. Very well. You fix your candle. Everything is getting pretty fishy by this time, so you wash your hands. You return to your fish. Then you try to wash the frying-pan with cold water, and fail. You must boil water, and you have no water left. You light a lantern and go for water to the spring (600 yards). You propose to ignite the stove. It is empty. The oil is beneath the van, and it is now raining hard. You bring the oil and upset the milk, which some fool had left on the step. You light the stove; boil the water; wash the pan; wash the floor; chuck away the lard; wash your hands; put out the stove; take back the oil and put the fish in the frying-pan. It is now two hours since you began and your net loss is one quart of milk, a pint of methylated spirit and a chunk of lard. You see what I mean when I say that one thing leads to another.

But then, if the morrow is a good day, it will inaugurate a new cycle. The fish will not, after all, taste of methylated spirit. You will find enough milk in the blue jug. As you empty the bath out of the window, it will quite gratuitously put out a rising conflagration where some one had set fire to the old newspapers, and might have set fire to the van. At breakfast, if you happen to drop a plate off the table, it will not break but it will kill a wasp. As the day goes on itinerant butchers and bakers will minister to you in the nick of time. A preternaturally intelligent postman will pursue you on a bicycle with the lost letters. By taking a wrong turning you are brought to the most perfect camp of the tour in a sheltered meadow by a winding stream. One of the lamps of the stove goes out, while you are not watching it, and thereby saves the sirloin from being grossly overdone.

And late at night a sudden heavy shower extinguishes the gramophone of the party camped over the hedge.

FAUVETTE.

(*A Toy Dog.*)

FAUVETTE a dainty lady is;
Her life is hedged with luxuries,
Her room with richest tapestries.

Her garb is very fair to view;
She has a silken coat of blue,
And one of roseate satin, too.

In this attire her days are spent
Upon a couch of pleasing scent
'Twixt sleep and taking nutriment,

For which she has a silver dish
Served with the rarer kinds of fish,
Or breast of game, if she should wish.

She comes of high and ancient line;
Her birth, her breeding, are so fine
That she has won of medals, nine.

Such worth demands the greatest care;
Tho' sometimes, when the day is fair,
She will go forth to breathe the air.

Not doomed to walk, as others are,
She takes a drive, not fast or far,
Well guarded in a costly car.

For this she has a coat of fur
And goggles light as gossamer,
Lest wind or dust should ravish her.

And she, from this high post, looks down
Coldly, between a sneer and frown,
On the low mongrels of the town,

Who see her on her owner's lap,
And, stung by her derisive yap,
Would give the world to have one snap.

It may be, if some boarhound ate
The frail and shivering Fauvette,
Her mistress would be much upset.

For me, at an event so triste,
I should not worry in the least,
I do so hate the little beast.

DUM-DUM.

A wit has applied the term "Limewash" to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's style at the National Liberal Club Luncheon. Conversely, the name of the CHANCELLOR's new private secretary is Mr. WHITEHOUSE.



Policeman (on point duty, to inquisitive stranger). "I WISH YOU WOULDN'T WORRY ME WHEN YOU SEE I'M BUSY. JUST LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. OLIVER ONIONS is the latest expositor of the art of what might be called the concurrent sequel. I remember that, when he published the further history of *Jim Jeffries* under the title of *The Debit Account*, I complained that only those with some previous knowledge of his past could make out what it was all about. In the present volume, *The Story of Louie* (SECKER), he has been so far from repeating this mistake that *Louie's* story is entirely and absorbingly complete in itself; and only when about two-thirds of the way through did I suddenly find myself in familiar company. This many-sided consideration of one history is a fascinating development of fiction, which may however be overdone. Certainly the previous books had given me no idea that there was so much in *Louie*. I am inclined indeed to call her the most attractive figure in all Mr. ONIONS' rather sombre company. Child of a runaway match between an artist's model (who was also a pugilist) and a lady of quality, *Louie* is throughout the true daughter of such parents. She is a fighter, but she fights clean. Her upbringing by a mother who is ashamed of her; her attempt to earn independence at a gardening academy; the episode of her early love and its consequences—all these are so vividly told that, long before she met *Jim Jeffries* at the Business College, *Louie* had become for me absolutely human and real; so much so that the tragedy wherein, according to the previous books, she had played but a subordinate part I now regarded exclusively as it concerned her. On which, since it was presumably just what Mr. ONIONS intended, I make him my felicitations, coupling with them a gentle hope that he will now leave this somewhat depressing affair and tell us about another.

One of the chief attractions of that pleasant writer, Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, is the natural and unvexed fluency of style by which he communicates to the reader something of his own atmosphere of ease and confidence. It may be that in *The Honour of the Clintons* (STANLEY PAUL) the narrative is at times a little too unstudied; that a little more selection of detail might have strengthened it; that the dialogue, always extraordinarily probable, might with advantage have indulged our imaginations more freely; but these are the defects of a sound virtue. The plot of Mr. MARSHALL'S clever story is concerned with a theft committed by a lady at a country-house party. A hint of her guilt is dropped rather early in the tale, but this matters less because the theft and its exposure, though no doubt they provided the author with his original motive for making the book, interest us chiefly for their effect on the character of someone who had no sort of hand in the crime. Pompous, dictatorial, thoroughly satisfied with himself and the Providence that has made him what he is, the Head of the House of Clinton is suddenly asked to face this blow that falls upon his family's honour, and in the test discovers an unsuspected

nobility. All the delicate phases of the struggle between conscience and the instinct of self-preservation are analysed by the author with the very nicest judgment. Mr. MARSHALL'S familiarity with the externals of this type has long been recognised, but here he is not content with just a true picture of life in a setting well-observed; he has attempted a difficult problem in psychology, and brought a very sure hand to his task. He has many admirers, and this new book promises to add much to the stature, and even more to the quality, of his reputation.

Let those who are fatigued by the novel of problem and of purpose turn to *How Many Miles to Babylon?* (CONSTABLE) and seek refreshment. One is naturally chary of superlatives when writing of a new novelist, but I can honestly say that no "first book" has for many years impressed me more than Miss IRWIN'S. *Mab*, the heroine, is taken through her childhood and school-days (which are most vividly described) until she returns to her relations, who did not understand her, and with whom she had little or no sympathy; and during this part of the story she is drawn with an insight that is almost uncanny in its perfection. Apart from the fact that Miss IRWIN evidently imagines that the Rugby and Marlborough cricket match is occasionally played at Marlborough, I can find nothing that is not precisely and exactly right. Later on, after *Mab's* marriage, I think that the author's grasp over the story is a little less sure. Her account of *Mab's* flight from her husband is too meticulous in its detail. It is impossible to cavil at the flight itself, but one may well regret the attempt to make so much of what is rather attenuated material. For the rest, however, I am not only a captive to the curiously delightful atmosphere of the book, but also an enthusiastic admirer of the skill with which a most difficult character has been handled.



Mother. "COME ALONG, GREGORY, AN' DON'T BEGIN IMITATING THEM GOLFERS; YER MIGHT BE LIKE IT SOME DAY."

I had always supposed that any fool could make money in the late rubber boom. But apparently I was wrong. This certainly was not the experience of *Sir Derrek Ryderdale*. But then he was the hero of *The Lost Destiny* (STANLEY PAUL), and in many respects an exceptional man. Things happened to him as they do not happen to ordinary persons. For example, he had a visitation in a railway carriage from an invisible voice (something like the gnat and *Alice*) which warned him concerning his future. A little later on a bold bad financier—possibly in active league with the Evil One, but of this I am not certain—gave him two hundred pounds to gamble with in return for half his winnings during four years. So *Ryderdale* took the money, and abandoned his alternative career as an Empire-builder for that of a plunger. It was here that I detected the root idea that alone saves Mr. C. VILLIERS STUART'S story from utter sensationalism and futility. The conception of a man on the downward path, haunted by what he might have been, is in itself excellent. Unfortunately the author has by no means done it justice in treatment. His characters are like nothing on earth. I thought the Jew financier was unreal enough, when, just for melodrama, he made an appointment with the now ruined *Ryderdale* at midnight, and dared his victim to murder him. Which the latter promptly did, with sufficient ingenuity, by means of a poisoned syphon. And then the Home Secretary—but no, you must really find out for yourself how he came in an easy winner in the race for incredibility. I have said just enough not to spoil the story for those who like this sort of thing, and to avert the danger of deadly boredom from those who don't.

I have a shrewd suspicion that of the twenty-and-three stories that go to make up the volume *Through the Window* (MILLS AND BOON) the twenty were got together mainly in order to provide the remaining three with an excuse for existence. I only hope that they were hunted up from the limbo of a bottom drawer and that time and effort were not spent upon writing them for the purpose. I am far from saying that they are bad; many of them were worth the telling, and one, "The Five Pound Note," so much so that it has already, I am afraid, been many times told. But if they are capable they are no more, and certainly they are not up to Miss MARY E. MANN'S form, as anybody could see for himself who had no previous experience of what Miss MANN'S form might be. Each story has its point, but in none is the point fairly developed; the reader is informed that such and such a thing happened but is not given to understand why. There are, besides, two pervading faults. In the first place the politics are bigoted. Many will agree that Miss MANN'S opponents are a misguided party, but even they are not to be dismissed in such an offhand manner. In the second place the few serious attempts at characterization achieve little more than an unhappy class distinction, feminine merits being confined to the upper ten and masculine virtues to members of the Senior Service. The three that remain are "The Setting Sun," an elegy; "Beetles," a gruesome but delightful incident, and "Medlars," an incomparable jest. There is that about the two last named that leads me to suspect that the author, if she would subject herself to a process of ruthless self-criticism and elimination, could produce a book of short stories not unworthy of that great model, MAUPASSANT.

"It was decided that the members should endeavour to raise a fund for a marble font by asking parents who had had their children baptised in the Cathedral to donate at least one shilling per child towards the same. At the April meeting, Mrs. Z—— headed the list with £5."—*Grafton Diocesan News.*

We are glad to see that the large family is getting popular again.

CHARIVARIA.

Mr. Keir Hardie, in a speech at Plaistow, explained why he never goes to Buckingham Palace. "I never accept favours which I cannot return," he said. "I cannot ask the King to my backyard, so I keep away from his." His Majesty is said to be greatly relieved by the explanation.

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The marriage between the Balkan Allies being at an end, the Powers have decided to keep the ring.

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A lady—Dr. Marie C. Stopes—has been appointed Lecturer on Fossils at London University, and there is an ugly rumour on foot to the effect that the subject of her first paper will be Man.

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The elephant which Lord Hardinge was riding at the time of the bomb outrage at Delhi, has, in consideration of his steadiness on that occasion, been made a State pensioner. We understand, since the news has leaked out, that he has been pestered with unwelcome attentions on the part of fortune-hunters, and, with the view of putting an end to the nuisance, he would like it to be known in the elephant world that it is not his intention to marry.

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One of the witnesses in a recent sensational will-suit is said to have refused fabulous sums offered to him by the managers of several Revues as an inducement to him merely to toddle once round the stage on his knees.

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By the way, so many smart people were prevented by lack of accommodation from attending the trial referred to that it has been suggested that the High Court authorities should be authorised in future, on the occasion of a *cause célèbre* such as this, to hire a theatre for its run. The cost could be recouped by charging for all seats except those in the gallery, the surplus to go to the Trustee in Bankruptcy of the litigant who loses.

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Owing to the advance in the price of raw materials our soap is to cost us more, and the day may not be far distant when it will be cheaper to use india-rubber.

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Meanwhile it is said that quite a number of little boys, whose parents are alarmed at the prospect of an increase in the price of yet another necessity, have gamely offered to wash only once a week.

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However, as a Member of the Government is reported to have said, even if the price of soap goes up, white-wash, thank Heaven, is cheap enough.

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A few weeks ago we stated in this column that the "Old Six Bells" inn, Willesden, had "been condemned by the local authorities as unfit for habitation." We are now informed by the agents of the owner that this statement is "quite inaccurate and calculated to seriously damage both the value of the property and also the business at present being carried on by the tenant, viz: that of a Coffee and Dining Rooms." We hasten to express our regrets, and we trust that if any readers of *Punch* have been in the habit of using the place as "a Coffee and Dining Rooms" or have cherished the intention of bidding for it when (if ever) it comes into the market, they will not have been put off by our erroneous statement. Long may the old inn remain as sound as a bell—as six bells!

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The fact that Tagg's Island is being advertised as "The Riviera of London" is, we hear, hotly resented by certain South London watering-places, and steps are to be taken at once to draw public attention to the claims of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe.

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The recent fire at the Welcome Club, Earl's Court Exhibition, fortunately did but little damage, but the Committee realise now that it is possible for a welcome to be too warm.

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The Epping Guardians have decided to purchase a fifteen-shilling wig for a pauper inmate of the workhouse, but any lady pauper asking for a transformation will be discouraged.



Secretaries of Seaside Amusements Committees should bear in mind, when getting up their annual regatta, that, while the arranged items may be entertaining, it is



the little impromptu features that the public really loves.

LEAVES FROM THE BEERBOHM TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

[In friendly imitation of the first chapter—entitled "Our Betters"—of Sir HERBERT TREE's recently published *Thoughts and Afterthoughts*.]

WHAT is a gentleman? I once assisted at a banquet which was graced by the presence of a number of actor-managers. A humorist, called upon for a speech, addressed the company as "Knights and Gentlemen!" The distinction is only superficial, for they have much in common. A gentleman is one who does not care a coat-tail button whether he is a gentleman or not; and a knight is one who is so little concerned about his title that he would just as soon be a baronet.

Sweet are the uses of the University and the Public School if your sole object is

"to merge in form and gloss
The picturesque of man and man."

But I have never found that SHAKSPEARE, who was neither at Oxford (like BENSON) nor Cambridge (like ADRIAN ROSS) was the worse for that defect. The triumphs of the author of "Endymion" were not won on the playing-fields of Eton, and ROBERT BURNS could never have learned to write "For a' that" at Harrow.

My own ideal type is the peasant. I have often come away a better man from holding converse with a yokel. He is nearest to Nature. For one who has given his life to Art such intercourse is a fine corrective.

I have spoken slightingly of University education. I will do so again. My brother MAX has often complained bitterly to me of the damage done to his genius by his six years' residence (if I have got the period right) at Oxford. Had it not been for the disabilities which he acquired at that seat of learning so-called, he thinks, poor boy, that he might have rivalled me as an actor. There is BOURCHIER, of course. But it is not given to everyone to pass through the University and still keep, as he kept, the divine spark unquenched.

There are many kinds of snobbery. One might indeed devote an entire book to the subject of snobs. It would have made a good theme for THACKERAY.

To recur to the question of University education. You will seldom find a sailor who has taken the degree of Master of Arts at one of the Universities. Yet no class of men is more keenly intelligent about splicing a rope or boxing a binnacle. And why? Because they are constantly in touch with the elements. On the other hand I have never known a man to escape sea-sickness through wearing a University ribbon on his hat. I think, without conceit, that I have proved my point this time.

Self-respect is the very tap-root of the oak of independence. But it must be watered with humour and manured with modesty. Only the greatest—and therefore the most modest—actors can afford to dispense with the limelight. The curse of dramatic art is the publicity which it entails. If I had my way the names of the cast should not be given on the programme, and every actor should disguise his own identity; so that at the fall of the curtain the stalls would ask one another, "Which was TREE?"

The Spirit of the Age is undergoing a sea-change. Put your ear to the shell upon the shore and you will hear the rumble of the on-coming armies of Liberty and Equality, as they burst through the barbed wires of convention and sweep away the landmarks of vested interests. That is what I mean when I speak of a *sea*-change.

Too long have we been licking the boots of "Our Betters." But there is a cloud to every silver lining; and, when everybody is as good as everybody else, we must be prepared to sacrifice the privilege of patronising "Our Worses." We shall all be on the same rung of the ladder—probably the bottom one.

Those who have never suffered from the disease of self-consciousness will be left unaffected by the sea-change to which I have referred. This applies peculiarly to the leading exponents of the drama. For the purposes of creative Art we may have imitated "Our Betters," but we have never recognised them as such. A Duke or a Marquess—they are all one to us.

To strain after originality is to confess oneself a Philistine. The note of genius is inevitability. How was it that the late GEORGE WASHINGTON spoke the truth so ably? Not because he was trying to distinguish himself from his fellows, but because he couldn't help it. I knew a Hamlet who wanted to be original about his dying. For weeks he fell dead without distinction, and then, one night, at the supreme moment, he slipped up on a banana-skin thrown from the gallery—and brought down the house. One touch of Nature often has this effect.

It was SHAKSPEARE who said, "To thine own self be true." SHAKSPEARE could say almost anything better than almost anybody else. Yet there have been other great writers whom I could mention if I gave thought to it. Meanwhile, MOSES, SOPHOCLES, DANTE, CERVANTES and GOETHE are names that occur to me.

Two of the greatest developments of our era are Eugenics and Boy Scouts. I remember once hearing of a congenital idiot who accidentally severed an artery and, in the absence of First Aid, bled to death. It was for lack of a Boy Scout that he died; and it was for lack of Eugenics that he was ever born.

The minority of to-day becomes the majority of to-morrow; and it is no less true that the majority of to-day becomes the minority of to-morrow. Life is full of these strange paradoxes—if that is the word I mean. The rain falls equally on the just and the unjust, but chiefly on the just, because the unjust takes the just's umbrella. The only safe course for the just is to shelter under the spreading chestnut Tree.

O. S.

PETER PIGEON.

THE pigeons dwell in Pimlico; they mingle in the street;
They flutter at Victoria around the horses' feet;
They fly to meet the royal trains with many a loyal phrase
And strut to greet their sovereign on strips of scarlet baize;
But Peter, Peter Pigeon, is in his cradle days.

The pigeons build in Bloomsbury; they rear their classic homes
Where pedants clamber sable steps to search forgotten tomes;
They haunt Ionic capitals with learnèd lullabies
And each laments in anapæsts and in iambics cries;
But Peter, Peter Pigeon, how sleepily he sighs.

The pigeons walk the Guildhall, they dress in civic taste
With amplitude of mayoral chain and aldermanic waist;
They bow their grey emphatic heads, their top-knots rise and fall
While clustering in the courtyard at their mid-day dinner-call;
But Peter, Peter Pigeon, he nods beneath my shawl.

The pigeons brood in Battersea; while yet the dawn is dark
Their reedy aubade ripples in the plane-trees round the park;
They light upon your balcony, a brave and comely band,
Till night decoys their coral feet, their voices low and bland;
But Peter, Peter Pigeon, his feet are in my hand.



BAULKED!

Lord Murray of Elibank. "'Marconi Enquiry closed!' This is indeed a bitter disappointment."



"I'M SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, MADAM, BUT YOU ARE DIRECTLY ON THE LINE OF OUR DRIVE. WILL YOU KINDLY MOVE ONE WAY OR THE OTHER?"

"CERTAINLY NOT. I HEARD YOU SHOUT VERY RUDELY, BUT I'VE NO INTENTION OF MOVING. I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT A GENTLEMAN, WHEN HE SAW ME HERE, WOULD PLAY THE OTHER WAY."

CREATING AN IMPRESSION.

THE summer swank-by-the-sea season is upon us again, and Brixton, Bow, Battersea and Bromley are busy.

You that have yachting caps to wear prepare to wear them—shortly. A well-found cap of this sort, a blue coat with brass buttons, white flannel trousers, a pair of white shoes, and the thing is done—you are a yachting man. But why make the mistake of buying or hiring a yacht? There is an easier and a cheaper way.

It is Saturday—a fine day—and you have arrived at Weymouth, or maybe it is Scarborough. Begin well by cultivating an air of aloofness, of detachment from the common herd.

There are yachts in the harbour. One of them, if not yours, shall be as yours in the eyes of the girl whom you wish to impress. Don't overdo the thing. Create an impression that you are the owner, or at least a guest of the owner, of one of those yachts, and the worst is over.

With as showy a weed as threepence will run to, make your way to the quay and stroll about in a dignified manner till your Dulcinea appears with the latest holiday thriller under her arm and the newest Bon Marché turban hiding her pretty curls.

Now is the supreme moment. Summoning your courage from its abiding place you should put one hand to your mouth, holding the cigar delicately with the other, and sing out, "*Nymph*, ahoy!" or "*Lucy*, ahoy!" as your fancy dictates, having first made sure that no yacht so named is within hearing.

It is unlikely that Dulcinea is versed in the *nuances* of a nautical hail, but it is well not to call out twice unless you are fairly certain of yourself. There being no response from the vasty deep, it is as well at this juncture to pause, turn on your heel with a smothered exclamation of annoyance, and retreat to your bed-sitting-room in the little street behind the harbour for a while to allow the idea to sink in.

Dulcinea has a receptive mind, and when next you meet she will probably respond to any suitable conversational opening.

Commercial Candour.

"Engraved free while you wait at our stores a few days only."

Advt. in "Lethbridge Morning News."

Sorry, but we cannot wait. We have an engagement the day after to-morrow.

THE *MENU*.

I HAVE a garden where there grows
The white, the pink, the crimson rose;
Carnations blent of every hue
Are there, and dandelions, too;
Some parsley, mint and thyme and cress
Are also grown at this address.

The place abuts upon a way
Untrodden save on market day,
And then frequented mostly by
Unhappy sheep *en route* to die.
These pass my gate and, passing, bleat,
And what return are butcher's meat.
But there were lambs on Wednesday last
Who called upon me as they passed
(Not by my invitation, but
Because the wicket wasn't shut)
And took a meal at my expense.
Was ever such impertinence?
I put that meal in evidence:—

They did not eat, as you'd suppose,
The white, the pink, the crimson rose.
Carnations blent of every hue
Were not the end they had in view;
Nor were the parsley, thyme or cress
Or lion in its dandiness.
They ate with neither pause nor stint
Their pet aversion—namely, mint.
Laid waste the bed and left it bare,
And, sauceless lamb being dismal fare,
I must admit they had me there.



Dorothy. "DO YOU WANT ANY PUDDING?"

Leslie (naughty, and sent into the hall to finish his dinner). "TELL THE PERSON WHO'S SERVING THERE'S NO ANSWER."

CHANCE, THE FRIEND.

HE got in at Southampton West—a retired Army man, I should guess, florid and with a bristling sandy moustache. All too soon he caught my eye. This orb was not out for capture at the moment; it merely rose inadvertently from my book while I turned a page and rested a fraction of a second too long on the newcomer's countenance. But it was enough. It was all he needed, and in a moment he was off.

"With this wet wicket," he said, "Oxford ought to win."

I said in reply as little as I could and resumed my reading.

"That fellow, MELLÉ," he went on. He'll do the trick. Very artful, those Colonials. Remember LE COUTEUR?"

I had to confess to a recollection of LE COUTEUR.

"RHODES scholar, you know. South African, I believe, or was it New Zealand?"

I had no suggestion to offer, although I knew that LE COUTEUR was neither, but an Australian.

"Well, anyway," he pursued, "he was that kind of bowler, too. If Oxford wins the toss they ought to put Cambridge in after all this rain. I did that once at Cheltenham, I remember, and the other side thought I was mad. But we beat them."

I made such a determined dive at my book that for a while he was mute. Then he relented.

"Funny thing," he said, "but I'm sure to see old TOM HOBSON at Lord's to-day. I see him every Varsity match. I once scored off TOM—he's a ground bowler, you know. We were on tour, and I bet him half-a-sovereign I'd reach my hundred wickets before he did. We got t[illegible]ninety-eight all, and then I took [illegible] and put myself on and made up [illegible]ndred. You should have seen T[illegible]ace! He said it wasn't fair[illegible]ld him I wasn't going to let him win if I could help it; not likely. We have a laugh over it every year. Are you a cricketer?"

I said I had dabbled in the game.

"Nothing like it," he said. "It's the best game. I wish I wasn't too old. Lawn tennis and golf for me now; but just at the present moment neither. The fact is I've crocked myself up."

I had to ask how.

"Broke a muscle in my leg," he said. "Just as I was serving. Most extraordinary sensation. Exactly as if some one had thrown a stone and hit me in the calf. As a matter of fact, I looked round to see who had done it. I'm going up to town now to see one of those Swedish masseur fellows; but not till they draw stumps at Lord's, of course."

The train stopping at Winchester gave me the opportunity to buy a paper and change my seat. Another man getting in took mine, and I wondered how soon the chatterbox would do it on him. He merely waited for the train to start and then began.

"Not a very promising day for the Varsity match?" he said.

The other agreed.

"You going?" he asked.

The other admitted that he was.

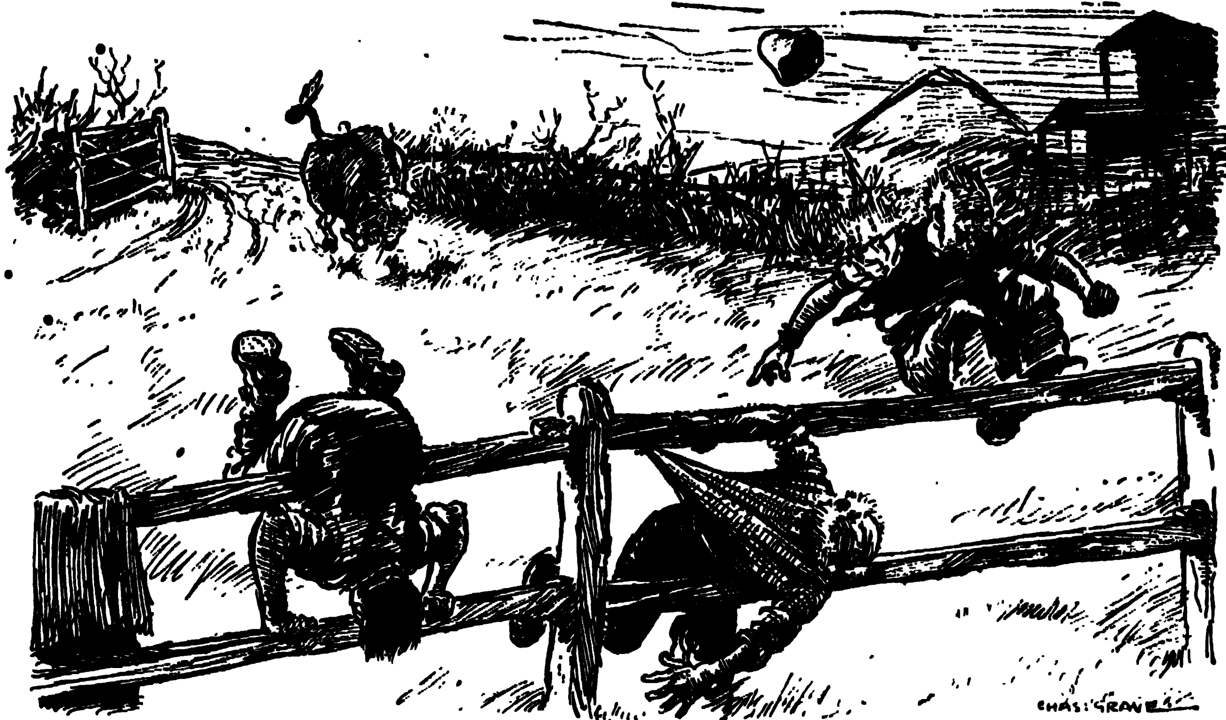
I then succeeded in getting into the power of my book again and happily lost some of the connecting links, the next thing I caught being these words: "But as a matter of fact I can't play anything just now. I've gone and crocked myself up. Broken a muscle in my calf. Have you ever done that?

The newcomer had not and hoped he never would.

"Well, you never know," he was assured. "Lots of men have done it this year. It is the most extraordinary thing. Exactly as if some one had thrown a stone hard and hit you. In fact, I looked round to see who it was."

At Basingstoke the newcomer changed his compartment and another traveller entered and took the fatal seat, and he too was put through it.

But now an unprecedented thing happened, which I ask no one to believe, but which none the less is true. The conversation had followed its usual course—the weather, the wet wicket, the Colonial bowler, the Cheltenham triumph, the low subterfuge on TOM—all as though I had not already heard it twice; and I sat and marvelled at such a want of delicacy of feeling, such amazing hardihood and metallic insensitiveness; because I am one of those foolish creatures who are miserable for an hour if they catch themselves telling the same thing twice to the same person, even after an interval of weeks.



THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

A PATRIOTIC FARMER TURNS A FIERCE BULL INTO A FIELD IN ORDER TO TEST THE HURDLING POSSIBILITIES OF HIS FARM-HANDS.

The talker of the L. & S. W. R. was, however, not like that, and on he went undismayed until he reached the broken muscle. It was then that the unexpected occurred, for no sooner did the newcomer learn of the calamity than he chipped in.

"Yes, I know what that is," he said. "I 've done it too. Most extraordinary sensation—exactly as if you 'd been hit in the calf by a stone!"

My talker, who had been all fussy animation till then, suddenly petrified. His mouth was open but no words emerged. He scrutinised his *vis-à-vis* with a cold and glassy gaze. Somehow he seemed to scent a "plant" or conspiracy, although knowing that there could not be one, for collusion had been impossible. He even glanced suspiciously at me, as I could feel.

"Yes," repeated the other, all unconscious of his Promethean theft; "it 's the rummest feeling. Just here"—he touched his calf. "Exactly, as I say, as if someone had thrown a stone at you."

The conversationalist feebly acquiesced and turned to his paper. The other man turned to his paper, and we had silence all the way to Vauxhall.

I swear this is a true story.

The worst of it is that it was pure chance and could not be adopted as a strategic move with bores.

THE SEASON.

(*To a Débutante.*)

A FEW short weeks wherein to dine,
To dance, to flirt, to laugh, to shine
Like some new star;
To wear gay gowns and strange-dressed hair
And hats that make the people stare
Or say we are
Original, as it may be—
Yes, that, my dear, for you and me
The Season means;
But for the girls who shape our frocks,
Our headgear (and, maybe, our locks)—
Some in their teens
Perhaps, as we—the Season holds
Quite other things. Tucks, hems and folds,
Gauze, silk and lace
They wield for us with close-eyed care,
White-faced and worn, so we be fair
And take our "place";
The weeks drag slow for such as these
Whose backs are bent that we may please.
For us to stitch,
Their fingers fly or else their wheels;
Their very dreams build cotton-reels!
Time's Hurry-Witch
Pursues them with her beating-broom
And cares not for their fading bloom.
Toil, toil, my dear,
The Season spells for poorer maids,
While we, in Fashion's jocund glades,
Have but one fear—
Lest, as we flit from flower to flower,
Our honey will at last turn sour!
So, should we not
Remember, now we both are "out,"
When we (for trifles) pine and pout,
Or moan our lot,
That there are maidens still more sad
Who, were they bidden, would be glad
Within our shoes
To step, to flirt, to dance, to dine,
Willing, as we, like stars to shine,
To pick and choose
How they each rosy day shall spend
And dream that rose-days never end?

Another Impending Apology.

"A lord-lieutenant is not always chosen because of his good looks. The Earl of Craven, the new Lord-Lieutenant of Yorkshire, is an exception."—*Daily Sketch.*

From an hotel advt. in *Daily News*:—

"Bedroom, Breakfast, Bath, Light Attendance -5/6."

The "light attendance" is not a feature of this hotel only.

"The enterprising proprietor of the Queen's Hotel, fashioned after the good old English style as regards cleanliness and home comforts, has undergone notable alterations internally."—*Tientsin Sunday Journal.*

We shall call upon him when he is convalescent.

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

"It's my birthday to-morrow," said Mrs. Jeremy, as she turned the pages of her engagement book.

"Bless us, so it is," said Jeremy. "You're thirty-nine or twenty-seven or something. I must go and examine the wine-cellar. I believe there's one bottle left in the Apollinaris bin. It's the only stuff in the house that fizzes."

"Jeremy! I'm only twenty-six."

"You don't look it, darling; I mean you do look it, dear. What I mean—well, never mind that. Let's talk about birthday presents. Think of something absolutely tremendous for me to give you."

"A rope of pearls."

"I didn't mean that sort of tremendousness," said Jeremy quickly. "Anyone could give you a rope of pearls; it's simply a question of overdrawing enough from the bank. I meant something difficult that would really prove my love for you—like Lloyd George's ear or the Kaiser's cigar-holder. Something where I could kill somebody for you first. I am in a very devoted mood this morning."

"Are you really?" smiled Mrs. Jeremy. "Because——"

"I am. So is Baby, unfortunately. She will probably want to give you something horribly expensive. Between ourselves, dear, I shall be glad when Baby is old enough to buy her own presents for her mother. Last Christmas her idea of a complete edition of Meredith and a pair of silver-backed brushes nearly ruined me."

"You won't be ruined this time, Jeremy. I don't want you to give me anything; I want you to show that devotion of yours by *doing* something for me."

"Anything," said Jeremy grandly. "Shall I swim the Channel? I was practising my new trudgeon stroke in the bath this morning." He got up from his chair and prepared to give an exhibition of it.

"No, nothing like that." Mrs. Jeremy hesitated, looked anxiously at him and then went boldly at it. "I want you to go in for that physical culture that everyone's talking about."

"Who's everyone? Cook hasn't said a word to me on the subject; neither has Baby; neither has——"

"Mrs. Hodgkin was talking to me about it yesterday. She was saying how thin you were looking."

"The scandal that goes on in these villages," sighed Jeremy. "And the Vicar's wife too. Dear, all this is weeks and weeks old; I suppose it has only just reached the Vicarage. Do let us be up-to-date. Physical culture has been quite *démodé* since last Thursday."

"Well, *I* never saw anything in the paper——"

"Knowing what wives are I hid it from you. Let us now, my dear wife, talk of something else."

"Jeremy! Not for my birthday present?" said his wife in a reproachful voice. "The Vicar does them every morning," she added casually.

"Poor beggar! But it's what Vicars are for." Jeremy chuckled to himself. "I should love to see him," he said. "I suppose it's private, though. Perhaps if I said 'Press'——"

"You *are* thin, you know."

"My dear, the proper way to get fat is not to take violent exercise, but to lie in a hammock all day and drink milk. Besides, do you want a fat husband? Does Baby want a fat father? You wouldn't like, at your next garden party, to have everybody asking you in a whisper, 'Who is the enormously stout gentleman?' If Nature made me thin—or, to be more accurate, slender and of a pleasing litheness—let us believe that she knew best."

"It isn't only thinness; these exercises keep you young and well and active in mind."

"Like the Vicar?"

"He's only just begun," said his wife hastily.

"Let's wait a bit and watch him," suggested Jeremy. "If his sermons really get better, then I'll think about it seriously. I make you a present of his baldness; I shan't ask for any improvement there."

Mrs. Jeremy went over to her husband and patted the top of his head.

"'In a very devoted mood this morning,'" she quoted.

Jeremy looked unhappy.

"What pains me most about this," he said, "is the revelation of your shortcomings as a wife. You ought to think me the picture of manly beauty. Baby does. She thinks that, next to the postman, I am one of the——"

"So you are, dear."

"Well, why not leave it? Really, I can't waste my time fattening refined gold and stoutening the lily. I am a busy man. I walk up and down the pergola, I keep a dog, I paint little water-colours, I am treasurer of the cricket club; my life is full of activities."

"This only takes a quarter of an hour before your bath, Jeremy."

"I am shaving then; I should cut myself and get all the soap in my eyes. It would be most dangerous. When you were a widow and Baby and the pony were orphans, you and Mrs. Hodgkin would be sorry. But it would be too late. The Vicar, tearing himself away from Position 5 to conduct the funeral service——"

"Jeremy, *don't!*"

"Ah, woman, now I move you. You are beginning to see what you were in danger of doing. Death I laugh at; but a fat death—the death of a stout man who has swallowed the shaving-brush through taking too deep a breath before beginning Exercise 3, that is more than I can bear."

"Jeremy!"

"When I said I wanted to kill someone for you, I didn't think you would suggest myself, least of all that you wanted me fattened up like a Christmas turkey first. To go down to posterity as the large-bodied gentleman who inhaled the badger's hair; to be billed in the London press in the words, 'Curious Fatal Accident to Adipose Treasurer'—to do this simply by way of celebrating your twenty-sixth birthday, when we actually have a bottle of Apollinaris left in the Apollinaris bin—darling, you cannot have been thinking."

His wife patted his head again gently. "Oh, Jeremy, you hopeless person," she sighed. "Give me a new sunshade. I want one badly."

"No," said Jeremy, "Baby shall give you that. For myself I am still feeling that I should like to kill somebody for you. Lloyd George? No. F. E. Smith? N-no. . . ." He rubbed his head thoughtfully. "Who invented those exercises?" he asked suddenly.

"A German, I think."

"Then," said Jeremy, buttoning up his coat, "I shall go and kill *him*."

A. A. M.

ON A SMALL NUT.

(Seen at Ealing.)

He stood apart on the kerbstone's angle,
Where four crossways divide;
Mid the blare of the 'bus and the tramways' jangle
He leaned on his stick and sighed;
Fourteen summers and winters—quite,
His coat too long and his boots too tight,
But he shone in button and flower and bangle
Like the dogstar down the night.

I saw him stand there, passionless, steady,
While the universe went round;
And, as sipping a vintage young and heady,
He looked upon life and frowned.
And I felt like a truant child at play,
And I raised my hat as I went my way
If not to the Nut that he is already,
To the Nut he will be some day.



OUR VILLAGE MATCH.

First Batsman. "WHY CAN'T YER CALL WHEN YOU 'RE COMING?"
Second Batsman. "'CAUSE I DON'T WANT TO PUT THE FIELDER ON HIS GUARD."

THE WORST POLICY.

A FEW months ago there appeared in *Punch* some examples of truthful advertisements issued by a firm of House Agents. The idea appears to be spreading. We have before us the following remarkable announcement of a Tourist Company:—

A WEEK IN DELIGHTFUL EAUVILLE
for
£5 5*s*. 0*d*.

(and certain additions which will be apparent to those who read further).

SELECT PARTIES

(as select as can be expected in view of the fact that nobody who pays the fees is refused) will leave London every Saturday evening until further notice and return to London on the following Friday morning.

(The advertised "week" therefore includes the days of departure and return.)

Charge (payable strictly in advance)—
£5 5*s*. 0*d*.

(This, however, means 3rd Class travel throughout. For 2nd Class the additional charge is £1; and for First Class £2 5*s*. 0*d*.)

Accommodation is provided in a boarding - house in Eauville (only moderately good), and includes room (containing two, three or even four beds), light (which is cut off at 11 o'clock each night), attendance (for which the tourist is expected to give lavish tips), breakfast (coffee and rolls), and evening dinner (at which the only liquid provided free is water, which we strongly advise our clients not to touch) each day.

Extra charge for superior accommodation—
10*s*. 6*d*.

For first-class hotel accommodation—
£2 2*s*. 0*d*.

If a separate bedroom is required the additional charge is 12*s*. 6*d*.

(It will be noted that the tourist is expected to obtain any refreshments he may require between breakfast—which is, of course, quite unsatisfying to the average Englishman — and evening dinner. Similarly he must make the best arrangements he can for feeding himself on both journeys.)

The feature of this Tour is the admirable series of

EXCURSIONS.

These are arranged to give our clients an opportunity of visiting what we consider the principal points of interest in the district and at the same time to secure an adequate profit for ourselves.

Charge for the series of Four Excursions:—
If booked in London... £3 10*s*. 0*d*.
If booked in Eauville.. £3 15*s*. 0*d*.

Charge for any Single Excursion:—
If booked in London ... £1 0*s*. 0*d*.
If booked in Eauville ... £1 2*s*. 0*d*.

(The Excursions are personally conducted, and gratuities to the conductor are heartily encouraged.)

The Tourist must expect a number of further incidental expenses, but these unfortunately will not benefit us. If, however, we can devise any further means of extracting money from him, we shall not hesitate to apply them.

Recreations of Great Men.

"He also took great interest in pushing electric tramways in Bradford."
Bradford Daily Argus.

"At the request of Dr. Mawson, Mr. E. R. Waite, curator of the Christchurch Museum, has consented to prepare the report on the collection of fishes made by the Australasian Antarctic Expedition. Mr. Waite has in hand already the fishes which he collected at the Macquarie and Auckland Islands when he went to the Southern Ocean in Dr. Mawson's exploring vessel, the Aurora, last year."
Christchurch Press.

We are prepared to congratulate Mr. WAITE, to take off our hats to him—but we will *not* shake him by the hand.



THE SUSPECTED SEX.

Girl (suddenly noticing policeman). "I FAHND IT LIKE THAT. I NEVER DONE IT, MISTER; STRAIGHT I NEVER!"

JEUX D'ESPRIT AT DRURY LANE.

(*A tribute to the art of the Russian* premier danseur *and the two ladies who accompany him in a now famous* pas de trois.)

NIJINSKY, there are certain souls
More blind to beauty than a hen is,
Who, jarred not by the caracoles
In all your other ballet rôles,
Take umbrage at your "Tennis."

They do not like your leaps and flings;
Some trifling disappointment rankles
When, bouncing lightly from the wings,
You flaunt those tasteful trouserings
Tied tightly round the ankles.

They grumble at the ladies' skirts,
The Post-Impressionistic setting;
They muse on Wimbledon; it hurts
To see you waste your time on flirts
And otiose curvetting.

But I, I have the hidden key
To that coy dance, where others lack it;
I comprehend the mystery;
The large ball does not bother me,
Nor yet the blood-hued racquet.

You have the core, the inner truth
(All errors in the husk it pardons)
Of tennis, not the game *sans* ruth,
But tennis, well-beloved of youth
In old-world English gardens.

With two fair maidens at your call
Amid parterres of bright geraniums,
Grown tired of hunting for the ball
You yield a captive to their thrall
And kiss them on the craniums.

But this to me most clearly shone,
Fantastic sprite from Eastern Europe,
That only three of you were on;
And where, I ask, was James or John
Who helped to make the four up?

A shadowy motive seemed to go
Through all those steps and still enliven:
"Shall we pursue the ball? Not so;
It was not we who whacked it. No;
The criminal was Ivan."

But where was Ivan? Fancy sped:
Through all the dance's twisting mazes
I nursed his picture in my head,
Couched lowly in the strawberry bed
Stuffing himself like blazes.

This is the triumph of all art,
Especially its latest model—
Symbolic images to start
Of things unseen, of worlds apart.

* * * * *

The press critiques were twaddle.

EVOE.

"Apart from the honour of the thing there is little material profit awaiting Mr. Alfred Austin's successor, the salary attached to the post being only a paltry £70 a year, with an allowance of £27 in lieu of the traditional sack of butt."—*Liverpool Courier.*

Everybody is talking about Butt—the new breakfast food. Small sack 5/-, larger sack 7/6.

"On opening a double dark slide of book-form the loose plate will have its back towards the plate which is fastened in, and the lose plate will be the one in the lower (odd) number of the slide."—*Photography.*

One of the things we wanted to know.

"At the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Peter Warren, in the name of the subscribers, handed over to the energetic secretary, Mr. S. Wood, a handsome oak dresser."

Cullompton Deanery Parish Magazine.

It is Mr. PETER WARREN who strikes us as the really energetic man.



A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE BALKANS.

GREECE. "NOW HOW DO WE DIVIDE THESE BULGARIAN SPOILS—SUPPOSING WE GET 'EM?"

SERVIA. "WHY, MY DEAR FELLOW, AREN'T YOU AND I ALLIES? OF COURSE WE FIGHT EACH OTHER FOR 'EM."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 7. —"The Angel of Death is abroad in the land." Once again the Premier stood at the Table in presence of a crowded, hushed assembly, heads reverently uncovered as if in the actual presence of Death. It was only a few weeks ago that lament was raised for George Wyndham. To-day it is the sudden cutting-off of Alfred Lyttelton that makes the House of Commons a house of mourning.

Points of resemblance make more striking the close sequence of their deaths. Both men were in the prime of life; both when last seen at Westminster were apparently in full enjoyment of health and strength; both, having by sheer capacity won their way to high place in the ranks of their Party, seemed to have before them a long career of useful work; upon both with awful suddenness came the end.

There was one notable absentee from Front Opposition Bench. It seemed natural, indeed imperative, that, as happened in the case of George Wyndham, Prince Arthur should add his wreath of "myrtles brown with ivy never sere" to the garland laid by the Prime Minister on the bier of his lost friend. Shrinking from that ordeal he did not even trust himself to be present. It was left to the titular Leader of the Opposition to voice the grief of Alfred Lyttelton's personal colleagues on the Front Bench and the sorrow of the Party he graced and strengthened by his comradeship.

Not least arduous among the duties pertaining to office of Party Leader is that of from time to time paying a tribute to the memory of a great man dead. On an historic occasion Disraeli, called to fill the part, was so prostrated by emotion that he inadvertently appropriated a purple patch from a funeral oration by a French statesman, incorporating it in what was presented to the House of Commons as his personal lamentation. Mr. Gladstone was a master of the art; so in differing styles was Campbell-Bannerman and is Prince Arthur. Sark, who has listened to a long succession of funeral speeches delivered from either side of the Table, testifies that for genuine feeling, simplicity of construction and exquisiteness of phrasing few have equalled, none surpassed, the Premier's brief speech, uttered with faltering voice under strain of emotion that more than once threatened breakdown.

As he said, Alfred Lyttelton "has left behind him no resentment and no enmity, nothing but a gracious memory of a manly and winning personality, the memory of one who served with unstinted measure of devotion his generation and his country." That a sentiment in which Members on both sides shared. For the Premier, beyond the common grief at the passing of one "who of all men of this generation came nearest to the ideal of manhood," there was the breaking of the link of thirty-three years' affectionate friendship.

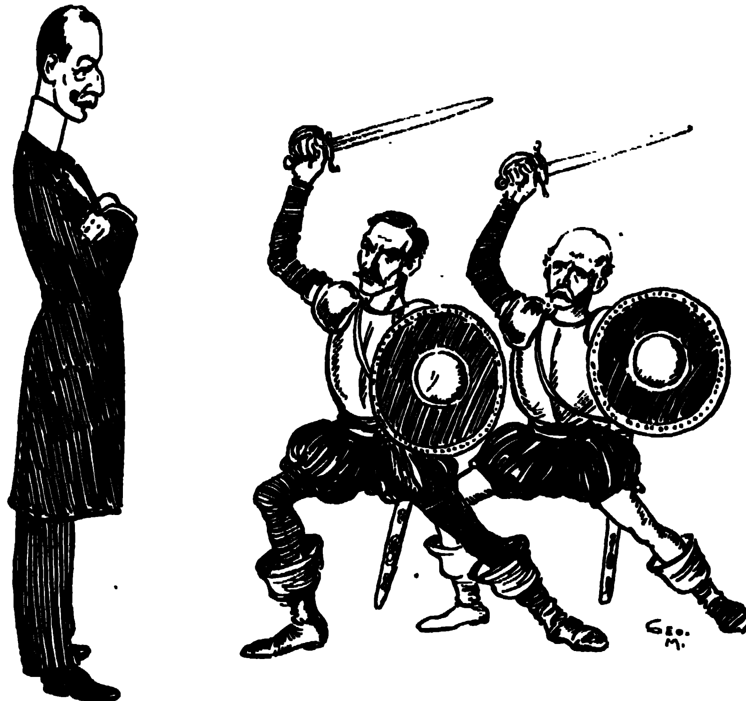
Happy in a pure and healthy life Alfred Lyttelton was honoured in his death by rare eulogy spoken before a responsive audience gathered on the historic stage it was long time his pleasure and his pride to tread.

Business done. — Home Rule Bill read a third time by majority of 109 in House of 595 Members.

Thursday.—One of those little incidents that go straight to susceptible heart of House just happened. Personal, perhaps trivial, in its range, to the seeing eye it touches depth of grave political situation. Seems to show that, in spite of angry difference on a particular question, there exists between Nationalist and Ulsterman a common sympathy, a sentiment of brotherhood jealous for each other's welfare.

Came up accidentally, as such things frequently do. Premier having in reply to question stated intention of making new appointment to Laureateship, Joyce rose from Nationalist Camp with supplementary question.

"When this matter comes to be enquired into," he said, "will consideration be given to the undoubted poetic ability of the hon. Member for North Armagh?"



Messrs. Wedgwood and Outhwaite *v.* Colonial Secretary.

House taken by surprise. Always found interesting personality in Moore, K.C. His interjectionary contributions to debate rarely fail in leading to temporary tumult. Only the other week they led to his own suspension from service of the House. As far as may be judged from material supplied by him to brief biographical notices appearing in customary channels of information, if modesty permits him to claim special distinction over his fellow Members in any particular, it is based on the fact that he "stands 6 feet 4½ inches in his boots." To have disclosure made that in his own country he, in common with another Moore of earlier date, is recognised as a poet, was agreeable surprise.

Premier took keenest interest in it.

"Perhaps the hon. gentleman," he said, addressing Joyce, "will furnish me with a copy of the poems alluded to."

Incident temporarily distracted interest from Plural Voting Bill. Useful suggestion made from above Gangway that specimens of the new Moore Melodies shall be circulated with the Votes.

Business done.—Plural Voting Bill discussed on Report Stage.

Friday.—Talk in tone of surprise about the Speaker permitting Wedgwood and Outhwaite wantonly to waste twenty minutes of precious time, first by challenging division on formal Resolution moved from Treasury Bench, then by actually forcing one on proposal to suspend eleven o'clock rule. Performance was by way of tit-for-tat

with COLONIAL SECRETARY, who declined to gratify these eminent statesmen by repudiating action of South African Government in repelling fierce riot in the streets of Johannesburg.

Among the Standing Orders is one specially designed to meet case of divisions thus frivolously demanded. It directs that after the lapse of two minutes the SPEAKER or CHAIRMAN may take the votes of the House or Committee by calling successively on the Members who support, and on the Members who challenge, his decision to rise in their places. Thereupon he may declare the determination of the House or Committee without a division.

It was evident that the patriots



THE BARD OF ARMAGH.
(Mr. W. MOORE, K.C.)

below the Gangway had very small support for their pettish revolt. Indeed doubtful whether if a division were called they would have a single Member to "tell." The event proved that they had seven. Had Standing Order 140 been invoked the undignified performance would have been over in appropriate manner within space of three minutes.

"Why," Members asked each other, "did the SPEAKER, invariably master of a turn in the situation however sudden and embarrassing, ignore the weapon lying to hand?"

As may be expected there was sufficient reason. Standing Order in question requires that the minority Members rising in obedience to challenge from the Chair must have their names taken down and printed in the division list. As it turned out they, in common with a family known to WORDSWORTH, were seven. They might have been, as has happened on former occasions, thirty-seven or even more. In such case, so far from there being saving of time, there would have been loss, together with infliction of undignified labour on the Clerk of the House. Profiting by past experience the SPEAKER took no risks.

Moral obvious. Either let the Standing Order be abolished or amended by deletion of the provision that the names of the frivolous persons must be taken down. It serves no other purpose than that of ministering to the vanity and pursuit of self-advertisement that actuate most of these exhibitions.

Business done.—Report of Plural Voting Bill agreed to.

LYRA HYPOCHONDRIACA.

(A Chronicle of Cures, with Biography of a Survivor.)

IN the distant days, when he first began
To ponder the state of his inner man,
He thought he had found in drugs and pills
A remedy for all human ills.
He drank dry sherry—'twas called Montilla—
And dosed himself with sarsaparilla.
But that was only a passing phase,
And he shortly took to other ways.
For then was the time when the medicos
Were running a boom in cheap Bordeaux—
A cool but terribly acid drink
With a bouquet akin to that of red ink.

The next of his hygienic lures
Was the ancient craze for water cures,
And as long as over the temperance tide rose
He spent his summers at various hydros.
But, in spite of the eulogy of PINDAR,
When the human throat is as dry as tinder,
The blameless liquid that flows from the pump
Is apt to give one the double hump.
So, when his doctor prescribed Glenlivet,
He found himself as right as a trivet,
And hoped to reach life's final *coda*
Accompanied by whisky and soda.
But here, it seems, he reckoned without
Regard for man's fell enemy, gout;
And, after a spell of dire disquiet,
Again was forced to remodel his diet.
He had to abandon all "prime cuts,"
He took to cutlets, but made of nuts;
And, like a little child in bibs,
Drank nothing stronger than cocoa nibs.

For three long years he underwent
This vegetarian punishment,
Then found (with SALISBURY) relief
In boiling water and half-cooked beef.
Next FLETCHER told him how to chaw
Each mouthful by a rigorous law,
Until his single occupation
Throughout the day was mastication.
But since he could not quite afford
To throw all duties overboard,
And could not help himself, like SMILES,
He took the counsel of EUSTACE MILES,
And lived for nearly half a year
On plasmon and on ginger-beer.
Then, feeling for fresh adventure ripe,
He tried the barefoot cure of KNEIPP,
And dabbled in the morning dew
With others neither fit nor few.
Then for a while he placed reliance
In Mrs. EDDY'S Christian Science,
Combined with lactobacilline
And copious draughts of paraffin.

But all these fads he has forsworn
And now professes himself re-born
And full of beans as the maddest Mullah
By dint of massage of the medulla.
In short, he's a full-blown osteopath,
But—tell it not in the streets of Gath—
Whenever a new cure comes along,
Whether it's gentle or whether it's strong,
Such is the faith that fires and fills him,
He'll give it a trial although it kills him.

Royal Metamorphosis.

"The King, changing into a four-horsed carriage, drove through the Cattle section."

A characteristic example of kingly tact.

"Silk Scarves. Usual price 5s. Sale price 4s. 11¾d."—*Advt. in "North Star."*

We cannot accept this sacrifice.

"Little Lucy, on her way home from school along one of the main thoroughfares of Salford, saw a lurry horse slip and make the usual convulsive effort to recover. It kept its feet with difficulty. 'Oh, mother,' said Lucy, narrating the incident when she got home, 'it was so frightened that the electricity came out at its feet.'"—*Manchester Guardian.*

"A little boy coming out of the Gladstone-road School in Cardiff this week saw a lorry horse slip and make the usual convulsive effort to recover. It kept its feet with difficulty. When the youngster reached home he narrated the incident to his mother, and said, 'The horse was so frightened that the electricity came out at its feet.'"
"South Wales Daily News" (*two days later*).

This reminds us of a humorous remark made by our own little Ernest. He was coming out of Battersea Park last Tuesday, when he saw a lurry (or lorry) horse slip and make the usual convulsive—— What? It happened to your little Emily at Nottingham on Monday? Extraordinary coincidence!

Hull has been protesting against a proposed flight by an airman on a Sunday. We should have thought it would have welcomed anything which would make people look heavenwards.



Lady. "NOW, WOULD ONE OF YOU LIKE TO SAY GRACE?" (*Pause of misunderstanding.*) "WELL, WHAT DOES YOUR FATHER SAY JUST BEFORE YOU BEGIN TO EAT?"
Little Girl. "OH, 'E SEZ, 'NAH THEN, GET ON WIV IT!'"

A MAN WITHOUT IDEAS.

BECAUSE I chanced to look up at the exact instant of time when the illusion was perfect, I could have sworn—for a second or so—that the car, like some swift grey beast, had sprung upon him from behind with a low roar, gulped him down whole and vanished, leaving only a billow of swirling dust to mark the spot where she had made him her prey. It was all illusion, of course, for a moment later he sat up in the middle of the road and peered about him, blinking. A stammering *crescendo* yell from the car's exhaust horn came back to us through the drowsy dusty air, with a curious effect of mockery—already she was far off—and the tramp rose, rather alertly for a tramp. He limped over to my railings and, with one hand clutching a post, stared down the road.

He gulped—a long, slow rise, decline and fall of the "Adam's apple" that was almost unnerving. He was collarless and slightly scrag-necked, so that I got the full benefit of it.

"A narrow squeak," I said.

He did not answer immediately. He merely gulped once more, and, breathing heavily, continued to survey the slowly settling dust that the car had raised.

Then quite suddenly he turned to me.

"A fine car, that, Sir—magnificent. One of the best I've ever been knocked down by," he remarked.

I had expected wrath, sorrow, language—anything, in fact, but praise of the car, and I think I showed my surprise, for he smiled a faint, dusty smile.

"It is my fatal habit of walking in the middle of the road," he explained rather shyly. "Thinking . . . I find I cannot think freely if I keep close in to the hedge. Of course I have never been actually struck by a car—but the rush and clamour of their close passing sometimes slightly confuse me and I stumble—as you saw. I was wrapt in thought. Nevertheless, I know——"

"Nuthin'," said an angry and contemptuous voice. "He don't know nuthin'. He's always being rode over —and he don't know nuthin'."

The first drifter—a tallish person—shrank into himself like a snail's horn and quite suddenly an air of extraordinary insignificance pervaded him.

"He don't know nuthin'," repeated the voice, and I looked round to encounter the blue-eyed stare of another drifter—a small man in ancient tweeds, very sunburnt, with a lemon-coloured beard and a repaired nose. Manifestly angry and scornful.

"We parts company here," he said decidedly. "But before we parts I'm going to tell the truth about you. Before your face . . . I've had enough of it."

He turned to me abruptly; the first drifter resembled a captured apple-stealer.

"He calls himself a philosopher . . . and that's the cause of everything. He don't do anything—except keep on philosophying. He ain't got an idea in his 'ead. The rows we've had!"

The little drifter made a gesture of despair.

"And yet I like the man—I don't deny it"—he ran his eye over the philosopher rather as though the latter were a horse for sale or a piece of furniture—"but he's too much responsibility. He keeps on with this philosophying all the time and he ain't practical. And it comes 'ard on me . . . Mister, he ain't got what a practical man would call an idea in the 'ole of 'is 'ead. He's like a child.

Helpless. Walks in the middle of the road and that. You seen for yourself. I don't hardly like walking with him. It makes folk stare and wonder. If he'd only try to learn to get ideas into his 'ead. . . ."

The little drifter suddenly opened the tattered rush fish-basket he carried, disclosing a tightly packed mass of withered, yellowish vegetable matter, which he described as salad. His comrade, the man without ideas, stood limply by, listening with an extraordinary appearance of guilt.

"I had to think out the idea of having some salad yesterday," said the small drifter with a sort of bitter pride, "and I left it to him to get it in a likely-looking road of houses in Brockenhurst, while I worked another road for a bit of something to go with it. I waited for him just outside the village about two hours afterwards with a knuckle of ham, four fairish crusts, a heel of cold pudding, and a hand-out of bread-and-cheese. Presently here he comes moonin' along the middle of the road, muttering to hisself. He stops at me and 'I 've got it,' he says. 'Well done,' I says, thinking of salad. 'Yes,' he says, 'what England wants is a national wheat belt extending from one end of the country to the other, where she can grow her own wheat in case of war,' he says."

"At the expense of the State, without regard to the price of wheat, imported or otherwise," put in the first drifter mildly. "You mustn't forget the State subsidy."

The little drifter turned to me with a gesture of infinite despair.

"There, Mister," he exclaimed, "now you can see for yourself. He thinks about wheat belts for England when he ought to be borrying a bit of salad. . . . Why, even when an old party back by Rufus's Stone took a fancy to him he couldn't do no good. It was a mild-looking, peaceful old party and they got talking together. I watched 'em, and estimated the old party would be worth a good shilling to us, and perhaps more, if this philosopher only used his 'ead and got an idea to put up on the old party. I edged up to 'em a bit, and I heard the old party saying something about he wished all the world was as peaceful as the New Forest. But where me or you would have agreed with him, Sir, this ridiculous man answers the old party very cold. 'I 've thought it out,' he says, 'and I consider that the world will never be at peace until England has captured all the navies and made 'em all her own, and supports one great navy at the expense of all the other countries that used to have navies—tax 'em in proportion,' he says; and the peaceful old party snorted and went away without a word or a shilling!"

The tall drifter looked ashamedly at his feet.

"He ain't got an idea in his 'ole body, Sir," insisted the other excitedly, "and yet I like the man. But we parts company to-day. It would ruin me to travel with him any longer."

"I wouldn't mind so much his not having no ideas in his 'ead," continued the small drifter, "but he ain't reliable. He spoils chances of odd money that a baby wouldn't spoil. And yet he 's lucky—he gets plenty of chances. More than me—but he don't use 'em. Up on the downs near Winchester a gentleman, land-measuring or something, asked him to keep his eye on a spot on top of the downs and signal to him when the gentlemen reached the place. Well, the gentleman climbed up the downs about a mile and turned round and waited to be signalled to. But he never signalled a signal—he was staring at the clouds in the sky, and he told me afterwards that he was thinking of a plan for rejecting——"

"*Pro*jecting," corrected the tall drifter.

"- advertisements on to the clouds by means of skinometergraphs——"

"Searchlights, *not* cinematographs," protested the philosopher feebly.

"All the same," snapped the small drifter. "Craziness."

He half wheeled to the road, hesitated, glanced at the tall drifter with a curious look that was half affection, half contempt. "Comin'?" he said; "I 'll give you one more chance—and only one. And don't forget it!"

"Yes, John," said the man without ideas, and, with a shy nod in my direction, followed his partner down the road.

I watched them for a few moments. Before they were out of sight the philosopher, with his head bowed in thought, had edged out into the exact middle of the road again. . . .

He was a curious character, and I believe it is quite possible that, some day, he may even light upon a notion that will make millionaires of them both—provided that a motor does not get him first. But I am quite, quite certain he will never convince his little partner that he has ever had an idea in his life.

"BEAUTIFYING COUNSEL."

Headline in "Evening News."

But alas for the hopes of our K.C.'s the advice which followed was meant exclusively for the housewife.

THE ROSERY.

"'Tis roses, roses all the way"
A-climbing to the leads,
Or blooming lowlier mid the clay
Of half-a-score of beds;
Standard and dwarf, they rise to view
For all the world to gorge
Upon a feast of scent and hue—
The handiwork of George.

He used to be a restful type,
A youth of cultured brow,
Who liked his after-breakfast pipe,
His morning screed, but now
He leaves the hurried meal to seize
A syringe and a pail,
To wage a war on aphides,
On anthracnose or scale.

He kens the name of every rose,
The lingo of his craft,
The latest thing in hoe or hose,
The proper time to graft;
And when the morn is young and fresh
He rises with the thrush
To water Madame Pauvert (flesh)
Or Mrs. Sandford (blush).

There was a day when he and I
Were seldom seen apart,
But time has rent the ancient tie
And others claim his heart,
While I can never really feel
I like his present set,
His Ulrich Brunner, Maréchal Niel,
And Marie Henriette.

I deprecate this garden zest,
My heart profusely bleeds
For one who bids the weary guest
Assist him with the weeds,
Who after dinner sits and dreams;
Of cankers and their cures,
Or talks for hours on cheerless themes
Like chemical manures.

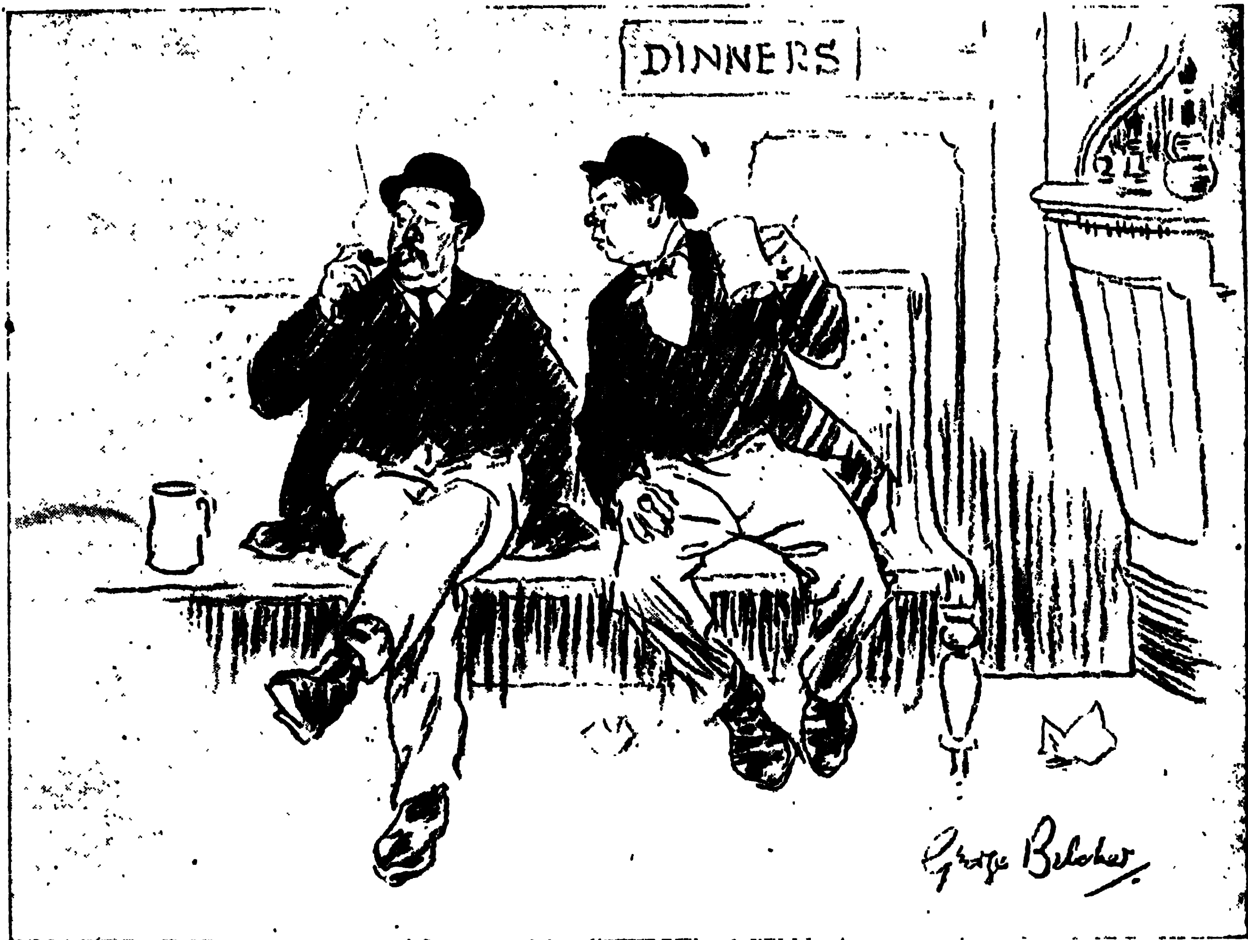
What though the blooms he loves to raise
Bewitch the folk who call?
What though admiring neighbours gaze
Across his garden wall?
To me this rosery shall bring
Profound regrets, shall be
Anathema—the cursèd thing
That came 'twixt George and me.

J. M. S.

From a Birmingham evening paper:

"In the time of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, green gooseberry pie was at the height of its popularity; and long before their time, in 1276, it was growing in Edward I.'s garden at Westminster."

Life, in fact, was very easy for Edward I.'s cook, even when, in the orchards, a blight had fallen on the apple-dumplings, and the steak-and-kidney-pudding tree had wilted.



"I shouldn't mind, meself, if they closed the pubs a couple o' hours sooner. Wot I sez is, if a man ain't full by 'alf-past ten, 'e ain't trying."

THE CRITIC IN THE CRADLE.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I write to you for sympathy and, if possible, advice. An unfortunate spirit of discord is stirring the hitherto unruffled atmosphere of my home, The Nest, Trafalgar Road, Shrimpville-on-the-Solent. In a word, I am beginning to find myself opposed at almost every point by my eldest (indeed, I may add, my only) son, aged four months. Thus I am a staunch upholder of compulsory vaccination and a staunch enemy of all daylight-saving schemes, and on both these vital questions, among many others, he is in complete disagreement with me.

It isn't that he says much, if you understand me. To be accurate, he communicates with us principally by means of (1) a smile, (2) a sound not unlike escaping soda-water, and (3) a curious trick of waving his legs in the air. This is where he gains his advantage. It is impossible to argue with him on his own ground, since I cannot reproduce his syphon imitation and, possibly owing to an attack of sciatica some years ago, I have lost the faculty of conversing with my legs.

The worst of it is, he appears to be undermining my influence over his mother. I will quote a single instance. Last Saturday evening after tea my wife and I were sitting in the drawing-room, while our son reclined in an extremely unconventional attitude on a sofa-cushion. I was explaining to my wife how by really unexampled bad luck I had been defeated in a match that afternoon by a golfer with a handicap of sixteen (my own handicap is nominally twelve, though I frequently play down to nine or even less). Suddenly I became aware that my son's face wore a distinctly sceptical smile. I regarded him sternly.

"Do you mean to suggest," I asked, with a touch of hauteur, "that under ordinary circumstances Jones is capable of beating me?"

"Ssszzz," he replied cynically.

"It is false," I retorted.

He smiled and rapidly cut a perfect eight in the air with his right leg.

"Baby grows more intelligent every day," said his mother, a woman, mark you, who a year ago would have listened to my tale with a sympathy so deep that I should probably have acquiesced in her ordering a new hat from Bond Street by the evening post.

I got up and left the room.

The truth is, *Mr. Punch*, I cannot help feeling that my position in this house is not what it was. Have you any hints that might conduce to a restoration of the *status quo*?

Yours brokenly,

A Nose out of Joint.

"AMONG THE CAVES AND POT HOLES.
Interesting Visit to Clapham.
(By 'One of Them.')"
West Yorks Pioneer.

Oh to be a pot-hole, now that July's here.

Ill-timed Hospitality.

"Half-way up the straight the field was well lunched."—*The Egyptian Gazette.*

"His other remedy seems, to our minds, worse httunnhe disease. It is phonetic spelling!"—*Hearth and Home.*

It doesn't look like it.

THE HICCUP.

We met in a crowd, in fact at Henley Regatta. He looked quite an old man, though I suppose he must have been my contemporary—but even of this I am not quite sure. He was trying to run with a race, had rushed violently into me, and had panted a request for pardon. Then a recognising look came over his furrowed face and he did what all the recognisers do: "My dear old chap," he said, "fancy meeting you here! Now I bet you don't remember me."

I kept to the rules of the game, put on a look of bright intelligence and said I remembered his face perfectly, but that for the moment his name had escaped me.

"Ah well," he said, "it's a good many years since we met. Old *tempus* does keep at it, you know; he doesn't spare any of us, does he? Though, for the matter of that, you've kept your fig— (*hic*) wonderfully. Bother this hiccup. I get it at the most inconvenient times. Just like a motor-car on a bad road. It's indiges— (*hic*), you know, an awful nuisance. Now I'll remind you of something that once happened to (*hic*) and me, and then I'll lay a thousand you'll remember my name.

"It was in eighty—(*hic*)—no, it wasn't; it was in eighty—(*hic-hic*). That was the year in which I shaved off my(*hic*), and I can fix it by that. You'd just begun (*hic*) in the (*hic-hic*) and I was thinking of doing the same. It was very hot weather and I remember you always wore a white (*hic*) and patent leather (*hic*). It was the fashion then. We weren't so careless about our dress as they are nowadays. Why, I actually saw a man walking along (*hic-hic*) yesterday in a (*hic*) and a (*hic*), and nobody seemed a bit surprised about it. Well, one morning I met you in the (*hic-hic*) and asked you if you were going to (*hic*) this year. You said, yes, you were, and would I join the party. There was just one place left in the (*hic*) and if I could manage to come you knew Mrs. (*hic*) would be delighted. I said I didn't really know her, but you said it didn't matter; you'd introduce me properly and look after me, and it was sure to be all right. Just at that (*hic*) young what's-his-name—dear me, now there's a name I've forgotten, but you'll remember him, a short stout man with a regular (*hic*) and a (*hic-hic*)——"

"Belmore," I suggested.

"No, I don't know Belmore. You couldn't mistake the man, once you'd seen him. He had a (*hic*) in the middle of his (*hic-hic*) and twisted his (*hic*) frightfully when he spoke. Anyhow, he came up and asked you if you had room for him in your (*hic*) party. This was a facer, because he was about as unpop— (*hic*) a man as you could find in the whole of (*hic*). You began to say something about not being quite certain as to going this year, as the health of your (*hic*) was giving the family a good deal of anxiety, but you'd let him know later on. However, he wasn't going to be put off in that way and he started worrying you. I thought it was time to help you, so I put in my oar and said, 'My dear' (*hic*)—I wasn't bothered with these infernal hiccups then—'my dear chap,' I said, 'can't you see that the whole thing's off this year? If (*hic*) can't undertake it nobody else can. We'll hope for better (*hic*) next year.' Before he could say anything there was a frightful clatter which made us all jump, and a (*hic*) with his (*hic-hic*) dangling on the ground came dashing along right on top of us. You and I got out of the way just in time, but old thingummy wasn't so lucky. It took him right plumb in the (*hic*), and before you could say (*hic-hic*) he was sprawling on his (*hic*) and shouting for help. He wasn't much hurt—just a few (*hic*) and a deepish (*hic*) on his (*hic*), but it settled his chances of going to (*hic*) that year. It was a great blessing for us, for he'd have ruined any party with his (*hic*) and his (*hic*). That's the story, and now I'll guarantee you remember me."

But at this moment another race came past, and he was swept away in a mob of running enthusiasts. When I last heard him he was shouting at the top of his voice, "Oh, well rowed (*hic*); you're gaining. Keep it (*hic*) and get (*hic*) of it."

If these lines should meet his eye, will he communicate his name to me, c/o the Editor? I am the tall, handsome, dignified man, with the blonde beard, to whom he talked for some minutes outside the (*hic*) enclosure on the tow-path side.

OUR REVIEW OF REVUES.

To the many and terrific attractions of "Higher Up, There!" the dazzlingly successful *revue* at the National Classical Theatre, is about to be added for one week only no less a personage than Abdul Hamid, ex-Sultan of Turkey, who has been induced to leave his retirement for one week for this novel engagement. The famous *ci-devant* autocrat will recite in Turkish some of Mr. William Watson's choicest poetry, in a gorgeous Oriental *scena* entitled "The Seraglio of Duboo."

Although the Escurial is still filled to overflowing every night by the noble and stimulating *revue* entitled "This Side Up," the indefatigable Messrs. Bonjour and Remercie are continually endeavouring to paint their lily. For next week they promise us an interlude by Etienne Soleil, the champion French polisher, for whom a special setting has been prepared by one of their numerous brilliant and witty tame authors.

It is not, after all, true that King Alfonso will appear at the Monodrome during next week in a scene written for him in the fabulously successful *revue*, "This Way Out;" but the ever alert management have obtained instead the services of La Goulue, the ancient French dancer, now a *dompteuse* famous in all the *foires* of France for her "*blessures terribles*."

The striking and gratifying success of the French *revue* in London has decided the management to follow it with the vivacious and brilliant piece from the Moulin d'Or which took all Paris by storm last year. The title of the forthcoming *revue* is "Monsieur et Madame" ("Mr. and Mrs.").

Last Monday the all-conquering Gramodrome *revue*, "Oh! Oh! Hugtime!" for which the "*Revue* King" wrote his most brilliant libretto, not a word of which, we understand, has ever been departed from (surely a great triumph in an entertainment of this kind!), entered upon its extra special edition. Among the most fascinating of its "stop press" novelties is a burlesque of the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match, with rag-time songs between the overs, while Mr. Beerbohm Vienna, from Jamaica, gives an exhibition of how the Mango should really be eaten.

The cast of a magnificent and superb *revue* at the Solace, entitled, "Returned Empty," is to be still further strengthened in a novel way by the addition of three troupes of rag-time singers from America, each from a different Southern state, whose speciality it is to sing all together, each of the three troupes executing a different song. The effect is said to be very startling, combining as it does the delights of music with the excitement of a battle or race.



Retired Haberdasher (late of London). "Now then, 'Enry, I'm goin' to have a large party 'ere next week, and I shall expect an unlimited quantity of milk, cream and butter. After that the cows can 'ave a rest till me an' Mrs. P. returns from the Contenong."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Jack London is, I think, the most exhausting writer I know. Lest this should be taken for other than the genuine tribute I intend it to be, I had better hasten to explain. What I mean is that he can bring physical hardships and fatigue so convincingly before the reader that, for my own part, I rise from some chapters of his writing feeling as if I ached in every limb. I had this sensation stronger than ever just now, after reading *Smoke Bellew* (Mills and Boon). Here Mr. London is back in that Klondyke country that he has made specially his own, and has already mined with such excellent results. *Smoke Bellew* however has this to distinguish him from other heroes of the district, that you make his acquaintance while he is still a genuine *chechaquo* (I put in that word because it sounds jolly and I have just learnt it—the meaning is tenderfoot, or amateur, or what you will) and watch the process of his gradual hardening. This is where the aches come in. I defy anybody to read of *Smoke's* journey to the Yukon, a chapter that deserves to be called an epic of fatigue, without sharing the sensations of its hero. It would, I am sure, give an appetite to the most dyspeptic. Arrived, *Smoke* and his partner *Shorty* have of course adventures in plenty, culminating in a breathless race with dog-teams, that leaves them with half of a million-dollar claim and the hero with a prospect of matrimonial bliss. Myself I didn't care over-much for his prospective bride; and I doubt if Mr. London did either. I found it hard to forgive her the trick by which in the early stages of their acquaintance—she had deprived *Smoke* and *Shorty* of the results of their night march to Squaw Creek. But you do not go to Mr. London for wedding-bells. You go to him for tales of endurance and for sheer breath-taking adventure, and here there is no living writer that I know of to equal him. He has them all beat.

I believe that Mrs. Coxon, whose new novel, *April Panhasard* (Lane), has just held my attention, would have found everything simpler had she not been determined to enforce sprightliness in her characters. *April Panhasard* herself is clearly a very nice agreeable woman, but she is compelled to wriggle into wit every time that she opens her mouth; and this compulsion, together with the fact that "her hair in the shadowy light gleamed like a saint's aura, burnished, mystical," prevents her from showing the natural simple side of her character. She goes into retirement whilst her divorce case is proceeding, tells her neighbours (all of them, by the way, as sprightly as herself) that she is a widow, goes about with a young man, loves an American, and of course starts the sprightly tongues wagging. Then Mrs. Coxon obviously felt that this little plot was neither long enough nor strong enough for three hundred pages, so she brought in some characters out of an earlier novel of hers, with a child who is prettily loquacious until he is suddenly killed in the hunting-field. The child's death is well written and shows one that Mrs. Coxon would write a fine novel could she but allow her people to speak and act for themselves and could she avoid such sentences

as "A faint thrill of fear raced through her veins," or "A little sob escaped her, wrung from her full heart." I like her conception of her characters, but they are not given any very interesting things to do and their emotions are far too crudely stated.

Much is expected from a son of the man who wrote *The Life of Lord Macaulay*. The reader need not fear disappointment in taking up *The Life of John Bright* (Constable), by George Macaulay Trevelyan. His literary skill is shown in connection with various episodes, notably in the admirably condensed but vivid narrative of the Corn Law League Campaign, culminating in the surrender of Peel and the establishment of originally obscure men like Bright and Cobden in the foremost rank of statesmanship, their aid courted by both camps. Disclosure is made of a remarkable overture by Disraeli when defeat of his Budget of 1852 appeared imminent. Late on a December evening he sent a note to Bright at the Reform Club, asking him to call at Grosvenor Gate. The summons was obeyed. Straightway Disraeli propounded a scheme whereby Bright, Cobden and Milner Gibson, extremest Radicals of the day, were to enter the Tory Cabinet. Bright's scornful rejection of the proposal did not prevent its repetition when, a few years later, Disraeli found himself in another fix.

Such flattering attention had the effect of increasing natural tendency on Bright's part to have a good conceit of himself. During the last twenty years of his life this assumed something of a tone of arrogance. An example is supplied in a remark he made comparing his style of oratory with another's "When I speak," he said, "I strike across from headland to headland. Mr. Gladstone follows the coast line, and when he comes to a navigable river he is unable to resist the temptation of tracing it to its source." There is truth and force in this. But it is the sort of thing that had been better said by somebody else.

Among other diversions, the author tells a capital story about Bright's famous citation of the cave of Adullam. A French historian quoting it explained to his countrymen that it was an "*allusion à un passage de la bible. Adullam avait voulu tuer David.*" In a more familiar reference, Mr. Trevelyan is not so successful. Writing of Lord John Manners' couplet about "our old nobility," he describes it as "a Frankenstein that was to pursue its author through life." Alas, poor *Frankenstein*, ever condemned to be thus mistaken for his own petard after being hoist with it. Mr. Trevelyan's admirable work, invaluable to the student of modern history, is illustrated by various cartoons reproduced from *Punch*, who, amongst other services to mankind, immortalized an eyeglass John Bright never wore.



FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF VALOUR.

Balbus, who has rented the fishing on the Rubicon, respectfully but firmly insists on Julius Cæsar crossing it lower down so as not to disturb the best pool in the river.

"For heaven's sake, what *is* the matter? Let's hear it and have done with it!" This is what I came near to crying aloud many times during the early chapters of *James Hurd* (Heinemann). But when I knew the horror of course it was by no means done with. For deliberate and unshrinking analysis of a hateful situation, commend me to Mr. R. O. Prowse. Of the great cleverness of his book there can be no question; considered as an entertainment, I would rather go to the dentist's than endure it again. It is impossible to give an idea of it without revealing the plot; but this matters less since it is the treatment for which it should be read by all who value artistry more than good spirits. Well, then, *James Hurd* and his wife *Evelyn* had one child, a boy of seven years, who, as the result of an accident, had become maimed incurably both in body and mind. And the parents, having for his sake left the town, where they both enjoyed full and vigorous lives, for the depths of the country, had nothing to do but brood and develop suspicions and estrangements and hatreds. So at last one day the father took the boy for a walk to the cliff-edge — and came back alone. You could hardly call it a pleasant story, could you? It is told by a third person, an old friend of the unhappy parents, who is staying with them; and this particular method adds a quality of detached and almost unemotional dryness to the tragedy that makes it far more horrible. It is indeed a fine piece of literary work, powerful, subtle, and sinister. But I should be very careful as to the persons to whom I recommended it.

Mr. Goad has chosen a strange subject for the novel-form in *The Kingdom* (Heinemann)—nothing less than the struggle for peace and truth and perfect charity in the soul of a modern (and something of a modernist) friar, *Padre Bernardo*. Those who recognise this travail of a soul to be a legitimate and vitally tragic theme will here welcome a treatment of it which is marked by much sympathy and a quite exceptional detachment. The devil's advocate has the fullest licence notwithstanding that the author stands for the Catholic point of view and for his saintly, sore-tried hero who finally enters into his kingdom of self-conquest and peace. The littlenesses, bigotries and misunderstandings of conventual life are in particular suggested with a keen but not uncharitable emphasis, and it would seem that so detailed an impression could only be the work of one who had actually passed through the routine and struggle of the life. The secondary theme, the marriage of *Orlando* the singer, *Bernardo's* friend, and *Vittoria*, his cousin, is well handled so as to bring out the deep human sympathies of the friar. Old *Father Fidelis*, a modern St. Francis, living apart and silent and on the best of terms with [illegible] and stoat and every sort of little [illegible] looks very much like a portrait [illegible]

CHARIVARIA.

ROUMANIA'S motto upon advancing into Bulgaria:—"*J'y suis, j'y reste*"—a free translation of which is, "I am here, I Roumania."

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Is it quite fair to describe the ambulance which has been devised by Mr. S. F. CODY as our first air-hospital? Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Sanatoria were in the air for a very long time.

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A propos, the report that a million pound hotel is to be erected on the site of St. George's Hospital has led to a curious misunderstanding among insured persons. They imagine that this new structure will be one of those sanatoria which the CHANCELLOR assured them a little while ago would be "sort of first-class hotels."

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Meanwhile it is said that it is the intention of those interested in this hotel scheme also to buy up Buckingham Palace with a view to its being used as a cottage-annexe for simple-lifers.

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It has been proposed, in consequence of the Suffragist outrages in the House of Commons, that the Gallery shall be closed. The idea, however, does not commend itself to certain of the Members, who must have something to play up to.

***

It is much more likely that members of the Public, before being admitted, will have to submit to being searched. Mr. LAWRENCE HOUSMAN hinted at this possibility the other day when he said, "In the war against evil it is not always sufficient to gird the loins. Sometimes it is necessary to strip."

***

Now that the Plural Voting Bill is bound to become law, many Unionists are concentrating their attention on the problem of how to abolish the Singular Voting which returned the Liberals to power.

***

Plural Residence, which will still be permitted after the abolition of Plural Voting, is being encouraged by the Cat-and-Mouse Act, and it is proposed that some of our leading Suffragettes should print on their visiting-cards, in addition to their private address, the address of their prison.

***

Voluntary contributions towards the equipment of our Defence Forces continue to come in. The lack of mounts for our Territorials seems to have struck the popular imagination, and it is said that during the past week the War Office has received from various parts of the Empire offers of an elephant, three donkeys, a couple of trained ostriches, an old-fashioned high bicycle, a run-about, and a zebra.



The Landlady (to applicant for apartments with sea-view). "THERE, NOW! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF *THAT* FOR A SEA-VIEW?"

The Australian Labour Party is now agitating for a six-hours' day. We are not yet informed how many minutes there are to be in each hour.

***

Surprisingly low prices for old masters were realised at the sale of the late Duke of SUTHERLAND'S pictures at CHRISTIE'S, and, though no living artist was in this case affected by the slump, a meeting of painters of old masters is to be held to consider the situation.

***

The Metropolitan Opera Company of New York is bringing an action against Mr. HAMMERSTEIN, with the object of restraining him from producing grand opera in that city before 1920. Mr. HAMMERSTEIN denies the existence of the requisite agreement, and stigmatises his opponents as "the hyenas of grand opera." The Company, we understand, retorts that that hyena laughs longest who laughs last.

***

According to Mr. CHARLES B. COCHRAN the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great was founded by a Jester. Here, surely, is another pulpit for the Rev. HARRY LAUDER.

***

Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES is generous. He has now made it possible for all of us to obtain his "Divine Gift"—on paying for it.

***

"Bombardier WELLS and PAT O'KEEFE have signed articles to box twenty rounds at the Ring on August Bank Holiday." This, we understand, is not WAGNER'S "Ring," in spite of the precedent of the *Revues*.

***

Our Field Sports day by day, as pictured in *The Liverpool Echo*:—

"FIELD SPORT EDITION.
AT BISLEY.
HOOTING FOR THE EMPIRE TROPHY."

***

The German cruiser *Stettin* came into collision last week with the American yacht *Cassandra*. While the latter lost her jib-boom, the *Stettin* was holed above the water-line, and the yacht claims the victory.

***

By the way, the first prize in our International Story Competition goes, this week, to the following contribution from New York:—

"Mr. George Ensor, of Piedmont, West Virginia, while fishing near Mountaindale, was attacked by more than a dozen snakes measuring from four to six feet in length. Before he could beat them off they entwined themselves about him, binding his arms, hands, and feet.

"Mr. Ensor, after vainly endeavouring to loose his arms and legs, had the presence of mind to roll over to a fire he had built to cook his meal. His clothes caught fire, and the snakes, scorched and sizzling, untwined themselves from his body.

"He then threw himself into the stream, extinguishing his burning clothes."

***

It looks rather as if it is not only our Territorials who find a difficulty in obtaining mounts. In an account of a recent royal function *The Liverpool Echo* says:—"After formal presentations had been made their Majesties left the station accompanied by an escort of Life Guards in open carriages."

MORE LEAVES FROM THE BEERBOHM TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

[In friendly imitation of Sir HERBERT TREE's recently-published *Thoughts and After-thoughts.*]

EVERY true craftsman should take joy and pride in his handiwork apart from the incident of wages. And here we may learn a lesson even from "Our Betters." There exist men and women of the loftiest birth who are so enamoured of stage-craft that they will actually pay large sums to be allowed to play the part of walking gentleman and walking lady. The words of the late ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON are their cry: "Give us the guerdon of going on!"

To get what they want is the peculiar faculty of the English race. I once met an Englishman who had made a successful tour through the Fatherland with the most limited knowledge of the vernacular. He knew only one word of German, and that was English. It was "*Beer.*" Yet his needs were always satisfied.

When power passes from the hands of "Our Betters" into those of the People—a risky translation, yet many such have reached us from the original French—I shall look for the reign of Universal Peace. I have an instinctive horror of war. Apart from bloodshed—almost always a marked concomitant of sanguinary disputes—war is the enemy of Art, and distracts attention from the theatres.

I have in my time played the part of great and bloody captains like *Macbeth*, but my heart was never in the work; nor were my legs either. I would always sooner play BEETHOVEN. BEETHOVEN created; *Macbeth* destroyed. Surely there is a difference here.

The modern critic rails at the star-system. Yet it is one of those eternal arrangements which have a heavenly origin. You have only to look at the firmament on a fine night and you will see stars.

How often, as an actor-manager, have I envied mediocrity! So gentle is the treatment it gets from the critics.

The actor is independent of recognised laws—the laws that govern blank verse, for instance. He needs no education and often gets none. He requires no tools or accessories. The painter has his palette, the sculptor his chisel, the poet his blotting-pad, the musician his loud pedal; but the actor has just himself.

After-thought.

I had forgotten that the actor from time to time makes use of certain aids, such as grease and pigments and wigs and costumes. Also of words, generally written by somebody else. How stupid of me! What would the greatest Hamlet *be without* SHAKSPEARE*?*

The latest hand-maiden of the drama is the gramophone. It helps to correct the evanescence of the actor's triumphs, permitting posterity to appreciate what might otherwise appear incredible in the reports of the time. I myself have, by request, done two gramophone records for the British Museum—in the respective voices of *Hamlet* and *Falstaff*, In a spasm of humour I once said that I was so nervous that I spoke the speech of *Hamlet* in the voice of *Falstaff*, and that of *Falstaff* in the voice of *Hamlet*. This statement (fictional, of course, as humour so often is) was received with scepticism by a critic who suggested that I had spoken them both in the voice of BEERBOHM TREE. Even a critic, it will be recognised, may be something of a humorist.

The absence of a "fourth wall" on the stage is no doubt desirable for the sake of unbroken communication between the actors and the audience; but it is destructive to that complete illusion which is the end of all art, seeing that very few actual rooms are constructed without this feature. In my more creative moments I have thought of introducing it at His Majesty's, and here I am happy, for once, in enjoying the support of some of my most malevolent critics.

I have been accused, by a nameless writer, of overwhelming SHAKSPEARE under an avalanche of irrelevant scenery. My final answer to these criticisms is that my revivals have paid. The ultimate test of all Art (and when I talk of Art I exclude painting, sculpture, poetry, music, architecture, &c., except as they are ancillary to the drama) is the approval of the paying public.

In the setting of a play there must either be frank convention or an attempt at complete illusion. If you cannot reproduce the atmosphere of ancient Elsinore in the grave-digger's scene, better have no scene at all. A view of the Euston Road with its monumental masonry would be an intolerable compromise.

Those who contend that we should mount SHAKSPEARE's plays in the simple manner of the Elizabethan age would, if they were consistent, demand that his female characters should be taken by males. Yet I have never heard it seriously suggested that *Juliet* should be played by Mr. BOURCHIER, or *Cleopatra* by me.

The effect of illusion can be produced by a combined effort of imagination on the part of actor and audience. Thus, if the actor imagines himself to be fat he appears fat. It is true that when playing *Falstaff* I have used material devices to produce the semblance of bulginess, but I could have done it just as well out of my own imagination, only I did not want to put too much strain on that of my collaborators in the pit.

The absolute aim of all Art (a term that excludes painting, sculpture, poetry, music, architecture, &c., except as they are ancillary to the drama) is illusion. It is not easy to be yourself (the secret of all strength), and at the same time to be somebody else (the aim of all Art). But it must be done somehow, and the true artist—by which I mean the true actor—will, while retaining his own identity intact for future use, so far merge it, for the time, in that of his character that, after creating the illusion that he is a corpse, it would be unthinkable that he should arise and appear before the curtain to take the applause of the groundlings. He would much rather that the audience should go home under the impression that he is still dead.

And, after all, what is the applause of men to the true artist? Dead to the world—for his illusory simulation of death will have deceived everybody but himself—the pulsations of his own heart, beating high with the sense of achievement, will be all the applause that he needs.

After-thought.

If in the foregoing remarks I have now and then by inadvertence given vent to a vital truth, I take no credit. I am but a TREE *on which a little bird has sat and sung. And these were the words that it sang:—*

"Be yourself!"

"Really?" I asked.

"Yes," said the little bird; "be yourself. You cannot better that!"

O. S.

The People's Laureate.

(*Without prejudice to Dr. Bridges.*)

Though KIPLING long had been his country's pride,
Uncrowned, except with glory,
ASQUITH ignored the People's Voice, and cried—
"'But that's another' Tory."

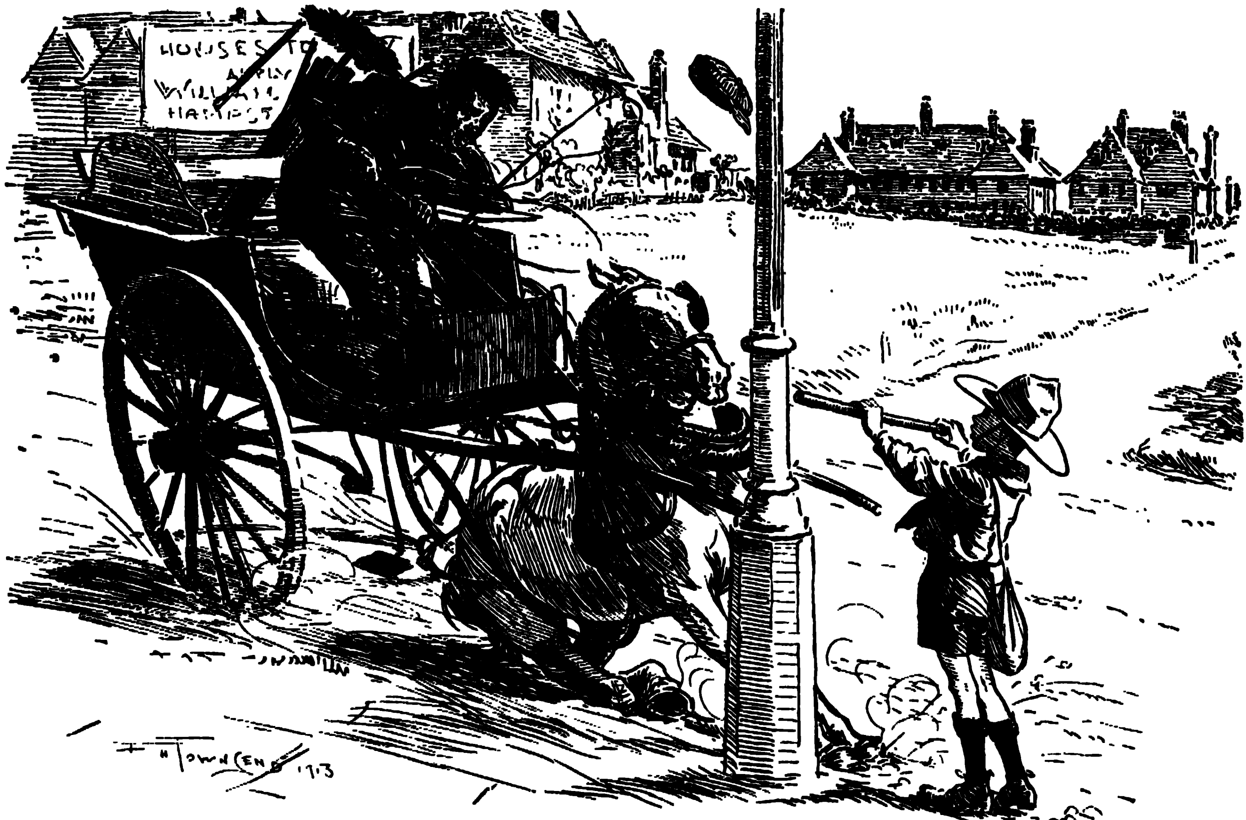
In a recent article giving hints on the furnishing of a country cottage, *The Westminster Gazette* recommended that every room should contain "one suggestive picture." Can this be the effect of the Russian Ballet on our once incorruptible contemporary?



A PLEASURE DEFERRED.

Dame Curzon. "COME ALONG, MY LITTLE MAN, AND HAVE A NICE JOY-RIDE!"

Master Asquith. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH, BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY VIOLENT EXERCISE THIS SEASON; I THOUGHT OF WAITING TILL 1915."



Lynx-eyed Hubert (appearing, as usual, from nowhere). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I THINK IT MY DUTY AS A SCOUT TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU HAVE A SMUT ON YOUR NOSE."

THE BREAKING OF HENRY BOND.

Inspired by the receipt of a communication beginning:

THE JURIES ACT, 1870.

THE TOWN CLERK OF THIS BOROUGH is required by Law to make out a true List in the following form:—

Christian and Surname at full length.	Title, Quality, Calling or Business.	Nature of Qualification.
Adams, John . . .	Gentleman. . . .	Freehold.
Alley, James . . .	Merchant (state nature of Merchandise)	Copyhold.
Bond, Henry . . .	Banker	Leasehold.
Boyd, George . . .	Grocer	Poor Rate.
Cole, Charles . . .	Butcher	House Duty.

THERE is joy to-day at the "Crown and Anchor,"
Where the fat pint mugs they fill,
But a bitter strife and a bitter rancour
At the leasehold house on the hill—
At the leasehold house of the lordly banker
Who bent the burg to his will.

Gay are the peacocks that strut in his pleasaunces,
Bright are the lilies that float on his pond,
Very imposing and portly his presence is
(All save his hair, of which only a frond
Still stays on the bald pate, dabbled with essences),
Curved is the boko of Bond.

Proud of his place and its hireling beauty,
Thinking he walked with the world's *élite*,
He mocked Charles Cole and his dull House Duty,
Driving around with the morning's meat:
He spurned poor Boyd and his business fruity;
How oft in our humble street

At the sound of his cushioned motor's sally
The reverent suburb has bared its head!
Ay, even the merchant prince, James Alley,
And Adams (John) who is quite well-bred
From the freehold "Court" and the copyhold "Chalet"
Have curtsied and been cut dead.

But the English law respects not mammon;
"I serve the Law," said the grave Town Clerk;
"I will write me a list there shall be no sham on,
A steel-true list; and for all his park
I shall label Bond like the vendor of gammon
With a crude commercial mark.

A gentleman! Faugh! his pride is rotten,
He lifts in the air his upstart crown,
But the glory of gold is of dust begotten,
A barren breed and of no renown;
Is coin any better than beef or cotton?
A banker shall Bond go down.

His fathers carried no blood-stained banners,
The knightly plume they have never worn;
He wants the repose of Norman manners;
I brand him here with the brand of scorn;
His sires very likely were caitiff tanners,
While John is a gentleman born."

I read thus far and I knew the canker
That grieved our burg had been cut away;
The bubble had burst of Bond the banker—
I wrote to the Clerk and said, "Hurray!
You have scored off Henry, the horrible swanker,
Good luck to you, Sir. Good day!" EVOE.



Old Lady (offering policeman a tract). "I OFTEN THINK YOU POOR POLICEMEN RUN SUCH A RISK OF BECOMING BAD, BEING SO CONSTANTLY MIXED UP WITH CRIME."

Policeman. "YOU NEEDN'T FEAR, MUM. IT'S THE CRIMINALS WOT RUNS THE RISK O' BECOMIN' SAINTS, BEIN' MIXED UP WITH *US!*"

THE LONG-FELT WANT.

HE was sitting next to me at Lord's, and I admired him for never pointing to RHODES and saying, "There's HOBBS," as most of the other persons round me were doing. Nor did he attempt any conversation until the tea interval, when, after expressing his grief that a good game should be thus frivolously interrupted, he turned to diverse topics.

After a while he told me what he was.

"I am an inventor," he said.

"And a very interesting profession," I replied.

"None more so," he said, "even when one is just an ordinary inventor; but when one is sociologically imaginative—ah!"

"How does one invent?" I asked him. "That's what always bothers me. Do you sit down under a clear sky and produce your patents, or——?"

"That's what the ordinary inventor does," he said. "There's no knowing when the idea may come to him. At breakfast, in the train, in the middle of the night, even while talking to somebody. But the sociologically imaginative inventor has to prepare the way. He has first to ask himself what is wanted, and then get to work to supply that want. The cinema came that way, for example. The inventor of my type got up one morning with a blank mind and said to himself, 'What human nature now needs is that thousands of electric palaces should spring up all over the world, in which animated photographic representations of sentiment and melodrama may beguile the tedium of life;' and straightway he invented the cinema. That is the best kind of inventing. But, to give you an example of the other kind, asbestos grates were an accident pure and simple. An inventor chanced to walk through some catacombs and noticed a great heap of skulls, and this instantly gave him the idea of asbestos fuel. You see the difference? The accidental inventors may be useful enough, but very little credit is due to them, whereas the sociologically imaginative inventors are conscious benefactors, and should have pensions and statues."

"And what are you at work on just now?" I asked him.

"Just now," he replied, "and in fact for months past, my mind is occupied with a problem, the solution of which will come as a trumpet call all over England, and perhaps even more over Scotland. Many are the householders who will rise and bless me."

"Well?" I said.

"Well," he continued, "you have, I suppose, often stayed in country houses where, the people still having some remnants of old-fashionedness left, the billiard-room is locked on Sundays?"

"I have," I replied.

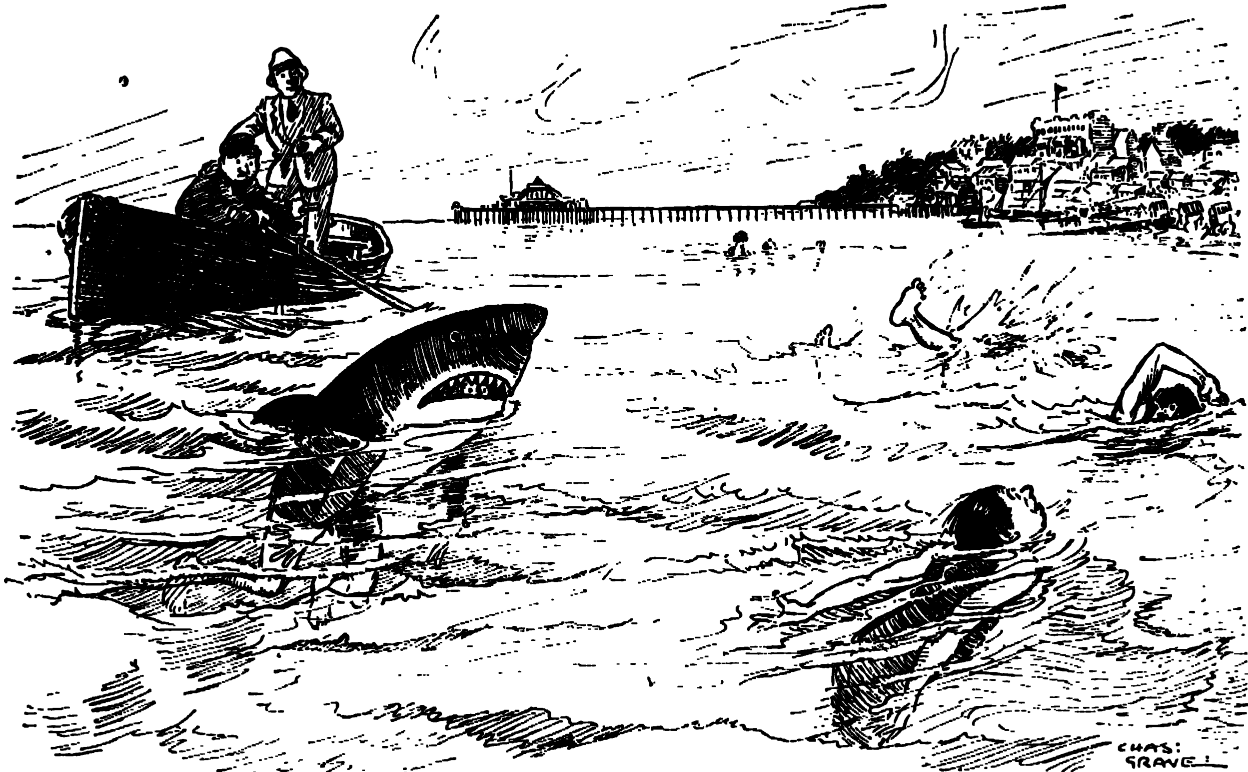
"And you have noticed," he went on, "that your host or hostess has always apologised for this state of things in much the same words. 'It is not they who object, of course; you will acquit them of being so small-minded as that; but one must consider the servants.' You have heard that?"

"Often," I replied.

"As to how it would affect the servants," he proceeded, "we need not pause to consider. That is a side issue. The point is that it might. But suppose the servants did not know; suppose that some one could invent a means by which billiards could be played on Sunday in secret, then no one would mind and many dull hours could be turned to cheerfulness. Do you see?"

"Certainly I do," I said. "But how?"

"There," said he, "is where I come in—the sociologically imaginative inventor. What is wanted is a silencer for billiard balls. It is that deadly click, click that gives the show away and cuts into the very heart of the day of rest. Now if the ivory—or even bonzoline—could be muted, all would



THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

AN EX-SWIMMING CHAMPION, ACCOMPANIED BY A FRIEND FOR TIMING, DISGUISES HIMSELF AS A SHARK AT A POPULAR SEASIDE RESORT.

be well. The mere fact that voices are heard proceeding from the billiard-room is nothing; you may sit and talk in any room on Sunday without doing the servants moral harm; it is the click, click that is fatal. My life-work then is to invent a means by which the balls shall touch in a silence as of the tomb. And," he added, "I shall do it. The word failure is not in my dictionary."

Intrepid fellow, I pray that he may.

"It was a similar fate which compelled Oliver Goldsmith to reel out Roman histories and 'Animated Natives' when he might have given us more masterpieces such as 'The Vicar of Wakefield' and 'The Deserted Village.'"
Birmingham Daily Post.

Or when he might have been tucking in animated "natives."

"It is hard to believe that Sir Frederick Young, the Grand Old Man of the Royal Colonial Institute, was 97 on the longest day. He was erect, hale and hearty, and would easily pass for 5."—*London Life.*

How annoyed he must be when strange mothers pat him on the head and talk baby language to him.

"A novelty also will be provided on Monday morning by the arrival, direct from their nativity, of the two braves 'Setting Sun' and 'Running Bull.'"—*Wotem Morning News.*

So young and yet so brave.

THE BATH.

HANG garlands on the bathroom door;
Let all the passages be spruce;
For, lo, the victim comes once more,
And, ah, he struggles like the deuce!

Bring soaps of many scented sorts;
Let girls in pinafores attend,
With John, their brother, in his shorts,
To wash their dusky little friend,

Their little friend, the dusky dog,
Short-legged and very obstinate,
Faced like a much-offended frog,
And fighting hard against his fate.

No Briton he! From palace-born
Chinese patricians he descends;
He keeps their high ancestral scorn;
His spirit breaks, but never bends.

Our water-ways he fain would 'scape;
He hates the customary bath
That thins his tail and spoils his shape,
And turns him to a fur-clad lath;

And, seeing that the Pekinese
Have lustrous eyes that bulge like buds,
He fain would save such eyes as these,
Their owner's pride, from British suds.

Vain are his protests—in he goes.
His young barbarians crowd around;
They soap his paws, they soap his nose;
They soap wherever fur is found.

And soon, still laughing, they extract
His limpness from the darkling tide;
They make the towel's roughness act
On back and head and dripping side.

They shout and rub and rub and shout
He deprecates their odious glee—
Until at last they turn him out,
A damp gigantic bumble-bee.

Released, he barks and rolls, and speeds
From lawn to lawn, from path to path,
And in one glorious minute needs
More soapsuds and another bath.

R. C. L.

Not Very Far North.

"Mr. Steffansson, on board the Karluk, is reported to have reached Rome on his way to the Far North."—*Times.*

We shall be glad to welcome the intrepid explorer at Cricklewood when the ice breaks up.

"The Hill Club held their first Progressive Bridge Drivel on Thursday."
South Pacific Mail.

We can imagine it.

"Will any kind reader of THE TABLE tell NELLTOM how to put water-lilies on a menu in French?"—*The Table.*

Don't think to deceive your guests in this way, NELLTOM. At the first mouthful they will know it 's water-lilies.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"Celia," I said sternly, looking up from my paper, "I have something to say to you, child. Cease your trifling for a moment; refrain for the nonce from writing absurd messages on the back of my collar, which can only be read by others."

"They'll tell you about it," said Celia, writing busily. "It's nothing very private."

"Really, I can't think why your nurse allows you a pencil. Do you know that this collar was quite clean when I started wearing it, and that there's nearly half the month to go?"

"I am rich," said Celia. "I will buy you a third collar."

This gave me the opening I sought. I put down the paper and turned gravely to her.

"Don't buy clothes for me, woman," I said bitterly; "buy them for yourself. Heaven knows you need them."

"I knew Heaven knew, but I didn't know *you* did," replied Celia gladly. "Hooray! Now I shan't feel so extravagant. Two dinner frocks, a hat, a——"

"Celia, you misunderstand me. Listen." I cleared my throat once or twice. "What I am about to read to you is from *The Times*—our first paper."

"Thank you. Our first husband," she added with a wave of the hand.

I began to read:—

"'There is an orgy of undressing going on,'" I read, "'and it shows no signs of abating.' This refers to women's clothes," I explained—"'an orgy of undressing.'"

"Oh, the shame of it!" said Celia in a shocked voice.

"'Five years ago women still wore skirts and bodices which covered them, stockings thick enough not to show the colour of their skins, and sufficient—er—stays and petticoats to conceal the details of their persons.'"

"Oh, fie, fie! Oh, la, Sir! How vastly improper, I declare," twittered Celia, and she swooned along the sofa.

"'Nowadays, women wear almost nothing under their gowns. Petticoats——'"

"Is this Russia?"

"'Petticoats went some time back and were replaced by tights——'"

"Where are the police?"

"'Or not replaced at all. The stockings are of such diaphanous silk as to embarrass the beholder, and they are not covered by any but court shoes.'"

"Not even by waders?" cried Celia. "Oh, say at least that they wear waders!"

I put down the paper.

"Celia," I said, "this is very distressing. There is a further passage about the muscles of the legs, or rather limbs, being visible 'halfway to the knee' which I cannot bring myself to read. What have you got to say? Any defence you care to make will be given my most careful consideration."

"Who is the writer?"

"It doesn't say. Just a woman."

"Does she say what she wears when she goes on to the top of a 'bus?"

"My *dear* Celia, you don't think that anybody connected with *The Times* knows anything about the top of a 'bus? How vulgar you are!"

"I only just wondered. Ronald, *are* you very much embarrassed when you behold a diaphanous stocking halfway to the knee? Do you go about all day being embarrassed? Are you just one big blush?"

"I—er—of course. This orgy of undressing—er—pains me. And why do you do it? Simply because other women do it. Because," I became sarcastic—"because it's the *fashion!*"

"Men are just as bad."

"Oh, no, they're not. You don't find men doing things just because some absurd person in Paris tells them to."

Celia looked at me thoughtfully.

"Supposing," she said, "it was the fashion to wear your tie all sideways, do you mean to say you wouldn't do it?"

"Of course not."

"Then why are you doing it now?"

Hastily and with as much dignity as possible I straightened my tie.

"Talking about orgies of undressing," Celia went on, "the bottom button of your waistcoat's undone."

"It always is," I said, smiling gently at her ignorance.

"Oh, horror!"

"It's just a custom. One always—you see if you—the point is—well, it's just a custom."

"It embarrasses me very much," said Celia, veiling her eyes with her handkerchief. "And why do you always turn up the ends of your trousers? Is that quite nice?"

"But surely—I mean, why——"

"It's—it's most suggestive. Anybody can see your diaphanous silk ankles. And, what is much worse, I *believe* they could guess the colour of your skin underneath. 'Good Heavens,' they'll say to each other, 'and I quite *thought* he was a little black boy.'"

"This is mere levity."

"Why do men wear much lower collars than they used to? Is it so that women can see the muscles at the back of their necks at work? Oh, horror piled on horror!"

She picked up the paper and began to read the article for herself.

"That's right," I agreed. "Ponder over it alone."

I walked over to the glass and had another go at straightening my tie.

"Ronald," said Celia suddenly, "are you a Liberal or a Conservative? I always forget."

"We are Liberals," I said. "That is to say, *I* am a Liberal, and *you* naturally desire to drop any silly Conservative ideas you may have had before marriage and become a Liberal too."

"Are you a supporter of the Government?"

"As long as Asquith behaves himself we support the Government. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing. Only this article rather hints that woman's passion for undress has a good deal to do with politics. The writer wonders how much 'our almost bare feet and quite bare arms and neck owe to Mr. Asquith's indifference to stable government.' So you see it's really *your* fault that I am so entirely improper. Yours and—er—Mr. Birrell's. Is it Mr. Birrell, by the way? I always forget. I mean the man at the Irish Office who won't let me wear top boots when I'm paying a call."

"Birrell," I said absently. I took the paper from her and slowly finished the article.

"Well!" I said. "Well, of all the—— How perfectly—— Really, *The Times* ought to know better. I've never read anything so ridiculous."

"It *is* rather a stupid article," said Celia indifferently.

"Stupid?" I said. "It's perfectly absurd."

A. A. M.

"The Yarmouth steam drifter Cicero landed a small bottle-nosed sharp at Scarborough yesterday. It had been caught in the herring nets fourteen miles off the port."

Glasgow Evening Times.

Bottle-nosed sharps should stick closer to the race meetings, and then they wouldn't get into trouble.

"Invalid lady requires as lodger good-sized sunny, airy bedroom."

Hampstead Advertiser.

Quiet, domesticated apartment preferred, used to children.

"BEAUTY AT THE BUTTS.
A Lady Shot at Bisley."

Glasgow News.

We are very sorry to hear of this *contretemps.* But people should never frequent the environs of the target while firing is in progress. It lays them open, in the event of an accident, to a charge of contributory negligence.

WORD PICTURES.

I have had to give up reading Cricket reports. It is no good. "At 11.30 the two over-night not-outs—(6) and (13) respectively — faced the bowling of . . . ." You know! I can't say why it is, but it doesn't grip me any more. It leaves me cold. But, after all, I am conscious of no gap in my intellectual life. For I have found a splendid substitute.

I wish it to be understood that I know nothing, literally nothing, about the game of Base Ball. I have never seen it, discussed it or heard it described. My mind is entirely free from the slightest vestige of information. And thus the reading of accounts of Base Ball matches becomes for me an exercise of the purest romance. It calls up before me vague compelling pictures, opens up for me delightful avenues of conjecture. And by now I am wholly engrossed in this pursuit. I must make it quite clear that I get my reports only from the best and most reputable of Transatlantic magazines, where the question is soberly discussed and the writing might almost be classed as literature. But it stirs me all the same. Who would not care to know that "a teasing fly was sent perhaps seventy feet back of the bag"? Perhaps a certain element of slang does creep in at times. At least I have wondered if it is considered quite elegant to speak of "the batter pushing down a sacrifice bunt." But I love to try to imagine him doing it. Then it is so refreshing to talk about "an inning"—so unhackneyed. And there is another most refreshing thing to one whose perceptions have become jaded by our ceaseless centuries. To make a run is such a tremendous event! In one match that I read of recently, this never occurred till "the second half of the sixth."

The beauty of it is that one can have such an enormous amount of pure entertainment with so small a measure of enlightenment. There is no danger as yet that I shall come to understand the process of the game and thus lose the keen edge of my enjoyment. All that I have been able to glean after weeks of delighted study is what I may call a faint flavour of Rounders. But I somehow have a notion that to "rearrange your pitching assignments" may be equivalent to changing the bowling. But how in the world do you "push a run over the plate"? It is very commonly done. On the other hand I have only read of one "pitcher" so far capable of "trotting out his reverse hook."

It is a magnificent game. There is nothing quite like it. It is so full of picturesque and sudden touches. I read of a ball not long ago that "struck that section of the fence which means a new suit to the batsman." How feeble in comparison is our Hat-trick! And then there is the "Pennant." That is always cropping up. I imagine it to be some special reward of valour.

I am getting so enthusiastic about it all that I sometimes wonder if I have become a "Fan." If so I must be a "Paper Fan," I think, though I have already made up my mind that if ever I am present at a game I shall take a seat "back of the catcher." Take my word for it, that is the place. From no other point can one "criticise the curves." I am convinced that if any "Freak Plays" occur I shall get absolutely "roiled up." That, I am told, is what happens to the crowd.

But just think of it! Compare it! ". . . At 11.30 the over-night not outs—6 and 13 respectively—faced the bowling of——"



"Don't you think you'd like some of this nice bread-and-butter before you start on cakes?" "No!" "Tut-tut! No what?" "No fear!"

"Captain Charles Charleton performed the extraordinary feat of navigating his vessel a distance of 15,000 miles to Queenstown without the aid of a single officer. The voyage occupied 108 days. Charleton . . . slept on the poop of the ship on a cabin chair during most of the 103 days."—*Financial Times.*

One of those tame ships that practically navigate themselves.

"Drama, the most recent capture by the Greek army from the Bulgarians, is a Turkish town."—*Manchester Guardian.*

It should be much more thrilling as a Greek Drama.

Nasty Accident to Russian Girl.

"A Russian girl was struck by the unceremonious waving of the hand which accompanies a parting."—*Daily Mail.*



"DRESS AND UNDRESS."

First Guest. "That Mrs. Asterisk's a pretty woman, and she ain't badly got up; but she looks all wrong somehow."

Second Guest. "Of course she does. The ridiculous woman persists in wearing her backbone, and backbones are quite gone out."

THE BUGBEAR.

It was a buff card, covered with sinister and menacing prohibitions and commands, and entitled "In the matter of Steggle (Jane), No. 9,773,143."

He was a man of downright character, actuated by strong likes and dislikes. At the moment his strong likes were in abeyance; for his charwoman, call her Steggle (Jane) or No. 9,773,143 as you please, he felt neither one way nor the other. As for the buff card, in "the week commencing Monday, 14 April, 1913," it left him cold; in "the week commencing Monday, 21 April, 1913," it bored him stiff, and in "the week commencing Monday, 28 April, 1913," it brought his worst side uppermost, and caused him to offer his soul to the devil, that he might be quit of all further Mondays. But the ten more of these named on the card relentlessly ensued, and upon each of them yet another week "commenced." As he dealt with them one by one his temper grew worse, and by the time he got to the last of them, "the week commencing Monday, 7 July," all the blood in his system had mounted to his head. Having then fixed the last stamp in its place with a terrible thump, he sought for an opportunity of making his feelings known.

There was a space at the bottom of the buff card, about the only space left on it, and it was specially Reserved for the use of Society or Insurance Commissioners. Let him touch it if he dare! My word, if *he* had the impertinence to write in it, there would be the dickens and all to pay!

He took a pen with a big broad nib, and dipped it into the blue-black ink. On second thoughts he took a pen with a fine nib and dipped it into the red ink. Then, in his smallest hand, he wrote in the place most exclusively reserved for the use of the Elect:—

"If you suppose that I am going to waste the best part of my life and fortune over your vile cards, and not write where I like, you misconceive the situation. Damme, I've paid for it and I'm going to write on it. Fine me, and I shan't pay; put me in quod, and I shan't care. Give me five years' penal servitude, and I'll laugh at you. I know you well enough not to believe that you'll keep me there and lose my threepence a week for five years."

You might gather from this that he was a man who disliked parting with his money, loathed the necessity for regular habits, had strong political prejudices. On the contrary, he was generous, methodical, impartial and fair-minded to a degree. But there was one thing he could not stand, and that was the word "commence."

"A Reuter's telegram from the Hague states that the Queen has entrusted Dr. Bos with the formation of a cabinet."

Pall Mall Gazette.

And our only authority on foreign affairs heads this "New Belgian Cabinet." We shall look for an editorial note on the subject—possibly in the form of a dozen front-page articles.



A BROKEN LULLABY.

Europa. "OH HUSH THEE, MY BABY!"

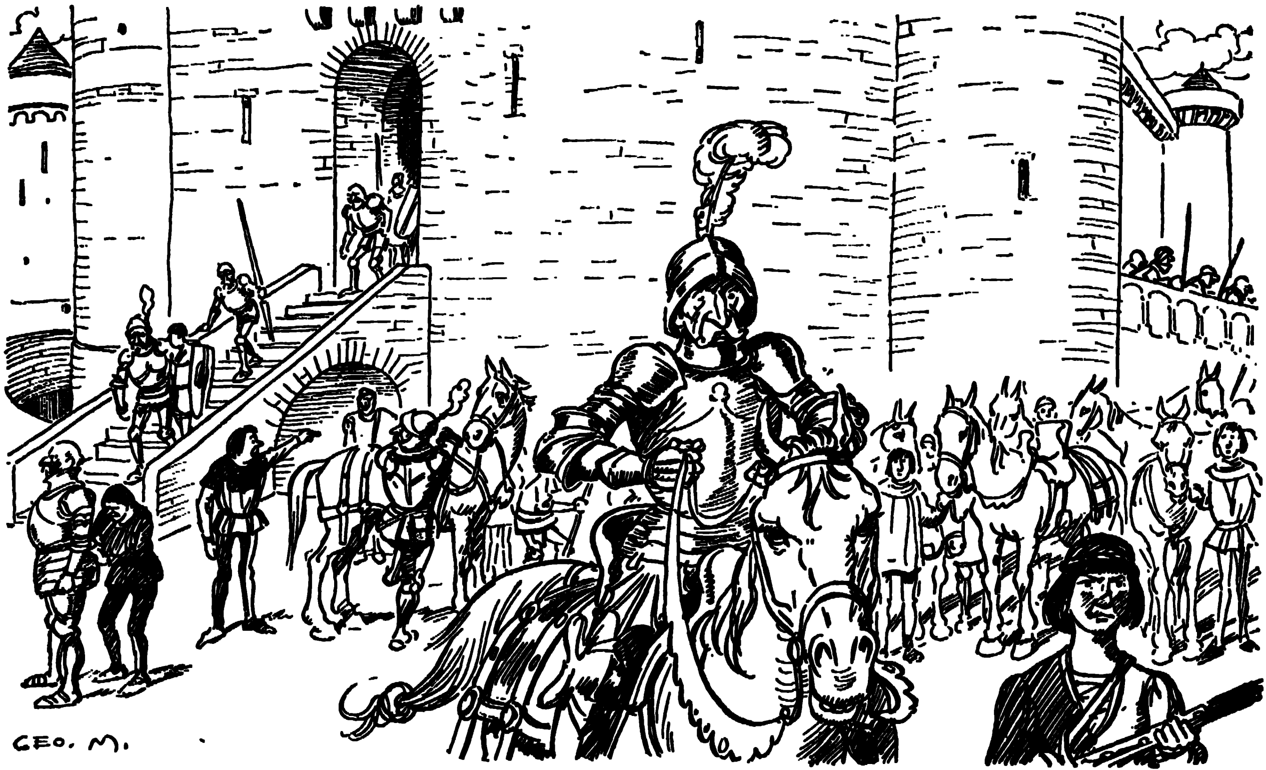
The Infant Albania. "HOW CAN I HUSH ME WITH ALL THIS INFERNAL NOISE GOING ON?"

Europa. "WELL, YOU MUST DO AS I DO, AND PRETEND YOU DON'T HEAR IT."

[At last week's meeting the Ambassadors were still chiefly occupied with Albania. The question of the attitude of the Powers towards the present Balkan crisis was not discussed.]

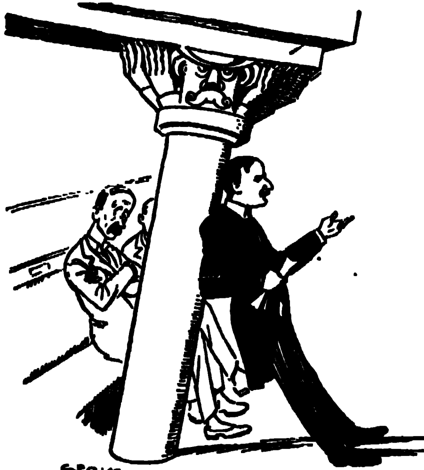
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)



The Call to Westminster. To Arms! Noblesse oblige!

House of Commons, Monday, July 14.—Self-appointed task of undermining Constitution assumed by reckless Government makes further progress. To-day sees beginning of end of that prop of an ancient Empire—the Plural Voter. Bill decreeing his abolition completes the quartette of revolutionary measures going on to the Lords. Would imagine that in such circumstances House would be crowded, seething with excitement. On the contrary, benches more than half empty. Pretyman, rising to move rejection of Bill, was not encouraged by a cheer. Behind him as he stood at the Table sat dejected figures of Bonner Law and Robert Finlay, sole occupants of Front Opposition Bench. The House had come to bury the Plural Voter, not to praise him. With unconscious dramatic instinct it assumed attitude and expression suitable to melancholy circumstance.



Captain Pretyman supports the "prop of an ancient Empire."

Though this was the underlying fact there is no doubt that Mr. Stanier contributed to prevalent depression. At Question time he had not fewer than six queries on the Paper dealing with subject of swine fever. His interrogations formed a series of chapters succinctly chronicling condition of pigs in Holland. They seem to have a weary time in the Netherlands. It will be remembered that in the educational schedule at Dotheboys Hall there was regular recurrence of what was known in the establishment as "Brimstone morning." On such occasions the boys, mustered in the schoolroom, had administered to them in due order large spoonfuls of brimstone and treacle.

As *Mrs. Squeers* explained to *Nicholas Nickleby*, "If they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine they'd always be ailing."

Same principle adopted in Holland in case of pigs. Should any one of them display symptoms of swine fever, not only he but every pig in the parish is dosed. No use any one of them observing in guttural Dutch, "I'm feeling particularly well this morning; never felt fitter in my life!" There, ready at hand, is the equivalent of the spoon and the bucket of brimstone and treacle. He is straightway dosed.

To vary Canning's commentary:—

In matters of med'cine the fault of the Dutch
Is, not asking too little, but giving too much.

Stanier's six questions made this



Mr. Hogge makes a calculation.

clear. Mr. HOGGE naturally listened with exceptional attention. On other less directly personal topics himself a champion supplementary-questioner, he regarded with envy opportunity of Member for Newport. If, "arising out of that answer," STANIER put only two Supplementary Questions for each enquiry on the printed paper, there would be eighteen.

This was counting without the MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE, to whom the catechism was addressed.

"With the hon. gentleman's permission," said RUNCIMAN, when STANIER resumed his seat after putting his first question, "in answering Number 36 I will also answer Numbers 37, 38, 39, 40 and 41."

He did so in briefest non-committal Ministerial fashion.

It is this kind of thing that sours the minds of private Members, making them sometimes doubt whether, subjected to such treatment, parliamentary life is worth living on £400 a year.

Business done.—Plural Voting Bill read a third time by 293 votes against 222.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Second night of debate on Home Rule Bill. House presents spectacle seen only two or three times in life of a Parliament. On approach of division every seat was filled. Had Lord CREWE turned his head to regard benches behind him, on ordinary occasion more than half-empty, he would have beheld a rare refreshing sight. Beneath the serried mass not a strip of red leather cushion showed. Seemed as if old times had come again, and that Liberal Party had re-established condition of equality in numbers with the adversary.

What actually happened was that, every castled cranny of the kingdom having been swept of noble tenants bidden to Westminster to bash the Home Rule Bill, there was not room for them in the Unionist camp. Accordingly strayed into alien quarters.

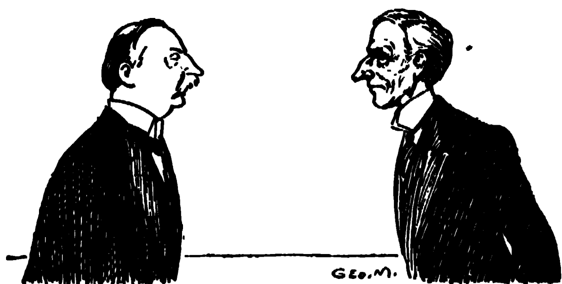
Even this temporary accommodation did not suffice. Peers who could not find sitting room on either side thronged passages right and left of Woolsack. Behind them, within rails fencing in the Throne, were packed a mass of Privy Councillors. The side galleries allotted to use of Peeresses were garlanded with fair women, whose towering plumes HENRY OF NAVARRE might have envied for their whiteness.

To lookers-on familiar with daily custom in the Commons, striking feature in the historic gathering was its imperturbability. Cheers were infrequent and decorously subdued. Laughter was rare. Of excitement there was no trace. Even when division was called, there was no rush towards the Lobby doors. No peer demeaned his order by quickening his step. With assurance of Civil War in the near future they sauntered out as if in ordinary quest of hat and umbrella.



The Member for Newport introduces the MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE to the Dutch Pig.

Only once in debate was there apparent danger of personal altercation. It came at final stage when Lord MORLEY was replying on debate. LONDONDERRY interposed statement that in the other House the IRISH SECRETARY had hinted that, in case of outbreak of Orange forces in protest against enactment of Home Rule Bill, English troops would not be ordered to shoot. Whereupon the PREMIER nodded assent.



Lord LONDONDERRY informs Lord MORLEY that he wants something more than a nod.

"What I want to know," quoth the MARQUIS, "is, do the Government endorse Mr. ASQUITH'S nod?"

Out of Ireland the process unfamiliar. In this effete country you may endorse a cheque but not a nod. MORLEY declined to make the experiment suggested.

"Very well," retorted the fiery (best Wallsend) LONDONDERRY. "I will tell the noble Viscount that a nod is not good enough for us."

Whether a wink would have been more acceptable he did not say.

Business done.—Second Reading of Home Rule Bill negatived by 302 against 64.

House of Commons, Friday.—During week FOREIGN SECRETARY bombarded with questions about state of affairs in the Balkans. He returns the diplomatic answer that does not turn away curiosity. Final attempt to force his hand made by raising debate on motion for adjournment. Statesmen below Gangway on Ministerial side, who are urging recall of Lord GLADSTONE because he authorised employment of Imperial troops to save Johannesburg from rapine, now suggest that England should step in and "impose peace" on the belligerents.

"How is that to be done?" inquired the imperturbable EDWARD GREY. "Am I to come down to the House and ask for a vote of credit in order to use the forces of the Crown to impose peace on Servia, Greece and Bulgaria? If the vote be given how are the forces going to be used?"

Statesmen below Gangway regard that as no business of theirs. What they desire is that they shall have direction of foreign policy, leaving small details such as those suggested to Ministers who are paid for doing the work.

Incidentally disclosure is made of Secret Treaty between Greece and Servia for partition of spoils when they shall have beaten Bulgaria.

"What if none remain?" SARK asks. "Situation recalls a couplet written by POPE after the signing of the Peace of Utrecht, within twelve months of two hundred years ago:—

> Now Europe's balanc'd, neither side prevails;
> For nothing's left in either of the scales."

Apply second line to Balkans, and see how history repeats itself.

Business done.—Hurrying on with intent to prorogue on 15th prox.

"Hay is so abundant in Sark this year that many animals are giving it to animals as bedding."—*Guernsey Weekly Press.*

Let us take an example from this, dear friends.

"The time-worn phrase, with its thousand jocular applications, 'C'est le premier pas qui toute.'"—*Glasgow News.*

Our contemporary makes it seem quite fresh.



First M.F.H. (greeting neighbour and sometime rival Master). "Hullo, old chap, come in and help us."
Neighbour. "What are you doing?" *First M.F.H.* "Just arranging what we 're goin' to show."
Neighbour. "Oh! Thought you were picking out some to draft."

BAZAR.

Dive in from the sunlight, smiting like a falchion,
Underneath the awnings to the sudden shade,
Saunter through the packed lane, many-voiced, colourful,
Rippling with the currents of the South and Eastern trade.

Here are Persian carpets, ivory and peach-bloom,
Tints to fill the heart of any child of man,
Here are copper rose-bowls, leopard-skins, emeralds,
Scarlet slippers curly-toed and beads from Kordofan.

Water-sellers pass with brazen saucers tinkling;
Hajjis in the doorways tell their amber beads;
Buy a lump of turquoise, a scimitar, a neckerchief
Worked with rose and saffron for a lovely lady's needs.

Here we pass the goldsmiths, copper, brass and silver-smiths,
All a-clang and jingle, all a-glint and gleam;
Here the silken webs hang, shimmering, delicate,
Soft-hued as an afterglow and melting as a dream.

Buy a little blue god brandishing a sceptre,
Buy a dove with coral feet and pearly breast,
Buy some ostrich feathers, silver shawls, perfume jars,
Buy a stick of incense for the shrine that you love best.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

(After reading about the curative power of colours.)

When first I saw you, Thomas, and I noted
Your noisy headgear and your blatant tie,
The startling tints in which you went waistcoated,
Your socks' assaults upon the passing eye,
I murmured, "Here we have a nut indeed,
One of the good old Barcelona breed."

I realised our suburb would be duller,
Its streets with paler radiance imbued,
Reft of your decorative scheme of colour,
But yet I 've often wished the thing less crude,
Have often wished the dress that you put on
Less imitative of the Union John.

But now I know I may have been unfeeling
In thinking that you wished me to admire;
You may be only one whom need of healing
Has driven to medicinal attire.
You may feel my disgust, or even more,
When you assume "the mixture as before."

If that be so, expressive of my sorrow
I dedicate these simple strains to you.
Say you forgive me, Thomas, and to-morrow
Drop me a line to tell me how you do,
With details, for I greatly wish to know
Where lurks the pain—the tummy or the toe.

THE AGE OF ENTERPRISE.

Paragraph inserted by Theodore Noke *in the "Mutual Help" column of "Chirpy Bits."*

Young Gentleman (residing in Streatham) desires male companion for fortnight's unconventional holiday on Continent. August. Good walker. Interested in bird life and old churches. Anxious to get right off beaten track. Smattering of French. Box 113.

Letter from Tinklett and Co. *to Box* 113, *"Chirpy Bits" Office.*

Dear Sir,—May we call your attention to the fact that our firm has been stuffing and mounting birds, reptiles, animals, etc., to the complete satisfaction of many thousands of clients for the last ninety years?

The high standard of our workmanship has been testified to by a famous Professor for whom we successfully preserved a unique pink-eyed canary in 1893. We can also boast of Royal patronage, having replaced the glass eyes of a stuffed owl for H.H. Prince Bingo of Cummerbundia only a few years ago. We therefore place ourselves at your service with every confidence. Faithfully yours,

Tinklett and Co.

Letter from James Bunt *to Box* 113, *"Chirpy Bits" Office.*

Dear Sir,—"Everwear" special walking and climbing boots, which I supply at 22*s.* 6*d.*, including spiral-tipped, solid leather laces, are absolutely the finest on the market. This claim has been recently endorsed by the fatality which overtook a prominent Alpinist who was unhappily killed in the Austrian Tyrol a few months ago. Although the body of the unfortunate climber was shockingly mangled, his "Everwear" boots were only slightly perforated.

If you will kindly let me know your size I shall be happy to forward several pairs for your selection.

Thanking you in anticipation,
I am, Yours faithfully,
Jas. Bunt.

Letter from William Drinkwater *to Box* 113, *"Chirpy Bits" Office.*

Sir,—May I crave your generosity for a very sad case of destution I was once in a position to go abroad on holidays myself but business Losses which was not my fault but was caused by Misfortune only have brought me to a state of absolute destution and indeed of starvation and I imploare you Sir to help me which you will never regret Sir you are young and fortnate please help one who was once a young Gentleman himself Sir I have not eat a square Meal for near three weeks and oblidge Yours respeckfully,

Wm. Drinkwater.

Marked items in Catalogue sent by "The Excelsior Book Stores" to Box 113, *"Chirpy Bits" Office:—*

"A BIRD IN THE HAND."
New Novel
by
J. P. Miggers.
Price 4*s.* 6*d.*

"THE CHURCH MILITANT."
A Course of Sermons by the Rev. W. M. Stickleback.
Price 5*s.* 0*d.*

"HOW TO SPEAK FRENCH LIKE A NATIVE IN THREE WEEKS,"
by One Who Has Done It.
Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

"ETIQUETTE FOR GENTLEMEN."
A Guide to Correct Behaviour on all Occasions,
by
A Peer of the Realm.
Price 6*d.*

Letter from the Rev. P. Pinker *of Streatham to Box* 113, *"Chirpy Bits" Office.*

My Dear Sir,—I see that you are interested in old churches, which emboldens me to invite your assistance in connection with our St. Aloysius Belfry Restoration and Completion Fund. The total sum required is £750, towards which we have collected up to the present £62 14*s.* 7½*d.* and a gift in kind of 1,000 bricks.

Although St. Aloysius cannot perhaps accurately be described as "old" in the sense of the term usually applied to ecclesiastical erections, it was built as far back as 1802. Moreover it is credibly asserted that it stands on or near the site of a Roman Temple erected about the year 47 (I cannot for the moment recall whether B.C. or A.D.).

Your love of birds prompts me to add that three years ago a robin built its nest in one of our organ pipes, and in spite of grave inconvenience to the organist we allowed it to remain for several months.

In these circumstances may I confidently solicit your help? Donations should be sent to me and all cheques should be crossed.

Yours very truly, P. Pinker.

Letter from the Editor of "Chirpy Bits" to Theodore Noke.

Dear Sir,—All the communications received in response to your paragraph in our "Mutual Help" column have been promptly forwarded to you. I am sorry if none of them have proved satisfactory, but of course we cannot guarantee anything.

Yours faithfully, The Editor.

Letter from Theodore Noke *to* Mrs. Digger, *of No. 4, Seaview Terrace, Blewsea.*

Dear Mrs. Digger,—Will you kindly reserve me a room from August 9 to 23? The same arrangements as usual, including the use of the bathroom twice a week. I suppose your charge will be as before—30*s.* a week inclusive.

Yours truly, T. Noke.

ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE.

(*After some of our Contemporaries.*)

Charged at Fine Street with driving to the common danger, a chauffeur named Herbert Tibbits, who was said to have collided with a lamp-post, cannoned into an undertaker's window, and run amok through a meeting of Militants, pleaded that he was endeavouring to avoid running over a bluebottle. Tibbits, who was defended by the S.P.C.A., was let off with a caution.

An elderly gentleman was about to cross the road at Piccadilly Circus when a motor-'bus suddenly bore down in his direction, and only his presence of mind in remaining on the pavement averted what might have been a serious accident.

For a wager Hugo Schmelz, a one-legged Swiss waiter, has undertaken to hop round the world, supporting himself on the way by giving exhibitions of yodelling. Schmelz expects to complete his task by July, 1959.

A bull entered a house in Frumpington where an auction sale was in progress, and several valuable lots were knocked down.

A Balham Green man has invented a noiseless barrel-organ.

The Mayoress of Toddleton has given birth to triplets. This is the first recorded instance in the history of the borough of the mayoral term being distinguished in such a way, and in honour of the event it is proposed to revive the office of Town Crier.

At Muggleswick a goat has acted as foster-mother to a litter of white mice.

A cuneiform inscription recently unearthed at Hidji-Khû reveals the fact that rag-time was prevalent in Egypt in the middle of the XVIIIth Dynasty.

A purple-crested pilliwip, one of the rarest visitors to the British Isles, has been seen flying in the neighbourhood of Vandlebury, but so far all attempts to shoot it have been unsuccessful.

Under the auspices of the Auxiliary Service League and in the interests of the *Entente* a party of British charwomen leaves London to-day on a visit to Paris, where several municipal functions have been arranged in their honour.

"A warm maternal heart beats under the Vicereine's petticoat."
Amrita Bazar Patrika.

In the light of this *The Times'* correspondent will have to revise her indictment of women's clothes.



The Wife (triumphantly). "THERE YOU ARE, GEORGE! NOW YOU LAUGHED AT ME WHEN I TOLD YOU TO GET YOURSELF A NICE YACHTIN' 'AT!"

THE CREED OF SUCCESS.

["Dulness has its penalties. Vivacity and courage have their certain victories." —*The Times* on a recent *cause célèbre*.]

I THANK thee, *Times*, for thy consoling phrase,
  Though formerly men praised the grace Batavian;
But that was in the mid-Victorian days
  Ere WALKLEY coined the epithet of "Shavian";
Ere we had learned to crown with lavish bays
  Outlandish dancers, Spanish and Moldavian;
Ere NIETZSCHE hurled into the black abysm
The crude insensate creed of Altruism.

How far it seems, that quaint, old-fashioned age
  When people filled their albums with "confessions,"
And duly noted on a pinkish page
  Their prejudices and their prepossessions;
With prudish zeal or puritanic rage
  Rebuking genius for the least transgressions,
And always choosing BAYARD as their hero
Instead of CASANOVA or of NERO!

So was it also with their heroines, who
  Were stuffy when they were not suicidal,
Like Mrs. FRY, or that insipid crew
  Who congregated round the sage of Rydal,
Or JOAN OF ARC—poor things, they never knew
  Us whose vivacity will brook no bridle,
Who give our Sundays up to bridge or snooker
And see no filthiness in any lucre.

I 've never taken as my moral guide
  That superstitious peasant, JOAN OF ARC;
Her birth was low, her style of dress defied
  The rules laid down by milliners of mark;
I don't object because she rode astride,
  Some quite smart girls ride that way in the Park:
I simply ask, did any millionaire
Espouse her cause or make her his sole heir?

I know that some profess to idolize
  GRACE DARLING, who, a lighthouse-keeper's daughter,
Aroused one night by shipwrecked sailors' cries,
  Rowed out to save them o'er the stormy water;
The deed no doubt was brave, but was it wise
  Judged by the one true test—the cash it brought her?
Besides, her social status was obscure;
There was no pathos in her dying poor.

The EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA—there
  You had a woman lacking erudition,
Of dubious antecedents, but of rare
  Attractions and implacable ambition,
Who let no scruples alter or impair
  Her steadfast will; who never knew contrition;
While as for enemies or even bores
She lopped their heads off constantly in scores.

I hold that life lacks all refreshing fruit
  When need of pelf produces melancholy,
But yields a prospect of unbounded loot
  If only you are resolute and jolly.
In short, the impecunious, if astute,
  May make an honest living out of folly.
I think, in fine, "vivacity and courage"
Give flavour to the Cup of Life—like borage.

THE NEW MILITANCY.

ADOLPHUS had entered the smoke-room with an intense look on his face.

I instantly retreated behind *The Daily Telegraph*—which affords better cover than any newspaper in England—but he had sighted me.

"Just the very man I wanted to see," he exclaimed. "I particularly need your advice." And he sat down very close beside me.

I never knew Adolphus when he did not particularly need my advice. He goes about the world collecting advice and ignoring it. I have often thought of advising him to ask my advice.

"You see I have always regarded you as a level-headed man of the world," he began.

I looked as level-headed and worldly as possible and said, "What is it, old man?"

"It hasn't been formally announced yet, but I'm engaged."

"Ah! And you want to know how to get out of it?"

From his face I knew that I was near the mark, but he protested.

"Certainly not," he said. "It's this way. I didn't know that she was a strong politician. Of course she talks intelligently about affairs—says that LLOYD GEORGE ought to be banished to Bogotá, and so forth—but she gave me no reason to suppose that she held exceptional opinions on politics. Well, I took her in my car to-day to see an old aunt of mine. When I brought the car home again I found that she had left her bag in it. It was merely clasped, not locked, and it felt rather heavy. I wondered if she had left her purse in it. If so, I had better take it back at once. If not, it could wait till I saw her to-morrow. Well, I opened it."

"Letters from a rival?" I interposed.

"No, no. I am far too strong an attraction. What I found was a hammer and half-a-dozen pebbles."

"My poor friend!" I said, and patted him soothingly on the back.

"Now what am I to do?" asked the unhappy Adolphus.

"There are various courses of action before you," I replied. "You can break off the engagement at once. You can say that as she proposes to go to prison, she *ipso facto* proposes to desert you. You can say that, if she burned down the House of Commons or Westminster Abbey after you were married, your estate would be held responsible for the damage. Another injustice to man."

"But I don't want to break it off,' said Adolphus.

"In that case you must fall into line with her. Husband and wife should be as one. Go into the movement; become an active militant. You're quite a stone too heavy and a hunger-strike would do you a world of good. Besides, you used to have a fine throw-in from the out-field. You're just the man for the Strangers' Gallery."

Adolphus shook his head. "It's not that I'm absolutely opposed to the movement, but, frankly, I never cared much for the idea of prison."

"Coward. You want to save your miserable skin. Why, when you're married you may be glad of solitary confinement. However, if you refuse either to break it off or to become a militant, my advice is to temporise. Say nothing. Let sleeping dogs lie. Of course in this case it's a woman, and awake, but the principle's the same."

"Thanks very much," replied Adolphus. "I shall consider your advice very carefully. I shall do nothing hurriedly. Rely on me."

The next evening he burst jubilantly into the club library.

"Congratulate me," he cried. "It's all right. Have a drink!"

"Then she's made you join the Men's League for Women's Suffrage," I said. "Well, you'll stand a hunger-strike better than you would a drink-strike."

"I've not joined. She's all right. There isn't a nicer girl in England. I put it to her straight, and what do you think she is?"

I hate riddles about women, and said so.

"She's just a militant anti-militant," cried the triumphant Adolphus. "She just has a shy at any militants' windows whenever she passes them."

"And I dared to suggest that you should break off your engagement to this noble girl!" I exclaimed. "Adolphus, I ask your pardon, and will myself defray the charges of the refreshment which you proposed. . . . My toast, old man! 'The future Mrs. Adolphus, and more power to her elbow!'"

"John Harris, of Trelill, St. Kew, was on his way to Delabole slate quarries yesterday, and on reaching the lower part of Pengelly, collided with another workman (Mr. J. A. Parsons). Harris was thrown into Mr. Dawe's window, receiving several cuts."
Western Morning News.

MR. PARSONS gives the impression of being rather quick-tempered.

"Miss Lily Yeats and Miss Elizabeth Yeates, the sisters of Mr. Miss Elizabeth Yeats, the sisters of Mr. Industries, which include a printing press worked entirely by women for printing books by Irish writers."
Midland Counties Advertiser.

It is terrible to be left in a state of uncertainty like this.

CHAMELEON HENS.

EUGENIC theories are apparently making headway in the poultry world. *The Daily Mirror* of July 17 has it that Mr. CHARLES WORTHINGTON, of Denver, Colorado, U.S.A., has doubled the egg yield from his fowls by surrounding them with gaudy colours. He painted their town red and always wore a red robe and mask while feeding the hens. Some further experiments by Mr. T. Thorne Baker, *The Daily Mirror* scientific expert, with hens in a scarlet environment, have resulted in eggs with a distinct orange tint!

Mr. Punch's own Oologist is not going to take this challenge lying down, or even sitting. He can produce an Orpington from the Bouverie Street roof-chicken-run that is a perfect chameleon at the game. During the last visitation of a pea-soup fog her eggs so harmonised in hue with their surroundings as to be completely invisible when laid, and so could not be found at all. He has a still more sympathetic and intelligent bird in a coop next the north-east chimney-pot. This remarkable fowl, a black-and-tan Congolese, has developed her chromatic sense to such a degree that she promptly responds with the complementary tone to that presented to her gaze for the time being.

On being shown, for example, the office-boy's orange tie the other day, she triumphantly weighed in on the spur of the moment with a product of royal purple.

We have, besides, a speckled Wyandotte that has lately taken up Post-Impressionism. Her speciality is cuboids and icosahedrons with pea-green and vermilion cross-hatchings.

But we do not think it fair to press these devoted creatures too far, or to try practical jokes upon them, such as a repetition of the classic instance of the Scotch plaid and the too-imitative chameleon. No Highlander, therefore, in his native garb can be allowed to inspect our elevated fowl-run. Nuts, also, are requested to subdue their taste in socks when on a visit.

The hen, however, who is most loyal and most thoroughly imbued with the *genius loci* is an adventurous bird who fluttered down the other day into *Mr. Punch's* own sanctum, and, after paying her respects to a certain venerable and venerated model figure, has ever after laid eggs with a marked dorsal protuberance.

ZIG-ZAG.

"FOR SALE.—One pair Orangoutangs, tame like children."—*Advt. in "Statesman."*

Still, somehow children look nicer about the house.



OUR CADDIES' TEA-FIGHT.

First Caddie (pointing with his thumb to another caddie further up the table, who is eating with his knife in his mouth). "LOOK AT OLD BILL, GOING RAHND THE WHOLE COURSE WIV 'IS IRON."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Hunt the Slipper (STANLEY PAUL), by Mr. OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER, is the sort of book that must give pleasure all round, and it is obvious from the swing of it that it was something of a joy-ride to the author. Far be it from me to attempt a *précis* of the plot, for never was an egg so full of meat. To begin with, a splendid old Englishman, retired general and active member of Quarter Sessions, sets out to the States in search of a grand-daughter. To end with, there are in New York the happiest possible terminations of the many complexities, mostly matrimonial, that ensue. One particular charm the tale has, that its characters in turn tell their part in the first person and very naïvely reveal themselves in the process. The J.P. starts it in a spirit of almost pathetic restraint; a swindler and a daughter of pleasure carry it on in a vein of tragic realism; others give it a help along, and the irresponsible boy of the piece ends it with a burst of laughter. What matter if that ending be a shade too happy to be consistent with the tragedy of the middle? As one of the narrators observes, there is enough trouble in the world without harping on it; and the chosen text of the book is, after all, true: "*Il y a des honnêtes gens partout*," including, I feel at this moment of completion, Mr. OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER, myself, and, no doubt, the reader.

The nicest thing about being a sporting novelist is that you can jump a stone wall of improbability without changing feet on the top. If you supposed that the ingenious testator had already done all he could to complicate the course of fiction, you reckoned without Mrs. CONYERS and *Sandy Married* (METHUEN). By the will of an uncle, *Hildebrand Hannyside* and *Araminta Mellicombe* were obliged either to keep up a racing stable until they won the Grand National, or to maintain their devout scruples, Evangelical and High Church respectively, in comparative poverty. By the same will *Sandy* himself was compelled to supervise the Northlap stud until the blue ribbon of the 'chasing world (I hope I have that right) adorned it. Northlap, it appears, is in England, but a water-jump like the Irish Channel is nothing to Mrs. CONYERS, so we swiftly find that *Sandy* and his delightful wife have coaxed the trainer to move their stable to Ireland, whither *Hildebrand* and *Araminta*, bickering and suspicious, pursue them. Once amongst the bogs and heather, Mrs. CONYERS of course is at home, and the atmosphere she creates would rouse hunting-songs in the heart of a fruitarian. Even *Hildebrand* and *Araminta*, infected by the general enthusiasm, buy themselves mounts, are badly and amusingly cheated, ride to hounds, and attend the most extravagant of race-meetings; and the rest of the characters live entirely on, with or by horses, and sometimes all three at once. How it all ended, how the great victory at Aintree was won, and what happened to *Hildebrand* and *Araminta*, you must find out for yourself. The book goes with a gallop, and, if you think that the farcical fun poked at the two unfortunate bigots is somewhat out of keeping with the real comedy of Irish life which the authoress presents both with freshness and enthusiasm, well, you shouldn't have started reading an Irish sporting romance.

I have just returned from a delightful week-end. The house, called Redmarley, is a charming old place, situate, as the auctioneers say, in one of the most picturesque neighbourhoods in the Cotswolds; so there was plenty of good scenery. But my friends with whom I was staying would make any spot happy. *Ffolliot* is the name of them, and they are the jolliest, most companionable folk in the world. Perhaps *Mr. Ffolliot* (who has nerves, reads WALTER PATER and doesn't appreciate noise) might be a little bit in the way; but, as he hardly ever leaves his study, that need worry nobody. *Mrs. Ffolliot* is an angel—so pretty and unselfish and sympathetic that it is no wonder that her crew of delightful children simply adore her. I wish I had time to tell you more about the children. Two of them are practically grown up; indeed *Mary* astonished us all, at the end of my visit, by becoming engaged to a nice soldier (just when I myself was almost sure she would marry the young Radical M.P. who so admired her—but it was better as things happened). The others will miss her awfully when she goes to India. Still, the house can hardly be dull, as there are two delightful infants growing up; and meanwhile there are the Rugby twins, *Uz* and *Buz*, to keep things lively. We had great fun one evening when *Buz* dressed up as a Suffragette and interviewed young *Mr. Gallup* about votes for women—and I must say the latter took the joke very well. But then everybody in or near Redmarley is like that. Would you care to meet them all for yourself? Then buy Mr. L. ALLEN HARKER'S new book. It is called, quite simply, *The Ffolliots of Redmarley* (MURRAY), and I pity you if you don't end by regarding every character in it as a personal friend.



THE WEAK POINT.

First Player. "How many have you taken?"
Second Player. "Eleven. How many 've you?"
First Player. "Only ten; but you'll win the hole. I'm so rotten when it comes to the short game."

FRANCES FORBES-ROBERTSON (Mrs. HARROD) is up against people in general, and it is possible that people in general, having read *The Horrible Man* (STANLEY PAUL), will be up against FRANCES FORBES-ROBERTSON. The story itself I liked, and so will others who can tolerate the sudden intervention of the supernatural in everyday affairs. It is the study of a young girl's soul, pure, passionate but immature; her encounters with every sort of man, and her occasional metamorphosis into an eerie white hound. I do not complain bitterly of the frontispiece, a portrait of Mrs. HARROD at the age of eleven, nor of the quotation on the fly-leaf: "Read it . . . It is so beautiful!" nor yet of the dedication, "To my beloved son, ROY HARROD, Scholar" (as were so many of us and mostly to our private shame). These things and a certain affectation of style, imitative of the Meredithian manner, may be forgiven in a work ingenious, at any rate, if not clever. The trouble lies in its wholesale and almost malicious attacks on humanity in general and the masculine part of it in particular. As a sex we are learning to bear with fortitude our detractors' trick of citing the bully, the seducer and the common cheat as typical of us; what we cannot stomach is the effeminate creature held up to us as the model man. (*Malleson, Grey* and *Stuart* were all so lacking in fibre that they had better have been women.) Further, to condemn the whole British aristocracy as "ill-bred," and to applaud "the beautiful women who by night walk up and down Piccadilly" as noble, if guilty of some "childish naughtiness," is too much. These and its many other sweeping but half-baked ideas will not commend the book, except perhaps to the Militants; and the more shrewd even of them will not thank Mrs. HARROD for this unconscious exposition of the absurdity and looseness of which the feminine mind is sometimes capable when it starts generalising.

I recommend Mr. CHRISTOPHER STONE'S *Letters to an Eton Boy* (FISHER UNWIN) to all true lovers of Eton. It is one thing to write familiarly about the Wall Game, St. Andrew's Day, Pop, Agar's Plough, Upper Club, Trials, the Winchester Match, Lord's, Rowland's and all the rest of it, and quite another to invest them, as he does, with the right atmosphere. The boy who gets the letters is in his last year. His chief correspondents are his worldly but warm-hearted and in some ways sensible mother; his rather uncle-ish uncle, whose epistles—they are really quite Pauline—show a profound knowledge of Eton and the world, and, I might add, of boy nature; and, last and most charming, his dear and only love. As for this last it is so long ago that perhaps I have forgotten, but—*do* people at Eton get engaged almost as soon as they get into Pop? However, *n'importe*. For, to tell the truth, *Lettice Ambrose* is to my mind the making of the book. There are two other episodes in the boy's life—one connected with a married lady with a past, the other with a visit to a night club in London—which seem rather out of place in a school story, or, as perhaps I ought to say, rather unusual. For, as Mr. STONE treats them, they are perfectly innocent and natural, and they helped to produce some of *Lettice's* letters, which are a delightful revelation of modern girlhood. Mr. STONE has in fact woven into his book of school-life a pleasant little picture of a healthy romantic attachment, without any of the stale old nonsense of headmasters' daughters and the like which makes one wonder if the writers have ever seen the inside of a public school.

"Every precaution was taken to guard during the day the platform used by the Royal party. A special posse of police was on duty, and no one without a special permit was allowed to step on them."
Manchester Evening News.

The rush for permits must have been terrific, even among quite respectable citizens.

Extract from an Essay on the Founding of Rome:—

"Romeo and Juliet quarrelled about which hill to build Rome on. Romeo saw twelve vultures and Juliet saw six, but Juliet saw them first. So Romeo killed Juliet and built Rome on his hill, and that is why it is called Romo."

However, the ghost of Juliet had her revenge when the great CÆSAR was called JULIUS out of compliment to her.



"Stop, thief!"



The transformation.



"Well run, Sir"
"I hopes you'll beat the record, Sir."

CHARIVARIA.

With reference to the Garden Party given by the King and Queen to 5,000 teachers, we understand that their Majesties, to their great regret, find themselves unable to accept all the return invitations.

There is, we hear, considerable feeling against the Government in the office of *T. P.'s Weekly*. That journal instituted a competition to decide who should be Poet Laureate, and Mr. Asquith coolly appointed Dr. Bridges to the office without awaiting the result of the competition. This action on the part of the Premier is all the more surprising since we understand that T. P. is an Irishman.

By the way, it is said that Mr. Lloyd George at first objected to the Premier's choice on the ground that the proposed Laureate was a medical man and not on a panel. It was, however, pointed out that Dr. Bridges was, in fact, a reformed doctor, who had given up medicine in favour of poetry.

Mr. Winston Churchill's proposals in regard to our Navy have been well received in Germany.

The cruiser *Donegal* succeeded last week in salving the derelict Norwegian barque *Glenmark*. The sole occupant was a white cat, which bit a blue-jacket who tried to stroke it. Its bite was worse than its barque.

At Christie's, the other day, "The Otter Hunt," which originally cost £10,500, was sold for £1,260. At a time when everything tends to increase in price it is good to know that in future our Landseers are likely to cost us less.

Four young women who last week promenaded Fifth Avenue, New York, in slit skirts, etc., were surrounded by an enraged mob, but the gentleman who, with the view of remedying the outrage on good taste, shouted, "Tear the things off!" must, we fancy, have been an Irish-American.

We are glad to see signs of a campaign being started in favour of red-haired men. For too long have they been treated as pariahs. We have even known their presence objected to at a funeral. This, of course, is foolish, for nothing brightens up a funeral so much as one or two of those cheerful heads.

A thief broke into a house at Great Bircham, Norfolk, last week, carried off a purse which held several new farthings, which he apparently mistook for sovereigns, and overlooked a box containing a considerable sum of money. *The Jemmy*, which is the organ of the profession, is, we understand, about to open a fund for this poor fellow, who is said to be suffering from a breakdown consequent on shock.

"The majority of small nodding animals now on the toy market are of Japanese manufacture," we read, "and are supplanting those made in Germany." Animals "mit noddings on" will no doubt be the rage this year.

Large numbers of swifts have appeared in the neighbourhood of Epping Forest and are attacking the mosquitoes vigorously. The local powers do not propose to intervene.

By a stampede of their horses at Frensham last week the Queen's Bays were deprived of a good many mounts. They received, we understand, some most touching letters of sympathy from officers and men in our Territorial cavalry.

"FRANCE'S THREE YEAR SOLDIERS," read the old lady. "It seems very young," she mused.

According to a Board of Trade report, the average of fatal railway accidents last year was only one passenger killed in every 68,100,000 journeys. The Railway Companies wish respectfully to draw attention to the fact that this compares most favourably with the returns as to aeroplane accidents.

Will the unrest in the Balkans ever end? The latest report is to the effect that the Danube is rising.

Functions like the visit of the Mayor and Corporation of Peterborough to inspect the Braceborough Waterworks are usually such dull affairs that we cannot withhold a meed of praise from the Chief Constable and the Councillor who enlivened the occasion, the other day, by gamely falling into the reservoir.

It is said that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is not to be offered a seat in the Cabinet. The alleged reason is that, if the seat were to be offered to him, he might accept it.

HOME DEFENCE.

["Mr. Asquith's promise of a Bill designed to prevent England from slipping into the sea will be glad news to holiday-makers on the South and East Coasts."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

Roll on, insatiate Ocean, roll!
Bring up your billows, mile on mile,
Gathering speed from either pole
To pound on our deciduous isle!
Roll on, I say, but roll in vain!
Never our soil shall feed your maw again.

Some years ago upon the strand
A British Monarch took his seat
And tried to make you understand
That you were not to wet his feet;
In safety, well behind the throne,
His Court encouraged this defiant tone.

You took no notice. On you came
(As he had been a barking pup)
Straight for his toes to swamp the same,
Till he removed them higher up,
And to his courtiers cried, "What ho!
I said it was no use; I told you so."

To-day a louder challenge rings
About our country's fretted base;
A nobler Knut superbly flings
His glove in your erosive face;
Asquith himself arrives to bar
Your moist advances, saying, "Sea, thus far!"

So shall "Britannia rules the waves"
Mean that you mustn't undermine
Cliffs and marine hotels and caves
And things that overlook the brine;
So shall our empire o'er the foam
Begin where Charity begins—at home.

For lo! our Knut shall break your ranks
With mole and groyne and granite wall,
And to the strange anæmic cranks
Who like to have their England small
This stout remark shall he address:
"She may be little, but she shan't be less."

O theme for poets to rehearse!
Yea, well might he, our laureate-leach,
Accost your waves in courtly verse,
Singing "No more into the breach!"
Or write *To Neptune Dammed: An Ode*,
Telling him plainly, "Thou shalt not erode."

O. S.

THE PERFECT CRICKETER.

XVIII.—The Care of the Roller.

(*Somewhat in the self-effacing manner of J. B. Hobbs.*)

The best of cricket is that, if you get to the top of the tree, newspapers will pay you to write about the game and other cricketers, even if you can't write. Of course, being at the top of the tree is itself pretty good fun, especially to a Surrey man, because at the Oval you can always count on a friendly crowd, even if they do drop their aitches a bit. And it's true that we give them the opportunity, Hayward and me, to say nothing of Hayes and Hitch. Hero-worship never did anyone any harm, except perhaps the hero.

Now and then one gets a set-back, of course, and cricket's a game where you expect it. In fact, it's no use playing cricket at all unless you're ready for bad luck as well as good. The best of us have our spells of bad luck—when the ball's never bigger than a pea and the wicket's as wide as a church door. Even W.G. (who has just had a birthday, and I gladly hold out my hand to him to wish him many happy returns, and I wish he was young enough to be among us once more)—even W.G. could fail three or four times consecutively even in his zenith. Personally I have been somewhat out of luck during a week or two of this season; however, I must admit that I was somewhat surprised before the Gentlemen and Players' match started at the Oval when I heard one man ask another, "What do they play 'Obbs for? A bit out of form, ain't 'e?" "Just a bit," replied the other, "but they do say as 'ow 'e's played for 'is fieldin'." This seemed to me incredible talk, and I was therefore not knocked all of a heap when I found out afterwards that the two were genuine admirers of mine, and had been put up to saying what they did by one of my rivals.

What the public don't always understand is that a cricketer is usually doing his best, or, at any rate, if he is not doing his best he is doing something else which fully occupies his mind. Once or twice lately even I have let a ball get past me at cover; not in the least because I was fielding badly, but because I was slightly absent-minded through thinking of something else—an article for a paper, perhaps, or a new way of playing a stroke. Yet some foolish fellow in the crowd has groaned. Still the medal has its other side, for only last week I had a letter forwarded on to me at Lord's, and the writer asked me if I would sell him the bat with which I had been making so many runs. I didn't know whether to reply or not, because it looked to me as if it might be a piece of sarcasm, and one does not like to be "had"; but even if it is not I can assure him that I never part with a good bat—indeed, when I have done with a really serviceable weapon it is not of much use to anybody.

Next week I shall go into the difficult question of the best kind of rope to put round the pitch to protect it during the tea interval.

From the programme of a Kwala Lumpar performance of *Hamlet*:—

"1. There was a king who was poisoned by his wife for she was making love with her brother in law.
2. The late king became a ghost and the soldiers who were taking charge of the grave informed Prince Hamlet the ghost told Prince Hamlet all the secret, and asked Hamlet to have his revenge.
3. Prince Hamlet disguised himself as a poor man and went to his lover Ophilier.
4. Ophilier did not make him out and she sent him away.
5. Prince Hamlet started a play, and showed to his uncle.
6. His uncle and his mother was so ashamed of this went home at once.
7. Prince Hamlet at once started for his house and killed his uncle and mother, while he was aiming at his uncle. His Prime Minister happened to pass and he was shot dead instead of his uncle.
8. His uncle at once sent him to another country for school.
9. Ophilier got mad and threw herself in a river and dead.
10. Prince Hamlet returned in his country and haved a sham fight with the son of the Prime Minister and all died.

Pretty long to mention come and witness the delightful Story."

It is a pity that the author's name is not given, but it sounds an exciting play, and we should like to see it, even without this further lure:—

"New and novel. Lovely good. Fine and sensational. A splendid display of music, songs, scenes and costumes, &c. By our own smart actors and actresses."



ONE OF THE KNUTS.

MR. ASQUITH (*addressing the Ocean*). "THIS IS GETTING A BIT TOO STEEP. I'M AFRAID I MUST REPORT YOU TO THE HOUSE."

[The PREMIER has promised a Bill dealing with coast-erosion.]



GENTILITY IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.

"Just think of it, Mrs. Brown has got the telephone fixed. I wouldn't have one."
"Why not?" "You have to associate with anybody."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Some New Departures.

Park Lane.

Dearest Daphne,—An outstanding feature of the season just ending has certainly been the evolution of the bazaar. A few weeks ago somebody had the bright idea of selling badges to protect people from being bothered by sellers, but already *that*'s *vieux jeu.* At the *Who's Who Fair* (a prodigious success, my dear, which brought in an *enormous* sum for a most *deserving* charity—I forget what) we charged five shillings admission, and we sold little ducky silk flags, with "I don't want to buy anything" on them, at a guinea each. We didn't trouble to stock any of the stalls. Fact is, we've faced the truth that *ces autres* only come to bazaars to look at *us.* The sensational feature was that we stall-holders wore as head-dresses our own family crests. *Wasn't* that a lovely idea of your Blanche's! And the loveliest part of it was to see the crests of people who *haven't* any! My sweet thing, it was *absolutely!* The Bullyon-Boundermere woman had got the Heralds' College to find her some sort of animal, and she had it on her head carried out in black velvet and gold. "Whatever is it meant for?" I asked Norty in confidence. "I should think it's a bounder rampant," he said.

The outlying tribes came pouring down from the heights of North and South London and simply swarmed into the Fair. They all bought the little "Don't-want-to-buy-anything" flags, and then they moved upon the stall-holders *en masse.* For another guinea any stall-holder was ready to explain her crest and give a few particulars of herself. For two guineas a five-minutes' chat might be bought, in which we might please ourselves as to whether we answered questions truthfully or not; but for *five* guineas we pledged ourselves to stick to facts. It was gorgeous! I heard someone who'd duly planked down the guineas asking Mrs. Golding-Newman (the newest of the new people—she got there by the flukiest of flukes!) who she was and what her crest meant. "I'm Mrs. Golding-Newman," she replied with a good bit of pomp and circumstance; "and my head-dress is the Golding-Newman crest—three goldfishes, *tachant de nager.*" Wasn't that dilly? Whatever the woman supposed she was saying, it was *utterly* descriptive of her efforts to be in the swim. Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, was in great form and very chirpy, till her head-dress, the Ramsgate crest, two arms counter-embowed, the dexter hand holding a knife and the sinister a fork (the founder of their family, you know, was Grand Carver to Henry VIII.), caught in the decorations and got pulled off; and, oh! my dearest and best, *more* than the head-dress came off—and Popsy is doing a rest cure! Before that catastrophe happened she'd been telling questioners, in return for their guineas, that she was thirty-five, that she'd married the late Lord R. when she was thirteen, that she had an average of twenty offers a week, but didn't mean to marry again, that she loved dancing, and that her favourite dance just now was the Leapfrog Valse.

À propos of Mrs. Golding-Newman, the newest woman, there's been a hard-fought social race between her and Mrs. Bullyon-Boundermere in London this summer. If one forged ahead for

a time, the other came again and stuck to her gamely. When the Golding-Newman woman had Trillini to sing at one of her parties, the B.-B. hit back by getting Twirlinski to do his *exquy* dance, "The p.m. of a Satyr," at her next affair. It was a regular ding-dong race, and no one could spot the winner, till Mrs. B.-B. came a most tremendous cropper. *Il en était ainsi.* She gave a big party, old Lady Needmore, as usual, inviting the people and receiving them, with the B.-B. in the offing. The latter, not having much to do and being obsessed with the notion of uninvited guests (and really, my dear, they've put in some strong work this season!), kept a sharp look-out for these. At last she felt sure she'd spotted one. "I'm certain," she remarked to Mr. B.-B., "that common-looking man in ill-fitting evening clothes, leaning by the door of the music-room, is one of those uninvited creatures! I'll go and speak to him." "Right you are, M'ria!" said her better half. So she sailed up to the man: "I am the lady of the house; may I ask your name?" "My name's Snaggers," answered the man. "*Just what I should think it would be!*" said Mrs. B.-B., with cutting sarcasm. "No person of that name was invited, Mr. Snaggers, so perhaps you'll withdraw before I send for the police!" The man shrugged his shoulders, laughed and went away. At the end of the evening Mrs. B.-B. said reproachfully to Lady Needmore, "What a pity the guest I most wanted to see didn't come! I mean the big-game hunting earl who's had such thrilling adventures. I saw his name in your list—Lord St. Aldegonde." "Oh, *Snaggers*," old Needmore corrected. "But, my dear woman, he *did* come! I *saw* him. He came rather late, after we'd left off receiving 'em, and went away quite soon, I believe. Here, somebody! Get some brandy or something! Mrs. Boundermere's fainting." It was a hard blow for her, as St. Aldegonde's been quite a celebrity since his return from his last big-game expedition, owing to his having shot an enormous creature called a mommaroo, that everybody thought was extinct. But I believe what she felt most cruelly was that she didn't know St. Aldegonde is pronounced "Snaggers"!

I'm simply *furious, chérie*, with these Balkan people for going on fighting. At that little dinner I gave for the Delegates when they were over here, I'd such a lovely talk with them and was *sure* I'd made a great impression. "You simply *must* come to an agreement," I said to them. "Why *shouldn't* you? What *does* it matter who the places belong to? It's *absurd*! War is all very well at *first*; it makes a little change, and often gives us a new colour or a fashion; but it ought to stop quite, *quite* soon, or it becomes a *bore*; and you may take it as a cert that the Great Powers won't *stand* being bored!"

And they were such darlings, and seemed so pleased, and laughed so much with me and with each other, that I thought peace was *assured*. It's no use trying to do good in this wicked world!

One of the new departures this season has been that several popular people have turned themselves into companies. The first to do it was Bobby Brillmore, who makes things go so splendidly at dinners and dances and country houses. And so, as old Lord Brokeystone's allowance to his younger sons is immensely tiny, and as Bobby found life a harder problem than even the *hardest* thinker does, while at the same time he was simply snowed under with invitations, he thought he'd turn his popularity to account. And now he's a company with offices in the City and a trade motto that he cribbed from Soap or Cocoa or something—"Have him in your Houses"—and anyone who wants him must take shares. (Norty says the shares are already quoted on 'Change!) Quite an idea, isn't it? Perhaps I may follow suit and become, Ever thine,

BLANCHE (Ltd.!)



"'E'S A BIT BASHFUL AT FUST, MISTER, BUT 'E SOON PALS UP WIV YER."

THE WATER BABY.

["At to-day's meeting of the British Medical Association at Brighton, Dr. Kennedy, of Bath, said he once placed a child one year old in the sea, and it struck out and swam."]

MASTER Bunting, who, it will be remembered, has just attained his first birthday, this morning began his attempt to swim the Channel. He arrived early on the pier in his mail-cart, and remained in rather over-animated conversation with his parents for some minutes. An enquiry by our representative as to the prospects of the attempt elicited from the distinguished swimmer a hearty goo-goo.

Master Bunting entered the sea at 9.1 A.M. He seemed somewhat distressed on first contact with the water, and kicked a good deal, but afterwards settled down to a strong over-arm stroke, which took him through the sea at a good rate.

Master Bunting was accompanied by a turbine pram-boat containing his nurse (who was seen to be reading *Home Gloats* as the small vessel cast off), a police officer (whose duty it will be to converse with Master Bunting's attendant), a golliwog, a crib, a gallon of milk, and several tins of Kidling's Food.

At 10 Master Bunting partook of a half-bottle of milk. His stroke then became stronger. At eleven o'clock, to afford him a slight diversion, a rattle was lowered into the water, and the intrepid swimmer amused himself with this for a few minutes before resuming his powerful stroke.

Later. 12.15.—Master Bunting is still going strong. A few minutes ago he howled for a spoonful of Kidling's Food. The nurse, assisted by the police officer, administered the refreshment, and Master Bunting then proceeded.

At two o'clock the golliwog entered the sea and accompanied Master Bunting in his progress over the next half-mile.

Latest news: Calais, 5.13 A.M.—Master Bunting arrived here at 5.10 this morning. He was met by members of the Oui-Oui Swimming Club. He appeared little the worse for his immersion and, after dictating a short account of his early life to our representative, he retired to his crib.



THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

THE SQUIRE INSISTS UPON HIS CLAY BIRDS BEING THROWN BY HAND IN THE HOPE OF DISCOVERING A BORN DISCUS-THROWER.

THE TREASURE-SEEKERS.

ACCORDING to the New York Correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*, Mr. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN'S talent for finding hidden musical treasure was recently illustrated by the discovery of a useful tenor in a rotund middle-aged plasterer engaged on the building of the new Opera House. LUIGI GASPARINI, for that was his name, was dragged forth from a pile of bricks to the fire-engine station close by, where his trial performances led to a provisional engagement for the chorus.

Such episodes are interesting, but they are of quite common occurrence on both sides of the Atlantic. "Never the lotus closes, never the wild fowl wake," but genius discovers itself to the eye that is looking for it. Only last week Signor POLACCO, the famous conductor, was passing by a cab shelter in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden when he heard the strains of the *Abendstern* from *Tannhäuser* issuing from the interior. Darting swiftly into the shelter Signor POLACCO discovered that they came from the larynx of an elderly attendant named Annibale Sparagrasso, employed to peel potatoes for the cabmen's midday meal. Sparagrasso was at once haled off to Covent Garden, and in two days had signed a contract for five years as understudy for the chorus in a travelling company which is about to start for a prolonged tour in Patagonia, the Falkland Isles and possibly Alaska.

A somewhat similar experience befell Madame PAVLOVA last Friday. While she was flying in a biplane over St. Albans, the famous *danseuse* noticed an elderly man dancing a hornpipe in a backyard with extraordinary vigour and *élan*. Peremptorily ordering her pilot to descend, she persuaded the dancer, a retired petty officer named Gregory Hitch, to return with her in the biplane to Hampstead. After two lessons he was offered, and has accepted, an engagement to appear in a nautical ballet as a one-legged admiral with the Russian company which is shortly proceeding to Siberia. The only condition which caused any difficulty was that which imposed a change of name, but his consent was speedily secured for the adoption of the ingenious and euphonious *alias* of Gregor Hitchikoff.

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, while spending a recent week-end in the New Forest, was in the happy position of being able to combine recreation with benevolence. He was lunching at Lyndhurst, when, from his private banqueting-room, he heard a venerable waiter named Ephraim Jubb reciting passages from *Hamlet* with extraordinary fervour and charm. As the result of a brief but affecting interview, Jubb consented to accompany Sir HERBERT in his motor to town and has since been given the *rôle* of hero in a new drama, *Bacon's Boyhood*, by Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., which will be produced at a *matinée* at His Majesty's Theatre with Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE as *Queen Elizabeth*, and the author as *Philip of Spain*. No wonder that Jubb's grandchildren are now saying that he is a made man.

Taking Our Pleasures Sadly.

"ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAYS,
By reading
THE TERROR BY NIGHT."
Advt. in "Daily Express."

"Lady wanted, to undertake duties of small house. Two in family, treated as one. State age and salary.
Advt. in "Christian World."

One of the two (to the other): "After you with the egg."

From the ticket admitting to the recent ceremony in the Henry VII. Chapel:—

"GENTLEMEN—LEVÉE DRESS
LADIES—MORNING DRESS
NOT TRANSFERABLE."

Most certainly not.

MR. PUNCH'S SEASIDE PAGE.

WHERE TO GO.

IT has been well said by SHAKSPEARE or one of our poets that we are an island race. At this time of the year, when so many of us are leaving the towns for the purer ozone of the country, the words come home to us with an added significance. We are an island race; and for that reason the thoughts of every Englishman worthy the name will turn first to the sea.

But what seaside resort shall he choose for his holiday? That is the difficulty. Fortunately the enterprise of the Town Council of Congerville in advertising in our columns enables us to refer without prejudice to the charms of this growing watering-place, and thus perhaps to solve the doubt in the minds of our readers. Congerville—or "The Venice of the North," as it has been aptly called by the Mayor, owing no doubt to the fact that both towns are on the sea—is, to our thinking, the ideal spot for a holiday. Within such easy distance of London that the visitor who does not like the place can go back again on the same afternoon (in the opinion of many people its chiefest charm), Congerville will be found to offer unique attractions to the wearied town-dweller; and we are convinced that its charms need only to be sufficiently advertised to become known to all.

HOW TO BATHE.

I. On no account bathe immediately after a heavy meal. By a heavy meal is meant one weighing five pounds or so.

II. At most seaside resorts University costume is insisted on. Fortunately it is not necessary to have taken a degree in order to wear this.

III. It is bad form while waiting for your turn outside an occupied bathing machine to make sarcastic remarks to the gentleman dressing inside. However long he has been, such observations as "Mend your braces *afterwards*, ducky," are not in the best possible taste.

IV. Although in many places you will find notices strictly forbidding you to remove the foreshore, no objection will be raised if you should chance to take away some of the sea. At the same time swimming with the mouth open is a habit to be condemned, particularly off those coasts where small jelly-fish (or Sea Tapioca) congregate.

V. Even if you cannot swim, you can safely venture into deep water with a pair of Phutman's well-known "Eykanseeyou's." Swimming can, of course, be taught quite easily on land, but the positions which it is necessary to assume are ungraceful, and if practised in the dining-hall of your hotel will probably cause comment. It is better to learn properly in the sea with the help of Phutman's popular invention.

FLORA AND FAUNA OF THE BEACH.

A walk along the beach at Congerville or any of our Southern watering-places will reveal many unexpected treasures which the keen collector can add to his bag. One of the most common, and yet least understood, objects to be found upon the sea-shore is the *Single Boot*. One would naturally expect to find them nesting in couples, but for some unexplained reason they develop best alone.

A very common weed growing round our shores and flourishing particularly at this time of the year is *Father*. It grows horizontally; is anything from five to six feet from head to toe; and wears a paper over its face to protect it from the sun. So numerous is it that in some parts of the coast great care has to be taken not to step on it. A really good specimen will sometimes rise in the centre to a height of two or three feet, and thus afford ample shade to the weary pedestrian.

On such obvious *fauna* as crabs and starfishes it is not necessary to dilate at any length; the most inexperienced traveller is sufficiently familiar with them. It may not, however, be known that by far the best method of catching crabs is to tickle for them.

The process is as follows: the object of capture having been marked down in a likely pool, the hunter lies at full length upon the rocks and begins to tickle the crab gently on the chest. It is notorious that crabs resent tickling, and in a moment the crustacean will fasten his pincers on your finger. The laugh however is with you; for, withdrawing your finger from the pool, you find that you are taking the crab with you; and with the aid of a tin-opener you can afterwards, at your leisure, remove the captured beast and transfer it to your killing bottle.

And finally, it has just been discovered that starfish make excellent and reliable compasses. Balanced carefully upon the ferule of a walking-stick the intrepid animal will invariably turn one of its feet to the north, the other extremities marking the remaining points of the compass with equal accuracy.

BEACH ETIQUETTE.

Etiquette at the seaside is naturally not so formal as it is in London, and acquaintances may be made on the pier or in the sea much more easily than would be the case in Mayfair. For instance, it is permissible when bathing to introduce yourself to a stranger swimming near, on what would seem in London the comparatively slight excuse that his bathing-costume had the same coloured stripes as your own. Again, a genial remark may always be made to an old gentleman fishing off the end of the pier—an enquiry, to give an example, as to whether he had caught anything or, failing that, hoped to catch anything.

Dress again is less rigid in its cast-iron convention than it would be in Belgravia, and the ladies of your boarding establishment will probably find that a dressy blouse will be all that is required in the evening. (The word "all," of course, is used in its comparative sense only.)

Generally speaking, in short, life by the sea will be found much more companionable than life in London; and though seaside friendships do not always turn out as desirable as they seemed at first, it may well happen that you may make a life-long friend of the man whom you first made acquaintance with as you tapped the sea-weed barometer together in the hall of your boarding-house.

A. A. M.

HAPPINESS IS ALL THAT COUNTS.

(Gallant efforts of a determined family to win the holiday prize offered by a well-known photographic firm on the above lines.)



ARRIVAL AT WINKLEBEACH.



FUN ON THE SANDS.



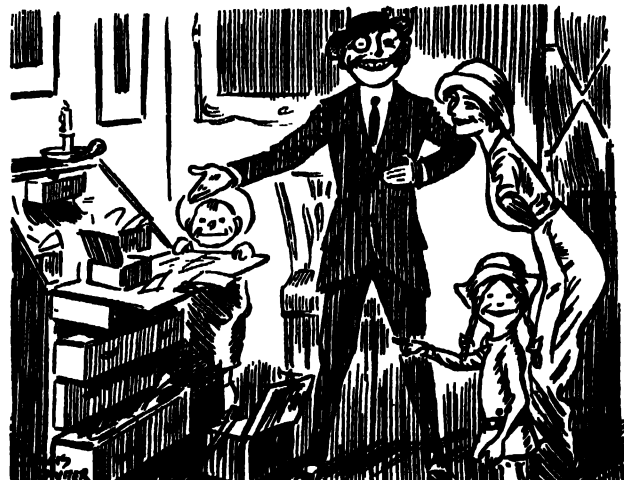
A DAY'S SPORT.



A GOOD TIME ON THE BRINY.



A MERRY PIC-NIC.



AMUSING DISCOVERY OF THE TRACES OF BURGLARS ON RETURN HOME.



Small Boy. "Mummy, is it really true that the Devil has horns and a club foot?"
The Mother. "Ah! my dear, sometimes the Devil appears in the shape of a very handsome and charming young man."
Small Boy (pityingly). "Oh, Mummy! you're thinking of Cupid."

THE MÆNAD.

There is a maiden fair as dawn
Who sometimes spies me from afar,
And chases me on furious feet
As down the long suburban street
I gambol like Nijinsky's "Faun"
To catch the infernal car.

At day-break when the winds are fresh,
Or, more exactly, 9.15,
Not seldom shall you see this sight,
The nymph's pursuit, the poet's flight,
As if he funked the rosy mesh
Of Cyprus' dove-drawn queen.

It causes quite a pleasant stir,
This hundred-yard Olympic burst;
The newsboy whispers to his pal,
"How exquisitely Bacchanal!"
The loafers lay short odds on her
To reach the tube-lift first.

So, ere the sordid years began,
Before aphasia took the Muse,
Athwart the uplands, thick with pine,
His rout pursued the god of wine,
Or shepherdesses danced to Pan
(But not in grey suède shoes).

Breathless we run; without a pause
We win the gates of Pluto's grot;
She gives me neither look nor word,
The cage descends, we join the herd,
Our ways are sundered now, because
I smoke and she does not.

But, though her frenzy seems to sink
Before she grabs her swain-elect,
Though never in her wild, wild arms
She lures me captive to her charms
And bears me off (indeed, I think,
The lift-man would object);

Though unconcernedly she sets
Her hair in trim and pulls a cube
Of chocolate from her leather bag,
Sucks it, and opes her morning rag,
And never for my fair face frets
Once we have reached the tube;

I love to think her hot despatch,
The fury of her Bacchant speed,
Is due to love, and not to this,
That well she knows if she should miss
The train I usually catch
She must be late indeed. Evoe.

THE BITING CRITIC.

[Experiments with music on animals have revealed the fact that dogs will show a preference for, and a prejudice against, particular composers.]

With Bach and Beethoven we tried him—
His tail wagged his wishes for more;
With Wagner and Sullivan plied him—
He barked for a double encore.
"Now play him," I said, "ere I offer a bid,
A passage of ragtime." The gentleman did.

As if to say, "Golly, what is it?"
He pricked up his ears at the strain,
Then growled his intention to visit
On someone his wrath and disdain;
And when off the player he started to sup
I purchased that highly desirable pup.

For under my window thrice weekly
Two picturesque aliens play;
Scant notice they pay me when meekly
Requested to wander away;
But next time they come he will alter all that,
This capable critic who lies on the mat.



KISMET.

Turkey (*in Adrianople*). "QUITE LIKE OLD TIMES, BEING BACK HERE."
Dame Europa. "AH, BUT YOU 'LL BE KICKED OUT, YOU KNOW."
Turkey. "WELL, THAT 'LL BE LIKE OLD TIMES, TOO."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

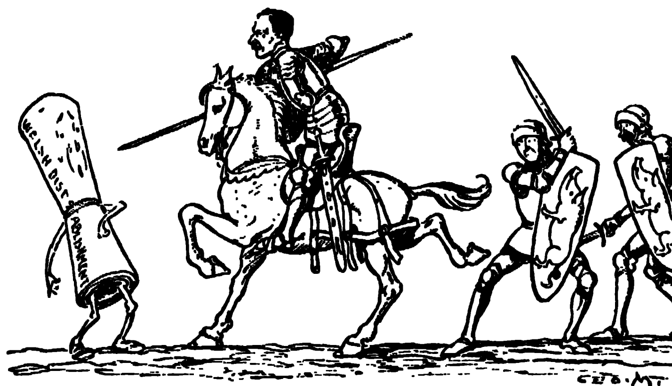
House of Lords, Monday, July 21.—If it were customary to decorate Bishops "For Valour" surely the Victoria Cross would figure on the meek bosom of the Bishop of Hereford. Not for the first time in recent years has he stood forward to demand full consideration of a measure obnoxious to majority of peers, abhorred by brother prelates. Always something pathetic about aspect of one crying in the wilderness. Additional discomfort in reflection that there are ranged, at convenient striking distance, beasts of prey ready to spring upon the rash if chivalrous soloist.

House considering proposal for Second Reading of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. Salisbury moved rejection in speech notable for dexterous back-thrust administered to his old adversary, the whole-hogger on Tariff Reform. Supporters of Bill pleaded that question had been before constituencies at last General Election, and that in framing the measure Ministers were obeying popular mandate. "Not at all," said Salisbury. "If there had been no proposal for taxes on food before the electors in December, 1910, every candid honest Liberal knows that his party would not have won the day."

It was towards close of debate that Bishop of Hereford rose from group whose snow-white rochets cast upon Benches below Gangway what Halsbury, looking on, recognised as "a sort of" halo. Hereford did not go so far as to support Second Reading. All he asked was that, granted a Second Reading, the Bill should go into Committee with intent to have its blemishes removed.

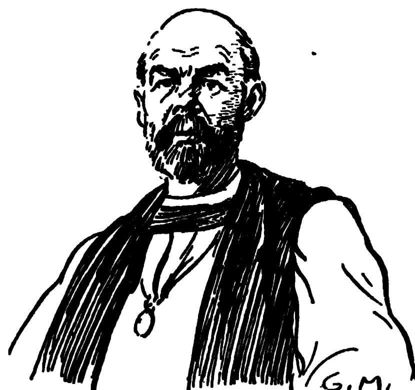
By striking coincidence it happened that in the Commons, within this very hour, Tim Healy and William O'Brien had been assaulting John Redmond in connection with Birrell's Bill designed to hurry up Land Purchase in Ireland. Their patriotic passion paled its ineffectual fire by comparison with the energy with which the Bishop of Winchester proceeded to demolish his right reverend brother. The least ill he wished him was that he should face one of the gatherings of churchmen throughout the country who met to discuss the Welsh Bill. He promised him that "his reception would not be at all respectful and quite the reverse of gentle."

House delightedly recognised the episcopal way of indicating a bonneting and a chucking-out.



A dexterous back-thrust at the whole-hogger by Lord Salisbury.

Business done.—Second Reading of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill moved by Beauchamp without wasting time on a speech.



The Bishop of Winchester.

Thursday.—Sad case this of Lord Kensington. Been abroad three years serving his country; comes home; looks in at House of Lords; finds Peers streaming into Division Lobby to vote on Second Reading of Home Rule Bill; thinks he may as well take a hand in the old game; only when coming out, finding himself tapped on shoulder by wand of "Teller" who was counting the numbers, a horrible thought chills his marrow. He hasn't taken the oath in the new Parliament.

Accordingly has no business to take part in Division. Rather fancies that Tower Hill, if not actually the block, plays a part in consequences. What's to be done?

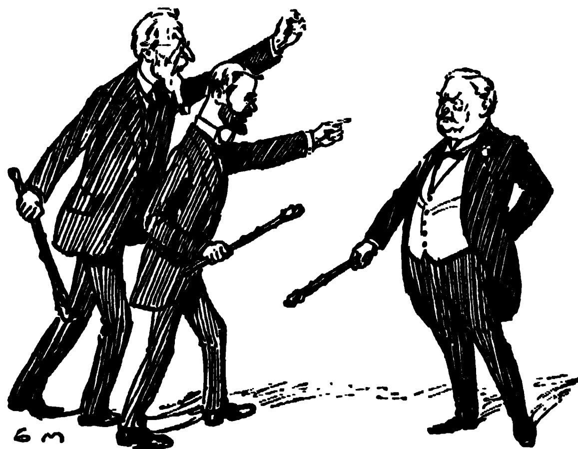
Happily recalls lesson gleaned from earlier episode in Marconi Muddlement. Agreed on all sides that, had Ministers at outset volunteered full statement of their private dealings in the matter, the cloud would have blown over. Profiting by this experience Kensington yesterday, as soon as Lord Chancellor took his seat on Woolsack, rose and with proper penitentiary air made clean breast of what Crewe playfully called "his crime."

To-day the Leaders of House and Opposition, having been in consultation overnight, delivered judgment. Crewe, admitting absence of deliberately evil intention, suggested, amid murmur of applause, that it would "probably be the desire of the House not to proceed further in the matter." Lansdowne agreed, "if only," as he shrewdly put it, "for the reason that practically no other course is open to us."

Which shows that, after all, logic has some influence upon Parliamentary decisions.

What may be described by way of distinction as the Singular Voter being thus disposed of, House turned to consider case of Plural Voter whom Government propose to abolish. Bill having that object in view negatived by 166 votes against 42.

Business done.—Commons discussing vote for Board of Agriculture. The President, a modest North-country man, overwhelmed with congratulations from both sides on his successful administration of his office. Amongst results of the year has been extirpation of Foot and Mouth Disease in England and Ireland, a task requiring tireless energy and much courage in facing protests of individuals and districts temporarily affected.



Messrs. Healy and O'Brien attack Mr. John Redmond.

House of Commons, Friday.—A busy week. Seen introduction of new Irish Land Bill, Lords meanwhile throwing out Welsh Church Bill and one depriving Plural Voter of his ancient privilege. Important questions, these. But at close of week topic to the fore is the revolutionary procedure in Scotch Grand Committee. Engaged just now in considering delicate question of mental deficiency north of the Tweed. Natural impulse on part of some Members to place case on footing with famous Chapter On Snakes In Iceland. "There are none." Others, whilst not disputing soundness of this view, think it just as well to look through the measure remitted to them by the House.

Whilst thus engaged enter CHARLES PRICE, Radical Member for East Edinburgh, with fragrant cigar between his teeth.

Members move uneasily in their seats. Is this a case of mental deficiency, or merely absence of mind in temporary form? CHAIRMAN'S attention called to matter. He admits that on two former occasions Chairmen of Grand Committees have ruled the cigar out of order. Taking a middle course he would ignore the indiscretion unless anyone declared objection.

So far from taking that line, Members with one accord produced their cigarette cases and lit up.

With the bonds of Empire about to be severed, with an ancient Church tumbling about our ears, with the Plural Voter doomed, revolutionary procedure has under the present Government become a daily habit to which the mind insensibly grows accustomed. But, really, authorised smoking in Committee Rooms comes as a shock. If upstairs why not downstairs? If cigars, why not short clay pipes? If smoke, why not drink?

For latter luxury there is historical precedent. When CECIL RHODES was under examination by the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the dark places whence the Jamieson Raid emerged, he was accustomed, at approach of his usual luncheon hour, to send out for a dish-load of ham sandwiches and a tankard of stout. Of these he proceeded to make leisurely disposition under the eyes of hungry Commissioners.

The MEMBER FOR SARK is reminded how, whenever he, HARCOURT, LABBY and others put a peculiarly ticklish question, RHODES took an exceptionally large bite from the sandwich in hand at the moment. There necessarily followed interval for masticating the food preliminary to regained articulation, a pause that, incidentally, gave opportunity for framing suitable answer.

If CECIL RHODES thus publicly lunched during process of critical inquiry why should Members of Select Committees be debarred from similar privilege? A simple luncheon, with a tankard or long tumbler according to individual taste, a cigar or pipe to follow, would do much to popularise the daily meeting upstairs.

Business done.—Treasury Vote dealt with in Committees of Supply.



If smoking is permitted upstairs in Committee-room, why not downstairs?

SCOTLAND'S NEW SPORT.

THE Scottish bailies, town councillors and others who recently came up to town in the form of a deputation to interview the PREMIER on the question of Woman's Suffrage have returned to the North very well pleased, it would seem, with their week-end in the Metropolis. The fact that Mr. ASQUITH, after having three times definitely refused to see them, was absent from his residence when they called cannot be said to have militated in any way against the success of the visit, which has been so great that it is generally understood that the Scottish Deputation Season has now begun.

The Deputation from the parish councils of Strathbogie and district, which will leave for London towards the end of August to lay before the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER its views upon the introduction of a minimum wage for agricultural labourers, does not seem to have been discouraged by the information that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will be on the Continent at the date of its arrival. An extended week-end ticket has been arranged for.

The Deputation representing the Fishing Industry, which is now being got together at Fraserborough to wait upon the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY and discuss with him the prospects of adopting the use of cod-liver oil in the Navy, will reach London on the first Friday in September. Names are coming in very well, and it is confidently expected that special railway rates will be quoted. Curiously enough Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will be paying a visit to his constituents in Dundee over that week-end.

The Deputation of Wee Free Elders from Inverstrathbittock-on-Spey (to call upon the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND upon business that has not yet been divulged), and that of the inhabitants of the island of Tiree (to wait upon Mr. JOHN BURNS in connection with their new town-planning scheme), have apparently arranged to co-operate in order to secure a reserved saloon by the East Coast route. It is announced that they cordially homologate each other's opinions.

A curious position has arisen in Paisley, where a large and influential Deputation has been made up, which is expected to leave for the South in October. Every detail is settled with the exception of the object of the visit and members are complaining that it is well-nigh impossible for them to complete the preparation of their speeches until this point has been decided.

The Autumn Announcements of the North British Railway Company will, we learn, contain an entirely new feature which is bound to prove popular. It is proposed to issue "Deputation Tickets" on certain dates in the course of the winter, which—provided that a sufficient number of applications is received—will carry with them the best of saloon accommodation at a reduced rate.

The members of the original Woman's Suffrage Party, who must be regarded as the pioneers of the movement, have been so much delighted with their first experience that they are now arranging to take this Deputation on tour.

Meanwhile, the enterprising London photographer is quite awake to the new possibilities that have been opened up. (We do not, of course, mean the Press photographer; he has done very well out of it, but, as far as he is concerned, the boom is over.) One leading firm in Regent Street has already dispatched a traveller to the North, offering special terms for groups to be taken by appointment upon the door-steps of Cabinet Ministers. As the vacation is approaching in Downing Street, it is expected that no inconvenience will ensue.



PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

"HULLO, BETTY, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU AND PERCY DENUDING THE PLACE FOR? DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE MOVING."

"WE 'RE NOT; BUT THE DARLING BOYS COME HOME FROM SCHOOL THIS WEEK."

THE DESERTER

WHO REFUSES FOR THE 12TH.

How now, you faithless absentee,
Now that the magic Hour draws near,
You urge an unexpected plea
Of duller claims that interfere!

I thought no mortal since the Fall
Gifted with strength of will to raise
Ramparts of conscience at the call
Of grouse and grilse and holidays.

Review it all—the rush from town,
The station platform stretching far,
The crowds, the hurrying up and down
In quest of the Fort William car;

And that first moment of delight
When the long 8.15 swings forth,
To thunder through the August night
And meet the daybreak in the North;

Until—how great the prospect seems!—
The faithful George shall stand revealed,
And mingle in your restless dreams
With early tea at Whistlefield.

Ten minutes more of tea and train
And hasty donning of attire,
And then—and then your feet attain
The wayside goal of your desire.

I picture you the morning grey,
With glint of sunshine now and then,
And wonderful with scents that stray
From the wet larchwoods in the glen.

What next? a sleepy search fulfilled,
And baggage bundled out in tons,
A waiting motor slowly filled
With rods and cartridges and guns.

High on the pass the breeze is cool,
And local memories return
Of salmon in the Clachan pool,
And grouse above the Laraig burn.

So be it: stoutly you resist;
But wait until the Hour arrives,
The Hour of mountain, moor and mist,
And see if your resolve survives.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

NATURE.

ONCE upon a time there was a king who failed to please his subjects and was by consequence in instant peril. Hurriedly collecting together such treasures as they could, he and his young queen crossed the frontier one night with a few faithful retainers and settled in an old secluded castle in a friendly country.

On the first wet day the young queen was missing. High and low the retainers searched for her, and at last she was discovered in the middle of an open space in the forest, holding up her face to the rain.

Horror-struck, they hurried to her aid; but she waved them back.

"Do let me stay a little longer," she pleaded. "All my life I have longed to feel the rain and I was never allowed to. All my life there have been coaches and umbrellas."

And again the queen held up her face to the drops.

"Dancing Taught. — Step, Buck, Clog, Schottische, Wooden Shoe, Ragtime, Fancy. Three lessons 2/6. Stamp or call. 12 till 9.
Advt. in "Encore.""

We hardly ever stamp, even when we've come for a dance lesson; and anyhow we don't keep on stamping from 12 to 9. We just knock or ring, and, if nobody answers, we go away after the first hour or two.

"Looking from the rostrum one saw rows and rows of happy, smiling faces alternating with rows of huge white glistening mugs."
Manchester Guardian.

Why this distinction?

AT THE PLAY.

"The Barrier."

If it had been an Italian opera instead of an American melodrama, it must have been called "La Fanciulla del North-West." But the resemblance between the First Acts of Mr. Hubbard's play and Signor Puccini's music-drama was inevitable, since the Drink-and-General-Utility Store is the centre of social life in those pioneer communities. The title of Mr. Rex Beach's novel refers to the invidious bar of birth which threatens to keep two lovers apart. The Girl of the Golden N.W. is supposed to be a half-breed. No one who cast even a cursory glance at the charming face of *Necia* (Miss May Blayney) would have suspected her for a moment of being anything short of a whole-breed. As a matter of fact her parentage was white on both sides, though, in the case of her father, it was not the whiteness of driven snow, for his heart was as black as ink. All comes well in the end, though I should have liked to see her marry the picturesque trapper who never worried about her birth, rather than the U.S.A. Lieutenant who took some time to get over it.

It is, I believe, contrary to etiquette on the stage to keep a secret from the audience. Yet it was not till quite late in the proceedings that we got at the facts of the death of the girl's mother; and for a dark hour or so we were allowed to harbour suspicion about the career of her innocent foster-father. He himself did not help matters much by attempting a murder before our eyes. Fortunately he missed by six inches and eventually left the boards without a stain on his character.

The facts came out in the course of the best scuffle of the evening. The situation was unusual and could only have been possible in a tentative state of society where Justice is compelled from time to time to lift her bandage and wink openly by the light of nature.

A deadly feud divided the girl's two fathers—the real and the adoptive. Each had a sorry record, true or false, and the representative of law and order, in the person of *Lieutenant Burrell*, U.S.A. Cavalry, thought it most convenient to let them fight it out for themselves with one revolver between them. So he deposited it on the table, posted the adversaries at equal distances from it, and withdrew from the room with the other revolver. In the heavy rough-and-tumble which ensued when the lamp had been knocked over, the adoptive father does the villain to death. Before going out to expire he gives his case away in the course of a brief, but luminous, dialogue. The impression left upon me by this hurried exchange of conversation was to the following effect:—

Real Father. You shot my wife!

Foster-Father. Liar. *You* shot her!

Real Father. Liar. She shot herself by accident!

Another Alaskan novelty was presented in the casual procedure at the meeting held for the promotion of the No-Creek Mining Company on the site of the claims—a wild scene in "The Divide of Black Bear Creek." The villain had been careful not to peg out a claim of his own, because he proposed to usurp that of the girl on the alleged ground of its illegality, and nobody was allowed to hold more than one. You would have thought that, having meanwhile no part in the property, he had no *locus sedendi* at the meeting. Nevertheless, he went so far as to take the chair and conduct the business with a fine air of autocracy. However, it is not for our sophisticated intelligences to attempt to cope with these savage anomalies; and, anyhow, the matter was settled by arrangement, the *Lieutenant* (as usual) suddenly covering the opposition with his revolver, and making them hold up their hands. Indeed the villain passed a good deal of his time in this position, rather ludicrous when prolonged. But why, on the present occasion, when he had a revolver in one of his raised hands, he didn't let it off in the face of his enemy two feet away, I am unable to conjecture. He was not troubled with scruples; nor had he previously shown himself punctilious about shooting only from the hip.



THE HERO WINS HANDS DOWN.

Lieutenant Burrell .. .. Mr. Malcolm Cherry.
Dan Stark (in the chair) .. .. Mr. Harcourt Beatty.

But, if there were things beyond my Cisatlantic understanding, I understood enough to see that, for what it pretended to be, the play was something more than passable. You will have gathered that it was not lacking in incident; and, though there were *longueurs* in the love-making, which did not suit our hero, the Lieutenant, nearly so well as the revolver business, the interest was strong to the last. And, apart from the behaviour of one of the minor characters, the performance of Mr. Hubbard's melodrama bore exceptionally few traces of the Surrey-side tradition.

Miss May Blayney was a piquante heroine; Mr. Malcolm Cherry a workmanlike hero; Mr. Rock (the foster-father) as sound as his name; and Mr. Matheson Lang, the French-Canadian trapper, extremely picturesque. His broken English, with a touch in it—so I thought—of the negro quality, was very effective; and as extra-hero, of the sacrificial kind, he won great favour with the audience. Of the rest Mr. Hubert Willis, in the part of *No-Creek Lee*, was very good.

Altogether, a clean piece of work, full of movement, and far better worth seeing than a great deal of more pretentious stuff; and if only our holiday invaders are well advised I don't see what 's to stop the run of it this side of October. O. S.

"The Sovereign was standing under his banner and the Great Master under his, both of them now depending from the west wall instead of, as formerly, from the corner, slantwise, above the Knights' banners and therefore hidden by them."—*The Times*.

We had no idea that the proceedings were as lively as this.

"Wilkie Bard tells a story of a husband and wife who were always quarrelling. A friend called one evening and found them in the middle of a row. After the storm had subsided a little he ventured to remonstrate with the husband."

Bradford Daily Telegraph.

And that is all; but probably Mr. Bard makes it seem funnier.

"There were only 15 scratchings recorded for the seven faces on Saturday."

Brisbane Daily Mail.

This reminds us that the midge season is upon us again.



THE "MONKEY SEAT."

Daughter. "Say, Poppa, what cute little things they are!"
Poppa. "And cost some! Takes five or six thousand dollars to hire a good one by the season, I guess."
Daughter. "Wouldn't it be cheaper to buy one and keep it yourself?"

A FORECAST OF THE BRITISH ASS.

(*With some slight assistance from "The Westminster Gazette."*)

The subject of the Presidential address, always canvassed with eager interest in scientific and lay circles alike, has of course been long ago definitely determined in its main outlines. Sir Oliver Lodge intends to take a survey of the position of science generally. Happily this scheme is sufficiently elastic to allow of his dealing with a number of topics which the academic scientist would probably regard as taboo. Amongst these, we understand, are the Psychics of Golf, with especial reference to the question whether it is legitimate to hypnotise your opponent; Recent Cranial Modifications in the Midlands pointing to the ultimate triumph of a Type distinguished for its high dome-shaped Forehead; Interviews as an engine for promoting University Extension; the Poetry of the Aztecs; the Influence of Brown Boots on Telepathy, and other cognate subjects. Thus handled, the subject of his address is obviously of sufficient breadth to afford a thinker of Sir Oliver's notorious versatility and range of outlook on life and its problems effective scope for an oration as stimulating and exhilarating as any delivered from the Presidential Chair.

This engaging and unconventional quality will also be found illustrated in the programme of the various sections. Of course the essentially scientific element predominates, but a certain latitude is allowed in the choice of subjects which is eminently calculated to command the interest of even the non-scientific mind.

Thus in the section dealing with Economics and Statistics there will be a remarkable debate on the cost of living. Sir Henry Howorth will handle the question of Prehistoric Working-men's Budgets, Lord Courtney of Penwith will discuss the Finance of League Football Clubs, and Sir W. Robertson Nicoll will read a paper on the Kentish Coal Fields and their influence on Nonconformist Journalism.

In the Transport section such authorities as Mr. Roger Fry, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. Maurice Hewlett and Mr. Edmund Gosse will take part in a discussion on "Canals and their effect on the language of those who use them," at which a number of bargees are expected to be present. In the Anthropological section Sir Alfred Mond will deal in his Presidential Address with the Misuse of Prehistoric Oil-wells for bathing by the Troglodytes of the Caucasus, and Mr. John Masefield will read a paper on the Etiquette of Cannibalism. The Physiologists will have before them such subjects as "The Cause of chronic Hiccups among Caddies," a "Study of Oysters in Times of War," and a "Theory of the Behaviour of Guinea-pigs."

In the Education section a variety of intensely interesting subjects are down for discussion. Amongst these we may note "Champagne and Cigarettes in the Holidays," "Should Preparatory Schoolmasters be on the Telephone?" "A Plea for Administering Corporal Punishment to Parents," and "Ought Left-handed Batting to be Encouraged?"

In short, the programme, whether we consider its latitude or its longitude, bids fair to be as nutritive as any included in the records of British Asininity.

THE GARDEN PARTY.

"Francesca," I said, "I am intoxicated by the beauty of this day. Let us do something dashing."

"What particular dash do you feel like?" said Francesca.

"I think I've got the pic-nic feeling," I said. "Yes, I feel like a pic-nic."

"What a pity you didn't feel like that yesterday when we all wanted you to come."

"No matter," I said, "I feel like it to-day. I will carry the table-cloth."

"We shan't want a table-cloth."

"Is that wise, Francesca? A table-cloth gives an air of aristocratic ease to the humblest feast. You shake your head? Very well, then, no table-cloth. But I will watch you cutting the bread-and-butter and making the tea. The children shall carry the cake and the jam. I will choose a spot for the feast. We will go there in a boat, and, if you like, you shall do the sculling while I steer and the children all let their hands trail in the water. Yes, Francesca, I feel more like a pic-nic every minute."

"I'm sorry for that," she said.

"Sorry, Francesca! Why are you sorry? When I refuse in consequence of overwhelming work——"

"Overwhelming sofa-cushions," said Francesca.

"I repeat: when I refuse, owing to the pressure on my time, to join a pic-nic you are—I will not say angry, for you are never angry, are you, dear?—but you are certainly displeased. And now, when I propose a pic-nic, and when I expect you to dance for joy, you say you are sorry. *Varium et mutabile semper.*"

"It is useless," she said, "to fling a stupid old Latin insult at me."

"Let me," I said, "call the children and tell them about the pic-nic. They, at least, will be delighted."

"That, too, would be useless."

"But why, Francesca?" I said. "I'm quite determined to have a pic-nic."

"And that," she said, "is more useless than anything else."

"I knew it would be," I said. "I have only to express a wish——"

"And it is always gratified. But not to-day."

"And pray, why?"

"Because of the Garden Party."

"The Garden *what?*" I said frantically.

"The Garden Party," she repeated calmly.

"Gracious Heavens!" I said. "You don't mean to tell me you are going to a Garden Party?"

"I do. I am. And what is more, you are coming with me."

"We will see about that," I said gloomily. "But first let me tell you that Garden Parties don't exist. They are Victorian. They are like Penny Readings and Literary Institutes and—er—umbrella covers. Yes, they are exactly like umbrella covers. Don't you remember umbrella covers, Francesca? Some were of plain silk, others were very black and beautiful and glistened wonderfully. Everybody had them and nobody used them. We took them off and threw them away and forgot them. Francesca, there must be millions of unused umbrella covers in England. Let us start a company for the recovery of umbrella covers, but, as we value our peace of mind, do not let us go to a Garden Party."

"But," said Francesca, "it's such a beautiful day."

"It isn't really, you know," I urged. "It's only pretending. There's quite a nasty little cloud over there, and it's growing. You mark my words, it'll rain in buckets in another hour or so; and how will your Garden Party get on then? There, I felt a drop on my nose."

"But that'll stop the pic-nic, too, won't it?"

"How foolish of you, Francesca! It never troubles to rain on a quiet family pic-nic, but a great showy Garden Party brings out all nature's worst qualities."

"Well, I can't help it. You've got to come."

"No, no," I said warmly, "you mustn't take me. I don't know how to dress for a Garden Party. When you see me in a black frock coat and brown boots and a straw hat you will be ashamed of me and you will wish you hadn't brought me; but it will then be too late. It will get into the local paper. *The Daily Mail* will have a paragraph about it:—'Strange conduct of an alleged gentleman at a Garden Party.' You mustn't take me, Francesca."

"But how can I help it?"

"How can you help it! There are a thousand ways. You can leave me; you can forget me; you can suddenly begin to dislike me; you can go alone; you can lock me into the library: you can fail to find me when the moment comes; you can——"

"You needn't go on," she said. "It's not a bit of good."

"Indomitable and relentless woman," I said, "tell me at least where this Garden Party is to be, and who is giving it."

She laughed. "You're giving it," she said. "It's going to be here. Hurry up and get into your frock coat. They'll all be arriving directly."

R. C. L.

THE GLAD GOOD-BYE.

[According to the New York correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*, recent practical tests prove that the substitution of ragtime melodies for the lugubrious farewell music usually played on a big liner's departure does away with the mournful scenes attending such functions and puts everybody in the best of spirits.]

When I broke the news to Mabel that a most insistent cable
Had demanded my departure to a land across the sea,
She occasioned some dissension by announcing her intention
Of delaying her farewell until the vessel left the quay.

I displayed a frigid shoulder to her scheme, and frankly told her
That no public show of sentiment my tender heart should sear,
For I knew the tears would blind me when "The Girl I Left Behind Me"
And the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" reverberated in my ear.

But I've recently relented and quite willingly consented
To be sped upon my journey by the mistress of my soul;
I shall banish sorrow's canker ere the sailors weigh the anchor,
And present a smiling visage when the ship begins to roll.

There'll be no one feeling chippy when the band plays "Mississippi"
(Such a melody would even lend a fillip to a wreck);
I shall laugh and warble freely when they start "The Robert E. Lee,"
And my cup will be complete when "Snooky-Ookums" sweeps the deck.

Tears of joy there'll be for shedding when "The Darkie's Ragtime Wedding"
Sends a syncopated spasm through the passengers and crew;
And, when warning tocsins clang go, down the gangway Mab will tango,
While I bunny-hug the steward to the tune of "Hitchy-Koo."



A NEAR THING.

Disappointed Trundler. "Nearly 'ad 'e, Jarge." *Disappointed Batsman.* "Ah, an' nearly 'it 'e!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Gracechurch (Longmans) is one of those books that to some readers may perhaps seem lacking in "sustained interest," but to others, of whom I myself am certainly one, will have all the charm of true and remembered childhood. It is the record of his own childhood's surroundings that Mr. John Ayscough tells in these short and simple annals of a mid-Victorian country town. Exactly how far things happened just so, and how far the art of the grown-up novelist has improved upon the memory of the small boy, it is not for me to say. Perhaps even Mr. Ayscough himself is not altogether sure on this point—at least, so I gathered from his entirely charming dedication, which, as a model of such things, should not be passed unread.

Of the sketches or studies or stories (it is a little difficult to find the right word for them) that the book introduces, I liked best the group that centres in the *Thorn* family. Especially do I recall the grim little picture that ends the first of these, called "Sal Fish," which tells how *Fernando Thorn* ruined the hopes of his sister *Kezia* (who doted on him, and expected the handsome lad to marry a friend of her own) by wedding a girl who cried fish in the streets of Gracechurch. The sudden shock destroyed *Kezia's* mental balance; and we see her later, as the boy Ayscough saw her, a middle-aged, over-dressed woman, "as mad as a March hare," sailing in to call on the triumphant sister-in-law, "who presently would turn to look at her, without interrupting her knitting, but with a full turn of her body in her chair, as she would say, 'Fidgety to-day! Full moon, maybe.' And Kezia would collapse." Without doubt the little Ayscough had an eye for the dramatic.

Collision (Duckworth) is Miss Bridget Maclagan's second novel, and I wish that it had more of the simple directness of her first. I am really confused as to what happened between *Gopi Chand*, *Maggie*, *Mr. Trotter* and all her other queer people who explored India together. Miss Maclagan is very clever; she knows how to give you a character's physical peculiarities with a mere twist of the pen; but this makes the clouded confusion of the incidents all the more to be regretted. I have, for instance, a very clear idea of that powerful little monster, *Mr. Benjamin Trotter*, and I feel that he should do most interesting things. It is possible that he does; but the author knows more about that than I do. In *Maggie*, again, I hoped that here at last one would enjoy a human and glowing portrait of a Suffragette, someone who was both real and interesting. But no, the incidents in which she shared are veiled and hidden.

It is, I believe, "atmosphere" that has made Miss Maclagan so elusive. Atmosphere at any price always leads to confusion in an Indian novel, because it is so strong and highly coloured that it swallows up the characters in those clouds of yellow dust of which we hear so much. In her next book, when one of her characters inquires, "What's the matter?" (they do so continually in *Collision*), she must answer the question so that the reader can comfortably settle down in his chair and know where he is. Miss Maclagan is too clever a writer for hide-and-seek to be worth her while.

Happy-Go-Lucky (BLACKWOOD) is well-named, for Mr. IAN HAY has never drawn a more irresponsible, irrepressible hero than *The Freak*. I had indeed begun to endure this youth very gladly, when (opposite page 106) I saw an illustration of him by Mr. C. E. BROCK, and my feelings received a rude buffet. Until that moment it had not occurred to me that *The Freak* could also be a nut, and the difference between Mr. BROCK'S conception of him and mine disturbed me not a little. Once over that difficulty, however, I derived much amusement from a book which is full of high spirits and high jinks. Mr. HAY must have been in a holiday mood when he wrote *Happy-Go-Lucky*, and seaside librarians will be tired of its name before the summer is ended. The characters—save *The Freak* himself and *Mr. Welwyn*—are conventional enough, and so is the theme of a rich and only son falling in love with a dressmaker; but the treatment is Mr. HAY'S, which is as much as to say that it is slightly sentimental and very diverting. I must add that, if Mr. BROCK had not challenged my idea of *The Freak*, I should have given undiluted praise to his illustrations.

With that jolly assurance which the modern publisher affects, Messrs. CONSTABLE have announced in divers places that *V. V.'s Eyes*, by HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON, is an advance upon his quite admirable *Queed*. Well, I wonder! It is widely different, anyway, oddly different. Not so arresting or so touched with that bizarre delightful humour. More possible, surely, and more real, and certainly exhibiting the same patient skill in developing character through incidents selected and arranged with seeming artlessness. *V. V.* is a slum doctor, who forgets to send in his accounts; lame and a helper of lameness in others, a believer in folk, a cheery despiser of money, with eyes that are extraordinarily (if unconsciously) appealing, questioning, restraining, compelling. *Cally Heth*, the beautiful daughter of a lesser business magnate—someone called the *Heths* "improbable" people—is intent on a successful marriage, with all the insincerity and heartlessness that go to make for victory in that ruthless quest. *V. V.'s* path crosses hers, menacingly as she thinks at first (for *V. V.* has attacked the conditions of labour at the *Heth* cheroot works), and he sows in her the seeds of a divine discontent which bear fruit in a changed outlook, so that her big fish, *Hugo Canning*, a sort of Transatlantic *Sir Willoughby Patterne*, is put back amazed into the troubled pool. I don't know if I quite believed in *V. V.'s* eyes—after all, the reader doesn't see them—but I can answer for his charm and courage and the inspiriting quality of his fine philosophy of life. "There are useful people . . . and useless people; good people and bad people. But when we speak of poor people and rich people we only make divisions where our Maker never saw any, and raise barriers on the common which must some day come down." Of course this can be challenged, but it is a piece of thinking. *V. V.* in fact is a character which any writer might be proud to father; and to have carefully cut out the sentimentality which might have spoiled it is a considerable feat of reticence. Perhaps, after all, the publishers were justified.



Guard (addressing passengers). "THIS PLACE SEEMS TO HAVE GONE. WHAT DO YOU ALL SAY IF WE SHUNT BACK AND TRY LITTLE SPLASHINGTON? IT WAS STILL THERE WHEN WE PASSED."

[Some parts of the East Coast have been rapidly disappearing.]

The Garden of Ignorance (JENKINS) has this quality to distinguish it from most other books on the same topic, that it really does deal with the gardening troubles of an ignoramus, and trace his gradual progress (or, in this case, hers) to the rewards of knowledge. Mrs. GEORGE CRAN is the gardener; and, whether or not her story is wholly a true one, and she did or did not in fact bring to her garden so entire a lack of experience in the first place, she certainly tells the tale of her education and ultimate triumphs in a way that is both entertaining and helpful. I liked especially the passage in which she relates how, from the chance phrase of a guest, "What a paradise this will be after you've worked at it two or three years," there was born in her mind the idea that "a garden was a canvas on which to paint a picture in flowers and trees and winding paths." There is no question that Mrs. CRAN thoroughly enjoyed the process; and the results achieved appear—judging them by a number of excellent photographs scattered throughout the volume—to have more than repaid her efforts. Thousands of garden-lovers will rejoice in this homely and practical book, which is further enriched by a useful appendix on the various flowers mentioned in its course, with hints upon their treatment. I have already praised the photographs, to one of them, however, the frontispiece (showing a sun-bath), I must take exception. Here the Pagan effect apparently aimed at seems—in contrast to the costume of the subject—not wholly to have come off; and the only result is one of futile impropriety wholly out of keeping with a delightful volume.

Gleanings from History.

From an examination paper:—

"Domesday Book was published by Edward III. After it was published about four times it was called the Common Prayer Book."

"In 1666 there was a very great fire in London, which was caused by Suffragost."

"'There was a case of mental deficiency which was hopeless up to eight years of age, and now the man occupies a post in the Civil Service,' said Mr. Watt, M.P., yesterday at the Select Committee on the Mental Deficiency (Scotland) Bill."—*The Daily Mail.*

What was there, we wonder, about this particular case which called for notice?

M. CHALIAPIN, the Russian singer who has been having such a success at Drury Lane, has told an interviewer that his father was a peasant. This explains his talent. He comes of moujikal stock.

CHARIVARIA.

It is difficult to ascertain the exact truth in regard to the alleged outrages in the Balkans, but it is certainly requisite that the Infidel Turk should commit more atrocities than the Christian Crusader if the face of the latter is to be saved.

***

The Light Side of the Suffragist Movement. "Hannah Booth was arrested last night for smashing two windows at 38, Smith Square, Westminster, in the belief that it was the residence of Mr. McKenna, who lives next door."

***

It is said that as a result of the recent stampede at Aldershot of the horses of the Queen's Bays, the War Office is pointing out to the Territorial Cavalry how dangerous it is to have mounts.

***

We hear that on the occasion of the Royal Visit to Aldwych the loud-cheering and cries of "Coo-ee" caused the greatest alarm among the wild life in the neighbouring Forest of Aldwych, and representations are to be made by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to those responsible for the arrangements.

***

Colonel Crompton, Engineer to the Road Board, considers that pedestrians need speeding up, and there is a good deal in what he says, especially as to the average Englishman thinking that he has a right to do exactly what he likes on the road. We have actually seen workmen on more than one occasion coolly dig themselves a hole in a busy thoroughfare and then pic-nic there.

***

The Daily Mail, the other day, published a photograph of Sergeant Ommundsen's eyes. This is a new departure, and soon, no doubt, we shall have pictures of the tongue of a great speaker, the ears of a distinguished musical critic, and the nose of a prominent sanitary inspector.

***

In the opinion of Sir James Linton, the well-known painter, the bowler hat is artistic. It now remains for the Cubists to point out that the high hat is high art.

A German gentleman who was translating an English novel into his native language was puzzled for a time as to how to render "billycock hat." He decided ultimately in favour of "Wilhelm-Hahnenhut."

***

"NOVELTY OF THE WEEK.
THE RUN-ABOUT BUFFET."
Daily Mail.

But a well-known toper informs us that this is no novelty. He has frequently seen buffets in motion.

***

"Alcohol will be the fuel of the future, and the sooner we start to utilise it the better," says Professor Lewes. In order to avoid disappointment in drinking circles, we think it well to point out that the Professor was referring to motors and not to human machines.

***

To a weekly *causerie* which he is contributing to a contemporary Mr. Arnold White gives the title, "Looking Round." It is astonishing that this title should never have been used by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, for very few people look as round as he.

***

It is good to know that the wearing of the slit skirt will never become universal. A lady who had a wooden leg was heard to say the other day that nothing would induce her to assume this disgusting garb.

***

"Prisons," says Prince Kropotkin, "are the universities of crime." Hence, we suppose, the expressions, "Murder in the first degree" and "Murder in the second degree."

***

At Ebbw Vale a thousand colliers went on strike owing to a dispute with the management over leave to attend a funeral. It does seem too bad to interfere with the simple pleasures of these poor miners.

***

"Why is it that there are so many bald men and so few bald women?" asked Dr. Barendt at the British Medical Conference. The answer, we suppose, is because women consider baldness does not suit them.

***

A catch of herrings valued at £30 was destroyed last week at Ardglass, Co. Down, because the inhabitants thought they had been caught on Sunday. It is not generally known how much the fish enjoy their Sundays off. It is said that, to show their gratitude for the Sabbath respite, increasing numbers get caught on Mondays.

***

A hoopoe, a bird with a crown of feathers, rarely seen in Great Britain, flew in at the open window of the Manor House, Heston, Middlesex, one day last week, and was captured by Mr. P. H. Browne, who set it free after examination. We are afraid that Mr. Browne is not a genuine sportsman or he would surely have shot his visitor.



OUR HORSELESS RIDERS.

Sergeant. "What the ——! Why the —— aren't you attending to your riding business?"

Territorial Trooper. "Please, Sir, 'Dolphus ain't finished with our squadron's horse yet!"

***

According to *The Express*, many English ladies are taking to a new Parisian method of keeping the figure slim and the limbs supple. A newspaper is torn up and the pieces are scattered on the grass, and the devotee, clad in a Japanese kimono, crawls along and picks them up one by one. If there were anything in the theory one would expect to find our professional street scavengers an exceptionally slim and supple race. But then, of course, they don't wear kimonos; not, at any rate, in the open.

***

Another paper informs us that many fashionable women are now suspending their beltless skirts by means of braces. Frankly, we grow nervous. This looks remarkably like the first step towards appropriating our trousers.

THE HOMBURG CURE.

As one that has high work to do—
To win a rowing pot or two,
To box till all is black and blue,
Or run a league against the ticker—
Will wean his flesh, by force of mind,
From pleasures of a carnal kind
Likely to spoil his second wind,
As pastry, jam and liquor;—

Or as a man about to sail
Beyond the missionary's pale,
Where insalubrious airs prevail
That turn the health and temper rocky,
Will take some prophylactic pains
To cope with tropic heats and rains
By introducing in his veins
A stream of streptococci;—

Not otherwise, my James, you go
Where Homburg's healing waters flow,
And doctors keep your diet low
With regimens of awful rigour;
Bravely resigned to kiss the scourge
Laid on your grosser self, and purge
Your inward parts, and so emerge
A masterpiece of vigour.

Deadly the strain that you'll endure
Of what is loosely termed a "cure"—
That process which renews the pure
And perfect type of lissome beauty;
Yet what a purpose!—to repair
The tummy's annual wear and tear
And fit yourself once more to dare
The coming season's duty.

A noble sacrifice, I say,
And must, for one, admire the way
We English spend our holiday
Practising deeds of self-denial;
I recognise the patriot's part
And cry from out an envious heart,
"Fair winds attend you as you start
To face this searching trial!"

And, when in Town you take your meed,
I'll mark the *vie de luxe* you lead,
Performing miracles of greed
With scarce a single pause for panting,
And think of how your strength was won
Where Homburg's loathèd waters run,
And say, "Such feats are never done
Except by prayer and banting." O. S.

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

I have made my will and arranged that Aunt Mary shall become guardian of my white mouse "Robert" in the event of my not returning, for I am embarking on a hazardous voyage. There are so many dangers which may prevent my return. I have worked it out and find that my chance is about 1·563 in a thousand of ever seeing home and friends again.

The Company has very kindly sent me a list of the chances to be faced; and I am determined to fare boldly forth to meet them all. The Company does not hold itself responsible for loss of, or injury to, passengers from any of the following causes (I quote from the conditions under which I sail):—

"The Act of God, the King's enemies, pirates, restraint of Princes . . . barratry, collision . . . damage by vermin . . . perils of the seas and rivers . . . defective stowage . . . smell, insufficient ventilation . . . neglect of the Company's officers, deluge and deviation."

These are but a part of the many nicely-varied ways in which I may end my short, but so far pleasant, life.

You, out of the kindness of your heart, will say, "Bold adventurer. This is the stuff of which heroes are made. Is it an air-ship venture, or does he voyage to Pernambuco or Singapore?"

Nay, friend, my ticket is taken to Dublin by one of the lesser known routes. Where I shall arrive is evidently quite another question (see "Deviation"). Very possibly our gallant skipper, glancing at my ticket, will say, "No, no, my lad, not *Dublin*. This voyage my health requires a week-end in Japan." Or the steward will have a brother prospecting in Peru, and we shall simply deviate to see how the world goes with him.

At any rate, you will agree that it is at best a hazardous adventure, though, judging by the first danger on the list, I gather that my captain is a man of religion.

"*Pirates*," of course, in these days one is always prepared for. But "*Princes*"? I always have said that a Prince is a nasty risky sort of thing to meet at any time. "*Barratry*" I pass because I don't know what it means; but how well it would sound on a tombstone!

Glancing on a little, we come to the dread words, "*damage by vermin*." Cockroaches, it seems, may be encountered. Very possibly passengers are carried simply to feed the brutes, and thus leave the captain and crew free to discharge their duties unmolested.

"*Dangers of seas and rivers*"? I wonder if last voyage the captain took her up to Henley and was run down by a canoe.

"*Defective stowage*." It looks as if my sleeping-compartment might be congested. I may find myself with the live-stock (is it towards Ireland or away that pigs mostly travel?), or with the frozen mutton which comes from New Zealand. The latter association might be very tolerable in sultry weather. The idea of a little frozen leg of mutton lying in a corner of my cabin, clad chastely in white muslin, has often appealed to me.

"*Neglect of the Company's officers*." Evidently I must not count on my evening game of chess with the Bosun. It will be a hard life indeed if no one is told off to amuse me.

And "*Deluge*." This is annoying. Surely steamers should tow an Ark on every voyage. Though in these degenerate days we have no navigators to compare with the devoted and adventurous Noah, the sight of a comfortable, roomy Ark bobbing on the waves astern would give timid travellers a feeling of great security.

Altogether, the prospect is very sinister. Yet I am an Englishman. I come of a race of heroic and fearless tars. With this thought to uphold me I take my life in my hand and fare forth to encounter the perils of the Anglo-Irish passage.

A Song of Ninepence.

Sing a song of Ninepence, such a little sum,
Yet it means a whole day's outing from the slum;
Send it, then (and kind hearts should be gladly dunned)
To 23, St. Bride Street, Fresh Air Fund.*

* Since its establishment, twenty-one years ago, the Fresh Air Fund has given a day's holiday to over 3,000,000 poor children, and a fortnight's holiday, where the need was greater, to 21,000.



KLEPTOROUMANIA;

OR, THE PINCH OF CHIVALRY.

Roumania. "SIRS, I WILL NOT STAND IDLY BY AND SEE THIS HELPLESS GENTLEMAN EXTINGUISHED."



STAMPING OUT REVOLT IN UPPER TOOTING.

Mother (to daughter with yearnings for the higher life). "Use what arguments you like, child; no tango-teas shall be given in *this* drawing-room."

THE WITS.

If you want to know how to get a good joke out of every one I can tell you. I ought to add that it is the same joke, but since each probably thinks it original all is well.

I discovered it in this way. The week-end well ran dry and water had to be imported. Neighbours being rather distant, and milk coming in every morning by cart, I approached the farmer who supplies the milk and asked him to let us have water as well; and he said that if he could find a suitable receptacle he would.

The next morning the water arrived right enough, but (in the interests of the gaiety of the nation, as you will see) in a can precisely similar to those which hold milk and are tumbled about on railway platforms.

The can stood just outside the door and we dipped into it as water was needed.

So much for the premises. Now for the joke.

Our first visitor had a good look at the can and then asked if I had become a dairy-farmer.

I explained the situation.

"Well," he said, "it's the first time I've ever known the water get into an independent tin."

The next visitor also pulled up at the can and became inquisitive.

"Oh, it's all right," I said. "It's only water. You see, we have to get it in owing to the well having gone dry."

He looked enormously droll and sly as he replied, "How refreshing to see it for once in a can all to itself!"

The next visitor was a lady, who put the case rather differently, but without loss of point.

"Delightful," she said. "Do you know it's the first time in all my experience as a housekeeper that the two fluids have not been together?"

All our friends were so immensely pleased with their efforts, and laughed so heartily, that I thought it was time I got a little credit for myself, especially as the burden of tipping Aquarius fell on me.

So before the next visitor could score I said, "Do you see that milk-can there? What do you think is in it?"

"Milk," was his instant answer.

"No," I said; "water."

"Ah!" he replied, before I could get on. "Tell me where you buy your separator. It's the one thing we've always wanted."

The final joke was made yesterday. A professional humorist turned up, and he too inquired the meaning of the can.

"Well," he said, on hearing it, "that's the most candid milkman I ever heard of."

Next week-end the can will be again filled, and the *beaux esprits* will again leap like troutlets in a pool.

But what a commentary, not only on the similarity of all our minds, but on the nation's milkmen!

A Bridge of Sighs.

"Salonika, Thursday.—The Greeks continue the pursuit of the flying Bulgarians, the enemy burning the villages and destroying the bridges to delay the Greek advance. Two incendiaries were caught in Flagrante Delicto and punished."—*Inverness Courier.*

Only a vandal would have destroyed the famous bridge at Flagrante Delicto, immortalised by Byron.

A MISCARRIAGE OF HUMOUR.

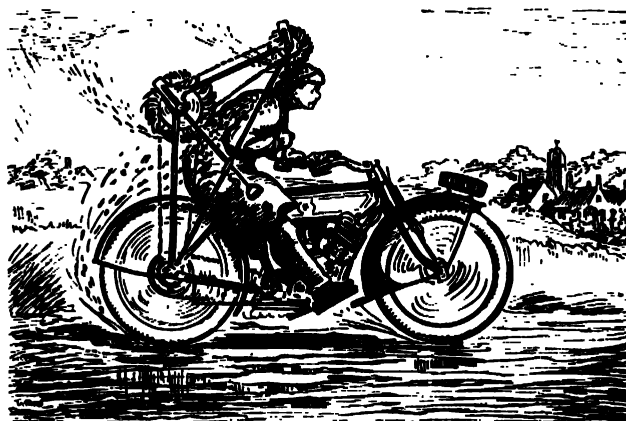
Dear Sir,—As a constant and careful student of your humorous weekly, might I ask your authoritative opinion upon a matter which is presenting great difficulties to myself?

From my infancy up I have been known as a keen humorist, and among my comrades have the reputation of being an incorrigible joker. My Aunt Matilda, whose opinion may be a little prejudiced, continually urges me to go on the Comic stage, and assures me that I should make my fortune there. For myself, I prefer to keep my genius for my own privileged circle, and I only cite Aunt Matilda's opinion to show you what my reputation is in the eyes of those who know me best.

I think I may say without undue conceit that I have always been in the vanguard of the funny ones. I have an excellent book of Conundrums, to which I know all the answers *without referring to the book*. I was among the first to ask such riddles as "Why was Charing Cross? Because the Strand ran into it," and have quite a good collection of such tricks as "The Red Hot Coal," "The Matches one Can't Light," "The Poached Egg on the Floor," and others of that type. (In passing, I should like to ask you where the "Funny Dog Bite," recently advertised in your excellent journal, can be obtained. I have tried many places, but have been unable to procure this humorous device.)

Hitherto I have always found my sallies taken in the merry spirit in which they were offered. I now, however, discover that *there are exceptions*. Perhaps it is that the joke itself is too subtle, and can only be told with success to educated people. I myself found it amusing and entertaining, and laughed heartily when it was told me by a friend. Though it is difficult to tell a joke without the necessary accompaniment of gesture and facial expression I venture to tell it to you, believing that, as a trained humorist, you will probably appreciate its finesse.

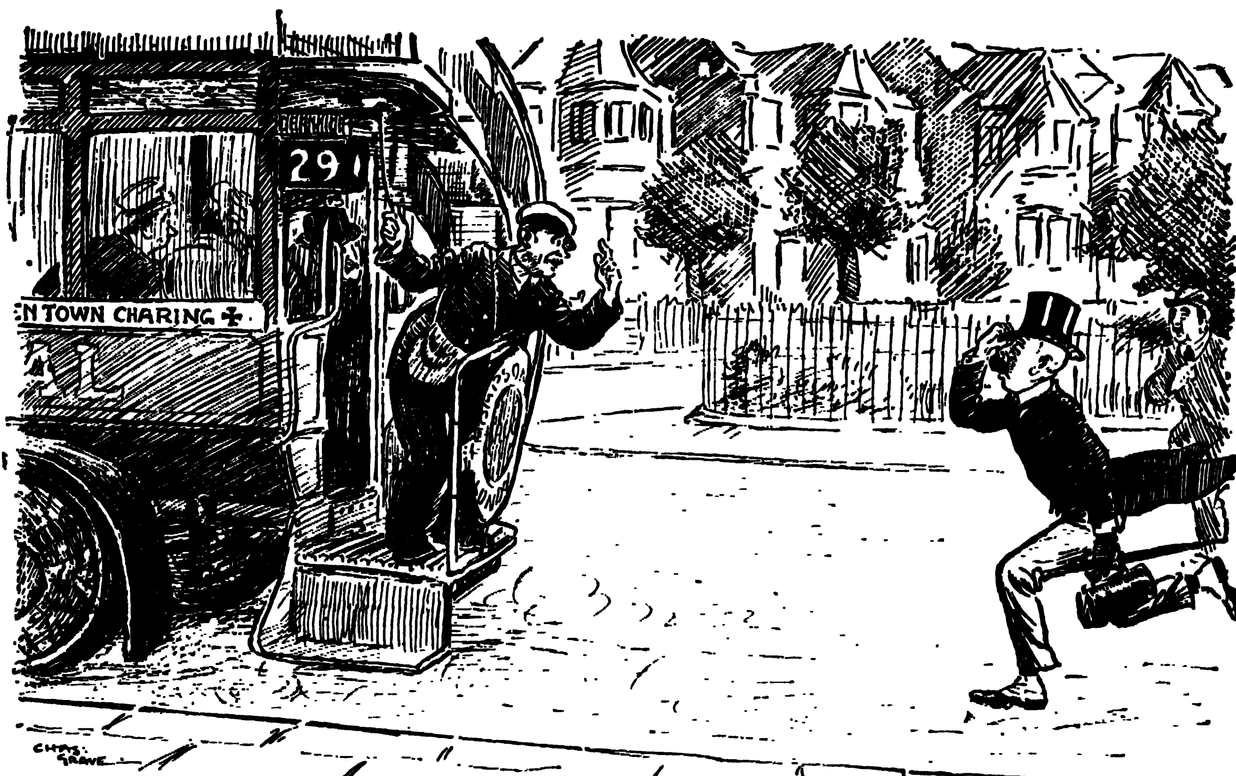
It is necessary to commence by showing to your listener an ordinary half-sovereign, and asking him if he sees anything wrong with it, in such manner as to insinuate that there is. After examination, he will (or should) return it to you, stating that he can see nothing wrong with it. At this point comes the joke: you tell him in all seriousness that you know where it was made, and further that they can be bought for four-and-sixpence and five-and-sixpence each. This statement will naturally mystify him, and cause him to believe that you are in league with coiners. When you have sufficiently mystified him you can explain that the word "and" has the same meaning as "plus," or the mathematical sign +, and that the half-sovereign was made at the Mint, and can be bought for four-and-sixpence *and* (or plus) five-and-sixpence, *i.e.*, ten shillings, the actual value of a half-sovereign. It is quite a good and, when explained, simple joke. When I heard it I laughed heartily; begged my friend to repeat it to me, and, after I had rehearsed it several times, told it to other friends. Perhaps it may be due to the differences in temperament in different people, but I find that it is not always so successful or so easily understood as might be expected. My first mishap with it was when telling it at lunch time to McPherson, who is a friend of a clerk in our office. I told it to him three times, in order that he might see the point. When I eventually convinced him that it was merely a joke I was dismayed to find that, instead of being delighted and amused, he regarded it with disfavour. Indeed he went so far as to rebuke me, saying that he was a Scotch Presbyterian, and did not hold with jesting upon serious subjects. Upon consideration, I am bound to admit that there is something in what he says, and am sorry that I unwittingly shocked his religious prejudices.



Adjustable brush attachment for motor cyclists. Cleans you just as quick as you get muddied.

After McPherson had left, another gentleman sitting at the same table said he had heard the beginning of my story, but not the end, and begged me to repeat it. Having first ascertained that he was not Scotch, I proceeded to retell the story, and was delighted to find that he did not know that it was a *joke* he was listening to—I always believe that it is better in a really humorous story or joke to conceal the point of it till the end. When I got to the point of the half-sovereign being obtainable for four-and-sixpence and five-and-sixpence he was frankly amazed, for, as he said, the coin was of such excellent appearance. He begged leave to examine it, and took it to the light to do so. Perhaps I should have explained the joke at that stage. As it was, I was so delighted at the success of my sally that when he passed me four shillings and sixpence I did not realise the import of his action. By the time I did he had gone, and, as I do not know him, I am afraid that I shall lose five shillings and sixpence.

Had I been wise I should have refrained from repeating the joke again that day. But my failures had galled me, and so I tried it on a third person. He was a tall stoutish man who looked good-humoured, though obviously not highly-educated. He listened to the story with gratifying interest, and asked me a great many questions, to all of which I replied with humorous candour. Just as I was about to explain it, the man rose suddenly, gripped me by the shoulders, and asked me to come with him quietly. I explained that I did not wish to come with him, but he was very insistent and also very strong. You may picture my surprise and fear. Here was I being hustled along at the mercy of a man whom I suspected of being another Scotchman. I tried to explain the joke to him and appeal to his sense of humour. He, however, repelled my attempted friendliness, and advised me to "shut my mouth and come along." Unaccustomed to such treatment, I was at a loss to understand it till I found myself in Vine Street Police Station. It appears that I had to do with a policeman in plain clothes who had mistaken me for a criminal. At first I thought that explanation would be easy, but I fear the police are somewhat deficient in humour. Each time I attempt to explain that it is a joke I am met with the same rebuff that they "have heard that sort of joke before," and am recommended to tell it to the Magistrate. Therein, it seems, lies my only hope; but it will depend upon the Magistrate. If I were to go before Mr. Plowden I should feel safe, for I feel certain that he would understand or, at any rate, believe it was a joke. Otherwise I do not know what may



THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

A keen 'bus-conductor makes a point of not stopping his 'bus (whilst appearing to do so), in the hope that he may discover a good half-miler.

happen; all magistrates are not as humorous as Mr. Plowden.

It is upon this point that I am venturing to solicit your proverbial kindness. Would you be so good as to appear as a witness for me, and in your capacity of Professional Humorist state that you recognise the story as a joke. I am told that it might influence the case a great deal. Perhaps it isn't really a good joke, or perhaps it requires more rehearsal, but I will not ask your opinion on that at the present crisis. All I ask at the moment is that you should bear witness as to the blamelessness of my intentions.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours very respectfully, J. J. J.

P.S.—In case I have not made my joke quite clear: Half-sovereigns are made at a place I know of—The Mint. They are sold for 4/6 and 5/6 each—*i.e.*, 4/6 + 5/6 = 10/- each.

The joke you will see is really quite harmless, and free from all taint of immorality or illegality. I mention this lest you should fear that you are being dragged into a shady case.

Rabies at Wimbledon.

"Roper Barrett was superb. He crouched down at the net and snapped at every ball that came near him."—*Glasgow Herald.*

GOOZLEY and CO.'S NEW SONGS

May be sung in Public without Fee or Licence. Anyone singing them elsewhere will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour.

Offley Dodder's New Song

Where Earthquakes Bid Me Smile (words by Margory Butterfield) will be sung by Mr. Hamish Tipple at Shide, I. of W., and by Miss Rosanna Plimmer at Moreton-in-the-Marsh To-day.—Goozley and Co.

Adelaide Egham's New Song

The Stoker's Serenade (words by Toschemann) will be sung by Mr. Nigel Coke at Runcorn and by Mr. Odo Stopper at Cinderford To-day.—Goozley and Co.

Eric Howlett's New Song

When Midges Bite (words by Nellie Pupe) will be sung by Mr. Coody Glott at Brixton-super-Mare, by Mr. Oliver Bath at Brightlingsea and by Mr. Nicodemus Pottle at Walberswick This Day.—Goozley and Co.

Tarley Bindell's New Great Song

My Ladye hath a Toothsome Smile (words by Sarah Slumper) will be sung by Madame Vesta Tandstickor at Barningham Parva This Day.—Goozley and Co.

Bertram Blitherley's New Song

Let Me Bleat Again (words by Tiffany Bunter) will be sung by Mr. Erasmus Doby at Chowbent, by Mr. Alcuin Tibbitts at Bacup and by Mr. Hosea Hogg at Baconsthorpe To-morrow.—Goozley and Co.

Bernard Huxley's New Golfing Song

Bury Me in a Bunker, Boys! (dedicated to the Grand Duke Michael) will be sung by Mr. John Duff at Machrihanish, and by Mr. Hector McSclaffie at Lossiemouth To-day—Goozley and Co.

Bury me in a Bunker, boys,
When I 've foozled my last tee shot;
I 've never been a funker, boys,
Though my game was far from hot;
So let no banjo-plunker, boys,
Commiserate my lot.

I 've often had to pick up, boys,
My ball when I 've played fifteen;
And my caddie once gave a hiccup, boys,
As I putted my tenth on the green;
And I once had an awful kick-up, boys,
When I drove through a bathing-machine.

So bury me, not in the sea, boys,
But deep in the yellow sand,
Some sixty yards from the tee, boys—
That 's the carry I could command;
And bury my niblick with me, boys,
The noblest club in the land.

AMONG THE ANIMALS.

Jeremy was looking at a card which his wife had just passed across the table to him.

"'Lady Bendish. At Home,'" he read. "'Pets.' Is this for us?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Jeremy.

"Then I think 'Pets' is rather familiar. 'Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith' would have been more correct."

"Don't be silly, Jeremy. It means it's a Pet party. You have to bring some sort of pet with you, and there are prizes for the prettiest, and the most intelligent, and the most companionable, and so on." She looked at the fox-terrier curled up in front of the fireplace. "We could take Rags, of course."

"Or Baby," said Jeremy. "We'll enter her in the Fat Class."

But when the day arrived Jeremy had another idea. He came in from the garden with an important look on his face, and joined his wife in the hall.

"Come on," he said. "Let's start."

"But where's Rags?"

"Rags isn't coming. I'm taking Hereward instead." He opened his cigarette case and disclosed a small green animal. "Hereward," he said.

"Why, Jeremy," cried his wife, "it's – why, it's blight from the rose-tree!"

"It isn't just blight, dear; it's one particular blight. A blight. Hereward, the Last of the Blights." He wandered round the hall. "Where's the lead?" he asked.

"Jeremy, don't be absurd."

"My dear, I must have something to lead him up for his prize on. During the parade he can sit on my shoulder informally; but when we come to the prize-giving, 'Mr. J. P. Smith's blight, Hereward,' must be led on properly." He pulled open a drawer. "Oh, here we are. I'd better take the chain; he might bite through the leather one."

They arrived a little late, to find a lawn full of people and animals; and one glance was sufficient to tell Jeremy that in some of the classes at least his pet would have many dangerous rivals.

"If there's a prize for the biggest," he said to his wife, "my blight has practically lost it already. Adams has brought a cart-horse. Hullo, Adams," he went on, "how are you? Don't come too close or Hereward may do your animal a mischief."

"Who's Hereward?"

Jeremy opened his cigarette-case.

"Hereward," he said. "Not the Woodbine; that's quite wild. The blight. He's much more domesticated, but there are moments when he gets out of hand and becomes unmanageable. He gave me the slip coming here, and I had to chase him through the churchyard; that's why we're late."

"Does he take meals with the family?" asked Adams with a grin.

"No, no; he has them alone in the garden. You ought to see him having his bath. George, our gardener, looks after him. George gives him a special bath of soapy water every day. Hereward simply loves it. George squirts on him, and Hereward lies on his back and kicks his legs in the air. It's really quite pretty to watch them."

He nodded to Adams, and wandered through the crowd with Mrs. Jeremy. The collection of animals was remarkable; they varied in size from Adams's cart-horse to Jeremy's blight; in playfulness from the Vicar's kitten to Miss Trehearne's chrysalis; and in ability for performing tricks from the Major's poodle to Dr. Bunton's egg of the Cabbage White.

"There ought to be a race for them all," said Mrs. Jeremy. "A handicap, of course."

"Hereward is very fast over a short distance," said Jeremy, "but he wants encouragement. If he were given ninety-nine yards, two feet and eleven inches in a hundred, and you were to stand in front of him with a William Allan Richardson, I think we might pull it off. But of course he's a bad starter. Hullo, there's Miss Bendish."

Miss Bendish, hurrying along, gave them a word as she went past.

"They're going to have the inspection directly," she said, "and give the prizes. Is your animal quite ready?"

"I should like to brush him up a bit," said Jeremy. "Is there a tent or anywhere where I could prepare him? His eyebrows get so matted if he's left to himself for long." He took out a cigarette and lit it.

"There's a tent, but you'll have to hurry up."

"Oh, well, it doesn't really matter," said Jeremy, as he walked along with her. "Hereward's natural beauty and agility will take him through."

On the south lawn the pets and their owners were assembling. Jeremy took the leash out of his pocket and opened his cigarette case.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "Hereward has escaped! Quick! Shut the gates!" He saw Adams near and hurried up to him. "My blight has escaped," he said breathlessly, holding up the now useless leash. "He gnawed through the chain and got away. I'm afraid he may be running amok among the guests. Supposing he were to leap upon Sir Thomas from behind and savage him—it's too terrible." He moved anxiously on. "Have you seen my blight?" he asked Miss Trehearne. "He has escaped, and we are rather anxious. If he were to get the Vicar down and begin to worry him——" He murmured something about "once getting the taste for blood" and hurried off. The guests were assembled, and the judges walked down the line and inspected their different animals. They were almost at the end of it when Jeremy sprinted up and took his place by the last beast.

"It's all right," he panted to his wife, "I've got him. Silly of me to mislay him, but he's so confoundedly shy." He held out his finger as the judges approached, and introduced them to the small green pet perching on the knuckle. "A blight," he said. "Hereward, the Chief Blight. Been in the family for years. A dear old friend."

Jeremy went home a proud man. "Mr. J. P. Smith's blight, Hereward," had taken first prize in the All-round class.

* * * * *

"Yes," he admitted to his wife at dinner, "there is something on my mind." He looked at the handsome cigarette box on the table in front of him and sighed.

"What is it, dear? You enjoyed yourself this afternoon, you know you did, and Hereward won you that beautiful cigarette box. You ought to be proud."

"That's the trouble. Hereward didn't win it."

"But they said—they read it out, and——"

"Yes, but they didn't know. It was really Elspeth who won it."

"Elspeth?"

"Yes, dear." Jeremy sighed again. "When Hereward escaped and I went back for him, I didn't find him as I—er—pretended. So I went to the rose garden and—and borrowed Elspeth. Fortunately no one noticed it was a lady blight . . . they all took it for Hereward . . . But it was really Elspeth —and belonged to Lady Bendish."

He helped himself to a cigarette from the box.

"It's an interesting point," he said. "I shall go and confess to-morrow to Sir Thomas, and see what he thinks about it. If he wants the box back, well and good."

He refilled his glass.

"After all," he said, "the real blow is losing Hereward. Elspeth—Elspeth is very dear to me, but she can never be quite the same." A. A. M.

"The stories that appeared half a century ago in the *Cornhill* have no prototype to-day." *Everyman "Literary Notes."*

Why literary?

NOBLESSE OBLIGE?

Honesty is all very well as a policy but it is sometimes very bad manners. If I had only known how unspeakably straightforward and outspoken George Nesbitt was in the matter of victuals and drink I might never have taken him and his wife on after the theatre to supper at the only supping place in London, and I certainly shouldn't have handed him the wine list and her the menu. I should have myself ordered the *table d'hôte* supper and a bottle of the best and given them no chance. As it was, I left the choice to them, with the implication that expense was no object; and they took me at my word always a dangerous thing to do.

Imagine my discomfiture, surrounded as I was by the pink of Society, to see George beginning at the wrong end of the wine list!

"Your appointed task is to select a wine," said I, "and not to collect curious information concerning mineral waters and cigarettes."

"Why wine," asked George, "and why not beer?"

"H'sh," I interrupted him apprehensively. "They might hear you."

"And what if they do?" said George. "Nay more, what if they see me?"

I asked, with horror, if he was aware what he was saying. He spoke, he assured me, and was about to act, with the utmost deliberation. He had no intention of belying his feelings or denying his taste in order to impress people who were really belying their feelings and denying their tastes in order to impress him. "I don't believe," said he, "either in their air of wickedness in general or their lust for champagne in particular. That fat jovial old gentleman over there, what is he but a keen man of business who has got rich by the most glaring industry, and would have got richer still if he had not been unable to be unscrupulous. Do you think he deceives me by smiling subtly as he drinks his champagne? Does he do it because it is his idea of pleasure? or in order to create an atmosphere and conceal his sterling qualities under a show of ultra-smartness? And his daughter there, what has she to do with the magnum? Do you think she really prefers these goings-on to a glass of hot milk and an early bed? Even the lubricated youth by her side, are his motives honest? I shouldn't be surprised to learn that, when there are no appearances to keep up and he is absolutely sure that there is no one looking, he quenches his thirst with shandy-gaff. As for us, are we not here to enjoy ourselves?"

"What has that to do with it?" I said. "If you drink shandy-gaff here, I shall go."

George resumed the wine list. "Expense is at least no object with you?"

"Nor," said I proudly, "with anyone else in the room."

"With the others," he waved a dogmatic hand to include the whole room, "expense is the sole object, but you I take to admit that there are other things to drink besides mere bubble, and that the best of all liquids comes out of a barrel. Waiter, we will drink Pilsener, and so would everybody else if only it was extremely expensive."

To maintain my dignity before the waiter, "There is no such champagne," said I.

George was not to be stopped. "I want BEER. If it wasn't so late at night I should want stout. Bring me beer in a jug, and if anyone at a neighbouring table demands an explanation you will have to blurt out the truth that it is for a gentleman—one, that is, who will only drink what he likes drinking.

Kidneys on toast and beer! I turned from him in disgust to Mrs. George, who was engrossed in the menu, hiding, I thought, her shame at her husband's brutal conduct. But women, though they set about things more delicately, are just as bad as their men when you get at the truth of them. She blushed to say she was not hungry, though it was getting on for three hours since



Ticket-collector (after heated argument). "Well, you'll have to pay for him; he isn't under three."

Mother. "No, but if he hadn't got a new suit on he'd be under the seat."



Sentry. "'Alt! 'Oo goes there?" *Belated Reveller.* "Blondin!"

she had dined. She was actually afraid, more shame to her, that she could touch none of the substantial things. She would wait till we got to a later stage and then, if she might . . . might she? . . . Well, we *had* been rather a long time discussing the drink question and it had given her space to study the menu thoroughly; and right at the very end, in small print, she had discovered . . . did I mind? . . . semolina pudding, and semolina pudding and cream she couldn't resist. But nothing to drink, please. No, absolutely nothing.

What was left for me but to settle down to beer along with George? And the most depressing thing about the whole affair was the inner feeling that for once I was honestly enjoying a midnight meal at . . . But it would never do to give the name.

"Unseasoned bats are generally found to work unsatisfactorily, and at times split up into two creating a sort of disliking towards its manufacturer."

Advt. in "Poona Mail."

This is not putting it too strongly.

"In English cricket yesterday Kent beat Maycup, Queen Ena and Iron Duke."

Glasgow Herald.

Kent's chance for the championship seems particularly rosy.

LINES TO A PORPOISE.

Seen lately at the Brighton Aquarium.

O porpoise, gamesome beast and wild,
You that were Liberty's true child
(Or so it seemed),
'Tis with mixed feelings that I gaze
On one well known in other days,
And much esteemed.

For, truly, of all ocean sights
You are the one that most delights
The sad, bored eye
Of him whose watch, horizon-bound,
Sees but the great deep stretching round,
And no land nigh.

'Tis sweet to mark you sport and frisk,
Taking the maddest kind of risk
From the sharp prow,
Yet, somehow, never cut in two;
How you escaped I never knew,
And don't know now.

And then to see you sprint, and skip
Light-hearted past the quivering ship
In idle cheer,
Or to engulf some hapless meal,
I know not, but the swiftest keel
Was nowhere near.

Yes, porpoise, you're an agile thing;
The young bird in his pride of wing,
The cub, the pup,
The kitten, too, delight to sport;
But, as a rule, they cut it short
As they grow up.

But you—nor years nor weight can dim
The fire of that hilarious vim
With which you shave
The steely prow, and leap, and dive,
And generally look alive,
But never grave.

One would have bet, a thing so free
Would find his life one sparkling spree,
A constant game;
Even the dour and ravening shark
Would merely lend an added lark,
To dodge the same.

But none, alas, may dodge the nets
Of Fortune when she really gets
Up to her tricks;
A moment's error, seen too late,
And these grim words announce your fate—
"Tank No. 6."

Dum-Dum.

"Tom M'Inerney was a prominent figure, but it was rather his style and earnestness than the number of his runs that signalled him out."—*Porcupine.*

This always used to be the umpire's business.



THE COLLECTOR.

Uncle Sam. "SAY, JOHN, WHAT'S THIS GAME, ANYWAY? CRICKET? WELL, SEE HERE; MAIL ME A COPY OF THE RULES, WITH DATE OF NEXT INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP. I'M JUST CRAZY ON CUPS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)



Mr. Bonar Law.



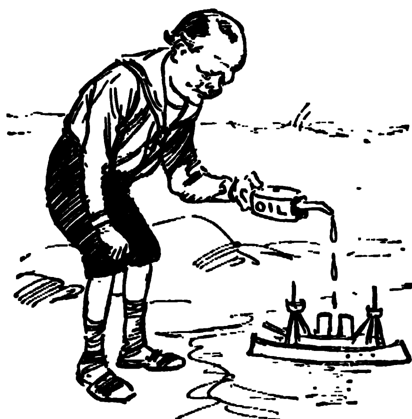
Sir Frederick Banbury.



Mr. McKenna.



Mr. John Redmond.



Mr. Winston Churchill.



Mr. Asquith.

THE DAY OFF, AUGUST 4th.

House of Commons, Monday, July 28.—Winsome Winston's statement with respect to purchase of oil for Naval purposes spoiled promising little game in which, as mentioned at the time, Archer-Shee led off. The Marconi affair played out, it was desirable, if not absolutely necessary, to break out in fresh place. Oil contracts made (or not made) by the Admiralty seemed propitious. Archer-Shee read somewhere that the Admiralty had made a contract with the Mexican Oil Company for a trifle of a million tons of oil. Now Lord Murray of Elibank was closely connected with this commercial undertaking. He was the man who as Chief Whip invested certain funds in American Marconis.

You see? What more natural than to suspect that he had used his influence with old Ministerial colleague to load the Admiralty with this stuff to be paid for by the taxpayer?

Archer-Shee having set this million-ton ball a-rolling, a series of questions about Admiralty dealings in oil began to appear on Paper. Winston, following example that shall be nameless, lay low and said nuffin'. Bided his time till House got into Committee on Naval Estimates. Then he let fly. The fable about purchase of a million tons of oil resolved itself into microscopic fact that order for a hundred tons had been placed with Mexican Company with business-like view to test its quality and value for Naval purposes. That point cleared up, Winston emphatically insisted that if there were other aspersions or insinuations now was the time to set them forth.

Thus boldly confronted, Archer-Shee and his friends dropped subject like hot potato. To-day Doctor Fell picks it up. Wants to know if Admiralty contracts for supply of oil will be made only with companies established or registered in the United Kingdom? Winston declines to pledge Admiralty to such temptation. Doctor Fell not to be set aside in that fashion.

"In the event of war would not grave difficulties arise," he asked, "if we had contracts running with firms or companies in foreign countries?"

"Strange as it may seem," replied the First Lord with grave courtesy that perplexed the good Doctor, "that aspect of the case is borne in mind by the Admiralty."

House laughed. Doctor Fell began to wish he had left other people's hot potato where it was dropped.

Business done. - Report stage of Mental Deficiency Bill wrangled round.

House of Lords, Tuesday. - Engaged in Committee on Scottish Temperance Bill. So recently as a fortnight ago measure regarded as foredoomed to fate of Home Rule Bill and Welsh Church Bill. The Lords would have none of it as it came on from the Commons. Last Session peremptorily threw it out. Repetition of experience seemed inevitable. Sitting to-day presented transformation scene. The spirit (non-alcoholic) of the measure permeated

proceedings. Temperance was the order of the day.

Committee witnessed an affecting scene between Beauchamp representing Government and Salisbury leading Opposition. There was about it something reminiscent of a once popular, still vaguely famous, melodrama resulting in discovery of long-lost brother. As conversation proceeded one almost expected to see Beauchamp bare his right arm, disclosing the mulberry mark which identified the strayed, loyally-mourned kinsman. Stopping short of that, Minister in charge of Bill publicly thanked noble lords opposite, especially the marquis, for their friendly attitude.

Salisbury, brushing away a furtive tear, acknowledged generosity of remarks thus made, but modestly deprecated excessive share of commendation bestowed upon his unworthy self. The Primate interposing at this juncture, the peers thought he was about to pronounce a benediction. Instinctively felt for their hats in which to bury their faces. He however merely wanted to say "how entirely he shared the satisfaction that arrangement had been arrived at, even if it were not completely satisfactory to the advanced wings of those who represented two sections of opinion."

Here were Some Emotions. The Moral not lacking. For the little more than an hour in which business was in hand the Lords presented object-lesson of the method and manner in which social legislation might be effected if Party politics were discarded and personal prejudice held in restraint.

Business done.—Scottish Temperance Bill passed through Committee without division. Reported with amendments involving concessions from both sides.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—Yesterday morning adjourned at a quarter to four o'clock. Sat up all night with Mental Deficiency Bill. Another late sitting last night. Progress blocked by little band of malcontents on Ministerial side. Dulness of debate illumined by solitary flash. New clause moved abolishing death sentences in cases of mental deficiency in criminals.

"I would sooner," said Wedgwood in reflective mood, "suffer the death sentence than perpetual imprisonment under this Bill."

Scanty audience pricked up its ears. Obvious that whichever alternative were selected its adoption would necessarily lead to a vacancy in the representation of Newcastle-under-Lyme and the withdrawal at Question time, and through subsequent stages of a sitting, of a persistent personality.

No one rose from either side to suggest preference as to method of procedure. Tacitly agreed to leave the matter entirely in Mr. Wedgwood's hands.

Business done. — Colonel Seely heckled about his aeroplanes. On vote for War Office salaries and expenses Ministerial majority drops to 33.

Friday.—During debate on Welsh Church Bill last Session, Lord Bob and Cousin Hugh, fighting for preservation of the Establishment, its fabrics and endowments, were habitually hampered by inconvenient citation from historical works showing that in the spacious times of Elizabeth and earlier the Cecil family ran Lloyd George pretty close in matter of hen-roosting in connection with Church property. In present House this inconvenience of remote ancestry is not widely felt.



Mr. Fell picks up the hot potato.

Interesting conversation in smoking-room to-day on subject of Members' claims to pre-eminence in respect of family antiquity.

Sark insists that the Member who boasts the longest descent sits for East Edinburgh. Careful study of the question has convinced him that Mr. Hogge is the lineal descendant of Og, King of Bashan, who went out against the ancient Israelites journeying forth from the Wilderness.

Earlier in conversation Atherley-Jones drew attention to probability that Atherley is a modern variation on Athelstane, King of the West Saxons and Mercia in the tenth century, later crowned sovereign of all the English. That he regarded as indisputable. But when it came to reading Hogge for Og, it was, if he might say so, going absurdly beyond the extreme length of the animal. Besides, as contemporary chronicles record, the Israelites smote Og, King of Bashan, his sons and all his people, till there was none left alive.

"That being so, how do you account for Hogge?" asked Atherley with that inflexible logic that marks alike his Parliamentary and his forensic addresses.

"I can't always account for him," said Sark, "especially when he goes for the harmless Secretary of Scotland. All the same I am convinced of his royal descent."

TO MR. SIKES.

[At the recent congress of the British Medical Association the theory was put forward that crime is a good thing, being to the country what pain is to the individual and teaching valuable lessons.]

O Sikes, I am sorry. Had I only thought,
Or ever I gave you in charge,
Of the good that arose from the deeds that you wrought,
You'd still be serenely at large.
'Twas finding you prowling about in my room
(I hurt you, I fear, when we clinched
And your head hit the washstand) that made me assume
You richly deserved to be pinched.

I opened the window and shouted right well,
While prone on the carpet you lay;
A constable came (at my thirty-first yell)
And stolidly led you away;
The judge heard my story, accounted it true,
And cut off the freedom you prized;
He apparently failed to remember that you
Were really a blessing disguised.

Why didn't your counsel put forward the plea—
Alas! he was painfully young—
That crime is a thing it is pleasant to see,
Whose praises deserve to be sung?
Had I but reflected the night that we met
On what is now patent and clear,
My welcoming palm in your own I'd have set
And pressed you to supper (with beer).

"After being coached in swinging he went out on a private ground one day with several caddies and several boxes of balls, and drove off five hundred consecutive balls before he left his teeing ground. This was three years ago: to-day he is a sound scorer about 90."
Observer.

All the same, 87 is too late an age at which to take up the game.

"At the height of her fame Theresa achieved perhaps more than any music-hall singer has, even in these days of te htiumrp m m m m mm."—*Melbourne Herald.*

These ragtime days, in short.



FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

"Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hawkins are now back in town and intend to furnish their new home in the Hackney Road with *objets d'art* acquired during their honeymoon."

A LIGHT OFFENCE.

We had just crossed a local Alp, when Pilcott dismounted suddenly in the lonely, pine-bordered road; and I experienced a twinge of that unreasonable sense of injury with which the punctured sometimes inspire the resilient.

But it wasn't that at all.

"I've had a feeling all day that there was something I'd forgotten," he said blankly. "I forgot to fill the lamps!" and he explained how he had emptied them overnight, to clean them, and had intended to refill them in the morning; but — well, I suppose a Perpetual Curate—that is Pilcott's *métier*—has lots of things to think about.

His contrition was very proper. It was, he owned, entirely his affair. He had mounted me in the dewy morning—since I was his guest and must be kept amused—on the bicycle that commonly goes district-visiting with his sister, and, on his new and spirited all-black, had given me a lead all day across a stiff country.

"Now, what had we better do?" he went on, in tones of suppressed agitation. "Unless my watch is fast, it's two minutes past Lighting-up Time."

I pointed out that nature herself had provided for the contingency by introducing a large and practicable moon into the sky that arched our homeward path.

"But it's past Lighting-up Time," he repeated, with such an air of simple goodness as should have left me abashed. But it didn't.

"Now, shall I ride back," he continued with a brave cheerfulness, "and get some oil?"

I thought of the Alp.

"Leave me, and turn Ultramontane?" I said reproachfully.

"Or, as we shan't pass a house for another six miles, shall we just walk?"

"Ride," I corrected him.

And then, standing in the pale moonlight, he told me the story of Ernest Gabbage. It was a true but unexciting story. Ernest, a young man generally of good principles, sang bass in the village choir. But this did not avail him in the hour of temptation. And when he was ordered to pay half-a-crown and costs for riding without a light, Pilcott had had to lend him the money till Saturday, and throw in a homily with the loan.

"So, you see, I can't risk being caught doing the same thing," he said. "I've got to think of the example."

So we set our faces sadly to the night.

We had not covered many leagues, however, before I remembered that I at least had not got to set an example to Pilcott's parish. Indeed, it would be rather presumptuous on my part . . .

I only rode at a gentle footpace. But even the district-visiting bicycle's footpace tried Pilcott. So I got off again; and, at Four Ways Mark, Pilcott bared his head to the night wind and stood a moment in thought.

"I suppose," he said, with a new diffidence, with a note of apology that I found touching—"I suppose cold cutlets are all right—if—if there's a salad."

"Quite all right," I conceded. "But I shouldn't like—I mean, if you think our delay will hurt the cook's feelings in any way——"

I watched him anxiously. There was, I think, an inward struggle. But the priest conquered the man. We went on again, footsore and dismounted.

"I had an aunt once," I said presently, as we emerged on a heathy plain, "a good woman, who believed that if you *felt* that what you did was right, and harmed nobody, why, then there was no harm in what you did." I stole a furtive glance at Pilcott's

face. Methought it looked pale and stern in the white moonshine.

"But perhaps that is rank heresy," I added hurriedly, urging in extenuation that she was a Dissenter.

On, on, and the road plunged into an oak wood. How it happened I never knew. Suddenly Pilcott was riding—I was riding, with an uplifting of spirit, with a lightness of heart that I had not known since half-past eight. I breathed an ampler air. I had become a wild thing of the Forest but with a human appetite for cutlets.

And then there was a scrunching crash as four feet came to the ground together.

We wheeled our bicycles forward.

"Good night, Williams," said Pilcott cheerily to the shadow that had resolved itself into a policeman. "A fine, warm night."

"Yes, Sir;"—and still our fate hung in the balance. Oh, the slowness of rustic speech!—"good night, Sir," said Williams, the clement, the great-hearted.

There was an interval of chastened silence.

"We got out of it better than Ernest Gabbage did," was my tactless comment.

The Penitent said nothing.

"But of course," I added with sudden inspiration, "you can put half-a-crown and costs in the plate on Sunday."

Pilcott heaved a sigh of relief. "I certainly mean to," he said fervently. (But it was my idea.)

"And I," I said, lifting myself deliberately into the saddle. "So that's settled, and now we can have our money's worth with a clear conscience."

I don't know whether you can find any fault with my argument; but, if Pilcott did, he showed no outward sign of sin, but ate his cutlets like a man absolved.

Rubbing It In.

"The whole source of the trouble is now found to be in the existence of this secret society, the members of whom believe in a medicine which they call boriformor, the principal ingredient of which is human fat, for which is human fat, for which is human fat, for which a human victim is required."
Bournemouth Daily Echo.

The writer is determined to make our flesh creep.

From a letter in *The Times*:—

"Those who are acquainted with the Ulster Scot know that there is little of the jelly-fish about him. He may be told that his 'Covenant' was rash, that it was unpatriotic—yea, even that it is revolutionary—but he need not be asked to tread it under foot."

But that is the last thing we should ask of a jelly-fish.

INSURANCE IN THE LOWER SCHOOL.

Of course the whole thing has been squashed now. That's the worst of this place. It's simply no use having ideas, and if you do get hold of a good thing you may just as well chuck it unless you can keep it dark. And all the money had to be paid back—what was left of it. That was a pretty complicated affair to arrange to everyone's satisfaction, for, as the Ape said himself, unexpired policies are tricky things to value. It was the Ape who thought of it, and as he has always been a special pal of mine I was a good deal mixed up in it from the start. I should explain that he is an extraordinarily brainy chap, the Ape. He simply sent out a secret circular to say that he had started an insurance company, and most of the chaps tumbled to it tremendously. He collected nearly five bob the first evening. There was nothing that he wouldn't insure you against (young Forman, who was down with the flu, took out a life policy), but his principal lines were Insurance

(1) Against being licked.
(2) Against your rabbits dying.
(3) Against making a blob in a match between forms.
(4) Against your watch stopping before the end of the term. (In this case you had to prove that it had been wound up the night before in the presence of two witnesses, which was rather a nuisance.)

All that was pretty useful, as these are the four things that chiefly worry a chap at school. And later on he had a ripping scheme on a sort of sliding scale for insuring batting averages.

The Ape knew jolly well what he was doing. As I have said, he is a most extraordinarily brainy chap. He was an excellent judge of risks, and you never knew what sort of a premium you would have to pay. Billy Turton had to pay eightpence a week to insure against being licked (which was paid for at the rate of 1s. a licking, with a bonus of 3*d.* if he got more than four); but he took Little Mary—that's Field Junior—for a halfpenny a term. And as for rabbits he absolutely refused to take Billy's at any price at all. Which showed his wisdom, because there was some sort of infectious disease among them that cleared out the lot before half-term. The Ape did quite well out of rabbits. He paid young Carey to go round and feed them all in case their owners forgot; and after Billy's epidemic he went about with a syringe and freely drenched the place with carbolic.

I myself was simply insured up to the hilt. It cost me a good lot, but I had plenty of money at the beginning of term, and after it was all fixed up I felt rippingly snug and secure. I knew that simply nothing could possibly go wrong with me for the whole term, which is a topping sort of feeling to have. It didn't matter a bit if I left my new bat out all night or had to sing a solo in chapel or was bottom of the form and got snarky letters from home or broke rules or anything.

The trouble is that you never really know how things will turn out until you try. As the term went on some of the chaps who were insured against being licked began to find that they wern't getting their money's worth. And then there was a most extraordinary outbreak of crime. The authorities couldn't make it out at all. Chaps went down town without leave in batches of half-a-dozen at a time; supper parties were held in the dormitories; people were always climbing on roofs, breaking windows, cattying the house-master's fowls, missing roll-calls. We really had a high old time for a week or two, till Beardmore Minor gave the whole show away. He had just been licked for bringing a soda-water syphon into form and spraying Watkins Major over his shoulder, and after he had had his six he was heard to remark in a thoughtful kind of way, "Well, that's ninepence, anyhow." And later on he confessed, under pressure, that he simply had to be licked as he had run out of jam for tea and couldn't afford a new pot.

That was how it came out.

A White Man.

"The Prime Minister is now as white as he will ever be."—"*Glasgow Herald's*" *London Correspondence.*

This is bad news. We had always pictured the Premier's soul as growing whiter and whiter every season.

Master and Pupil.

"Percy James Milner (24), polisher, and John Callighan (24), polished, both of Birmingham, were found guilty at the Manchester City Sessions."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

"It is encouraging to find that some of our visitors think more of the city than the residents, with many of whom no doubt familiarity breeds an unjustifiable contempt."
Grocott's Penny Mail.

A little rough on the residents.

From a notice in the Hotel Hassler, Naples:—

"Ring once for the chambermaid, twice for the porter, three times for the boot."

At the third ring, you see, the proprietor is seriously annoyed.



Lady. "Are you sure you haven't come to the wrong house? I ordered a one-horse 'bus."
Driver. "There ain't no mistake, Lady; this *is* a one-'orse 'bus. Bless you, Mam, you've only seen it standin' still."

MY BEAUTY SPOT.

I ought not to give the secret away, but I have some vestiges of conscience, and I feel I cannot leave the public in entire ignorance.

Of course you are pestered by men who will tell you how superbly the sun rises over the penny-in-the-slot machines at Billingsgate-by-the-Sea; who will boast of the weather they never had, and force on you the names of the hotels where they were over-charged. I am not one of those. I shall recommend no hotels; I shall indicate no railway routes; I shall just describe precisely what I see before me.

In front of me lie—perhaps I had better say stretch—no, in front of me *are*—vast expanses of brilliant blue sea and shimmering yellow sand. So vivid is the view that one involuntarily exclaims, "Aha! the light that never was on land or sea!" It is all that I can do whilst writing to refrain from stepping forward and taking a header into those refreshing blue billows. A bright promenade borders the sands and on it I see scenes of refined jollity. I see the nut and the flapper, but a polished nut pursuing a dainty flapper. And on the pier gay pierrots are enlivening a happy throng.

I look to my right and I see bosky dingles—faint paths leading amongst flowering bushes, where the honeysuckle twines round the honeymooners; green arbours of silence where nothing is heard save the murmurings of sweethearts and the cooing of nightingales.

Turn to the left. There the great cliff rises majestic against the sky-line and an awful precipice of hundreds of feet ends in huge piles of rocks and a smuggler's cave. My heart thrills as I recognise the famous Maiden's Leap and think of its romantic story.

Behind me is a fair expanse of peaceful country crimson with poppies, and with a rippling stream running through well-wooded meadows.

You are looking for the skeleton in the cupboard?

Let me point out that the rainfall is *nil*; the temperature never rises above eighty nor falls below sixty-five; that the postal service is superb; the sanitation splendid; the amusements unequalled; and the cost of living is no more than in any great town.

You insist on knowing the precise locality?

But I don't know that I want you there. Above all things I hate a crowd.

Still, if you'll promise not to intrude whilst I am in residence—

Well, it is my flat, with a seaside poster on each of its walls, and there is not a watering-place in Great Britain to touch it.

The Climber.

"For Sale.—Cottage Piano made in Berlin, requires tuning, owner getting grand."
Advt. in "Pioneer."

We are afraid that he is giving himself airs, and so thinks that he can dispense with a piano.

"With an hour to play Westmount only succeeded in notching 40, Brebner showing good form for a well hit 2."
Quebec Chronicle.

We should like to meet Brebner and tell him about our masterly 3 last Monday.

The London General Omnibus Company invites suggestions with the view of solving the problem of keeping seats on the tops of omnibuses dry during wet weather. What's wrong with the old-fashioned plan of sitting on them?

HOLIDAY PLANS.

July 24.—At last we have settled where to spend our holidays. We are going to Les Sentiers, a most delightful little place in Switzerland. The Mordaunts are there and give a most attractive description of it. They have promised to engage rooms for us at the Hôtel Bertrand, which they say is much the best. After all this uncertainty and discussion it is very pleasant to have fixed everything. The children are overjoyed. They are now practising the *jodel* in the garden.

July 25.—To-day I went to Cook's and bought the tickets--very expensive. Was quite ashamed of myself for asking so many questions about reserved seats in trains, and sleeping cars, and restaurants, and customs, and whether, if you travel second class, they admit you to meals on the train or make you get out at stations and eat there, which, as we are so many, would certainly make all or some of us get lost. A dreadful fate, to be lost on the Swiss frontier and to wander backwards and forwards under perpetual customs' examinations. After about an hour's talk with the gentleman behind the counter, with everything or nearly everything settled and paid for, I asked him about Les Sentiers. He said it was very popular during winter, which was, of course, the best time, but if we didn't mind the great heat during the day and the chilliness of the nights we should perhaps be able to enjoy ourselves. Some people, however, preferred Les Cailloux, where the hotel was newer. Decided to say nothing at home about Les Cailloux. As I came away I ran across Battersby in Piccadilly. Told him I was off to Switzerland. He said, "Wherever you go in Switzerland don't let anyone tempt you to stay at Les Sentiers." He then hurried off. Wonder what they did to him at Les Sentiers. Mustn't mention this at home either.

July 26.—Jack Moberley and Mrs. Jack motored down and lunched with us. Told them where we were going. They looked at one another and at first said nothing. Then Mrs. Jack broke out and said she was too old a friend to let us ruin our holidays by staying at such a dreadful place. Jack chimed in and said it was the last place on earth and he wouldn't be found dead in it. "Why the deuce," he added, "didn't you ask our advice? Now if you were going to Les Cailloux it would be different. Everything's A1 there, but Les Sentiers is beyond conception for dulness. You'll bore yourself stiff and the children will simply hate it." Unfortunately the children were present. After the Moberleys had gone we held a family council and decided to write to the Mordaunts and get them to countermand rooms at Les Sentiers. On Monday I shall interview Cook's and try to change our tickets for Les Cailloux.

July 27.- Coming away from church this morning we had a talk with Sir William and Lady Hartsley. Lady H. said she was sure we shouldn't care for Switzerland in the summer. In fact it was quite old-fashioned to go there except for winter-sports. This was overheard by the children, who have been under the impression that winter sports go on in Switzerland all the year round. At luncheon they all said they didn't want to go to Switzerland.

July 28.—Up to London and called again at Cook's. My friend behind the counter not quite so friendly. Seemed colder and more distant and tired more rapidly under my questions. After a good deal of worry got tickets changed for Les Cailloux. Lunched at the Club and found Frank Naylor there. Told him we were going to Les Cailloux. He said, "Then I pity you." According to him it's a terrible place. Happened to meet Mrs. Nicholson in Bond Street. She said, "Les Cailloux! You'll be roasted and you'll be robbed and you'll bore yourself to death. I've been once, but never again for me." This was a facer. Told Alicia when I got home. She said, "Why go to Switzerland at all? Let's go to the Isle of Wight."

July 29—Up to London again, and called at Cook's. Friend behind the counter tried to hide when he saw me. I got rid of all our tickets, countermanded all reserved places, and, just to show there was no ill-feeling, took tickets from him for Totland Bay. Wired there for rooms.

July 31.—No rooms to be had in Totland. Dare not interview Cook's again. Shall throw the tickets away and stay quietly at home. The children very despondent and occasionally sarcastic. The Mordaunts wire to say we shall have to pay a week for rooms engaged at Les Sentiers.

THE GURRUMPORE LINKS.

The fairway, I grant you, is shocking,
'Tis a nightmare of villainous lies,
Of speargrass that works through your stocking,
Of foul and importunate flies;
The greens are "brunettes," they are branded
With the trampling of bullock and horse,
And yet, to be thoroughly candid,
We're proud of our Gurrumpore course.

And why? Ask the vulture that track'd us,
Poised fearless o'er eyrie and bluff;
Ask the cobra that gaped through the cactus
At the sound of our laugh in the rough;
Go, stand where yon cataract crashes
In a passion of thunder and foam,
And ask of our jubilant mashies
If they yearn for the hazards at Home.

Though a tigress may happen to stalk me
Through the shadows of cañon and chine;
Though the yowl of her offspring may balk me
Of holes that were morally mine;
Shall my golf be upset by a trifle,
When "a tiger (or adult or cub)
May be gently removed with a rifle"—
Rule IX. of the Gurrumpore Club?

There's a lake at the fourth, such as Herrick
Might have sung in some exquisite lay,
But it goes by the name of "Enteric"
Since the fate of a foursome in May;
And an obelisk marks where our captain
(+ 12 and a K.C.I.E.)
Topped an easy approach and was trapp'd in
The anthills that guard number three.

It's not a long course—you'll remember
The landslip just after the rains
That robbed us of half in September,
But we're proud of the piece that remains;
Though no golf periodicals name it,
Though St. Andrews would greet it with mirth,
From the depth of our hearts we acclaim it
A course with no equal on Earth. J. M. S.

"What beginner at collecting has not been struck by the startling resemblance of the female of *Hypolimnas misippus* (Linn.) to the common *Danais chrysippus* (Linn.)? or by that of the moth *Epicopia rolydora* (Westw.) to the Papilios of the *Philoxenus* group?—just to mention two very self-evident instances."

Bombay N.H.S. Journal.

Personally, though we have been often struck by these likenesses, it has never been a really staggering blow.



"Sea-bathing doesn't suit everybody."—*Medical Opinion.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Arnold Lunn, in *The Harrovians* (Methuen), sets out to write *the* school story as so many have done before him. Any man who was ever a Public School-boy will be struck by his realism and truth to life, but any man, on the other hand, who is still a Public School-boy will call the book "tosh" and will, no doubt, be right. Only a boy at Harrow could have written a story of Harrow in a manner likely to appeal to the present generation, and, as he must have written it in a language unintelligible to the outer world, the outer world must be content with Mr. Lunn's record of *Peter O'Neil* as being the nearest to the truth that it is likely to get. This *Peter* must certainly arouse much interest, but whether he will get sympathy is another question. Myself, never too tolerant of Radicals even in later life, found the prevalence of them in a School-house quite intolerable, and that this most priggish and aggressive of them should be patted on the back for shirking his games when a "new man," and, when raised by his scholarship to be Head of House, for using every legislative and executive authority to humble and degrade the "Footer Bloods" in the presence of the fags, was to me monstrous. He badly wanted kicking, and, if he still lives, I feel sure without knowing him that he wants it now more badly than ever. Mr. Lunn, I gather, is all for the amelioration of the lot of the small fry, the suppression of brute force and the triumph of intellect over muscle as well at school as elsewhere. Apart from my general belief that we suffer from too much of the intellectual nowadays, I foresee no good from the substitution in Public Schools of an aristocracy of brains for an aristocracy of beef. But, however much I may disagree with his opinions, I must give him credit for a very fair and accurate and felicitous statement of the facts.

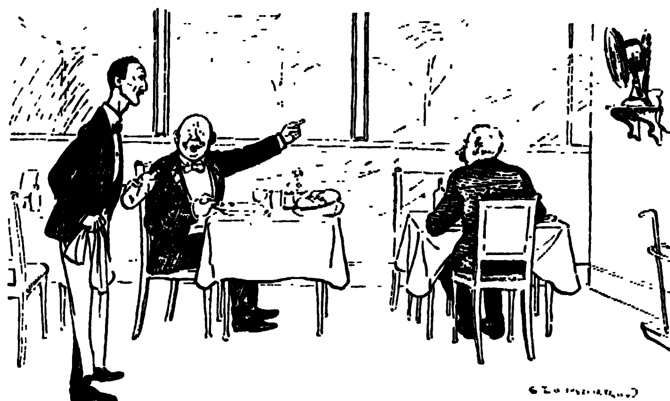
Always a timid starter with historical romances, I am happy to say that my plunge into *Before the Dawn* (Chapman and Hall) was not half so chilly and caliginous as its title had led me to fear. All the same, the book needed a little courage and perseverance, in spite of the fact that Katherine James, its author, had chosen for her background one of the most blood-warming episodes possible—the Garibaldian struggle for a united Italy. I said background, but as a matter of fact it occupied the best part of the stage. The interest of that tremendous revolution, of which the writer has evidently made a most careful study, often came near to obscuring her fictitious creations, instead of bringing them out in relief, as a background should. Whole chapters passed in which these young people were seldom met with, and not particularly missed. To *Philip Sinclair*, for instance, the English hero, I sometimes felt inclined to say, "*Sinclair*—er—yes, I think I do remember your name. Same school—er—m—excuse me, will you? I've just got to go off and meet Garibaldi;" and the ramifications of a plot which was concerned with a concealed will and a mistaken identity, not to speak of other intrigues, needed really more time than I was able to spare from the pressing business of Italian politics and the siege of Rome. None the less, I was glad to see friend *Philip* depart safely for England with *Monica Erskine*, after they had both jeopardised their lives for the sake of a country not their own. *Philip* was a plucky fellow, if a trifle *naïf* and over-credulous. For he was mistaken surely in supposing that *Mr. Punch* sent out a special artist to make funny pictures of the war, and he shocked me severely when he said, reproaching

himself for trifling with a girl's feelings, "If I allow myself to hear that bell many more times I shall be worse than a cad — a damned cad, as we used to say at Rugby." Tut-tut, *Philip*! all I can say is that this must indeed have been Before the Dawn.

Mr. Whybrew's Princess (Alston Rivers) is one of those stories that give you their argument in their title—at least very nearly. I opened it in the confident expectation of a strong, silent American millionaire, and a distressed Royalty from one of those states that the rise of Ruritania has made a little too frequent in fictional geography. As it turned out, I was practically right, the main difference being that the hero of Mr. Howard C. Rowe's novel is a north-country Englishman; but he is just as rich and strong and successful as the other type, and on the last page he is left exchanging pet names with the Princess in the same old way. One novelty is that the lady has in the meantime ceased to be what one might call a practical princess, her kingdom having become a republic. Also the villain of the tale, *Demetrios*, reigning usurper of *Transiola*, is perhaps even more villainously compounded than the generality of his species. The way he carries on in the attempt to defend his ill-gotten position from the efforts of *Mr. Whybrew* and party to kick him out of it is something dreadful, and will provide sensation-lovers with more than a sufficiency of murders and tortures and escapes and secret passages and all the rest of it. On the whole, indeed, though I am far from denying that its melodrama is tempered by a certain distinction, I was left with the impression that *Mr. Whybrew's Princess* would be more at home in paper covers. So attired, and with a picture in appropriate colouring, I should anticipate a long reign for her on the bookstalls.

Towards a New Theatre (Dent) reveals Mr. Gordon Craig still proceeding in this desirable direction upon the stepping-stones of his published works. There is this quality about Mr. Craig, that, having said once what he holds to be the truth, he never hesitates to say it again and again; and always apparently with the same fine careless rapture of conviction. Personally, I can only wish that I believed in his drawings half as much as I enjoy looking at them. In the present handsome volume forty of them are reproduced at large. Some of these you may remember, not long ago, at the Leicester Galleries; others are, to me at least, new. Anyhow, the art of their creator has here a fair trial. Art it certainly is; but, from the point of view of practical stage-craft, upon my word I don't know that one can say much more for it. I hope that this admission, regretful as it is, will not make Mr. Craig righteously indignant with me; for there are several instances in the book of persons who have been compelled by their consciences to object to this or the other design, on the ground that it was too vague, or lacking in point—and the pages of the letter-press are, so to speak, strewn with their corpses. Much of this letter-press is highly amusing, some of it vexatious, as for example when one looks to Mr. Craig for enlightenment on a baffling illustration, and he elects instead to be rather cheaply cynical about something entirely different. But let me consolidate my faith. I do believe in Mr. Craig as an artist and a reformer; I acknowledge that he has already done great work; and, if it is the privilege of artists to become at times a little intoxicated with their inspirations, then that privilege I, very respectfully, concede him.

Upon first consideration I found *The Red Mirage* (Mills and Boon) vastly dramatic and moving, but a second and calmer thought prevents my passing it over without a captious remark or two. It is eminently a story of the hero and the heroine, the villain and the minx, and above all the man of strength, silence and imperturbability. The complications are infinite and adroitly contrived, and the Sahara makes a fine background for the clash of arms and passions involved. The atmosphere is wholly military, only one civilian intervening to any practical purpose and then to play the baser part. Army plans are stolen from time to time, the dishonour and punishment are vicariously suffered, and for the woman at the bottom of it there is little need to search. I cannot say how accurate may be the representation of France's notorious Foreign Legion, that last resort of those who have lost everything except the fighting instinct. But it is very graphic and plausible, and it almost escapes one's notice that this legion, alleged to consist exclusively of the dregs of humanity, exhibits in its members little else than the most pleasing qualities of courage and unselfish generosity. Upon third, and personal, consideration, I refrain from emphasizing Miss I. A. R. Wylie's great fault, her lack of a sense of the ludicrous, shown by the way in which she allows virtue and vice alike to go to such absurd lengths and by her habit of letting her people analyse aloud both themselves and each other in such strange phrases and at such strange times. In making the charge I am myself involved in it, for that I read the book with unaffected zeal from cover to cover and never paused to laugh or even smile at the contrast between it and real life.



The Epicure. "Waiter, I want you to switch off that electric fan at once! It's wafting the flavour of that gentleman's frozen ptarmigan into my soup."

The "Times" Literary Sensation.

Says Spielmann: "Here, through Heger's *bonté*,
Are letters writ by Charlotte Brontë;
Says Clement Shorter: "Well, I'm blighted!
I thought I'd had 'em copyrighted!"

"Ce n'est que le premier pas. . . ."

From a list in *The Referee* of theatrical companies on the road:—

"'Her First False Step' (Sunderland to Glasgow)."

And a long one too.

"The Russian Court of Justice had ordered the first three volumes of the works of Leo Tolstoi in the Gorbunoff edition, containing the translation of the four Gospels, with notes by Tolstoi, to be destroyed."
Yorkshire Weekly Post.

To make this paragraph more acceptable, it has been headed "Motoring on the Cleveland Moors."

CHARIVARIA.

COLONEL SEELY has been elected a member of the National Liberal Club. We can only hope that this will serve as a warning to any other Unionist who thinks of going over to the enemy.

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There is only one air-ship named Gamma. But there are several military aeroplanes known as "Gammon."

The fact that some members of the London County Council played bridge during an all-night sitting has been much commented on as an innovation, but we believe it to be a fact that the Corporation of London has a Bridge Committee which was instituted before the game was even invented.

"Over eighty abandoned cats," we read, "were picked up in the London streets on Thursday by the Animals' Rescue League." We are not at all sure that the expression "abandoned cats" is not a libellous one.

"Is there a Hell?" asks a volume recently published. Our New York Correspondent informs us that the doubt implied in this question has been greatly resented in Chicago.

Owing to its author refusing to supply the libraries with it on the day of publication a certain new book nearly became known as "The Woman Thou Wouldst Not Give Us."

Thieves who visited the residence of Mr. RENÉ BULL, the well-known artist, took away a small quantity of jewellery, but left his drawings untouched. Modern artists are getting used to insults of this sort.

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The outburst of ill-feeling in the United States over our refusal to take part in the Panama Canal Exposition is a little bit difficult to understand. Bulgaria, Servia, Turkey, Morocco and Siam have also declined the invitation. Why should we be singled out for attack?

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Personally we would like to see ... Britain ... [illegible] ... Panama Treaty which the United States Government refuses to observe.

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A Christmas greeting posted at Chiswick on the 24th December last was delivered at its destination, Market Square, Brentford, on the 29th July. It is only fair to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to mention that the 29th July was an exceptionally cold day.

According to Professor A. A. BERLE, of Denver, "baby talk," in which parents indulge, is bad for babies. As a matter of fact many infants have for years looked upon it as an insult to their intelligence, and have refused to be interested in it.

Doris, the steam yacht belonging to Mr. SOL JOEL, and called after his daughter, has been re-christened *Eileen*. By way of counter-stroke we understand that DORIS has decided never again to call the sun Old Sol.

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Mr. MARSHALL WHITLATCH, in an article in the *Century*, asserts that ... [illegible] ... We have often felt that our own have been wasted on this trivial pursuit.

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It is said that during the sitting of the International Congress of Medicine no one has dared to be taken ill in the neighbourhood of the Albert Hall for fear of perishing in the rush that would be made for him by the 6484 doctors.

Surgeon-General Sir DAVID BRUCE, who has returned to England from Central Africa, where he has been studying sleeping sickness, states that half the wild animals shot were suffering from this disease. If this be so the exploits of certain big game hunters become rather less miraculous.

"It is sixteen years since I was last here," said Senator JAFFRAY, of Toronto, at a luncheon given to him by Canadians at Prince's Restaurant last week, "but from what I see I am convinced that England is anything but asleep." That's so, Senator; it's these darned motor-buses that cause the insomnia. They'd keep even Canada awake.

In certain quarters the Balkan States are constantly being blamed for their warlike propensities. What nonsense this is! They're always making peace.



'ALONE IN LONDON.'
PATHETIC WEST END SCENE DURING AUGUST.

Commercial Candour.

From a circular:—

"Mr. Trilokinath Sharma writes:—'I have been unboundedly pleased with your sweet scented Kamini Oil, which is a very useful preparation. It is an excellent remedy for headache. It cures it in no time, at the same time the hair becomes bright and smooth. Its perfume is so very strong that a man standing at a distance of 100 yards can enjoy it.'"

The Miler's Motto.

"Above all he would commend to them the well known Latin quotation, 'Mens sana in corpore sano'—'A sound wind in a sound body.'"—*Bath and Wilts Chronicle.*

Dr. CHARLES GORING, in a criminological Blue-book just issued, says:—

"As regards cephalic measurements it is shown that in breadth of head Cambridge exceeds Oxford to about the same extent that Oxford men exceed criminals, but that criminals and Oxford men are equally longer-headed than the Cambridge men."

This should help parents in deciding whether to send their sons to Parkhurst or to one of the older Universities.

THE HEIRS OF HELLAS.

[On Wednesday last the Home Secretary, presiding at the morning session of the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Abergavenny, made the following historical statement: "Since the times of the Grecian democracy no people but the Welsh have developed an institution like this, and it is your honour and glory to be the successors of the greatest artistic people in the world."]

O isles of Greece! O isles of Greece!
(Where burning Taffy never sang),
What though your warblers hold their peace;
What though your lyres have lost their twang;
Our choirs of Wales can do as well as
Any old choristers of ancient Hellas.

Strange that, until the other day,
Halfway, in fact, through yester-week,
None had compared Apollo's bay
With Cambria's local veg., the leek;
Or noticed how a common fluid
Flowed in the veins of Bacchic bard and Druid.

Who was it, steeped in pedant lore,
That marked—what never yet was seen—
The signs of kinship which they wore—
The Welshman and the late Hellene?
Who first conveyed this truth to men?
He of the Celtic fringe, from Monmouth (N.).

Emerging from the Eisteddfod's chair
He flung an eye o'er history's page
And saw no rival record there
Since Athens and the Golden Age.
Where was its like? There wasn't any.
That 's what he told 'em down in Abergavenny.

Arising out of which remarks
This further precious truth was found:—
Not under bloated oligarchs
Such beanos of the bards abound;
You never get the taste that 's Attic
Except where governments are democratic.

Ah, well may Wales lift up her voice,
When, full of sweetness and of light,
A second Pericles makes choice
Of Criccieth for his cottage site,
And breathes on this high bardic function
A local air of Panhellenic unction! O. S.

KEEPING THE THEATRES OPEN.

["Miss Mary Forbes has had a few slight alterations made to the Third Act of *The March Hare* at the Ambassadors' Theatre, with the result that Mr. Harold Smith's piece now plays at a high speed and provides two hours of continuous laughter. During her sensational china-smashing scene a few nights ago Miss Forbes had the misfortune to let slip from her finger a very valuable diamond ring, which so far has not been recovered."—*Press, passim.*]

Mr. Punch, who has been throughout in fullest sympathy with the great discussion on How to Keep the Theatres Open, is at present undecided whether to award the prize to Miss Mary Forbes. There are other cases of merit.

The Messrs. Melville have had a few slight alterations made to the Second Act of *Oliver Twist* at the Lyceum Theatre, with the result that the piece attributed to the late Charles Dickens is now playing to packed houses. When the curtain rises on the interior of *Mrs. Maylie's* house the stage is seen to be crowded with plate and valuables, and *Bill Sikes*, instead of putting *Oliver* in through the window, comes to the footlights and extends a cordial invitation to Lyceum patrons to break in for themselves by means of a central gangway specially provided for the purpose.

At the Haymarket Theatre, where *Within the Law* is meeting with a success that is quite unprecedented, a trifling alteration has been made which is proving very popular. Mr. Frederick Harrison, in conjunction with Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. Faraday, Mr. Fenn, Mr. Wimperis and the author, has arranged that *Joe Garson* shall, at a crisis in the play's action, fire five-pound notes into every part of the house by means of a new Silent Tract-Distributing Pistol. Every member of the audience receives with his ticket a personal guarantee, signed by Mr. Harrison, Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. Faraday, Mr. Fenn, Mr. Wimperis and the author, to the effect that not more than nine notes out of every ten shall be counterfeit.

If anything could possibly add to the success of *Diplomacy* at Wyndham's Theatre, it is the announcement that during the sensational scene in which Mr. Gerald du Maurier draws from his pocket a cigarette-holder longer than any previously seen on the stage, the popular actor-manager allowed it one night last week to slip through his fingers and roll into the auditorium. The cigarette-holder, which is of solid silver handsomely chased, and is calculated to be of not less than twenty-four inches in length, has not so far been recovered. It is understood that if any stall-holder should happen to come across it in the dark no enquiries will be instituted.

The enterprising management of the London Opera House have once more caused a few slight alterations to be made in their sensational entertainment. Some nights ago the Beauty Chorus (every member of which is understood to be worth not less than a quarter of a million dollars in the clothes in which she stands) had the misfortune to let slip from their necks a series of very valuable pearl necklaces, which so far have not been recovered. The misfortune occurred during a tour of the auditorium, and it is confidently expected that the invitation of the *revue's* title will now prove irresistible.

WANTED, INTEREST NOT CAPITAL.

A Young Man recently advertised in *The Times* that he would be delighted "if anyone would take an interest in him." He made no appeal for financial assistance, and the novelty of the idea should appeal to imitators. Thus:—

A Well-known Clubman would be grateful to any lady or gentleman who would be willing to listen to some of his Best Stories, say for an hour or so each day, and who would not object to an occasional repetition.—Address, Boreas Brown, The Chestnuts, Yarmouth.

A Golfer (handicap 18), who seven years ago won monthly medal, would be glad to hear from others who would discuss the game with him for a few hours daily.—Address, T. Putnam Green, The Potbunks, Pulborough.

A Gentleman would be grateful to anyone who would take an interest in his health by calling upon him periodically to make enquiries, etc. Advertiser is not actually unwell, but feels the absence of the attentions referred to.—Apply, Panel Cottage, Malinger-sur-Mer.

Member of Parliament who has never yet had an opportunity of addressing the House would be deeply obliged to any person or persons who would be willing to sit through an occasional speech from him, applauding at any passage which excited approval or admiration. The speeches would not, as a rule, be of more than two hours' duration.—Apply, Slate 35, The Bar, House of Commons.

Would some kindly disposed person permit Advertiser to send him or her once a week his views of Lloyd George?—Address, The Sanatorium, [illegible]-on-the-Wash.



THE ENTENTE TUBE.

Steward (*on night Channel boat*). "IF THEY BRING IN THIS 'ERE TUNNEL, MY JOB 'S GONE." Mr. Punch. "THAT 'S THE ONLY SOUND OBJECTION I 'VE HEARD YET."



Tramp (mistaking garden suburb householder for one of his own profession). "You 're wasting your time, Charlie. The last time I clipped that 'edge I was rewarded with three 'a'-pence, a cup o' tea nearly warm and a pair o' cycling knickers I wouldn't be seen dead in."

"THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT."

(*To the Editor of "Punch."*)

Dear Sir,—Our attention has been drawn to a series of humorous drawings in your Journal depicting imaginary efforts to discover talent which could be utilised for the benefit of the country at the Olympic Games to be held in Berlin in 1916.

We are inclined to deprecate such light treatment of a very serious matter, and would like to point out that while your artist is fiddling with the subject, as it were, Rome would burn, if it were not for the efforts of ourselves and others equally anxious for the athletic welfare of the country.

Our own views are set forth in the brochure which we have enclosed with a copy of our Autumn Catalogue for your perusal.

The brochure has been specially compiled for us by Mr. Hyam A. Seelsmann, a leading light in the American athletic world, and whom we have induced to relinquish an important post in the Games Department of John Moneywacker's famous establishment and to take up the even more onerous position of Manager of our Athletic Outfitting Department (see Cat., p. 35). This fact alone speaks well for our determination to leave no stone unturned to uphold the *prestige* of Great Britain in the forthcoming Olympic struggle.

Our New Autumn Catalogue and Price List describes fully by means of letterpress and illustration our enormous stock, which has been manufactured in the firm belief that the chief requirements of an athlete are that he should be suitably clad (pp. 47-53) both during competition and after (see our "Sunbeam" Sweaters, with the little warm bath, p. 50), and that his weapons or implements, as the case may be, should be of the very best make and quality. In this respect our new spring grip discus (43*s.* doz., rim brakes extra) will be found superior to any other on the market, giving longer flight at less cost, and the turned-up edge enables it to be of service on the dinner-table when not otherwise engaged.

A reference to our various makes and sizes of oars (pp. 71-76), tennis racquets (pp. 89-102), and javelins (pp. 113-118) will convince the budding athlete that we provide for every need in these directions. Our fencing foils—the "Panjandrum," with the little round button at top (pp. 133-135)—are the last word in cold-rolled, old vatted spring steel; every blade is twenty over proof and marked "Excalibur" on every inch, without which none is genuine.

Our non-flam dumbbells and our Indian clubs, the latter made of real wood, are and have been for many years the talk of the athletic world (see a few of our unsolicited testimonials, pp. xxii.-mcmiv.).

In the hope that these few lines will arouse you to a sense of your great responsibility in this matter, and trusting to receive your esteemed orders,

We remain, Yours, etc.,
The Olympic Outfitting Co., Ltd.

From adjoining posters seen in Manchester:—

"TEXTILE SPLIT: REMARKABLE SITUATION."	"LADY'S LAWSUIT ABOUT HER BATHING DRESS."

The connection is obvious.

"Doubtless there are many of us who would be glad to pay rent with a red nose, as certain trustees at Bermondsey paid yesterday."
Pall Mall Gazette.

Speaking for ourselves we should be sorry to present such a spectacle.

HOLIDAY HINTS.

The Paris Correspondent of *The Daily Mail* recently contributed to the columns of that journal a full account of the recommendations issued by Dr. F. Helme to mothers leaving home for seaside or country holidays. These recommendations, however, are confined entirely to a list of medicines, including serum for snake-bites, phials of morphine, etc. It has occurred to *Mr. Punch*, always solicitous for the welfare of the young, to supplement this imperfect catalogue of remedies with a number of useful hints to parents and guardians for grappling with holiday emergencies. For greater convenience of reference, these are arranged in alphabetical order.

Animals, wild, escaped from menageries.—The most satisfactory way of dealing with this emergency is to engage a lion-tamer for the holidays and never allow any of the young people to go far afield without him. In case of a division of the party there should be one lion-tamer for each group. Failing this method, the next best is summed up in the rule: Never go for a country walk without a red-hot poker. (The poker can be kept red-hot in a specially constructed Vacuum Calidus Case, which can be purchased at Ramjach's.)

Bulls, mad, means of soothing.—No affectionate parent should permit any excursion to be taken in pastoral districts without providing at least one of the party with a bottle of chloroform or some other powerful narcotic, in case of attacks by mad or misanthropic oxen. Some American millionaires have gone so far as to retain the services of an expert Spanish bull-fighter expressly for the purpose of securing the safety of their children and friends, but the cost is prohibitive to most professional Englishmen. N.B.—The best way of administering the chloroform is to drench the bag of a butterfly net and then put it over the bull's head.

Eagles, how to rescue children carried off by.—The eyries of these birds being as a rule situated in well-nigh inaccessible places, climbing-irons are an essential requisite of the holiday outfit. But it is as well to supplement them with a small howitzer. Accurate aiming is, of course, indispensable, as a badly discharged bomb might hit the child but spare its captor. On this account it is perhaps preferable to lure the bird away by the bait of some specially appetising viands, such as Caviare, or Bombay Duck, or Limburger Cheese.

Gypsies, precautions against.—The large increase of the Romany race, due to the immense spread of the cult of Borrow, has been attended by serious results in the way of the kidnapping of children of wealthy parents and holding them to ransom. To guard against such disasters, it is strongly recommended, (1) that all children should be marked in indelible ink with their names and addresses; (2) that when left by themselves they should be securely tethered by unbreakable chains to absolutely immovable objects; (3) that where this is impossible each child should be provided with a powerful steam whistle or siren to acquaint its parents as to its whereabouts.

Insomnia, means of treating children suffering from.—It is highly desirable to include in the holiday outfit a harp, or harps, for the purpose of soothing children to sleep. Lists of pieces of a specially soporific character can be obtained from any good nerve-specialist. These are generally known as Chlorales, varying in degrees of intensity.

Limbs, artificial.—A good supply of false legs, arms and eyes should always be laid in to meet the requirements of adventurous children when holidays are spent in rocky districts.



AT HYGIENE HOUSE.

The Superintendent. "Now, Sir, it's time for your sun-bath on the roof."

Motorists, entertainment for youthful.—The irritation so generally felt by the high-spirited youth at obstacles to his progress will be largely allayed if thoughtful parents provide him with pea-shooters and air-guns for the regulation of tiresome pedestrians, cyclists, poultry, sheep, dogs, etc. A very pretty game can be played between the occupants of the two sides of the car, the object being to see which can score most hits.

Nose-Bleed, remedies for.—After all, the best remedy for this common summer complaint is the old device of putting keys down the patient's back. A bunch of keys should accordingly be taken for each member of the party, varying in size with the age and weight of the individual.

Oil, for rough passages.—In cases where families are proceeding to the Hebrides or other holiday resorts which involve a sea passage in small steamers, considerate parents or guardians will not fail to provide themselves in advance with a liberal supply of oil in barrels or tanks, for the purpose of assuaging the disturbance of the troubled waters.

Railway Accelerators.—It is often found that children who start away from London in high spirits at fifty miles an hour on some main line route become impatient, fretful and refractory when they exchange this exhilarating speed for the slow crawl of a local line. To meet this difficulty parents will find it helpful to take with them auxiliary engines to assist locomotives incapable of hauling a passenger train at more than twenty miles an hour up a steep incline. These can be



Sergeant. "HERE! WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU AT? LIE DOWN; YOU'LL GIVE THE WHOLE DALLY SHOW AWAY."
Entomological Private. "HANG IT, MAN, I MUST HAVE IT. IT'S AWFULLY RARE—A DOTTED IDDYUMPTICUS."

carried on a truck with steam up until such time as occasion arises for their use, and then transferred to the rails. The cost is extraordinarily small, considering the result on the temper of the passengers, averaging only about £100 a journey (exclusive of initial outlay).

SHARK-BITES, PRECAUTIONS AGAINST.—Where bathing is indulged in it is as well to provide juveniles with special water-wear, made of chain-mail, to resist the dental attack of these dangerous monsters. To counteract the access of weight, it is desirable to have the chain-mail fitted with unsinkable aluminium air chambers.

STOVES, PORTABLE.—In this context we may also insist on the necessity of small portable stoves to restore caloric in children who stop in too long when bathing.

Another Impending Apology.

From a criticism of a musical comedian:—

"It is not much good saying he was funny because he could not help being otherwise."
South China Morning Post.

A FATAL FLAW.

I SAT upon her dexter hand
One day in London's busy whirl
(A rhyme of lasting value) and
Thought her a charming girl.

Not to embark on detailed praise,
Her voice was low and very sweet;
I liked her looks, her voice, her ways;
Her figure, too, was neat.

Her converse gave me evidence
Of an extremely active mind;
Here is, I said, a girl of sense;
This is indeed a find.

I will not say she took to me
As I to her, lest you should mock;
But it's the solemn fact that we
Got on like one o'clock.

The garments that I chanced to wear
Were new, and fresh as early May;
I luckily had had my hair
Cut on the previous day.

Happening gently to enquire,
She clung, I learned, to rural scenes
(As I do) and her doting sire
Was dowered with ample means.

And thus she cast on me a spell
So rapid and of such a flame
That I had grown to love her well
Before the coffee came.

And when the ladies left their male
Companions to the wonted smoke,
I did not heed the cheerful tale
Nor chortled at the joke.

The customary talk of man
Just then allured me not at all;
I sat determining a plan
To ask if I might call;

And let my fancy play about
In dreams (ah me!) of wedded bliss,
Which, but for what occurred, no doubt
I had attained ere this.

But, when I saw her next, a blight
Fell on me with a sudden chill;
The maiden stood up to recite:
And I am single still.

DUM-DUM.

"A great pearl robbery at Narragansett Pier is now exciting American society. The victim of America's ablest detectives is Mrs. Charles Rumsey."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

Yet another American police scandal?

THE MISSING CARD.

WHAT I say is this: A man has his own work to do. He slaves at the office all day, earning a living for those dependent on him, and when he comes home he may reasonably expect not to be bothered with domestic business. I am sure you will agree with me. And you would go on to say, would you not, that, anyhow, the insuring of his servants might safely be left to his wife? Of course you would! Thank you very much.

I first spoke to Celia about the insuring of the staff some weeks ago. Our staff consists of Jane Parsons the cook, the first parlourmaid (Jane) and Parsons the upper housemaid. We call them collectively Jane.

"By-the-way," I said to Celia, "I suppose Jane is insured all right?"

"I was going to see about it to-morrow," said Celia.

I looked at her in surprise. It was just the sort of thing I might have said myself.

"I hope she won't be unkind about it," I went on. "If she objects to paying her share, tell her I am related to a solicitor. If she still objects, or—tell her we 'll pay it ourselves."

"I think it will be all right. Fortunately, she has no head for figures."

This was true. Jane is an excellent cook, and well worth the £75 a year or whatever it is we pay her; but arithmetic gives her a headache. When Celia has finished dividing £75 by twelve, Jane is in a state of complete nervous exhaustion, and is only too thankful to take the nine-and-sixpence that Celia hands over to her, without asking any questions. Indeed, *anything* that the Government wished deducted from Jane's wages we could deduct with a minimum of friction—from income-tax to a dog-licence. A threepenny insurance would be child's play.

Three weeks later I said to Celia—

"Has an inspector been to see Jane's card yet?"

"Jane's card?" she asked blankly.

"The insurance card with the pretty stamps on."

"No . . . No . . . Luckily."

"You mean——"

"I was going to see about it to-morrow," said Celia.

I got up and paced the floor. "Really," I murmured, "really." I tried the various chairs in the room, and finally went and stood with my back to the fire-place. In short, I behaved like a justly incensed master-of-the-house.

"You know what happens," I said, when I was calm again, "if we neglect this duty which Parliament has laid upon us?"

"No."

"We go to prison. At least, one of us does. I 'm not quite sure which."

"I hope it 's you," said Celia.

"As a matter of fact I believe it is. However, we shall know when the inspector comes round."

"If it 's you," she went on, "I shall send you in a file, with which you can cut through your chains and escape. It will be concealed in a loaf of bread, so that your gaolers shan't suspect."

"Probably I shouldn't suspect either, until I had bitten on it suddenly. Perhaps you 'd better not bother. It would be simpler if you got Jane's card to-morrow instead."

"I will. That is to say, I 'll tell Jane to get it herself. It 's her cinema evening out."

Once a week Jane leaves us and goes to a cinema. Her life is full of variety.

Ten days elapsed, and then one evening I said—— At least I didn't. Before I could get it out Celia interrupted:

"No, not yet. You see, there 's been a hitch."

I curbed my anger and spoke calmly. "What sort of a hitch?"

"Well, Jane forgot last Wednesday, and I forgot to remind her this Wednesday. But *next* Wednesday——"

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

"Well, if you 'll tell me what to do I 'll do it."

"Well—er—you just—you—I mean—well, they 'll tell you at the post-office."

"That's exactly how I keep explaining it to Jane," said Celia.

I looked at her mournfully.

"What shall we do?" I asked. "I feel quite hopeless about it. It seems too late now to do anything with Jane. Let 's get a new staff and begin again properly."

"Lose Jane?" cried Celia. "I 'd sooner go to prison—I mean I 'd sooner *you* went to prison. Why can't you be a man and do something?"

Celia doesn't seem to realise that I married her with the sole idea of getting free of all this sort of bother. As it is I nearly die once a year in the attempt to fill up my income-tax form. Any traffic in insurance cards would be absolutely fatal.

However, something had to be done. Last week I went into a neighbouring post-office in order to send a telegram. The post-office is an annexe of the grocer's where the sardines come from on Jane's cinema evening. Having sent the telegram, I took a sudden desperate resolve. I—I myself—would do something.

"I want," I said bravely, "an insurance stamp."

"Sixpenny or sevenpenny?" said the girl, trying to put me off my balance at the very beginning.

"What 's the difference?" I asked. "You needn't say a penny, because that is obvious."

However she had no wish to be funny.

"Sevenpenny for men-servants, sixpenny for women," she explained.

I wasn't going to give away our domestic arrangements to a stranger.

"Three sixpenny and four sevenpenny," I said casually, flicking the dust off my shoes with a handkerchief. "Tut, tut, I was forgetting Thomas," I added. "Five sevenpenny."

I took the stamps home and showered them on Celia.

"You see," I said, "it 's not really difficult."

"Oh, you angel! What do I do with them?"

"Stick them on Jane," I said grandly. "Dot them about the house. Stamp your letters with them—I can always get you plenty more."

"Didn't you get a card, too?"

"N—no. No, I didn't. The fact is, it 's your turn now, Celia. *You* get the card."

"Oh, all right. I—er—suppose you just ask for a—a card?"

"I suppose so. And—er—choose a doctor, and—er—decide on an approved society, and—er—explain why it is you hadn't got a card before, and—er——Well, anyhow, it 's your turn now, Celia."

"It 's really still Jane's turn," said Celia, "only she 's so stupid about it."

But she turned out to be not so stupid as we thought. For yesterday there came a ring at the bell. Feeling instinctively that it was the inspector, Celia and I got behind the sofa . . . and emerged some minutes later to find Jane alone in the room.

"Somebody come to see about an insurance card or something," she said. "I said you were both out, and would he come to-morrow."

Technically I suppose we *were* both out. That is, we were not receiving.

"Thank you, Jane," I said stiffly. I turned to Celia. "There you are," I said. "To-morrow something *must* be done."

"I always said I 'd do it to-morrow," said Celia.

A. A. M.

"One of the many engagements that are always announced at the close of the season is that of Miss Constance ——."—*World.*

We wish her better luck this year.

GREAT LITERARY SENSATION.

Dickens and Mrs. Harris.
Find of Valuable Letter.
Views of Experts.

It is *Mr. Punch's* privilege this week to throw light for the British public upon one of the most interesting secret chapters in the history of our literature.

It will probably come as a surprise, if not a shock, to our readers, howsoever versed they may be in the byways of bookland, to learn that one of the most famous characters in *Martin Chuzzlewit* not only had a prototype in real life but in Charles Dickens's youth inspired him with the liveliest feelings.

It is common knowledge that Dickens was born at Portsmouth. Whether or not the lady whom afterwards he described for mankind as *Mrs. Harris* was born there too, we cannot say, nor indeed has research yet yielded her maiden name; but the irrefragable fact remains that at some time during his adolescence the young genius soon to dazzle the world as "Boz" expressed the warmest admiration for a mysterious lady unnamed, and all the evidence goes to prove that it was she whom later in life he rendered immortal in the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. There is no direct evidence, but if ever circumstantial evidence spoke the truth it speaks it here.

The letter which has been placed in our hands is so surrounded with mystery that we can say little that is definite; we are not even at liberty to state from what source it comes. Let it suffice that we are ourselves satisfied with the *bona fides* of the present owners, who are beyond question the descendants of *Mrs. Harris*, although that is no more their name than it was hers. Dickens, the soul of honour and delicacy, could never have used a real name; nor shall we. At the most we may say that the representatives of the family are now residing in a picturesque Spanish chateau, and that they have placed in our hands this document, hitherto so jealously guarded from the public eye, to do as we like with.

Before coming to the letter itself let us consider for a few moments the character of *Mrs. Harris*. For one thing she is never seen. All that we know of her we know by hearsay. Her friend, *Mrs. Gamp* (one of the leading nurses of her time), testifies to her existence and her good sense and sympathy, otherwise we should know nothing.

It is the same in the letter. Even as a younger woman she still was mysterious. Dickens seems to have treated her rather as an ideal—shall we say a Grail?—than as an entity of flesh and blood. It was years after this letter that he wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit*, yet he forgot nothing. *Mrs. Harris*, as he then called the object of his early passion, is still vague, impalpable; but through the vivid eyes of her friend, *Mrs. Gamp*, we see her older, wiser.



Aunt Jane. "Really, Gladys, the bathing dresses you girls wear are disgraceful. Look at me; do *I* show my figure?"

The letter is dated April 1, 1828. Dickens, it will be remembered, was born in 1812, and was thus in the neighbourhood of sixteen—a notoriously inflammable age.

We should premise that the italics in it are our own; but were ever phrases more significant read in the light of after events? After perusing the letter the reader will more than ever wonder how it came to be preserved. Though they may not be responsible for this, the heirs of Dickens are surely its legal owners.

But here is the precious document:—

Beloved,—If only I knew who you were and what you looked like how much happier I should be! Yet should I? This is a question which I ponder throughout the watches of the night. To love an unknown is to palpitate in the presence of every woman. I do not even know if you will get this letter, since if I put no address on it how can it ever reach you? And how can I put an address if I do not know one? *I do not even know that you exist at all*, but it relieves my feelings to address you thus. If ever I can make you famous trust me to do so. At present I am all at sea about my future, but should I at any time take, as I sometimes dream of doing, to fiction, you may rely upon being *one of my dearest heroines*.

Fond charmer, farewell.

Your adoring C. D.

Proofs of the above article having been sent to various of those eminent



Actor. "I must insist on being paid for rehearsals."

Manager. "What on earth for? I never heard of such a thing."

Actor. "Because lately I've had so many six weeks' rehearsals for a ten days' run. But I don't mind giving the performances free."

men whose opinion on everything is so valuable, we are in the fortunate position of being able to print a selection of their comments.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll writes: "Since the Brontë bombshell fell and proved once and for all that Charlotte did not invent her Professor, there has been nothing so epoch-making as the discovery of the Dickens-Harris romance. As an old student of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which I first read in a corner of the Manse library at Fecclowonish, near Canterbury, in the green monthly parts in which it was issued, I must confess that the revelation is no surprise to me, for there are words in which Dickens refers to this romantic lady which either meant something or nothing. But I can understand that to the mass of readers the story will be startling. The thanks of the whole world are due to *Punch* for its enterprise."

Sir Clement Shorter writes: "Although not interested as a rule in other students' discoveries, I must admit to feeling a flush of excitement as I perused this absorbing letter. Probably no one in either hemisphere has a finer collection than myself of books relating to the wizard of Gadshill, which occupy exactly eighty-three shelves of the hovel in which I take shelter when the toils of the day are done."

Sir Gilbert Parker writes: "As one of the most prolific of modern novelists may I say that the story of the young Dickens's infatuation for this lady is well within the bounds of credibility. Most youths destined one day to enthral their fellows by the magic of the written word would have to plead guilty to similar periods of enamourment. I recollect——" [Next, please.—Ed.]

Mr. Frank Harris writes: "An absorbing narrative. . . . But she was, strange to say, no relation of mine, nor did I ever interview her."

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., writes: "A more astounding pageant of heart-beats never found its way to paper. All our ideas of Dickens must be revised by the light of this supreme discovery."

Mr. Hall Caine writes: "Weary as I am from the task of putting forth another earth-shaking romance, I may, I trust, be excused from entering minutely into this matter. It was my privilege to know Dickens personally, and he always struck me as a man in whose deep recesses in early youth a fierce fire might have glowed, leaving behind it such scars and cicatrices as an unrequited passion is known by masters of the human heart to cause. I say no more, except that an analysis of certain cognate effects of the emotion of love will be found in my new novel, which has just succeeded in getting noiselessly born into a hard world."

"Two boys, Oundle and Tonbridge, tied for the Spencer Cup. In the shoot off the Cup was won by Oundle."—*Eastern Province Herald.*

Young Master Giggleswick was unplaced.



ÆSCULAPIUS IN LONDON.

Mr. McKenna (*to Presiding Deity of International Medical Congress*). "YOU LOOK AS IF YOU KNEW ALL ABOUT MICROBES, SIR. COULDN'T YOU FIND ME AN ANTIDOTE TO THIS?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, August 4.—Bank Holiday; shops shut; banks closed; City empty; all the world abroad in search of amusement. General Carson finds his in Ulster where he has stirred the population to profounder depths by hinting at issue of warrant for his arrest by "this wretched, rotten, discredited and hireling Government."

"Let them come on," said the Defiant Covenanter. "I know nothing about their intentions. I care less."

Rather spoiled effect of this bold declaration by the aside, "It may be true



"The Defiant Covenanter."

they have issued a warrant. One thing I feel certain of is they will never execute it."

Following general example House of Lords is literally shut up. Peers off to Hampstead or Greenwich bent on making a day of it. Only the Commons, dogged in industry, loyal to call of duty, go on with their work as if Bank Holiday were not.

Cannot say we are inconveniently crowded. Gaps on both sides, including two front benches. When Speaker took Chair one quarter of House was, by exception, thronged to fullest capacity. This the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery appropriated at opening of sittings to accommodation of Parliamentary agents in charge of Private Bills. As usual in last fortnight of a session there is accumulation of these measures. Urgent anxiety to get them through before Prorogation.



"Peers off to Hampstead."

Fully a score stand on Order of the Day awaiting permission to advance a stage. In ordinary circumstances this would be agreed to as matter of course. Circumstances to-day not ordinary. Tim Healy is interested in a Bill promoted by Urban District authority of Kingstown to provide electric lighting for the town. Board of Trade eliminated this provision.

Tim, accustomed to trace untoward circumstances back to Source of All Evil, discovers in this procedure hand of John Redmond. Why or wherefore no one out of Ireland can say. However it be, suspicion suffices to bring Tim up in arms.

"If they put out our light," he grimly says, "I'll put out everybody else's."

Good as his word. As Clerk at Table read out list of Private Bills with proposal that they should be read a third time, Tim, half rising from his seat and politely removing his hat, murmured, "I object."

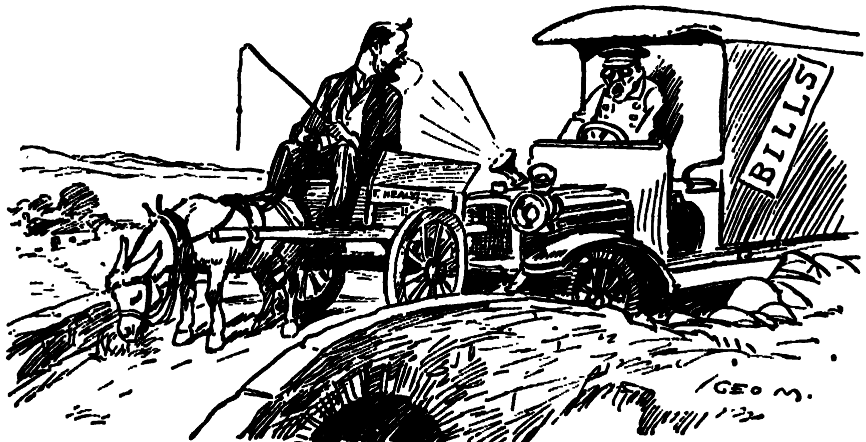
That sufficed. The wisdom of Parliament in this respect provides no appeal against dictum of a single member, animated by whatsoever personal motive. One by one the Bills were blocked. The end reached, the Parliamentary agents slowly filed out of Gallery, despair written on their brows, dejection enfeebling their footsteps. Spectacle calculated to move the hardest heart.

"Sorry for them," said Tim. "Good chaps, I'm sure, and I don't care tuppence about their Gas and Water Bills. I'm concerned only for Kingstown's little scheme. They'd better call and see John Redmond and come back to-morrow."

Business done.—Report Stage of Supply closed. Four million sterling voted as rapidly as questions put from the Chair.

Tuesday.—Ever since last Wednesday, when five stout Unionists were discovered in a single bathroom, in preparation for a snap division, what time the Terrace silently filled with figures entering on tiptoe through the passage leading from the Speaker's Courtyard, Ministerial Whips have been in state of feverish perturbation. Ambuscade defeated only by rarest turn of luck. Whisper of the plot reached Whips' Room just before dinner hour. Extraordinary effort succeeded in mustering a majority. As it was it ran down to thirty-three.

Reported that at least one more attempt will be made on this lofty plane of opposition to defeat Government before Prorogation. Accordingly, in these closing days of a session unspeakably wearying, Ministerialists are not only brought down every day in full number; they are throughout the sitting shepherded with assiduity that prevents escape. Bitterness of the cup aggravated by discovery that Opposition Benches remain half-empty. When division bell rings less than a hundred saunter into Opposition Lobby, whilst

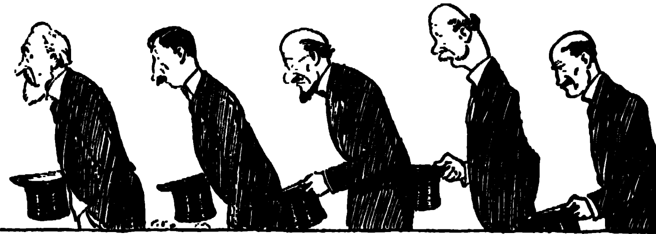


Tim Healy holds up a few Bills.

two hundred and fifty to three hundred weary patriots troop into the other.

This circumstance obviously does not alter the situation. Rather it imposes increase of precaution. A few nights of this kind of thing has inevitable tendency to disarm suspicion and slacken effort. That done, the bathrooms may again on eve of critical division become inconveniently populated, and the darkened Terrace swarm afresh with ghostlike figures watchful for signal to rush the House.

'Tis a noble game, maintaining loftiest traditions of Mother of Parliaments. One sometimes marvels what that shrewd observer the Man in the Street thinks about it.



"Parliamentary agents slowly filed out of gallery, despair written on their brows."

Business done.—The Member for Sark gives notice of a Bill to amend The Public Washhouses and Baths' Act. Seems hopeless to endeavour at this period of session to attempt fresh legislation. Sark explains that it is a one-clause measure prohibiting overcrowding of bathrooms. Even if it is blocked its introduction will serve good purpose since it will thereupon be printed and circulated, affording opportunity for reflection during the Recess.

Tim Healy triumphs over Board of Trade in respect of their meddling with the Kingstown private Bill. Friendly understanding arrived at, other private Bills will be allowed to make progress.

Friday.—A few days ago Bonner Law publicly confessed that House of Commons is rapidly losing its interest. In measure the statement is incontestable. Various explanations might be offered. Most obvious is change of *personnel*, marked in especial degree on Front Opposition Bench. Have known the place longer even than Bonner Law. Man and boy have lived in closest intimacy with it for full forty years. Confess to occasional fleeting mood of impatience at recurrent intervals of dulness. But *au fond* House remains what it always has been, a marvellous microcosm of humanity. In common with humanity it suffers from a tendency to descend to pettiness of manner. But it is capable of rising to loftiest heights.

Just heard of little incident that illustrates its multiform character. Hesitate to set it forth in cold print. Seems too intimate to gossip about, yet too charming to hide.

In the ranks of one of the sections of Party which make up conglomerate of the House is a Member who in point of service ranks among the oldest. The best part of a life now drifting on to limit of three-score-years-and-ten was spent in tumultuous career of War Correspondent. Privation suffered in discharge of duties in field and camp that won for him high place in world of journalism undermined his health, leaving him in condition approaching physical helplessness.

Does not often come down to fill the seat reserved for him by easy access from door under Strangers' Gallery. Sometimes talks of retiring from scene familiar for more than thirty years. Colleagues will not hear of such thing. As long as he likes to hold the seat his constituents will return him, and his comrades at Westminster will welcome him. So when his presence is required for critical division his name is found in list of voters.

From moment he appears on the scene till he quits it he is attended with watchful solicitude by the Party Whip. Setting aside other engagements, howsoever important, this busy gentleman guides his faltering footsteps, looks after his evening meal, sits by him as he partakes of it, helpful as a nurse with a little child.

As was said of a gentleman accustomed to dye his hair, the House of Commons is not so black as it is sometimes painted.

Business done.—In Committee on new Marconi Contract.

MEDICAL CONGRESS NOTES.

London is in danger of being over-doctored. You can't be knocked down by the simplest motor-bus without seven or eight of its occupants alighting rapidly to feel you over, set your broken limbs, and take your temperature in seven or eight different languages.

A bright young pharmaceutical chemist, with experience of the prescriptions of our most eminent physicians, has been kept quite busy by the principal hotels in deciphering the signatures of certain of their medical guests written in the registers, and has made a small fortune out of the fees he has received.

Opinions differ about the value of the Medical Congress. The proprietor of one of our well-known remedies for every disease under the sun declares emphatically that it is a great waste of time and money, being entirely unnecessary.

The other day a remarkable incident occurred in the Tube. A mother and her child were there; also a benign-looking gentleman with a Burmese cast of countenance. The child, a sickly-looking boy of some seven summers, being no lover of Eastern peoples and ignorant of Western manners, slowly but surely put out his tongue at the foreign gentleman. The wanderer from Burma gazed long and intently at the tongue, then pursed his lips and shook his head gravely. Uttering a few polite words in Burmese he leaned forward and grasped the wrist of the child, whose howl of terror intimated to his mother that something was taking place. Before the train drew up at the next station, the mother informed the Burmese gentleman that he was a foreign kidnapper, that it was no use to raise his hat, that if she had had her umbrella with her she would have known what to do with it, that in future he should hit one of his own size, that it was disgraceful, and that she was getting out to inform the station-master. But for her haste her child might have had administered to him some potent Burmese pill that would have sufficed to save her any further medical expense on her offspring's behalf.

TO A REASONABLE BEING.

Lady, I do not even know your name,
Yet is my heart bereft of its repose,
Since in the lift to-day your hat-brim came
In sudden contact with the poet's nose.
'Twas not your face's beauty wove the spell;
I did not see it, and you best can tell
If after all that was not just as well.

'Twas not your taste in dress. The hat-brim hid
Even your summer costume from my view.
It was not anything you said or did.
Lady, the sole sufficing charm of you
Was that your hat-pins, merciful and wise,
Were fashioned to so sensible a size
I brushed you close and still retained my eyes.



Mrs. Smith (to Smith who, starting for his annual "rest cure," is making a frantic rush for the train). "JOHN! ARE YOU SURE YOU LOCKED UP THE HOUSE?"

TWO FATHERS TO TWO DAUGHTERS.

[A member of the London Education Committee suggested at a recent meeting that the *Essays of Elia* was hardly the kind of book to be put in the hands of young women students.]

I.

"WHAT, reading? An improving book,
I trust? Come, let your father look.

LAMB? And who's LAMB, my dear Maria?
What *are* the *Essays of Elia?*

I open straight away on 'd—n.'
For shame! Away with Mr. LAMB!

'Chimney-sweeps,' 'Beggars,' 'Actors,' 'Whist'!
A scandal to the Library list!

What? He's a classic? More's the pity!
I shall complain to the Committee."

(*He does.*)

II.

"I send you, *mia cara figlia,*
The volume of the gentle *Elia.*

Also a cutting, which at least
May lend a relish to the feast.

For *Mr. Podsnap* is not dead:
His brains alone are lapt in lead.

He lives, he lives, though sorely spent,
We shrug our shoulders, and lament

The tyranny not overpast
Of Philistine and agelast.

Well, well! While *Mr. P.* must cease,
And fade like old *John Naps* of Greece,

Still *Elia's* wit and *Elia's* way
Shall strike a bliss upon the day

For girls to whom the postman brings
These dear 'unlicked, inconditc things.'"

THE MONEY COLUMN

(*As it appears to one who knows nothing about it*).

FEATURELESS MARKETS.

1,000, *Threadneedle Street, E.C.*

The commencement of a new account combined with the imminence of the settlement gave the stock markets generally a somewhat unsettled appearance. To these were added some apprehension over the reported outbreak of peace in the Balkans.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Consols showed an irregular tendency, finally ending the turn lower. Other gilt-edged securities moved in sympathy, much of the gilt having been by this time discounted. Home Rails, despite the expanding influence of the recent hot weather, remained without decided movement; the chief feature being Underground Issues, which were inclined to rise. Bulgarian Four-and-a-Half were unchanged: home-brewed ditto however being lowered freely all round. In the American Market, Trunks were largely enquired for, especially by Customs officials. Yarns were, if possible, higher. Cements remained firm. Marconis were not mentioned.

The action of the Bank in restricting facilities for withdrawal was adversely commented upon, especially by a gentleman who was asked to accompany a cashier to the police station in consequence. Several important calls were paid, mostly between 3 and 5. The Egyptian Exchange fell off, but was happily undamaged. Throughout the day the Rubber market presented a welcome exception to the general uncertainty of tone, the leaders shedding their customary quarter with absolute regularity. The material remains raw; company balance-sheets being however, in many cases, distinctly the opposite.

After the House was closed, there was a universal set-back by the caretakers; but the street market was animated, bananas and collar-studs being in brisk demand.

PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A FLY.

(*By our Charivariety Artiste.*)

I.

Back in Town again, and, by Jove, it's good to be there! Feeling somewhat run down, I decided, the other day, to try the effect of a whiff of country air. So I flew to Waterloo, entered an empty first-class carriage—I did not feel well enough for company—settled myself comfortably in a corner of the well-padded seat, and got out at the first wayside station that took my fancy. But Town for me; Country's a rotten hole. Nothing there but a lot of stupid scenery and doltish animals. Too many birds, too, making *darts* at *you*. What their grievance against us is I don't know. It was different with a silly sow who snapped at me one day. There is a saying, "If pigs could fly . . ." The clumsy brutes can't, of course, while we flies *can* pig—see us in a confectioner's shop—and that's what makes them jealous.

Taking it all in all, Country is an unexciting, sleepy place, and I have no use for it. So, feeling better, except for a slight sore throat, I boarded a train again this morning, and here I am back again in dear old London. I always travel by rail in spite of its being a somewhat old-fashioned method of locomotion—but I am a beggar for comfort. A fly friend of mine went to Brighton, the other day, free of expense, sitting on a motor-car. But he had to hang on like grim death all the time; the thing went at such a pace that he was more than once nearly blown off. His poor eyes became so inflamed that he was a sight for days afterwards, and he caught the cold of his life.

I am staying at Lord Belchester's mansion in Piccadilly. That is one advantage that we flies enjoy. All the best houses are open to us, and we can leave when we get bored. I fancy I shall stay here some time, for it is a well-appointed house with a capital larder, and the position is convenient, being near to both St. James's and Hyde Parks, which are so handy when one wants a breather.

After a feed in the larder and a rest on the drawing-room sofa, where I sprawled at full length for over an hour, I felt fit for anything. So I sought out the house-dog, dear old Rover. I found him trying to get to sleep in the library. I did the most hazardous things. I tickled his nozzle, and once I sailed right through his open mouth, he snapping his jaws just after I was the other side of him. Once or twice the dear old fellow tried strategy. He would pretend suddenly to have fallen into a sound sleep, hoping to catch me that way, but naturally I saw the one eye open. Finally I settled on the lower part of one of the window panes. He rushed at it, attempted to crush me with his great fat paw, of course missed me, but broke the window, cut his paw, and no doubt later on got a sound thrashing from his master.

After that I went and plagued a beast of a yellow cat named Tabby Ochre, who lay in front of the kitchen fire. This was perhaps more enjoyable than dog-baiting, for with a cat there is always an element of danger, and that makes it real sport. However, in spite of the snakiness and celerity of her movements, Tabby Ochre never got me, and I left her in a deuce of a temper, saying to myself, "Heaven save the mouse who comes her way within the next two hours."

I think that my country trip must have done me more good than I imagined, I feel so well and fit and frolicsome to-day.

I decided I would now go back and chaff poor old Rover. So to the library, where, however, I found much bigger game. Asleep in a chair, with a book in his lap—he is a well-known book-lover—was my lord himself. He had the most lovely bald head I have ever hit upon. It is perfectly smooth and shiny. It is astonishing how bald heads vary. It is the exception to find one without a blemish. Some of them are most miserable objects, absolutely lacking in polish and with unexpected hillocks springing up here and there. Lord Belchester has the perfect cranium one might expect from a man of his wealth and position. I had Winter Sports on it—some of the finest skating and tobogganing that have ever come my way. My word, but my lord did get angry! And what amused me was that he was not a bit more clever at it than old Rover. Every now and then he gave himself a violent slap on the head with his hand, hoping I would go pfutt under it, but, of course, I always saw the hand coming, and he must have got a sad head-ache. And he threw his valuable book at me, missing me but ruining the book. Finally he rang the bell for his chief flunkey. "Yes, m'lord?" asked that gloomy functionary. "Glanders, kill that fly," said his lordship. "Very well, m'lord," said Glanders. That made me feel quite important. I was flattered that this gorgeous and dignified personage should be told off to have a game with me, and I gave Glanders a great time. He fell over a chair, broke two valuable Chiny vases, and finally when, out of sheer devilry, I settled for a second on the bald head again, he lost his, and brought a hand down on my lord's pate with such force that the pompous ass was dismissed on the spot.' Then, as the game was beginning to pall on me, I flew out of the window, through the hole Rover had made, roaring with laughter, into the sunshine.

In the open, as I flew along, I meditated on men and their ways. How impotent they are! Size is by no means everything. Why, these stupid giants cannot even walk on the ceiling or crawl up a wall. The smug self-satisfaction of men amuses me whenever I think of it. I really believe they consider themselves our superiors.

While I was pondering these things I suddenly heard a voice behind me cry, "Why, it's Leslie! How are you, dear? I haven't seen you for ages." I turned round and saw Editha, an old flame of mine, of whom I had tired long ago. I looked at her and wondered how I could ever have been in love with her. She had fine eyes, it is true, but bandy legs, and altogether she looked a dowd; one of her wings was actually in holes. "Do go away, please," I said, "I don't want to be interrupted. I am thinking." With a sigh she dropped behind. Lord, how she has lost her looks! And to think that she was once known as "The Merry Widow"! Poor thing! What is there about me, I wonder, that makes me so confoundedly attractive to the other sex? I suppose they like me because I am such a dare-devil. Still, it has its advantages. It enables me to pick and choose, and, if it were not that these lines may fall into the hands of the young, I could tell a tale or two of *amours* low and high.

(*To be continued.*)

AT A MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

(*Meeting after Correspondence.*)

"He comes; a wild, ecstatic thrill
 Consumes my heart, and sudden fire
Burns in a cheek unravished still—
 Can this be William Jones, Esquire?"

"So she is there, and I must take
 Her hand in mine and say the word.
But *must* I? There is some mistake.
 Can this be Arabella Bird?"

O married life of mutual doubt!
 O secret shame! Forbear to laugh,
Since each had sinned in sending out
 Another person's photograph.

"This ceremony concluded, tea was taken in the shady Fellows' garden."

Daily Telegraph.

In our pupillary state we always had our suspicions of these Fellows.



If you can't putt in the ordinary way,



Try looking closely at the ball,



Or looking closely at the hole,



Or not looking at either.



Again, some do it this way



Or thus.



You might try one hand,



Or—no hands.



Then why not this?



Or (being on a holiday) this?



This, again, is excellent in dry weather.



We don't recommend this, but you might try it!

Frank Reynolds

HOLIDAY PUTTS.

Mr. Punch's advice to those who find themselves "off" this branch of the game.

THE LAKE.

"Oh," said Francesca, "that hurt."

"I am sorry," I said, "I had to slap your face. There was a horse-fly feeding on your damask cheek."

"But you needn't have slapped so hard."

"Yes," I said, "I need. These Swiss horse-flies are desperate fellows. A mere handful of them can kill a cow. Francesca, I would not have you perish in your prime."

"But why," she said, "are you stopping again? At this rate we shall never get to Lac Lioson. Come, pull yourself together. The children are far ahead out of sight."

"Let them," I said, "remain out of sight. They have no families, no husbands, no wives, no five-franc pieces, no heavy boots, no cares of any kind; and they have Arthur with them. Arthur is the best of fellows. He will look after them."

"Get up," she said, "and let us press on."

"No," I said, "not yet. In two minutes we will resume our climb. It is the hard-boiled egg that is impeding me."

"Which one?" she said. "You ate three."

"The second," I said, "was the largest. I think it is the second. This will be a lesson to me never to eat more than the first and third."

"There," she said, "Arthur's shouting back. He says it is just round the corner."

"I have learnt," I said, "to distrust Arthur. We have been climbing these precipitous ascents for more than an hour, and, according to Arthur, the lake has been round every corner. You must admit, Francesca, that the corners have been most deceptive."

"Are you going," she said, "to make me ashamed of having brought out a husband who cannot walk?"

"I will admit," I said, "that, if you wanted the husband who would walk to Lac Lioson in record time under a broiling sun, then you brought the wrong one. The one you have brought is an enjoyer of scenery, a smoker of occasional cigarettes, a taker of his ease, a despiser of the mad rush that is ruining human nature, a man, in fact, who, having rested, is willing to push on gently."

"Push along, then," she said.

"I am not sure," I said, "that 'push' was quite the right word."

"'Drag,'" she said, "would have been better."

"No, 'move' was what I wanted. I will now move on gently with you."

"We shall never catch them up," she said. "They're miles ahead."

"There you go, Francesca. Arthur says it is round the next corner, and you say it is miles away. I refuse to make any further concessions to this lake. From all I hear it is not a real lake at all. It is a mere tarn, a silly little sheet of water up in the mountains. We have plenty of tarns in England."

"But you're not in England," she said. "You're in Switzerland, and you've come out with your wife and family to see Lac Lioson, and if you hadn't sat down and rested about a hundred times you'd have been there by now. If only I had been a man——"

"That's just it," I interrupted. "If you had been a man you wouldn't have been so set on seeing this lake. You would have let me rest without worrying me. You wouldn't have made me carry all the girls' sweaters in case they should find it cold at the lake. In fact you wouldn't have wanted to see this ridiculous lake at all. But, being a woman, of course you're quite different."

"At any rate," she said, "this is going to be your last rest. When once you get off that tree-stump you'll have to walk on till you get to the lake."

"Then I shan't get up," I said. "I shall stay here and let you go round all the remaining corners. Leave me, Francesca, and get on to the children. You will find my body here when you come back."

"I will never," she said, "desert Mr. Micawber. Up you get. That's it!"

"Francesca," I said, "for your sake I will put my least damaged foot forward. Let us get to this lake and throw stones at it. One more corner, and——"

It really was the lake this time.

THE SCHOOL FOR SUCKLINGS.

[We learn from *The Daily Express* that an American professor has been denouncing "baby-talk." "Every bit of the foolish jargon taught to babies nowadays will have to be unlearned some day," he said in a recent lecture. "The average father and mother, instead of preparing their child for school, instead of establishing a foundation for education and knowledge, do the very opposite."]

There's a pucker in Frederick's forehead,
  There's an ominous look in his eye,
And I fancy he's forming a horrid
  And hasty decision to cry;
And it's oh for the syrup that's soothing
  To smother the imminent row—
For the prattle so potent in smoothing
  The creases that wrinkle his brow!

But the power that rules over the cradle
  Has started a novel crusade:
Henceforth, 'tis determined, a spade 'll
  Be plainly described as a spade;
And baby, who 'll shortly be burning
  To win academical bays,
Shall skip the ordeal of unlearning
  The lore of his nursery days.

No longer shall "diddums" and "poppet"
  Our Freddie to peacefulness woo;
That language is dead—we're to drop it;
  We've uttered our ultimate "goo";
Though our temper he sorely should try by
  A fixed disposition to weep,
He'll never be told to "go bye-bye,"
  But simply requested to sleep.

In place of those fatuous fables
  We lately prescribed for his pain
We'll recite him the multiple tables,
  Or a list of the rivers of Spain;
He shall taste in his cot of the pleasures
  He's destined at school to enjoy—
The tale of the weights and the measures,
  Including the travail of Troy.

When he's cross, we shall bid him remember
  The year Cœur-de-Lion was crowned,
And how many days hath September,
  And how many pence make a pound.
Endowed with these generous riches,
  He'll grow a remarkable lad—
Unless, ere he's put into breeches,
  His brain-drill has driven him mad.

"An official circular from the Governor-General's office states that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will prolong their stay in England until October 7, in order that they may attend the wedding of Prince Arthur and the Duchess of Fife, which has been fixed for October 15.—*Reuter*."—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle*.

It will be a shock to them to find that they have missed it after all.



Self-satisfied Shot. "Not a bad one that, Sandy, eh?"
Sandy (gathering another winged bird). "Man, ye 'd be a graand shot for ane o' these retriever trials. They 're terrible fond o' wounded bur-r-ds."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Pot of Basil which Mr. Bernard Capes has produced with the assistance of Messrs. Constable is the sort of plant which should thrive on idle summer beaches. Perhaps you will be pleasantly intrigued (as I was) to meet on an early page and anything more than a hundred and fifty years ago a brave equipage lumbering up the high road containing a handsome gentleman in uncustomary suit of solemn but costly black. Very well then. This is an Archduke *incognito*. And lo! at a turn of the pass appears a vision of delight, apparently just a casual fair maiden of the place in difficulties about a water-lily, but really the destined princess, Isabella, granddaughter of Louis XV. of France and daughter of Philip, Duke of Parma. And of course the Archduke must needs send a deputy to do his wooing, one *Tiretta*, an honourable soldier-courtier with a very pretty light tenor voice and a troubadour's gift of improvisation, a sort of cross between *Charles Wogan* and *Paolo*. Follows the inevitable tragic consequence, aided by wretched mischances and very thorough and rather incredible and insufficiently motived villainy on the one part and an ingenuous lack of suspicion on the other. Mr. Capes is an accustomed weaver of romances. Perhaps custom has staled his form a little. I doubt if he would once have thought that anyone even in the seventeen-sixties would say, "Hark to that chink, Gaspare! A double silver ducat to line your old breeches withal!" And I am inclined to wish that he had not chosen a pot of basil in which to boil up the unhappy authentic ingredients of his romance, for the basil need have had nothing to do with the case and seemed forced rather than pleasantly fanciful. But Mr. Capes is nothing if not allusive and one understands his temptation.

The Scarlet Pimpernel, you may be glad to hear, is at it again. He was, I fancy, too profitable a servitor of the Baroness Orczy to be allowed to remain permanently in retirement, however well-earned. His reappearance should be for everyone's benefit, especially since it shews him engaged upon such an excellent adventure as that set out in *Eldorado* (Hodder and Stoughton). This time his objective is the rescue of the Dauphin. "Could I, or anyone else, doubt for a moment that sooner or later your romantic hero would turn his attention to the most pathetic sight in the whole of Europe—the child-martyr in the Temple prison?" asks one of the characters in an early chapter. Of course not; no more could the *Pimpernel's* enormous public. So it is well that their confidence has been rewarded. No one at this time of day will be astonished to learn that the mission is a triumphant success, and the little prince safely smuggled over the frontier; for your *Pimpernel* is not the man to be checked by so trifling an obstacle as historical accuracy. The future course of events with the child is not indicated. What is of far more importance is that the tale shows *Sir James Blakeney* at his delightful best—witty, debonair, and so resourceful that even when things look darkest the reader can rest upon the comfortable assurance that all will come right in the end. There were moments when, but for this conviction, my own optimism would have been

sorely tried. Still I ought to have guessed that the bandaged ruffian was really Mr. Fred Terry—I mean the *Pimpernel*—in disguise, because this sort of thing has happened before. That I didn't is my tribute to a breathless, improbable and most entertaining story.

There was once, you may remember, a gentleman named Sterne who wrote a book called *A Sentimental Journey*. Since then there have been others of like mind, such (for example) as Stevenson, Belloc, and plenty more whom I could mention, but have forgot. The point about these persons is that they all wrote books of easy-going travel, and (which is the strange thing) wrote them in very much the same style. There appears indeed to be a Common Form in these matters. The latest exponent of it is Mr. William Caine, whose book *The New Foresters* (Nisbet) is not only an interesting study for the stylist, but incidentally as entertaining a record as you could desire to read. Mr. Caine, being, as is clearly apparent, of the stuff of which adventurers are made, has hit upon a bright idea. Perceiving that motors and their attendant dust have rendered high-road caravanning a humiliation and torture not willingly to be endured, he determined with his wife to explore only such side tracks as were impossible to the Destroyers. To this end, having secured a small cart and a moderately reasonable ass, he started upon a leisurely tour of the New Forest, with such results as are here set down. It is a book that any fool can enjoy and chuckle over; but to the choice company who love the Forest and its enchanting villages as a man may love good ale, or a mistress, or the apples that grow in a certain orchard near Minstead (I had to put that in), it will be a pure delight. I should like to quote from almost every chapter. What more could one say? Buy it at once.



"Can my 'Erbert bathe 'ere, Mum? 'E ain't got no university costume, but 'e's got 'is Eton collar and 'is collidge cap on."

"Richard Dehan's" method hardly lends itself to short story writing. It needs the elbow-room which it (and I) emphatically enjoyed in *Between Two Thieves*. *The Headquarter Recruit* (Heinemann) is, I am afraid, a sheaf of not very notably inspired or diverting pot-boilers, and their author is less concerned with probabilities of situation and character than any I have the honour to be acquainted with. The stories set out, for the most part, on a gay Kiplingesque note of genial allusiveness, but the plausibility of that adroit model is not at command. Besides, "his horses, his dogs, his guns, his hunters were discussed and rediscussed by men at clubs, in Fleet ward-rooms and garrison mess-rooms;" "the adjutant said in a tone that rang like bell-metal;" "the pale translucent hazel eyes of the young lady flashed violet;" and these things, I imagine, are no longer done, though they are well-known and convenient ingredients for the wholesale manufacture of fiction. But "The Fourth Volume," the story of the wife who married on his death-bed the hussar who had broken his back a-hunting is, strangely enough, as short and as ingenious in construction as one could desire; quite a satisfactory example of the compressed and unexpected. There is a certain movement and fantastic vitality about this writer's work even when, as in several of the examples collected in this volume, it is brimful of defects of matter and faults of style. And vitality is, after all, a better thing than flawlessness.

"Hundreds of men," says Mr. S. E. White, in *The Land of Footprints* (Nelson), "are better qualified than myself to write just this book." I commend his modesty, and only wish that he had carried it a little further and refrained from disparaging hunter-authors in general, an invidious task to which he devotes the first chapter of his book. But apart from this error of judgment I have only one fault to find with him, and it is that he refers to his comrades as B., C. and F. This reticence may have been obligatory, but all the same I can never pretend to a very human interest in a man who is cut down to a mere initial; and when I was told that "B. had not yet killed his lion, so the shot was his," I confess that my concern about the issue was largely academic. On the other hand I found unqualified virtue elsewhere in Mr. White's reticence. He has not revelled in details of indiscriminate slaughter. If I happened to be a Grant's gazelle, a Newman's hartebeeste, or a lesser kudu and had to be hunted, I should esteem it a privilege to be pursued by such an unbloodthirsty sportsman as the author of *The Land of Footprints*. It is more than a thrilling story of adventure, for Mr. White shows that he is a man of broad sympathies and understanding, who not only can deal successfully with primitive tribes like the Kikuyus, Monumwezis and Wakambas, but really knows them. If *Memba Sasa* and *Fundi* ever happen to come my way I shall feel that on their side the ceremony of introduction has already been most pleasantly performed.

In my experience there are two kinds of satisfaction to be derived from a good detective story. One is a sense of triumph when you have spotted the winning clue and find that you are right; the other a sense of relief following the solution of a mystery that has left you baffled till the last page. In *The Widow's Necklace* (Duckworth) Mr. Ernest Davies gives a taste of both kinds. Without claiming any very deep skill in detection I was able to guess pretty early in the story how the theft was accomplished, and I felt continually desirous of kicking the slow official sleuth because he didn't guess, too. I also had a correct suspicion, not, I confess, unclouded by one or two incorrect ones, as to the identity of the thief. But the finish was a complete surprise to me, and I flatter myself that most of Mr. Davies's readers—and he deserves a good many—will find themselves in the same position.

"At the 17th the captain won by laying his iron shot about 140 yards on the green at the 18th hole dead."—*Croydon Advertiser*.

We have often laid our drive dead on the wrong green.

CHARIVARIA.

A topical touch was given to the proceedings of the Congress by Dr. Walsh, who, in a paper which he read, undertook the white-washing of Lucrezia Borgia.

* * *

In view of the present pretty custom of suggesting that a Cabinet Minister is mixed up in every scandal of the day, it seems almost uncanny that no one should have hinted darkly at the possibility of Mr. Herbert Samuel's having purloined the famous pearl necklace, which is admitted to have been consigned by post.

* * *

Mr. Hall Caine announces that his new book has been commended by the Archdeacon of Westminster, Archdeacon Sinclair, Sir David Jones, Mr. William Canton, the Rev. Father Jay, and Sister Mildred. May we add that one of our aunts also liked it, while Miss Effie Smith (of Balham) has written to say that she thinks it lovely and so interesting?

* * *

During the last week of the Royal Academy Exhibition sixpence was charged for admission. Several visitors expressed the opinion that it was well worth the money.

* * *

Suffragettes tried unsuccessfully to burn down the Higher Grade Schools at Sutton-in-Ashfield last week. We understand that this will prove to be the first of a series of attempts to gain the support of the rising generation.

* * *

"Among Messrs. London, Weekes & Co.'s most recent publications is an effective setting of Tennyson's immortal 'Break, Break, Break.'" This should have an encouraging circulation among the militants.

* * *

Says the author of *The Writing of English*, just published in the Home University Library:—"So precise a person as Matthew Arnold misquotes Keats's 'Pure ablation round earth's human shores' as 'cold ablation' without a blush, and under circumstances that called for great accuracy." The classic instance, however, of such lapses is Keats's "pure ablution," a slip which remained uncorrected not only during the poet's lifetime, but down to the appearance of *The Writing of English*.

* * *

As a result of investigations into the sanitary conditions of the French Chamber of Deputies it has been discovered that on occasions there are 75,000 microbes there to the cubic yard. The scandal of this overcrowding is to be taken up at once by the local Society for the Protection of Animals.

* * *

The gentleman who wrote to a contemporary last week from Saffron Walden to announce that three degrees of frost were registered there on the 7th of August did, after all, serve a useful purpose. A forgetful editor, we are informed, on reading the news, suddenly remembered that he ought to be making arrangements at once for his Christmas Number.



THE UNSEASONABLE NUT.

Minx. "Whatever are those feathers doing?"

Nut. "Oh, I must have forgotten to take 'em out of my pocket after last Monday's shoot."

Visitors to Pourville have been officially forbidden "to carry away in any vessel or receptacle any quantity of sea water except by special licence." The local lock-up should be badly overcrowded on the first rough day by bathers who have inadvertently swallowed some of the precious liquid.

* * *

A short way with poets! A prisoner, up before Mr. Horace Smith (himself a poet) last week, asked him to read a poem he had written. The magistrate read one verse, and then sentenced the prisoner to three months' imprisonment in default of finding two sureties for his good behaviour.

* * *

The news that in the excitement of a cricket match a Leeds youth who had been dumb for ten years regained his speech does not surprise us. We have heard the most reticent man we know say quite a lot at the wickets when the ball hit him sharply on the little finger.

* * *

"A Vicar's Moral," announced a paragraph in *The Daily Mail*. "Dear, dear! Have we come to this?" commented an old lady, "A vicar with only one moral!"

* * *

At a ball that followed a rustic wedding the other day, there was a violent quarrel between the bride and bridegroom owing to the lady's dancing several times with her husband's former rival. Upon the bridegroom's boxing the bride's ears, the guests thrashed him and threw him out. Among the superstitious peasantry the incident is looked upon as a bad omen, and the wiseacres are prophesying that the marriage will not be a success.

* * *

The Rev. Canon M. M. ffinch and Mrs. ffinch celebrated their golden wedding at Northfleet, Kent, last week. We congratulate these llove-bbirds.

The New Obesity Cure.

"If Richard , fat boiler, will communicate with Thos. - - -, he will hear of something to his advantage."

Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."

KAISER WILHELM TO KING CAROL.

(On the conclusion of Peace.)

Good Karl, your second loyal wire to hand,
Acknowledging receipt of Ours and sending
A further tribute to the brain that planned,
By just allotment of another's land,
This amicable ending.

Telegrams, as you know, We've sent before,
Throwing, at well-selected points of time, light
On Our supremacy as Lord of War,
And now this new one gives Us back once more
A place within the limelight.

For, frankly, We have been for many a day
(We who were born the cynosure of nations)
Eclipsed by this loud talk of Edward Grey,
How he was always, in his tactful way,
Saving the situations.

Yes, We have been bored stiff; We could not bear
Those tedious tales of how he kept his head on,
Calming the others when they lost their hair,
And, by his cool behaviour in the Chair,
Postponing Armageddon.

But now the public We so long have missed
Acclaim Us as The Man Who Made the Treaty—
Not as they make 'em at St. James's tryst,
But bearing on its face Our final fist,
German and mailed and meaty.

And, if some monarch—rival or ally—
Thinks to revise Our work a little later,
"*Stet!*" is our comment; "let it stand!" We cry;
"Enough to know (without the reason why)
It has Our *imprimatur*!"

Thus William Kaiser is himself again,
Halo on brow, superb in shining show-wear;
Once more Our prestige, slightly on the wane,
Retrieves its former bulk and swells amain,
And Edward Grey is nowhere. O. S.

THE PATRIARCHAL DRAMA.

The statement that, at the beginning of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's Biblical play, *Jacob* (whom our great histrionic epigrammatist is to impersonate) will be eighty-six years of age, and at the end one hundred and six, has caused a flutter in centenarian circles, for hitherto the stage has paid very little attention to very old men. But, since every new dramatic departure finds instant imitators, Mr. Clarkson has already laid in a large stock of venerable wigs and beards.

Sir Herbert's *modus operandi* for getting age into him is most interesting. In his charming *villeggiatura* he has been busy for some weeks on a monograph of Old Parr, which is said to bristle with good things; he has exchanged his magnificent limousine for a bath-chair; and his constant companion is a copy of *De Senectute*. So great has been his success, at any rate superficial success, that in the towns he passes through in his quaint conveyance he is deluged with old-age pensions.

There is no truth in the rumour that Sir Herbert has consented, in deference to the wishes (or threats) of the W.S.P.U., to let the colours of *Joseph's* coat be purple, green and white.

In giving *Potiphar's* wife the name of Zuleika, Sir Herbert has again displayed his marvellous ingenuity and readiness. "What shall we call her?" Mr. Louis N. Parker asked one day at rehearsal. Quick as lightning came the reply, "Call her Zuleika." Any other man would have thought for hours and then have done worse. "Or, As you Like Her" has been suggested as a sub-title to the play; but Sir Herbert is against it.

The pit used by *Joseph's* cruel brethren in the great desert scene will be supplied by Trapp and Co.

As we go to press we learn that the sprightly piece to be entitled *Methuselah*, which was confidently expected from Mr. Bourchier, is not to be produced before 2163, owing to the thoroughness of that actor's methods.

THE NEW INTERVIEWING.

(With acknowledgments to "The Observer.")

Anxious to glean some information regarding the forthcoming production at the Novelty Theatre of Mr. G. Bernshaw's much-canvassed play, *The Girl from the Niger*, our representative called upon the famous manager, Mr. Garville Banker, and put a few leading questions to him.

"Touching *The Girl from the Niger*—" began our interviewer in an inviting tone.

"Who's touching her?" inquired Mr. Banker.

"—may I ask whether it is intended to give a realistic stage-picture of the West African interior?"

"You may," was the encouraging reply.

"Of course the popular legend may provide the substance of the story, or it may merely be treated in an allegorical fashion?" it was suggested.

"There are those alternatives," said Mr. Banker.

"And I suppose you do not intend to introduce a real tiger on the stage?"

"Do you?"

"If an allegorical treatment is adopted, it is possible that the tiger may be designed to represent the retribution that follows upon the prevailing feminine follies of the age?" insinuated our representative.

"The word 'possible' covers every eventuality that may present itself to the imagination," replied the talented *impresario*.

"Do you think that an author should produce his own plays, or that a professional producer should be universally employed?" was the next question.

"I don't think," replied Mr. Banker.

"Does Mr. Bernshaw agree with your revolutionary stage methods?"

"I'm afraid we shall have some rain after all," said Mr. Banker, rising and peering anxiously out of the window.

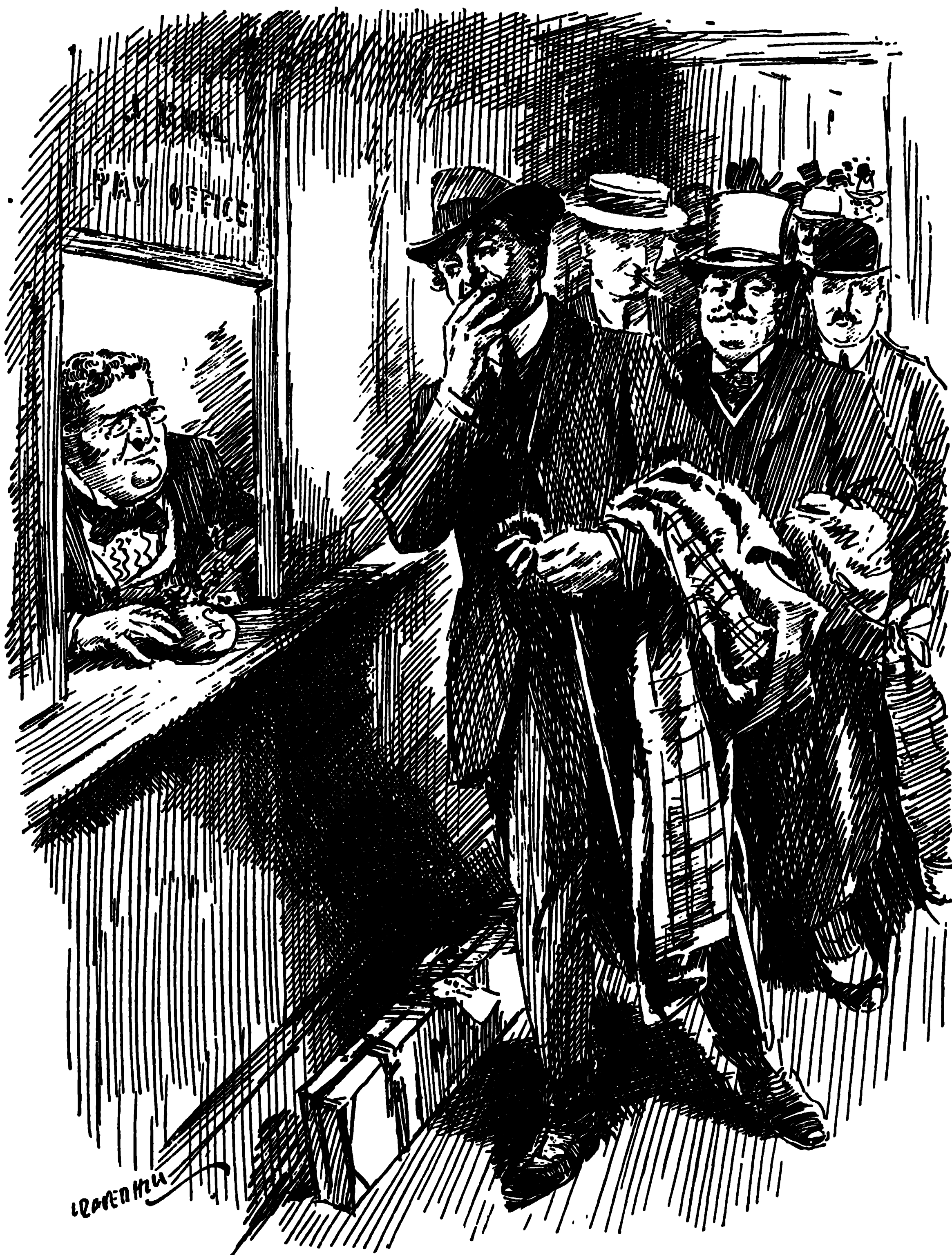
"I presume——"

"Quite so, you do."

"And one would like to know how many scenes there will be, and who are to act in the play, and whether the incidental music will be of Nigerian origin?"

At this stage of the interview, however, Mr. Banker lapsed into a contemplative silence, first toying with some papers, then looking at his watch, and finally ringing the bell. Concluding that little further information was to be obtained in this quarter and hearing a heavy footstep on the stairs, our representative took his departure.

But to one who has known what it is to interview an actor-manager like Sir Herbert Tree about a forthcoming production and to revel in the fine, free, generous manner in which he keeps nothing back which he feels the public ought to know—oh, what a difference!



THE GOLDEN SILENCE.

Conscientious M.P. "I'M AFRAID I SHAN'T REALLY BE EARNING MY FULL SALARY THIS YEAR WITH NO AUTUMN SESSION."

Paymaster Bull (*weary with legislation*). "DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT. YOU GO AND TAKE A NICE LONG HOLIDAY; THE COUNTRY NEEDS IT."



Mabel (trying her first story—the latest from the Junior Atalanta Smoking-room on Auntie). "D'YOU SEE THE POINT?"
Auntie. "IF IT'S WHAT I THINK IT IS, I DON'T."

ONCE UPON A TIME.

"EAST, WEST, HAME'S BEST."

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who was taken to the Zoo by her father. Her father's tastes were wholly scientific; he paid five guineas a year for the privilege of forgetting to give away Sunday tickets; he could add F.Z.S. to his name if he liked; and when he went in he asked for a pen, instead of paying a shilling like inferior folk. But the little girl was curiously unmoved by the world's strange fauna, whether elephants or snakes, and the result was that she followed listlessly and fatigued at her father's heels throughout the expedition, while with eager eyes he scrutinised this odd creature and that, from the very post-impressionist mandril by the Circle gate even to the distant and incredible camelopards.

The little girl, I say, was listless and fatigued—with the exception of two moments. For it chanced that as they walked in solemn procession through the house of the ostriches and the emus and various cassowaries, each of whom is named after his discoverer, they came to the Patagonian Cavy, and the little girl, loitering at his bars, uttered a gasp of delight, for there, all unconcerned and greedy, sat a tiny English mouse, eating grain.

It looked at her with its brilliant eyes, and nibbled as though there were only two minutes of all time left for refreshment; and, secure in the knowledge of the dividing bars, it refused even to blink when she flicked her hand at it. She never saw the Patagonian Cavy at all.

"What is it? What is it?" her father impatiently inquired.

"Hush," she said. "Do come back and look at this darling little mouse."

"Pooh—a mouse," said her father, and so strode on, eager to reach the elusive apertyx. But not yet could he do so, for at the very next compartment, after she had dragged herself all unwilling from this one, the little girl stopped again, and again was absorbed, not however in contemplation of the Red-bellied Wallaby which resided there and had been brought at great expense many thousands of miles from Australia for her benefit, but of the half-dozen London sparrows which fought and scrambled and gourmandized in the Wallaby's food tin.

"Well," said her mother when the little girl returned, "and what did you see that pleased you best?" and the little girl mentioned the mouse and the sparrows, but chiefly the mouse.

And what of the mouse? "You may call yourself a Patagonian Cavy," he remarked later in the evening, "but it doesn't follow that you're everybody. Did you notice a little girl with a blue bonnet this afternoon? Just after tea-time? The one that called her father back to have another look? Well, being a poor benighted Patagonian, you don't, of course, know what she said, but it wasn't what you think it was, oh dear no. What she said was, 'Do come back and look at this darling little mouse,' which merely," the mouse concluded, "again illustrates an old contention of mine that the familiar can often give points to the startling."

"The last general election appears to have been in October, 1910. The Constitution provides for elections every two years, so that, did a normal state of things exist, they ought to take place in a couple of months. It may, of course, be pleaded, with some plausibility, that the condition is not normal."—*Times.*

It is more likely to be pleaded that the arithmetic is not normal.

PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A FLY.

(*By our Charivariety Artiste.*)

II.

When Editha fell behind I was able to resume my meditations on humanity. I repeat it: I really believe these men consider themselves our superiors. I have often tried to think why. Possibly it is because they are so proud of having learnt to walk on their hind legs for a longer time at a stretch than other animals. Still, when all is said and done, that is but a circus trick. And how petty are these giants, and how cruel! Their hatred of us is born in them; it comes out in their young; and it is thanks to a little brute of a boy of seven, who actually tried to kill me dead, that I have only three legs.

There are some who hold that men are more humane than they used to be. It is just possible, though I find it difficult to realise. It is true, though, that I remember my maternal grandmother telling me one day that, when she was a young girl, it was a common sight to see monsters walking about the streets selling things called Fly-papers, diabolical contrivances covered with some sticky substance which were so many death traps for us. One would see hundreds of flies on them either dead or in their death agonies. It was a gruesome sight which, grandma said, had often turned her sick. Poor old lady, she met with a violent end herself. Latterly she suffered cruelly from rheumatism, and one day, when she was dragging her poor tired limbs laboriously across the road, a horrid motor-car, which did not even blow its horn, went clean over her.

Well, well, I pondered, these are gloomy thoughts for so fine a day, and I resolved to put them from me. Just then I met a pal named Percy, and we decided to go for a ride in the Row. So we made our way thither, and each mounted a horse and had the most glorious gallop. It did our livers no end of good. My gee tried to throw me at first, but desisted on my promising not to tickle.

Shortly after this the two of us had some pretty good fun teasing a daddy-long-legs whom we happened on near Hyde Park Corner. It was rather a shame, perhaps, as daddy-long-legses, though old-fashioned, are really quite good-natured. I always think they have such kind eyes.

Percy now said that he must be getting home, so we parted. As I was leaving the Park I caught sight of my brother Bertie, who was entering. However, I pretended not to see him, he is such a spectacle. I wonder, in fact, that he shows himself in public. Bertie is the fool of the family. Always brainless, as a youngster he developed into a bit of a fop, and acquired in a very short time a reputation for being a lady-killer. And what must he do one day but fall in love with a painted lady? The butterfly gave him quite plainly to understand that she could never consort with anyone who was not of her own genus. At that, the silly young ass decided that he would become a butterfly. He imagined the process to be quite simple. So one fine morning he settled on a pat of butter at a cheesemonger's—and escaped with his life, but no legs and no eye-lashes. Now he is an almost helpless cripple—a sheer hulk. So near was he to death that his nerves are practically ruined, and he scarcely ever ventures out, and his best girl, a strapping wench named Maggie, transferred her affections to me. I suppose he was out to-day because it was so fine.



THE RAGE FOR ANTIQUE BRIC-À-BRAC.

"Where shall I send it for you, governor? To the quays?"

"No, to Bungalow Town. It's for a house, not a ship."

Near my home I myself had an ugly shock. Upon a hoarding my eye suddenly alighted upon a placard bearing the alarming words—

"Kill that Fly!"

and beneath these words was what I at first took to be a lifelike portrait of myself. I almost fainted with fright. I immediately thought of Lord Belchester and his immense influence. Annoyed at my lack of respect for him, had he, I wondered, caused London to be plastered with these incitements to assassinate me? I pulled myself together and looked again. Imagine my relief on finding that the fly of the placard had six legs!

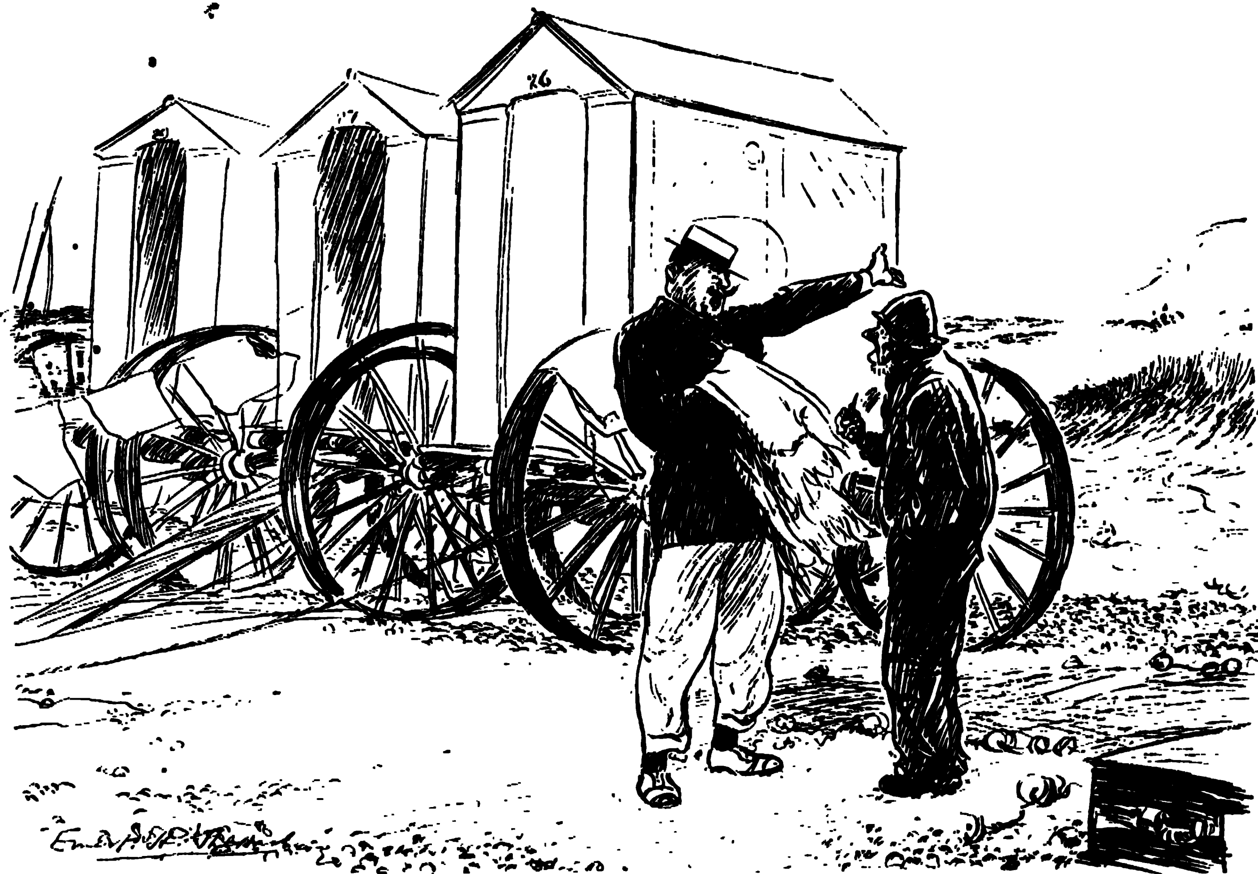
The fright caused by the "Kill that Fly" poster quite knocked me over, and on reaching home I sank back into an arm-chair feeling far from well. Soon I fell into a restless sleep, and I must have slept for some hours for, when I woke up, none the better for my rest, it was quite dark. I pulled myself together and made my way to the dining-room, where Lord Belchester was at dinner. I dined with him. It was a reckless thing to do, but fortunately he never recognised me. All went well until sweets were served, when I had the misfortune to overbalance myself and fall into a glass of Vichy water. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I was able to scramble out. At one moment, indeed, I thought it was all over with me. Phew! It is this kind of incident that ages us flies. Death by drowning is indeed a constant menace to all of us. My own dear mother perished in a cup of tea, suffering all the agonies of scalding as well. I often think that it is a pity that steps are not taken to teach us long-distance swimming. We can most of us keep up for a certain time, but so soon get exhausted.

(*To be concluded.*)

The Treaty of Bukarest.

(*By Our Military Prophet.*)

C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la paix.



Teuton (on being told it is too rough to bathe). "You English sailors—the ocean, is it yours? Ach! we shall see!"

A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.

William Bales—as nice a young man as ever wore a cummerbund on an esplanade—was in despair. For half-an-hour he and Miss Spratt had been sitting in silence on the pier, and it was still William's turn to say something. Miss Spratt's last remark had been, "Oh, Mr. Bales, you do say things!" and William felt that his next observation must at all costs live up to the standard set for it. Three or four times he had opened his mouth to speak, and then on second thoughts had rejected the intended utterance as unworthy. At the end of half-an-hour his mind was still working fruitlessly. He knew that the longer he waited the more brilliant he would have to be, and he told himself that even Bernard Shaw or one of those clever writing fellows would have been hard put to it now.

William was at odds with the world. He was a romantic young man who had once been told that he nearly looked like Lewis Waller when he frowned, and he had resolved that his holiday this year should be a very dashing affair indeed. He had chosen the sea in the hopes that some old gentleman would fall off the pier and let himself be saved by—and, later on, photographed with—William Bales, who in a subsequent interview would modestly refuse to take any credit for the gallant rescue. As his holiday had progressed he had felt the need for some such old gentleman more and more; for only thus, he realised, could he capture the heart of the wayward Miss Spratt. But so far it had been a dull season; in a whole fortnight nobody had gone out of his way to oblige William, and to-morrow he must return to the City as unknown and as unloved as when he left it.

"Got to go back to-morrow," he said at last. As an impromptu it would have served, but as the result of half-an-hour's earnest thought he felt that it did not do him justice.

"So you said before," remarked Miss Spratt.

"Well, it's still true."

"Talking about it won't help it," said Miss Spratt.

William sighed and looked round the pier. There was an old gentleman fishing at the end of it, his back turned invitingly to William. In half-an-hour he had caught one small fish (which he had had to return as under the age limit) and a bunch of seaweed. William felt that here was a wasted life; a life, however, which a sudden kick and a heroic rescue by W. Bales might yet do something to justify. At the Paddington Baths, a month ago, he had won a plate-diving competition; and though there is a difference between diving for plates and diving for old gentlemen he was prepared to waive it. One kick and then .... Fame! And, not only Fame, but the admiration of Angelina Spratt.

It was perhaps as well for the old gentleman who was really quite worthy, and an hour later caught a full-sized whiting—that Miss Spratt spoke at this moment.

"Well, you're good company, I must say," she observed to William.

"It's so hot," said William.

"You can't say *I* asked to come here."

"Let's go on the beach," said William desperately. "We can find a shady cave or something." Fate was against him; there was to be no rescue that day.

"I'm sure I'm agreeable," said Miss Spratt.

They walked in silence along the beach, and, rounding a corner of the

cliffs, they came presently to a cave. In earlier days W. Bales could have done desperate deeds against smugglers there, with Miss Spratt looking on. Alas for this unromantic age! It was now a place for picnics, and a crumpled sheet of newspaper on the sand showed that there had been one there that very afternoon.

They sat in a corner of the cave, out of the sun, out of sight of the sea, and William prepared to renew his efforts as a conversationalist. In the hope of collecting a few ideas as to what the London clubs were talking about he picked up the discarded newspaper, and saw with disgust that it was the local *Herald*. But just as he threw it down, a line in it caught his eye and remained in his mind—

"*High tide to-day*—3.30."

William's heart leapt. He looked at his watch; it was 2.30. In one hour the waves would be dashing remorselessly into the cave, would be leaping up the cliff, what time he and Miss Spratt——

Suppose they were caught by the tide. . . .

Meanwhile the lady, despairing of entertainment, had removed her hat.

"Really," she said, "I'm that sleepy— I suppose the tide's safe, Mr. Bales?"

It was William's chance.

"Quite, quite safe," he said earnestly. "It's going down hard."

"Well then, I almost think——" She closed her eyes. "Wake me up when you've thought of something really funny, Mr. Bales."

William was left alone with Romance.

He went out of the cave and looked round. The sea was still some way out, but it came up quickly on this coast. In an hour . . . in an hour. . .

He scanned the cliffs, and saw the ledge whither he would drag her. She would cling to him crying, calling him her rescuer. . . .

What should he do then? Should he leave her and swim for help? Or should he scale the mighty cliff?

He returned to the cave and, gazing romantically at the sleeping Miss Spratt, conjured up the scene. It would go like this, he thought.

Miss Spratt (*wakened by the spray dashing over her face*). Oh, Mr. Bales! We're cut off by the tide! Save me!

W. Bales (*lightly*). Tut-tut, there's no danger. It's nothing. (*Aside*) Great Heavens! Death stares us in the face!

Miss Spratt (*throwing her arms around his neck*). William, save me; I cannot swim!

W. Bales (*looking like Waller*). Trust me, Angelina. I will fight my way round the point and obtain help. (*Aside*) An Englishman can only die once.

Miss Spratt. Don't leave me!

W. Bales. Fear not, sweetheart. See, there is a ledge where you will be beyond the reach of the hungry tide. I will carry you thither in my arms and will then——

At this point in his day-dream William took another look at the sleeping Miss Spratt, felt his biceps doubtfully, and went on—

W. Bales. I will help you to climb thither, and will then swim for help.

Miss Spratt. My hero!

Again and again William reviewed the scene to himself. It was perfect. His photograph would be in the papers; Miss Spratt would worship him; he would be a hero in his City office. The actual danger was slight, for at the worst she could shelter in the far end of the cave; but he would not let her know this. He would do the thing heroically—drag her to the ledge on the cliff, and then swim round the point to obtain help.

The thought struck him that he could conduct the scene better in his shirt sleeves. He removed his coat, and then went out of the cave to reconnoitre the ledge.

* * * *

Miss Spratt awoke with a start and looked at her watch. It was 4.15. The cave was empty save for a crumpled page of newspaper. She glanced at this idly and saw that it was the local *Herald* . . . six days old.

Far away on the horizon William Bales was throwing stones bitterly at the still retreating sea. A. A. M.

A VARIETY ARTIST.

The itinerant entertainer who chooses for his pitch the turf within the ropes at the Oval is a fellow not without courage. For there are policemen about, and the score-card sellers pass frequently; and whatever may be the desire of the authorities to encourage the brightening of cricket it is doubtful whether they would allow any vagabond performer to take his stand upon the very field of play.

Yet the official must be stern indeed who would molest the perky little chap with the bright eyes, the knowing look, and the sprightly manner who sometimes entertains occupants of the sixpenny seats. I was watching him the other day. He wore no hat; his clothes looked as if he habitually slept in them (which no doubt he does); and he was not over-clean. He belonged to the gutter, the young scamp, and little did he care who knew it. He kept within a few yards of the edge of the turf, and facing his audience with all the assurance of a Little Tich (yet keeping a sharp look-out for any who might come to turn him off) he pursued one of his methods of making a living. Perhaps only a few, if any, quite understood what he was saying; but if you will accept my version I think you will not be seriously misled.

"Now, gentlemen all," he piped in his thin, staccato voice, "they ain't 'ittin' any fours this arternoon, and the game's shockin' slow; so I'll ask your kind attention for a few moments to my little efforts to amuse you. Fust of all, gents, I propose to roll in the grass just like as if it was the dust old 'Itch out there keeps kickin' up in 'is 'op, skip and a jump to the wicket. Followin' that, I shall, if I 'ave any luck, engage in a contest under catch-as-catch-can rules wiv one of the wriggly denizens of this 'ere grass, if 'e'll only 'ave the pluck to put 'is 'ead out for 'arf a mo'. After that, I will give my celebrated performance of chasin' from the field one o' them overgrown insults to our speeces as is no use to anybody till they are plucked and shoved underneath the pastry. And, finally, I will give my side-splittin' imitation of a Petticoat Lane canary afore 'e's got 'is best clo's on.

"But first I'll ask you to throw in a few contributions, just by way of encouragement." Here a piece of bun struck him; but instead of taking offence he nibbled at it eagerly, and with his mouth full expressed cordial thanks. "Nine more like that, gentlemen all, is what I ask, and then the show begins," he continued. "Nine crumbs only—bun, biscuit *or* bread; I'm not perticklar. Thank you, Sir. Thank *you*, Sir. Seven more, and I begin with no further—thank you; much obliged, Sir—no further delay. Only five more, gentlemen. (Needn't look so cross, you with the nose; it's only crumbs I'm askin' for; *I* don't want to rob you of your whiskey.) Throw 'em on the grass, gentlemen, or I'll come and take 'em from the 'uman 'and, which you like! Now, only two more required, and the performance absolutely——"

But at this exciting moment the banquet spread upon the grass around the entertainer brought a baker's dozen of other sparrows and a couple of gigantic pigeons on to the scene. I cannot sully this fair page with the words which the one who was on the very brink of his performance presumably addressed to the intruders. Seizing the largest crumb with his beak, he flew over towards Hobbs and gobbled it greedily, and then departed to the other side of the ground, where I hope he found better luck.



Householder (having subdued burglar with discarded golf club). "H'm! That's the first time I've ever really liked that cleek!"

TWO OF A TRADE.

The moment Charles Meredith entered our Temple flat, just after we had finished our lunch, I knew that he was in trouble and meant to carry it off lightly. His face gave him away to those who, like myself, knew him well. Knowing, moreover, my Marjorie's fatal gift of spotting my unconfessed wickednesses, and her deadly habit of not allowing me to carry them off lightly, having also suffered much from odious comparisons between myself and this same Charles Meredith, I looked forward to a pleasant ten minutes or so. But I ought to have known that I am never very far out of trouble myself when Marjorie and trouble are about.

"I have come up to apologise to you, Mrs. Shelley," said he.

I waved a kindly hand at him. "Don't mention it," I said airily; "all is forgiven."

Marjorie said she would endorse this view, if she knew what the trouble was. I begged Charles, as being the only person who did know, to tell her.

After some hesitation, Charles began: "The fact is that a long, long time ago an uncle and aunt of mine fixed this week-end for their annual visit."

"If they are anything like my uncles and aunts," said I, "it seems that you are entitled to the apologies."

"We dare not put *them* off," said Charles, "and we have only one spare-room."

I had suddenly the instinctive feeling of having not done something which I ought to have done. Was it possible that Charles had given me a message for my wife which my wife had never received? My worst fears were realized when Charles proceeded to inform us that his wife bitterly regretted having to put *us* off. "Let us," I said hastily to Charles, remembering now exactly what the message was that I had omitted to deliver—"let us go back to our respective chambers and resume our work. It is high time, very high time, that we were forgetting our respective wives and devoting the whole of our great minds to the affairs of others."

Marjorie got between me and the door. "Put us off what?" she asked.

"Didn't he tell you?" asked Charles, pointing an accusing finger at me.

I interrupted. "If you ask me . . ."

Marjorie interrupted. "I was asking Mr. Meredith. Yes, Mr. Meredith?"

"If you ask me," I continued, "he probably didn't, but he will do so now. Some little time ago a message was despatched to you, which got lost in transit. It was to the effect that the Merediths would be delighted if we would spend the week-end in their Surrey home. The week in question would have started ending to-morrow, I believe. But now, since the uncle and aunt have unhappily intervened, shall we disperse without referring again to the melancholy affair?"

"Really, John," Marjorie began (I suffer more from "really" than from any other word in the dictionary). And then to Charles, "Why, I ought to have written to Mrs. Meredith days ago to thank her for asking us, for of course we should have loved to come. Of course it doesn't matter a bit about putting us off, and it was awfully kind of you both to have thought of asking us. But what does worry me is what she will think . . . *really*, John."

"What, again?" I said. But Marjorie's face had now assumed the familiar I-wish-I-had-married-somebody-else expression.

"But that doesn't matter in the least," said Charles, with great heartiness.

"But it does matter," said Marjorie, with so much more that Charles's bosom obviously burst with pride in his own generosity. "You would



WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST.

Humiliating position of bather who has reached the limit of his powers in swimming to the diving-raft.

never treat your wife in this off-hand way."

"Yes, yes," said Charles. "I mean, no, no."

Marjorie I didn't mind—she is my fate and is, no doubt, good for me—but there came to be that element in the attitude of Charles which gave me to think that he was easily carried away. "And now," he said finally, arming me towards my own exit, "we ought to be getting back to work. Come along, you, John."

My next remark may not bear the impress of startling intelligence, yet it was the cleverest I have ever made in my life. "Marjorie," it ran, "you'll have to write to Mrs. Meredith and explain."

Charles waved the suggestion airily aside. "Don't you trouble to do any such thing," said he.

Now this Charles and I, friends though we be, have met as bitter opponents in the forum at any rate sufficiently often for me to know when he is in a hole and is trying to jump out of it.

"Write she must," said I, firmly.

"Write she must not," said Charles.

"Oh, yes," said I.

"Oh, no," said Charles.

Charles turned to Marjorie, brushing me aside much as he does his learned friend on the other side in court, when he is endeavouring to bounce a judge. "I am sure you will take it from me that there is no need to write."

I, on the other hand, kept that silence which I always keep when I know that judgment is going to be in my favour, however caustically pronounced.

"I shall most certainly write to Mrs. Meredith and explain," said Marjorie, "however incredibly monstrous the explanation may sound."

The arrogance of Charles collapsed. "I beg of you, as a favour to myself," he pleaded, "to do no such thing."

"But why not?" asked Marjorie.

"Because Charles has forgotten to tell Mrs. Meredith that we were ever asked," said I pleasantly; and to Charles, more in sorrow than in anger, as I led him from the room, "*Really*, Charles . . . ."

"President Wilson has denounced the 'insidious lobbying' against free wool in the United States.

A column of these insects, five miles wide and 18 miles long, is sweeping over the country."—*Sydney Morning Herald*.

Help!

THE MERMAID'S TOILET.

When Summer suns have warmed the sea
To sixty-two or sixty-three,
I saunter thither o'er the sand,
My brindled costume in my hand,

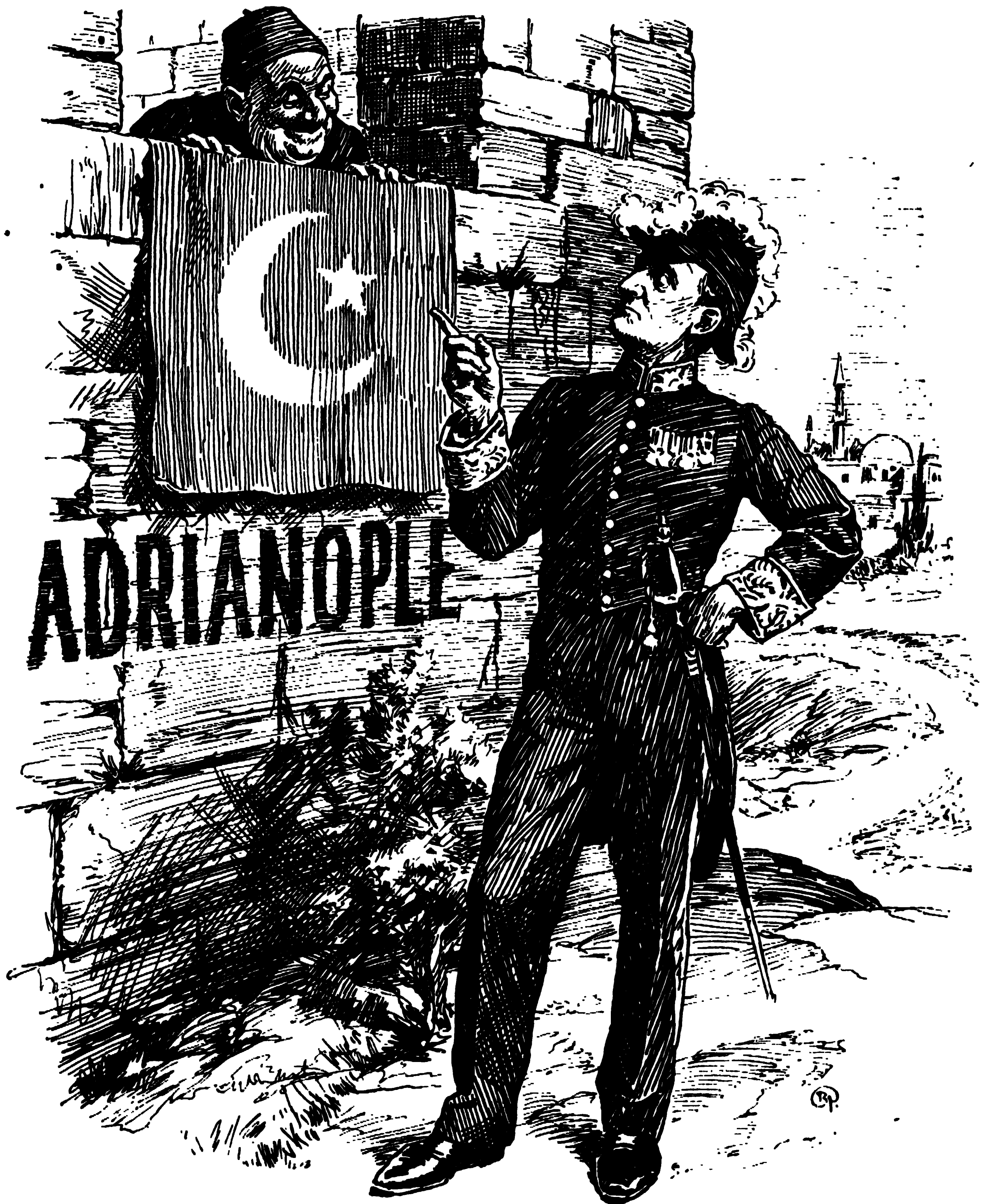
And find, as might have been foreseen,
An occupant in each machine,
While heavy booking in advance
Indefinitely queers my chance.

Mermaidens through the ripples dash,
Mermatrons also sport and splash,
And, by the steps, a thought more dressed,
Wait others eager to divest.

However, sanguine on the whole,
In patience I possess my soul,
For girls who wear such scanty kit
Will soon slip out and into it.

But other habits, cut and dried,
Are not so lightly laid aside,
And ere I take my tardy turn
This bitter, bedrock truth I learn:—

Though garments to be donned or loosed
To four or five have been reduced,
Woman takes root in her machine
As if she still wore seventeen.



A QUESTION OF DETAIL.

Sir Edward Grey. "You 'll have to go, you know. The Concert feels very strongly about that."

Turkey. "And who 's going to turn me out?"

Sir Edward Grey. "Curious you should ask me that; it 's the one point we haven't decided yet. Have you any preference in the matter?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, August 11.—Heard of potted plays. Regarded from point of view of frequenter of *matinées*, they are nothing compared with this afternoon's performance of Potted Bills. Order of the Day contained as many as twenty-eight separate measures standing at various stages of progress, all bound to be put through at current sitting. Recognised that only possible way of accomplishing stupendous task was to meet an hour earlier then usual. Accordingly at quarter-past three Lord Chancellor took seat on Woolsack. Notice was taken that his constitutionally slim body bulged out in measure suggesting recent enjoyment of exceptionally lusty lunch. Explained later that these were amendments to Mental Deficiency Bill. Their total, including overflow, amounted to no fewer than ninety-one.

Two front benches well filled. Below Gangway to right of Woolsack was here and there a Bishop. For the rest, red leather benches were with one exception unoccupied. Exception had important consequences affecting course of public business. The solitary unofficial peer was Camperdown, known to his peers as Conversation Camperdown. Sobriquet acquired vogue because so full is he of information, so eager to convey it, that where another would interpolate a sentence in Parliamentary conversation he makes a speech.

On the Order Paper, amid battalion of Bills waiting to be carted off to Statute Book, there stood in his name a question so voluminous that it would have sufficed less gifted men for a treatise. Had something to do with alluring topic of Undeveloped Land Duty. In the Commons the thing would have been treated as a question. Minister to whom it was addressed would have read reply and there an end on 't. In the Lords innocent-looking question may, and frequently does, lead to prolonged debate.

For Camperdown something of pathos underlay prosaic circumstance of hour. Prorogation near at hand. This might be last opportunity of adding to long series of speeches with which during the Session he has endeavoured to enlighten unsympathetic, sometimes inattentive, gatherings. Set to as fresh as if it were a brisk day in February instead of a languorous thunder-charged afternoon in August. Strachie, so recently imported from the Commons as to be still influenced by its methods, treated interpolation as a question. Read reply prepared by the Department he represents in the Lords.



Mental Deficiency Amendments.
(Lord Haldane.)

But for Selborne, House might forthwith have got to business. When one remembers historical scene in the last century when the first Viscount Wolmer, called to the Peerage by the death of the Earl of Selborne, insisted on remaining in the Commons—a revolutionary movement in which he was backed up by two other elder sons known at the time as George Curzon and St. John Brodrick—his adaptation to later conditions is marvellous in its fulness. Come to be recognised as one of the most effective debaters on Front Opposition Bench. Jumped up now and said a few words having remote reference to Lloyd George and his famous Budget. Thus encouraged, Camperdown positively made another speech. Crewe, most courteous-mannered man that ever led a hopeless minority, thought it incumbent upon him to say a few words. Pretty to see how, standing at Table, he, before opening his mouth, deliberately buttoned the front of his coat, with obvious intent to discourage expansion of phrase. In this he succeeded.

When he sat down the scanty audience glanced anxiously at Leader of Opposition. Would he think it necessary to follow Leader of the House? Happily Lansdowne, dreaming of verdurous sea-haunted Derreen in far-off Kerry, not inclined to risk delay in reaching that haven of rest by blocking Bills with idle talk. Accordingly made no move. Camperdown rose again. Was he on homœopathic principle going to fill vacuum by reiterated vacuity? With sigh of relief was heard to ask leave to withdraw the motion that had served as a peg for his diversion. Request hurriedly granted, and House went into Committee on Mental Deficiency Bill.

Noble lords, looking at their watches, found it was a quarter-past four. Camperdown had spent for them the precious sixty minutes dearly bought by earlier hour of meeting.

Business done.—More than a score of Bills coming up from the Commons disposed of.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Considering near approach to Prorogation and the lure of well-earned holiday, attendance at opening of business this afternoon surprisingly large. Due to fact that important statement on condition of affairs in the East of Europe expected from Foreign Secretary. Opportunity provided by Second Reading of Appropriation Bill, upon which may be discussed all matters in the heavens above (*e.g.* insufficiency of aeroplanes), on the earth beneath (the Piccadilly flat) or in the waters under the earth (lack of submarines).

On motion made, Edward Grey rose and in studiously casual manner remarked, "There is some information I should like to give the House with regard to foreign affairs which I think it certainly ought to have before it separates and on which it is necessary for me to make some explanation." In this characteristic manner was in-



Day-dreams.
(Lord Lansdowne.)

troduced a speech of profoundest interest not only at home but abroad.

If ever there was a time when habitually impregnable modesty might temporarily yield to pressure it was here presented. As Sir Edward pointed out, up to outbreak of war in Balkans last October, there had been universal expectation that it would be the signal for a clash of arms among the Great Powers. Some would be unable to keep out of it, and if one or more were brought in it was impossible to say how many others would follow. That calamity, threatening the greatest war since the days of Napoleon, has been averted. By common consent the leading part in the difficult delicate task has been played by the British Foreign Minister.

Through months of anxious labour, unresting, unhurried, with sublime tact, unruffled patience, inflexible urbanity, he has at long last won a victory more renowned than any achieved in the annals of War. One secret of his success, generously extolled this afternoon on Opposition benches, is the conviction slowly but surely growing in the minds of Representatives of Foreign Powers with whom he has had dealings, that he is an honest man who says exactly what he means and, in spite of unfailing politeness, will resolutely do what he thinks is the right thing.

In one of his clearly-cut sentences Edward Grey defined the difficulties that since diplomacy was first set to work has environed its practitioners. Speaking in the House of Commons with regard to the rumours arising out of Haldane's journey to Berlin in February, 1912, he observed, "It is not difficult to tell the truth; the difficulty is to get the truth believed." That difficulty he surmounted in his communications with the Foreign Ambassadors. The rest was comparatively simple.

Not easy to name a statesman who in equally critical times has done such supreme service not only to his country but to the Continent. The only man who seems unconscious of its magnitude is Sir Edward Grey.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a second time without division.

Friday.—Parliament prorogued.



THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

"A Correction.

Through inadvertence, the name of Mr John Smyth, Moyarget, Ballycastle, appeared in the list of persons fined for drunkenness in our report of Ballycastle Petty Sessions in our last issue. Instead, the charge against Mr. Smyth was that of burying a horse within the statutory distance off the public road. We tender our apologies for the error and regret the unpleasantness involved."

Coleraine Chronicle.

All the passers-by regret the same.

"The flowers of nasturtiums make a dainty and delicious sandwich. Lick the flowers just before they are to be used, plunge them into cold water, to remove all dust or a lurking insect."—*Montreal Family Herald.*

Personally we would rather lick them *after* the dust and insects have been removed.

"Dr. T. J. Van Loghem, the Amsterdam infectious very long after biting a yellow fever infectious very long after biting a yellow fever patient."—*Evening Standard.*

He mustn't do it again.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH HOLIDAY-MAKING.

By Nine Mayors.

(*With apologies to a well-known photographic firm.*)

Extract from Preface:—This book resembles no other book that has ever appeared. You never read anything like it before, and probably you never will (intentionally) do so again. It is about happiness, and nine mayors have written it to tell you how and where to be happy. What mayors don't know about being happy isn't worth knowing. Is there not an old proverb that says, "The mayor the merrier?" Very well then.

Happy Moments at Mudpool.

By the Mayor of Mudpool.

I consider that at no place in the world has the visitor better opportunities for winning your Million Pound Happy Moments prize than at Mudpool; and, as the largest shareholder in the Pier and Winter Gardens Co., I ought to know. Here seascape and landscape are so pleasantly combined that on six days out of seven it is impossible to tell which is which. Surely there is significance in the old association of mud and larks. Come, then, to Mudpool and lark.

Joshua Judkins,
Mayor of Mudpool.

Happy Moments at Slushville-on-Sea.

By the Mayor of Slushville-o.-S.

Your suggestion that I should write



(After a desperate encounter with a conger-eel, which takes possession of the boat, Edwin persuades the monster to return to its element.)

Extract from Angelina's correspondence: "Yesterday Edwin and I caught a splendid conger-eel, but unfortunately it fell overboard."

to you, pointing out the many advantages which Slushville offers to competitors in your Happy Moments contest, is one that I readily comply with. [Idiot! Don't give the thing away. It was supposed to be spontaneous!—Editor of Symposium.] Of the joy to be had at Slushville I will simply say that the town supports five concert parties, three bands, and a scenic railway; and leave intending visitors to judge for themselves. I should, however, add that on the morning after last August Bank-Holiday no fewer than seventy-five cases of alleged inebriation were the subject of judicial enquiry, many of them being accompanied by disorderly conduct. And yet they say that the English take their pleasures sadly. Not at Slushville!

Amos Higgs,
Mayor.

Happy Moments at Tripton.

By the Deputy-Mayor of Tripton.

The only objection that I can see to urging intending competitors for your Million Pound Happy Moments to seek them at Tripton is that it is so unfair to all the others. It is impossible to be anything else but happy at Tripton. Why, we have a town-crier who is enough to make a cat laugh. Why not photograph him? And as for "picturesque" bits they abound. What about the old fish-market (or, to avoid misunderstanding, I should rather say the old market for fish)? Nor will lovers of the artistic willingly neglect such a spectacle as Sunset on the Tram-terminus. So I extend a hearty welcome to all and sundry. Even should you fail—which is unlikely—to secure the million, you will at least have spent a happy time (and I hope much else) at entrancing Tripton.

John Brown,
Deputy-Mayor of Tripton.

Happy Moments at Sandborough.

By the Chairman Sandborough Council.

Salubrious Sandborough is so well known as the chief health and pleasure resort in the British Isles that any attempt on my part to enlarge upon its many advantages in a competition such as the one that you are so generously instituting would only be to gild the already refined lily. Passing by, therefore, such adjuncts to true happiness as our covey of Arabian donkeys (unequalled on the coast for speed and comfort); our bathing beach, where at high-water mixed bathing (or neat if preferred) may be enjoyed with absolute safety, the depth never exceeding twelve inches; and our casino, boasting the most matured collection of illustrated papers to be found in Great Britain, I would draw attention to the important fact that, if true happiness is to be found in health, then Sandborough offers both. For the past twelve months our death-rate has been 1 per population, that one being the local undertaker, who died of starvation. Need I say more? Remember the old phrase, "As happy as a Sand(borough)-boy." Come then to Sandborough, and win the prize.

Thos. J. Pinkerton,
Chairman Sandborough Urban District Council (but counts as a Mayor).

And so on.

The Revolt of the Missionary.

The Eastern Daily Press on the Human Leopards' Society of Cannibals:—

"Investigations showed the state of things to be so serious that a special tribunal was appointed, and over 400 persons, including several paramount chiefs, were arrested."

We trust that no Colonial Bishops are implicated in this new policy of retaliation.

From a story in *Pearson's Magazine*:

"Mrs. J. G.'s bosom heaved, her eyelids snapped open and shut, and she glared her defiance at her husband. J. G. sighed again."

He never did like his wife's transparent eyelids.

THE FRIENDLY WAITRESS.

Saturday, August 9th.—Arrived quite safely this afternoon at Les Vallons, which is really one of the most beautiful places in Switzerland. A grand view of valley and mountains. Our hotel stands high and commands the best of the scenery. Mary and Dorothy have become members of the Tennis Club. Little Cynthia and Dick are, of course, too young, but there is plenty of amusement for them in other ways. In fact this is an ideal place for children, and Edith and I are sure to have an easy time in looking after them. There are several Russian and French families in our hotel, all very stout and jolly-looking. We seemed quite sylph-like in comparison with them. Curious how foreigners nowadays run to fat. We all dined at the *table d'hôte* in the evening. We were looked after by the head waitress, who insisted on our taking a helping of every course. She is extremely friendly and seemed hurt by the mere idea of our refusing anything. It was a long dinner, and the leg of mutton struck me as unnecessary after what we had already eaten. Children a little flushed, especially Cynthia.

Tuesday, August 12th.—At the *table d'hôte* luncheon to-day, the two top buttons of little Dick's shorts gave way with a loud report. Under the influence of our waitress he had worked his way steadily through all the courses of the luncheon, which had included chicken patties and Irish stew and cauliflower *à la crème*. At the moment he was engaged upon caramel pudding. The waitress was highly pleased. She said he was increasing in weight *à vue d'œil*, which, indeed, is true of all of us. Mary and Dorothy not so keen on their lawn-tennis as I should like. Edith's skirts refuse to meet round the waist, and I myself am in great trouble with my flannel trousers. Perhaps they have shrunk in the wash. The waitress continues to urge us on at every meal and we dare not offend her. Where will this end?

Thursday, August 14th. Had intended to make a walking excursion into the mountains to-day, but when the time for starting came could not move family. Though it was only 10.30 in the morning they were all asleep in the drawing-room. The Russian and French families prefer the smoking-room. The Russian snore has a very penetrating bass note. I cannot say I was displeased at the postponement of our walk, for the mere idea of exercise under a hot sun was most repulsive. Instead of exhausting ourselves by climbing steep ascents we all sat and watched the tennis tournament. Coming up hill afterwards to our hotel, Dick and Cynthia fell down, and before we could stop them they had rolled fifty yards to the bottom of the slope, where they lay, unable to get up, till the English chaplain, who was passing, set them on their legs and started them up-hill again. Edith and I felt inclined to cry with vexation, but what could we do? We could only sit still on a wall and hope for the safety of our children. Mary and Dorothy told me afterwards that they simply couldn't have gone down to the rescue with the prospect of having to toil up again. We hope this will be a lesson to Cynthia and Dick, but, like all children, they are thoughtless. At dinner to-night three of the buttons of my dress-waistcoat suddenly flew off, and one of them hit a French General on the forehead. He was much offended and said he had not the habitude to receive blows of buttons on the face without demanding an explanation. Mollified him with some difficulty. The misfortune was entirely due to a *poulet chasseur au riz* which I had intended to pass, but was not allowed to by our waitress.

Saturday, August 16th.—As a family we have put on eight stone since we came here. Am afraid this is not necessarily a sign of robust health. Every article of everybody's wearing apparel has had to be let out everywhere. Have arranged to leave on Monday for home. Thank heaven, only two more *table d'hôte* dinners. Our faces are all cheek. If we could only have hunger-struck all would have been well, but the amiability of the waitress made it impossible. Wonder if the dogs will recognise us when we get home.

THE KING WITH A SENSE OF HUMOUR.

(*A Fable for Parents and Guardians.*)

Long years ago, in Puritania's realm,
A learned King stood firmly at the helm;
A man of blameless and industrious life,
Devoted to his exemplary wife,
A model father, generous and just,
In whom his subjects placed implicit trust.
And yet this paragon had two small flaws:
He was a slave to Logic's ruthless laws,
And owned a gift of humour far intenser
Than that of J. S. Mill or Herbert Spencer.
Yet all went well until that fatal year
When, as the last days of July drew near,
At Puritania's greatest public school,
Where all her noble sons are taught to rule
Her subject races, of all hues and sizes,
The King arranged to give away the prizes.

The sun shone kindly from a cloudless sky,
And rank and fashion loyally stood by
As, guided by the Reverend Head, the King
Inspected practically everything;
And then, proceeding to the College hall,
Amid the cordial cheers of great and small,
Rewarded with gilt-edged and calf-bound tomes
The scions of his kingdom's stately homes.
Then as the last prize-winner sought his seat
The King, whose voice though guttural was sweet,
Addressed the boys, who checked their loyal din
Till you might hear the dropping of a pin.
He said it gave him pure and genuine joy
To watch the progress of the human boy,
Especially when every one was yearning
To beat his neighbour in the race of learning.
"I gather," he continued, "from your Head
That you are all contented and well-fed;
That in these placid groves of Academe
Your life slips by like some celestial dream;
That, scorning luxury and slothful ways,
You lead harmonious and laborious days,
And never taste of bitter in your cup
Save at your periodic breakings-up.
Therefore, because your ardent courage falls
When you are exiled to your fathers' halls,
I have prevailed upon your worthy Head,
In recognition of the lives you've led,
To grant a boon as welcome as unique
And lengthen term-time by an extra week."

* * * * * *

Within three days the monarch's blameless life
Was ended by a young assassin's knife.
Yet there are British parents, I am told,
Who his audacious sentiments uphold,
Who mourn in secret his untimely doom
And offer furtive tribute at his tomb.

"Mrs. —— wore a lovely dress of black and gold; and carried a bouquet of yellow roses (all given by the bride's brother)."
Isle of Man Times.

And the leaves, too? How generous!



Father (*finding his son doing nothing in particular near forbidden cupboard*). "Bobbie, have you been eating the jam again?"
Bobbie. "Can you see any marks round my mouth, father?" *Father.* "Yes." *Bobbie.* "Then I have."

PSEUDO-NEO-GREC.

Dear Mr. Punch,—So many of my City acquaintances whom I have consulted at lunch or in the train about my new house have said, "You ought to have an architect," that I feel the enclosed diary is of public interest. Anyhow, it answers the objections raised to my project of designing the house myself.

I enclose my card and am
Yours faithfully,
Balbus.

June 9.—Feel this project of building myself a house biggest event in my life. Am resolved to keep diary. Sophronia says, "Mind you *do* keep it." I will. Architect calls himself Benson Benson Friba. Odd name; but Sir George Bilger, who recommended him, writes that he is "the coming man."

June 10.—Not much done. Did not know architect's address except that it was Gray's Inn Square, so asked man with broom in Square where Benson Friba's office was. Man asked, "Is he a harshteet?" Have taken liking to word. At entry of house indicated by man found name painted on wall, "Mr. Benson Benson, F.R.I.B.A. (*i.e.* "Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Harshteets"). Sir George apparently thought "Friba" a title of rank similar to Pasha. Found my way slowly up to top floor, where Benson nests in rookery of Fribas. Some confusion as four names distributed among three doors but identified my harshteet's door at last and knocked.

Benson's office boy sits at a desk, looks out of windows and taps for a living with a pencil. He went to inner door, came back, asked me to take seat and resumed his tapping. Studied framed picture titled "Proposed house for F. Cheese, Esqr.," and discovered that bicycle accident in road was really nursemaid with perambulator talking to Arabian dwarf with turban and naked scimitar. Bell rings and I am shown into Benson's room. There are two dusty silk hats on top of cupboard, violoncello case and golf clubs in corner, and Gladstone bag in middle of floor. Benson Friba was in shooting clothes. Nervous manner; pulls his fingers and says, "*I* see, *I* see," but *does* seem to understand. Told him what we wanted—*i.e.*, library, drawing-room, Brodie's patent self-cleansing lavatory basins, conservatory, perforated gauze to larder window to keep out flies, entrance hall with alcove at side for billiard table (full size), study, boudoir, squash racquet court at back and scraper at entrance firmly fixed because ours wobbled about and the man who came to mend it did not do it properly. Dining-room, of course, and kitchen, etc.

Friba listens nervously; says, "*I* see, *I* see," and then asks, "What style?"

"A thoroughly good style of house," I tell him. He means, however, what style of architecture. "What building do I particularly admire?" he asks.

"Westminster Abbey," I tell him.

"*I* see."

Friba then pensive; finally he says, "The sort of house you want is a Pseudo-neo-Grec house."

"Do I?"

"Yes."

"Oh, all right."

"Yes, you would like it."

"Would I?"

"Yes."

"Right; but don't forget the scraper and the fly gauze."

Friba makes note on blotting pad and asks how much I expect to spend.

"At the outside?"

"Certainly at the outside."

"Five thousand."

"*I* see."

When I told Friba we wanted French windows to drawing-room he became dejected. Says, "Then it can't be Pseudo-neo-Grec." He explains this at great length. Seems to know what he is talking about. I tell him "All right, never mind the French windows, but we want a big bay-window to library."

"You won't like that," he says.

"Why not?"

"Well, for *one* thing it isn't Pseudo-neo-Grec."

He again explains at length. Evidently he is right.

"Well, never mind the bay-window, but we are very fond of oak beams and carved gables," I tell him.

"I am afraid that is out of the question," says Friba.

"Why?"

"Because it isn't Pseudo-neo-Grec."

It struck me Friba was coming it a bit strong, but he clearly showed me we did *not* like beams and carved gables, but only *thought* we liked them.

"All right; leave 'em out."

My harshtect waxes enthusiastic as we discuss the house. Says he will send rough sketches and then we can talk over details. Bid him good-bye. Then go back, put my head in at the door and say, "Lots of cupboards, please." Expect to hear "Pseudo-neo," &c., but Friba (who for some reason has begun to undress) agrees at once. Good chap, Friba. Have not told Sophronia about windows and oak timbers. Shall make most of cupboards.

July 16.—Sketches came by second post. Fine-looking house, but very strong and unpleasant smell. Don't understand plans yet. Cannot find any scraper. Only one cupboard.

July 18.—Have solved plans at last. Friba has drawn them upside down. No scraper, though; and can't see fly gauze. Sophronia discovered three more cupboards, then had to give up owing to smell of paper. No conservatory, no racquet court, no verandah. Can't understand. Billiard-alcove only fourteen feet square. We cannot make out what thing like starfish in kitchen yard is. No linen-room. Have written Friba asking why no verandah or conservatory or racquet court.

August 13.—No reply from Friba. Hear he is in Scotland. Have written asking estimate of cost. Sophronia has discovered another cupboard. Starfish proves to be pattern of paving.

August 14.—Wire from Friba: "Oban: Because Pseudoneogrec."

August 17.—Wire from Friba: "Penzance: Estimate from twelve to fourteen thousand."

A DEBT OF HONOUR.

By her unhappy machinations my sister-in-law has landed me in hot water again, and I am in need of advice. For if, on the one hand . . . but perhaps I had better first give you the facts and then you can judge for yourselves.

One Sunday in April I was sitting in her drawing-room waiting for her to offer me some tea. For the last twenty minutes I had been throwing out hints, which passed, however, unheeded. Frances does talk so.

"This morning," she said, breaking out afresh after a momentary lull, "this morning I saw—what do you think?"

"A man holding a mug," I suggested hopefully.

"No. Down in the waterside meadow I saw a swallow. Aren't you glad it's the spring again?"

"Are you sure it wasn't a labourer making a noise that looked like a swallow?" I asked, with grave misgivings. "Spring doesn't really begin, you know, till I've ordered my fancy vests."

"My dear boy, where is your nose? Can't you *smell* that it's spring in the air, in the earth, in the trees—everywhere?"

I took a sniff, just to humour her.

"I can only smell the spring-cleaning," I said, "and it always upsets me."

I sighed and went on with my thirst.

"Now that spring is upon us once more," she persisted in the voice of one with a mission, "there's something I've been wanting to speak to you about."

She paused. I cast my mind hurriedly back over the interval since last I had seen her. What had I been doing now?

"It's this," she said impressively: "it's quite time you thought seriously of settling down. Everybody says so."

"Don't move. I'm very comfortable, thanks."

"You know very well what I mean. Think how nice it would be," she went on in mellifluous tones, "to have someone always to love and protect, someone to welcome you at night and talk to you when you're lonely."

I thought about it.

"I don't see much in it," I said. "Nothing has been fixed up definitely, I hope—not for a day or two?"

"Don't be so absurd!"

"Upon my word, I don't know," I replied. "Since you all seem to have made up your minds about it. Produce the bride, then. Where is she? Why keep her skulking in the background? Is *nothing* ready for me?"

Frances gave a mysterious smile which annoyed me.

"Please understand," I pursued, with some heat, "I'm not going to get married for anyone, unless I like. And at present I don't like. . . . Besides, I can't afford it," I added a little too hastily.

"What? With—why you're not in debt again already?"

"Er—technically—you see," I proceeded to explain, "it's the buttons. They keep on coming off. And so—what happens——"

"How much do you owe your tailor this time?" She eyed me severely as she spoke. My mind never works really well when people stare at me, and my memory is not what it was.

"I forget for the moment. But I dare say I could find out for you."

"And I suppose there's a lot more besides?"

"Er—now you come to mention it," I began.

"I thought so. Then it's certainly time you had someone to look after you," she announced with decision.

"That's not what you said just now, you know. You promised me that I was going to have the looking after somebody. That's not fair."

"I shall see about it at once."

"Give me till tea-time," I pleaded; "I'm very thirsty."

"Now I know the very girl for you. She's pretty, has a nice disposition, and is easily pleased."

"I ask you for tea," I complained, "and you give me a wife. Why is there all this delay? What are we waiting for? It seems to me this house isn't properly managed."

"You must get to know one another. I think you'd make a very good couple."

"I should only tread on her toes," I urged.

"Well, you shouldn't be so clumsy," she replied.

I sat up suddenly and gave Frances a piece of my mind; and there's more where that came from.

"I'm not clumsy. On the contrary, I'm said to be exceedingly graceful. If the truth were known, I believe you tell them to put their feet under mine on purpose so as to give them a secret hold over me. I'm not clumsy. Clumsy!" and I laughed with a hollow mirth.

"Her name is Gwendolen," said Frances, "Gwendolen Hope. Pretty name!"

"A very nice name," I agreed.

"I'm glad you like it, because——"

"I like it so much," I put in pleasantly, "that it seems a pity to disturb it."



Tyro (to Scotch chauffeur, who is acting as loader). "I don't know how I shall get on with those driven birds."

Chauffeur. "Ye'll get on all richt. All ye've got to dae's to pour it into their bonnets when they're fleein' tae ye, and into their defferentials when they're fleein' past ye."

"Because," she continued, rising and ringing for tea, "just now I heard a knock at the door. I have asked her to tea, and I think here she is. Now mind you behave yourself!"

So that was why . . . . I jumped up in alarm, preparing for flight, but it was already too late. The door opened and the bride-elect was shown in. She might easily have been worse; in fact she was really rather pretty. She wore a white serge tailor-made frock, well-shaped shoes, and brown silk stockings, which I like. Yes, she might very well have been worse. But in choosing a wife, especially the first, one has to be careful. And yet, dear friends, so inscrutable are the workings of destiny that, be as careful as you may, things have a way of turning out otherwise, in spite of every precaution. Being an actual eye-witness, I will try to explain to you exactly what happened. What happened was this. You know those cups they have nowadays, those senseless, precarious things with no balance to speak of? Well, I was handing her her third. I was taking particular pains over it, for I knew that Frances' eye was upon me. Another inch and I was practically there. And just then (to this day I cannot sufficiently account for it) something (I don't know what it was) suddenly gave way (without any warning whatever) in the muscles of my arm. For one awful moment . . . . "I've done it," I whispered, turning bloodlessly to Frances. "Look!" and I pointed to Gwendolen's lap.

If the good creature had only had the presence of mind to sit still! A girl at all handy with her needle could easily have let in a new piece, and nobody would have been any the wiser, excepting ourselves. But no. Rising quickly and without thought she spread it. And, whereas a small concentrated pool would have represented all the mischief done, many tributaries of tea flowed down to the floor in every direction, and the skirt was to all intents spoilt. I did what I could. I gave her my handkerchief and a spoon, and knelt down to point out the worst places. But unless she is not very particular, which I doubt, she will never want to wear it again. It is such a mistake, I do think, for mothers to allow young and inexperienced girls to wear white, especially white serge. Frances was obliged to lend her a cloak to go home in.

And now the question remains, what is the correct thing to do? According to Frances, having gone thus far and compromised myself, I must go further. The dictates of honour, she says, compel me to offer to buy the young person a new frock, and this would be to take an intolerable liberty unless I first asked her hand in marriage. And I am bound to admit there is something in what she says.

Candour.

"Young Man teaches Pianoforte, practically and theoretically, 4s. monthly; painstaking with beginners, theoretically."

Advt. in "Dublin Evening Mail."

Practically—well, you should hear him.

"In the end stumps were pulled up half an hour before time, three having then fallen."

Daily Telegraph.

By which time even a single-wicket match was impossible.

"First Zingari v. George Orr's XI."

Glasgow Evening News.

The First Zingari, who are very proud of being first, have acquired the bad habit of calling themselves "I Zingari," instead of the more grammatical "We Zingari." This was bound to lead to trouble sooner or later.

"A pretty Summer Frock in spugged crepon with plague of Chinese embroidery, and flat vassell at the corsage."

East Anglian Daily Times.

This sounds like another orgy.

"Violent guests caught us, but the monoplane behaved splendidly all the time."

Daily Mail.

An example to Ministers attacked by Suffragettes.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Nothing about Mr. Hall Caine's latest novel impresses me quite so much as its ruthlessness, the ineluctable vigour of its advance. He is a bloodhound on the trail of pathos, stretches octopus tentacles of coincidence, out of the pigeon-holes of memory plucks like a hawk every topic of recent interest, from the story of *Marie Claire* to the foibles of the Smart Set, from the Minority Report on the Divorce Commission to the discovery of the South Pole, and sweeps them all onwards to the great and final thrill. *Mary O'Neill*, the heroine of *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* (Heinemann), educated in a convent, was forced into a marriage of "suitability" with the dissolute profligate *Lord Raa* (situate on the Isle of Ellan, wherever that may be), refused to be his wife in more than name, was humiliated because he flaunted his mistresses in her face, found no sympathy from Church, relations, or law in her struggle for freedom, and at last, just before he sailed for Antarctic parts, gave herself to her life-long lover, *Martin Conrad*. When she found that she was to become a mother she fled to London, suffered, starved, and in order to keep the child alive was just about to earn the wages of infamy on the night when *Martin* (whose ship was reported lost) arrived in London. "'Yes, the very next man who comes along,' I thought." The next man was *Martin*. . . . The elements and supernatural omens are pressed with equal relentlessness into the awful march. When *Mary* interviewed the bishop about the possibility of divorce, a "vast concourse of crows" was holding congress in the tall elms of Bishop's Court." As she left, "a dead crow tumbled" from one of them to the ground. There are a hundred-and-sixteen chapters in *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, and a great many tearful incidents, but I think I felt sorriest about the death of that crow. Poor bird.



THE DOUBLE LIFE OF A CELEBRITY.

The Proprietor of the "Everybody's Using It" Trouser-press Manufactory.

With regard to *Miss King's Profession* (Mills and Boon), I am in the same position as if I had come across an excellent brew of home-made lemonade, a liquor which, however good of its kind, I should hesitate to press upon a stranger of whose taste in drinks I had no knowledge. There are those who neither have nor desire to form acquaintance with such a mild beverage. Myself, though no literary teetotaler, I found the book most refreshing. Mrs. Francis Channon writes of schoolgirls and primarily for schoolgirls; in her ingenuous and innocent plot virtue of the more homely sort triumphs all the way. But if the tale is not intoxicating it is by no means flavourless; the career of *Miss King*, so far as it consists of Work with her Pen (always capitalized), is most lively and cannot but prove amusing and instructive to all who Write, have Written, or mean to Write. This young lady, having distinguished herself at school by composing essays elegant in style and agreeable in sentiment, settles down with serious purpose and at regular hours to develop that talent, of the possession of which she is, like the rest of us, inwardly conscious. So doing, she affords Mrs. Channon the opportunity of knocking the bottom out of all the nonsense which is current with respect to the Writing and publishing of novels, and the real position is nicely summed up, with a simple directness and many sly touches of humour, as between the publishers and the authors, the point being that if there are some knaves amongst the former there is a much larger proportion of fools among the latter. In the title, moreover, we have a *double entente*; there is another profession, more conventional but no less honourable, open to *Miss King*. Men who still believe in real women, and real women who still believe in themselves, must find in the conclusion of this pretty story an element of peace and quiet very welcome in these sexless days. To those to whom I dare not, for reasons above given, recommend the draught as a thirst-quencher, I advise it with some confidence as a soothing medicine of a most pleasing nature.

Have you ever encountered one of those depressing little volumes published in the early part of the last century (and still to be met with on second-hand bookstalls, or the topmost shelves of circulating libraries) called usually by some such title as "Irish Wit and Humour"? Well, though it would be unkind to suggest too close an analogy between these and *Knockinscreen Days* (Methuen), I am afraid I must confess that Mr. Jackson C. Clark's book did remind me of them more than a little. The trouble, I take it, for all writers of Irish studies is that, the Irish being accepted as a race of comedians, some show of Wit and Humour has to be somehow got into all anecdotes about them. On the cover of this volume, for example, is an illustration (reproducing one of four excellent drawings to be found within) which presents a gentleman in a farmyard being knocked down by the rush of several pigs, while a small boy flourishes a blackthorn in the distance. This is very typical of the ground of my complaint. I could have been far more entertained with the doings of Mr. Clark's characters had they been less obviously out for laughs at all cost. As it is, his pictures of life in an Ulster village have at least a topical interest; more especially in such examples as that which describes the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in a Protestant neighbourhood, and what came of it. As for *Jimmy McGaw*, however, whom the publishers describe as "a manservant with original ideas," I can only regret that I found his originality too farcical to be amusing. This was my misfortune and not my fault. It is ill dogmatizing about humour. Very possibly other readers may be more happy: so I will leave it at that.

Financial Candour.

From a circular:—

"Quite a good number of our customers have taken advantage of this gilt-edged investment, which we can with every confidence recommend as a stock for those who wish their money placed so they will have no further trouble with regard to either the principal or interest."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Palace of Peace is to be opened on the 28th inst. A little while ago it was feared that the tenant for whom the magnificent structure had been erected would be unavoidably prevented taking up residence there, but it is now possible that she will anyhow be able to make a short stay.

* * *

It is stated "on the highest authority" that there is no present intention to make any Cabinet changes. In Mr. REDMOND'S view, the "highest authority" has not yet been consulted on the matter.

* * *

Says *The Observer*:—"Messrs. Guinness are to erect a brewery in the Manchester district, and Messrs. Jacob are to open a bakery in Lancashire. . . . These firms are the largest of their kind in Ireland, and their determination to seek in England a field for their enterprise is a matter which gives food for reflection." But is beer food? Possibly when one remembers the classic dialogue—"'Ad any breakfast, Bill?" "Not a drop!"

* * *

A refreshment pavilion in King Edward Park, Willesden, has been burned down by Suffragettes. They are surely carrying their hunger-strikes to absurd lengths.

* * *

A doctor has been recommending the telephone as a cure for deafness. We believe there is something in the idea. We have more than once succeeded ultimately in making a telephone assistant hear our call after what appeared to be a sustained attack of deafness.

* * *

In spite of the assertion that in Mr. DUNNE'S invention the safety aeroplane has been discovered at last, the promoters of the Channel Tunnel intend to persevere with their project.

* * *

It is suggested by *The Hospital* that wild flowers, which can be sent cheaply by post or rail, would be welcome gifts in the hospital wards. It is important, however, that they should not be too wild.

* * *

"The bilberry harvest," we read, "is now being gathered on the mountains in the Lake district. The fruit this season are poor." If it will help at all we are quite willing to provide a home for some of them.

* * *

The necessity of fresh air for pictures is, a contemporary informs us, being considered by the Louvre authorities. The idea seems to have been rather overdone in the case of "La Gioconda."

* * *

According to a bulletin issued by specialists of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, appendicitis and other intestinal diseases are due to gloomy spirits. They declare that an absolutely certain preventive for appendicitis is to smile habitually. An unfortunate friend of ours who tried this has, it is true, not been operated on for appendicitis; he has, however, been relegated to a lunatic asylum.

* * *

It is announced that for the Confectioners' Exhibition, which opens at the Agricultural Hall on September 6, a cake is to be made 16 feet in height with a base of 9 to 10 feet in diameter. We are sorry to hear that a number of little boys are already being medically treated for delirium brought on by a mere perusal of the announcement.

* * *

Looking into a stationer's shop in Great Newport Street one evening last week, Mr. ANDREW PATERSON, a visitor from Montreal, was hurled through the window by a motor car which had mounted the pavement. It is not known what Mr. PATERSON had done to annoy the car.

* * *

A suggestion has been made that, in view of the number of children who are lost every year, labels should be attached to every child, giving its name and address. The idea might be carried further. If the words "OF NO VALUE EXCEPT TO OWNER" were to be added, much kidnapping might be avoided.



FORCE OF HABIT.

Stranger (to Well-known Occupant of Treasury Bench). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT IS THIS THE WAY TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL?"

Well-known Occupant of Treasury Bench. "THE ANSWER IS IN THE NEGATIVE."

INTO THE FIRE.

[Fighting at bargain sales, says a daily paper, is growing obsolete.]

WHEN Ermyntrude from Oxford Street hies back
She looks not like a Mænad who has revelled
The long night through. Her eyes are never black,
Nor rent her robes; her hair is undishevelled;
She does not hurl the name (as once she hurled)
Of "cat" at every woman in the world.

Her temperature is normal, suave her smile;
Her manner sweet that formerly was acid;
She heaps her acquisitions in a pile
Upon the floor, and scans them, proud but placid.
But oh, that heap, once moderately slight,
Has risen to a most appalling height.

I see it at a glance. The hours she spends
In steady purchase now, in strife and rages
She squandered once. She buys threefold, and lends
Most rapid wings to my hard-gotten wages.
"Ah, would again," I am inclined to wail,
"That Ermyntrude were at it tooth and nail!"

Triangular Cricket.

"The home side were mainly indebted to S. G. Smith, Haywood, and C. N. Woolley coming together when the second wicket went down at 57."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"These conditions were embodied in a document which was signed by the Hemmings, and Mr. A. Mills, the three great Hemmings, and Mr. A. B. Mills, the three Great Western Railway officials, and six men who formed the deputation."—*Western Morning News.*

We regret that we have never heard of these famous brothers.

THE SPREADING WALNUT-TREE.

We were having breakfast in the garden with the wasps, and Peter was enlarging on the beauties of the country round his new week-end cottage.

"Then there's Hilderton," he said; "that's a lovely little village, I'm told. We might explore it to-morrow."

Celia woke up suddenly.

"Is Hilderton near here?" she asked in surprise. "But I often stayed there when I was a child."

"This was years ago, when Edward the Seventh was on the throne," I explained to Mrs. Peter.

"My grandfather," went on Celia, "lived at Hilderton Hall."

There was an impressive silence.

"You see the sort of people you're entertaining," I said airily to Peter. "My wife's grandfather lived at Hilderton Hall. Celia, you should have spoken about this before. It would have done us a lot of good in Society." I pushed my plate away. "I can't go on eating bacon after this. Where are the peaches?"

"I should love to see it again."

"If I'd had my rights," I said, "I should be living there now. I must put my solicitor on to this. There's been foul play somewhere."

Peter looked up from one of the maps which, being new to the country, he carries with him.

"I can't find Hilderton Hall here," he said. "It's six inches to the mile, so it ought to be marked."

"Celia, our grandfather's name is being aspersed. Let us look into this."

We crowded round the map and studied it anxiously. Hilderton was there, and Hilderton House, but no Hilderton Hall.

"But it's a great big place," protested Celia.

"I see what it is," I said regretfully. "Celia, you were young then."

"Ten."

"Ten. And naturally it seemed big to you, just as Yarrow seemed big to Wordsworth, and a shilling seems a lot to a baby. But really——"

"Really," said Peter, "it was semi-detached."

"And your side was called Hilderton Hall and the other side Hilderton Castle."

"I don't believe it was even called Hilderton Hall," said Peter. "It was Hilderton Villa."

"I don't believe she ever had a grandfather at all," said Mrs. Peter.

"She must have had a grandfather," I pointed out. "But I'm afraid he never lived at Hilderton Hall. This is a great blow to me, and I shall now resume my bacon."

I drew my plate back and Peter returned his map to his pocket.

"You're all very funny," said Celia, "but I know it was Hilderton Hall. I've a good mind to take you there this morning and show it to you."

"Do," said Peter and I eagerly.

"It's a great big place——"

"That's what we're coming to see," I reminded her.

"Of course they may have sold some of the land, or—I mean, I know when I used to stay there it was a—a great big place. I can't promise that it——"

"It's no good now, Celia," I said sternly. "You shouldn't have boasted."

Hilderton was four miles off, and we began to approach it—Celia palpably nervous—at about twelve o'clock that morning.

"Are you recognising any of this?" asked Peter.

"N-no. You see I was only about eight——"

"You *must* recognise the church," I said, pointing to it. "If you don't, it proves either that you never lived at Hilderton or that you never sang in the choir. I don't know which thought is the more distressing. Now what about this place? Is this it?"

Celia peered up the drive.

"N-no; at least I don't remember it. I know there was a walnut-tree in front of the house."

"Is that all you remember?"

"Well, I was only about six——"

Peter and I both had a slight cough at the same time.

"It's nothing," said Peter, finding Celia's indignant eye upon him. "Let's go on."

We found two more big houses, but Celia, a little doubtfully, rejected them both.

"My grandfather-in-law was very hard to please," I apologised to Peter. "He passed over place after place before he finally fixed on Hilderton Hall. Either the heronry wasn't ventilated properly, or the decoy ponds had the wrong kind of mud, or——"

There was a sudden cry from Celia.

"This is it," she said.

She stood at the entrance to a long drive. A few chimneys could be seen in the distance. On either side of the gates was a high wall.

"I don't see the walnut-tree," I said.

"Of course not, because you can't see the front of the house. But I feel certain that this is the place."

"We want more proof than that," said Peter. "We must go in and find the walnut-tree."

"We can't all wander into another man's grounds looking for walnut-trees," I said, "with no better excuse than that Celia's great-grandmother was once asked down here for the week-end and stayed for a fortnight. We——"

"My *grandfather*," said Celia coldly, "*lived* here."

"Well, whatever it was," I said, "we must invent a proper reason. Peter, you might pretend you've come to inspect the gas-meter or the milk or something. Or perhaps Celia had better disguise herself as a Suffragette and say that she's come to borrow a box of matches. Anyhow, one of us must get to the front of the house to search for this walnut-tree."

"It—it seems rather cheek," said Celia doubtfully.

"We'll toss up who goes."

We tossed, and of course I lost. I went up the drive nervously. At the first turn I decided to be an insurance-inspector, at the next a scout-master, but, as I approached the front door, I thought of a very simple excuse. I rang the bell under the eyes of several people at lunch and looked about eagerly for the walnut-tree.

There was none.

"Does Mr.—er—Erasmus—er—Percival live here?" I asked the footman.

"No, Sir," he said luckily.

"Ah! Was there ever a walnut—I mean *was* there ever a Mr. Percival who lived here? Ah! Thank you," and I sped down the drive again.

"Well?" said Celia eagerly.

"Mr. Percival *doesn't* live there."

"Whoever's Mr. Percival?"

"Oh, I forgot; you don't know him. Friends," I added solemnly, "I regret to tell you there is *no* walnut-tree."

"I am not surprised," said Peter.

The walk home was a silent one. For the rest of the day Celia was thoughtful. But at the end of dinner she brightened up a little and joined in the conversation.

"At Hilderton Hall," she said suddenly, "we always——"

"H'r'm," I said, clearing my throat loudly. "Peter, pass Celia the walnuts."

* * * * *

I have had great fun in London this week with the walnut joke, though Celia says she is getting tired of it. But I had a letter from Peter to-day which ended like this:—

"By the way, I was an ass last week. I took you to Banfield in mistake for Hilderton. I went to Hilderton yesterday and found Hilderton Hall—a large place *with* a walnut-tree. It's a little way out of the village, and is marked big on the next section of the map to the one we were looking at. You might tell Celia."

True, I might . . .

Perhaps in a week or two I shall.

A. A. M.



A MINISTRY OF SPORT.

Mr. Punch (*inspecting Candidates for the new Department*). "SELECTION IS INVIDIOUS WHERE EVERYONE IS SO ELIGIBLE; BUT, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, I SHALL PLUMP (IF I MAY USE THE EXPRESSION WITHOUT OFFENCE) FOR HALDANE."

[There is talk of our following the lead of Russia and establishing a Ministerial Department of Sport.]

DEBATE ON SPORTS' OFFICE VOTE.

Mr. Bonar Law rose amidst loud Opposition cheers to move the reduction of the vote for the Minister of Sports' salary by £100:—

"Sir, the conduct of Ministers, degraded, corrupt and incompetent as it is in all spheres, is peculiarly base in the domain of sport. We see foreigners unchecked, untaxed, subsidised by their respective Governments, enter our competitions and carry off our treasured trophies to other lands. This serious drain of silver pots must not be allowed to continue. I put aside with contempt the fallacy that we regain the value of the cups because they are carried abroad in British ships. I say emphatically that unless foreign competitors are handicapped on British ground our day is done. We cannot pretend to stand up against the competition of a protected world. Unless foreign athletes are compelled when performing to bear a burden of at least ten per cent. of their own weight"—(Mr. Swift MacNeill: "Poor Hackenschmidt!")—"there is no hope of regaining our national supremacy.

"Wherever one looks in the field of British sport one sees cause for grave uneasiness. So far this season the aggregate attendances at the Chelsea Football Ground have only increased by thirty thousand"—(Mr. Chiozza Money: "Hear, hear.")—"That may satisfy the honourable Member for Northamptonshire (E.), but the thoughtful sportsman will contemplate the German figures. The Berlin clubs have this season increased their aggregate attendances twenty-five per cent."—(Mr. Rowland Hunt: "Shame! Let's have a war," and laughter)—"twenty-five per cent., and the Chelsea increase is only ten per cent. If this continues where shall we be? I see the handwriting on the wall. The day will come, given a prolongation of the rule of this the worst of all Governments, when excursionists will rush from this country to see the German Cup Final at Berlin." (Loud Opposition cheers.)

"Again, I accuse the Government of gross neglect in not enforcing the Aliens Act against foreign professionals. Blackburn Rovers have spent £5,000 on a centre-forward from Prague. The Cobdenite fallacies die hard in Lancashire. Sheffield United have given British gold for a Peruvian half-back. English money leaves the country, English footballers are thrown out of work, and the Government sits supine, content if they have robbed a Church, ruined an Empire, debased football and drawn their salaries." (Loud cheers and a Voice: "Rub it in!")



Gladys. "Oh, Bert, I wonder if there are any stalactites in this cave?"
Bert. "Well, if there *are*, haven't I got this stick to defend you with?"

"But I have an even graver accusation to bring against this all-iniquitous Government. There is nothing in the realm of sport more important than the Derby. When the turf was nationalised I predicted that corruption would creep in even with the sport of kings. This year there chanced to be an Italian runner for the Derby. It was fairly obvious that Ministers wished it to win. They could not hide their love for the foreigner. I state with regret that the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Attorney-General received racing tips from the trainer of this foreign horse. The trainer was the Attorney-General's brother. And I may say that if there is any intention of promoting the right honourable gentleman to the important post of Judge on the Government racecourses"—(The Chairman: "Order, order. That question hardly arises on this vote.")—"in any case this tip enabled the Chancellor of the Exchequer to pile up an immense fortune." (Mr. Lloyd George: "Well, now I must explain. I have made no fortune. I am a poor man. The horse ran thirteenth. And, to show that I was not actuated by motives of personal gain, let me state publicly that I have not yet paid the bookmaker." Loud Ministerial cheers.)

"I am content to leave it at that. We see the highest legal authority of the Crown accepting racing tips. We see England's Chancellor of the Exchequer, who should be the acutest financier of the country, squandering his money on 'also rans.' Would Mr. Gladstone have done that?"—(Opposition shouts of "Never.")—"Would even the present Premier, enemy of the Empire as he is, deliberately use his position to back 'also rans'? I doubt it. Would he, if he had made a speculative investment, decline to pay his bookmaker?"—(Cocoa Member: "I hope so.")—"I am sorry that even one

of his supporters should have so low an opinion of him.

"Sir, I have shown the Government to be incapable, base, corrupt, and the friends of the foreigner. I have proved them to be the enemies of British sport, and it is my painful duty to move the reduction of this vote by £100." (Loud and continued cheering.)

"GENTLEMEN, THE DRAMA!"

A meeting of dramatists to consider Mr. Cyril Maude's suggestion that play-writing should be systematically taught in schools has just been held in the operating theatre at Guy's Hospital. Mr. Walkley was in the Chair, and he was supported by some of the leading dramatists of the country, including Mr. Max Pemberton, the Revue King. Mr. Maude was also present.

In his opening remarks Mr. Walkley said that his own opinion was that everything that the budding dramatist need know was contained in the *Poetics* of Aristotle. (Groans.) The misery of gentlemen present, he added, did not alter the fact. He was born lisping Aristotle's name, and if ever he died, which was unlikely, no doubt it would be with Aristotle's name on his lips. (Renewed commotion.)

Mr. Bernard Shaw said that too much fuss was being made about what was, after all, only a trick. Play-writing was a gift which some men, such as himself, had, and others, such as Shakspeare, had not. He would be ashamed to spend more than a few hours on any play, however masterly. (Sensation.) The idea of teaching play-writing was only one degree more absurd than teaching cricket. (Oh! Oh!)

Sir James Barrie wished Mr. Maude's project every success. Nothing could be easier, he held, than to teach successful play-writing. In Mr. Maude's words the pupils "would have exercises in dialogue, and would be taught conciseness, crispness, and how to make points. Then they would learn the construction of a play, openings, curtains, and all the vital matters which spell the difference between failure and success." Well, Sir James asked, what could be simpler than that? Crispness and point were, of course, at any one's service, and the circumstance that so many plays were dull and ill-made was wholly owing to the absence of Mr. Maude's scheme of instruction. Henceforward he saw no reason why any play should fail. It was not as if personality counted, as in other forms of art, or as if a sense of life was necessary. (Cheers and counter-cheers.)

Mr. Granville Barker denied that the writing of real plays could be taught. Only genius, he held, could produce plays sufficiently true and drab to empty the theatre; which was, he said, the aim of all conscientious craftsmen. Mere entertainments no doubt could be knocked up, but not first-class plays of the order indicated. (At this moment a painful sensation was caused by Mr. Shaw's sorrowfully leaving the room.)

Mr. Louis N. Parker, who looked somewhat fatigued from his efforts in dramatising the Old Testament and satisfying Mr. Brookfield with his tact and discretion, offered to teach play-writing to any pupil in six months —"provided he had the mind." (Mr. Cyril Maude: "I forgot that.")

Mr. Galsworthy agreed that play-writing could be preceded by much useful learning; but it was not the learning of the schools but of the hard grey world. Coal mines, factories, prisons, mean streets—these were the proper training-ground of the dramatist. (Cries of Help!)

Mr. Cecil Raleigh urged that Mr. Galsworthy had omitted the best school of all—Justice Bargrave Deane's court. "All I ask," he said, "is two boards and a divorce case." (Loud cheers.)

The Revue King, who was greeted with cries of "No! No!" sat down again amid great applause.

Mr. Arnold Bennett said that he agreed with every word that Mr. Maude had said. Play-writing could be taught and should be taught—in fact, he had done something to teach it himself, as readers of his "How to do it like billy-oh" papers, recently running in *The English Review*, would remember. All that was needed was a clear-headed expository instructor, an apt pupil, paper, pen and ink. If they had a few minutes to spare he would show them. (Panic.)

Sir Arthur Pinero paralysed the company by asking in what way his latest play would have been improved had he attended a class for dramatists. No one replying, he sat down in silent and sarcastic triumph.

In the gloom that followed, the meeting silently dispersed, and Mr. Maude returned to his theatre to complete arrangements for a number of new plays, none of which was written under instruction.



THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

Timid people, even in the improbable event of a hostile force being in possession of Calais, need have no fear whilst we have sturdy British conductors on the trains.

We hear that several of the public schools have taken so kindly to Mr. Maude's suggestion that they are already in negotiation with well-known dramatists to act as coaches. After the passage in *Peter and Wendy* describing *Captain Hook's* education, the headmaster of Eton had no alternative but to invite Sir James Barrie to instruct the Etonians whom he understands so well. Harrow has thrown out feelers towards the Brothers Melville. Mr. Maugham goes to Rugby, Mr. Houghton to Winchester, Mr. de Courville to Ardingly, and Mr. Galsworthy to the School of Economics.

Meanwhile *The Daily Sale*, ever on the look-out for objects for its single-minded munificence, is offering £5,000 (five thousand pounds) for the best play written by a school-boy under sixteen fresh from a dramatic class, to be entitled *The Failure of Pickles*. The editor's decision to be final. A further sum of £2,000 (two thousand pounds) for the best "Pimplet" concocted from the above phrase.

"Another of Hodder and Stoughton's autumn books will be a snoring edition of Sir J. M. Barrie's 'Quality Street.'"

Liverpool Courier.

Just the book for the bedside.

"Strike of Putters," announces a contemporary. Our own has refused to do its job for weeks.

THE EDUCATION OF THE BRITISH ATHLETE.



"LET'S HIRE THIS LITTLE BLIGHTER; WE'LL SHOW HIM WHAT'S WHAT—WHAT?"



"COME ON, GUIDE! HURRY UP AND SEE THE WONDERFUL VIEWS."



"WHY WILL THE SILLY ASS POINT OUT VIEWS? COUNTRY FIT ONLY FOR FLIES."



THE SUMMIT!

PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A FLY.

(*By our Charivariety Artiste.*)

III.

My narrow escape from a watery grave brought on another fit of nerves, and I quietly left the room and crawled upstairs and lay down on the library sofa again. Is it, I wonder, an unlucky house? There are such things. I may leave to-morrow.

What a deal of tragedy there is in a fly's life, if one comes to think of it. Few of us only, I should say, an infinitesimally small proportion—die in our beds. Death is always lurking at our elbow. For example, each winter hundreds of thousands of us—all, in fact, who cannot manage to get to the Riviera—perish of cold. Something, I cannot help thinking, might be done to prevent this appalling mortality. I have seen moths, for instance, in expensive fur coats. If they can do it, we ought to be able to do it. But it is rather of the sudden deaths—the violent ends—that I was thinking. Take my own family. I have already mentioned the cases of my poor mother and her mother before her. My paternal grandfather, when asleep in an armchair, was sat upon by a man weighing eighteen stone. My brothers and sisters, Frank, George, Mary, Daphne, Joyce, Patience and Iris, when mere youngsters, were all trapped in treacle, and my father perished in an heroic attempt to rescue them. A spider got my dear sister Ermyntrude, and birds ran off with Dulcie, Clarence, and Stephen. Guy—powerful fellow though he was—had his spine broken by a horse's hoof. Marmaduke was pulled to pieces before his mother's eyes by a brat of a boy.

Then there was the case of Reginald. Reginald was our black sheep, and consequently his mother's favourite. He took to drink. It was perhaps scarcely his fault. He was egged on by others. It began in a small way. Out of curiosity he looked into a public-house one day. Some men there gave him a drop of beer. Apparently it amused them to see him intoxicated; the thought of it is sufficiently humiliating. The liking for strong drink grew upon Reg., and he became a public-house loafer. He would even steal beer. One day—possibly he was under the influence—he missed his footing on the inside wall of a tankard, fell into a half of bitter, and—it is almost too gruesome to tell—was swallowed by a bricklayer—without even enjoying the wasp's satisfaction of stinging the fellow as he went down. He left 51 widows and 3,071 children; for Reginald, in spite of his weakness, was an exceptionally handsome and taking fellow. By a mere chance the tragedy was witnessed by a friend of ours who happened to be on the bar counter at the time, and he gave us a full account of the affair—including a description of the coughing, spluttering, and swearing of the dirty toper who became, so to say, the grave and monument of my poor brother. It nearly killed my mother, and made teetotalers of such of us as had hitherto been in the habit of taking a drop now and then.

Another of my family perished through over-eating. My half-sister Geraldine had the good fortune, as she thought, one afternoon, to be the only fly imprisoned under the muslin cover over the cakes in the window of a confectioner's shop. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, and Geraldine made the most of it. But it was her undoing. She gorged and gorged and gorged. Then suddenly she felt a rush of blood to the head, there was a loud report, and then no more Geraldine.

Thus does misfortune dog our footsteps. And what about the "mysterious disappearances"? There have been hundreds of these in our family. Some few may possibly be explained by elopements, but the great majority point to a violent end. Not always, though. An old friend of mine—I had known her in her maiden days—lost one of her youngsters. Again he was the black sheep and the favourite—I don't pretend to understand these things—and the mother wore herself to a skeleton searching for him. One day, just as she was thinking she must give up the quest as hopeless, she spotted the young gentleman in a butcher's shop. "My dearest, dearest pet!" she cried as she rushed towards him. "Hullo, Mother; fancy meeting you!" said the callous young beast, licking his chops and scarcely looking up. That is your modern young fly! He left home, he had the good taste to tell the old lady, because he found it dull there and the restrictions irksome, and it was only with the greatest difficulty, and after a promise had been given that nothing should be said if he came in late at nights, that Master Archibald was persuaded to return home!

Still, that was an exceptional instance. The mysterious disappearances which are so common with us are too horrible to contemplate . . . .

There is a question which I often think about. What becomes of us after death? Some say currants, and there is an end of us. I don't believe this. I believe we become angels—for we *can* fly. I wonder . . . .

In the act of wondering I fell asleep.

Finis.

THE YELLOW GNOME.

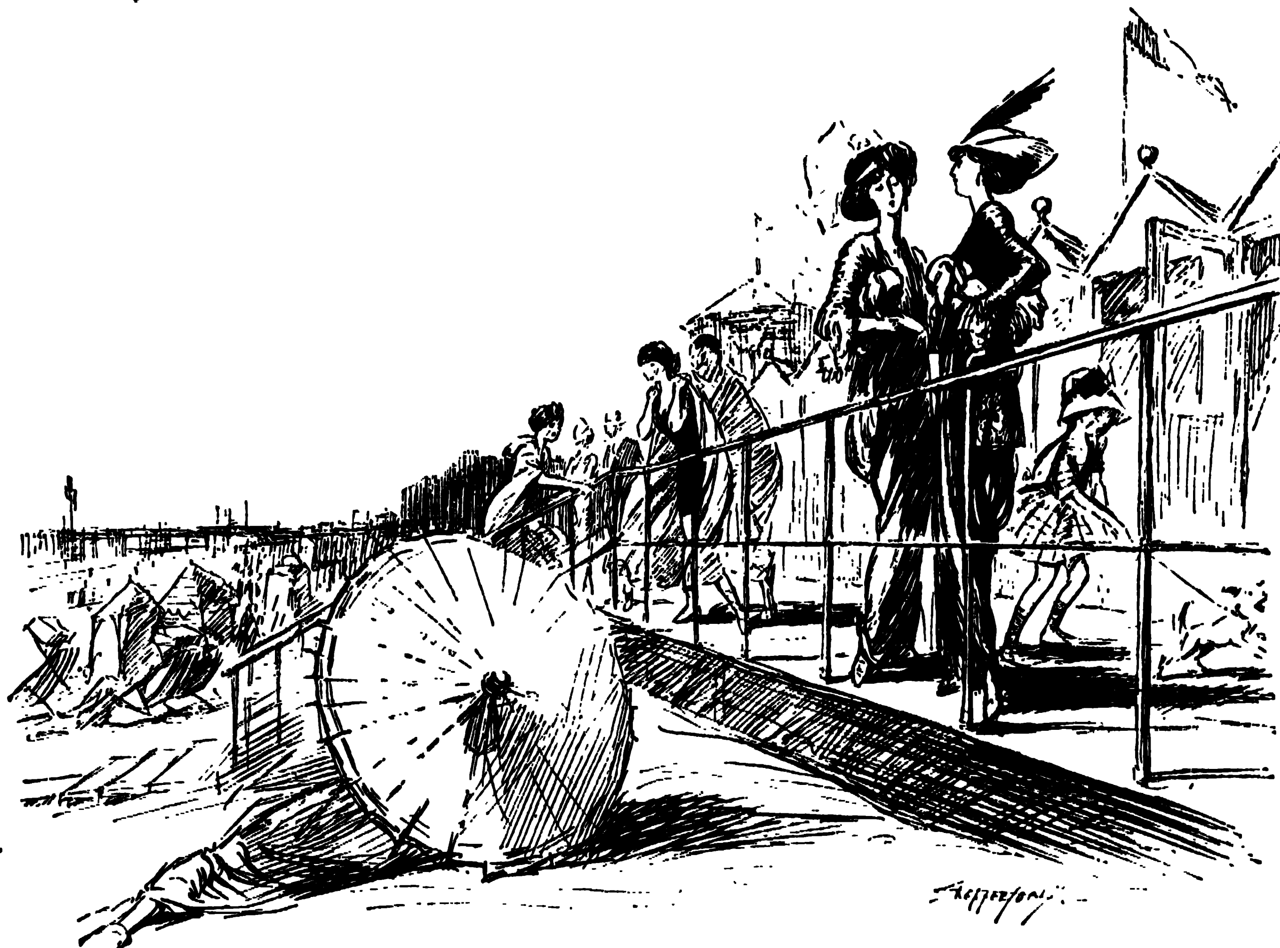
Hush!
Creep at the cool of dusk
By a rill where sleeps the rush;
By a fern-choked fence
Where meadow-sweet and musk
Faint opiates dispense.
Whist!
Steal through the languid mist
Drowsed from the poppy's wound,
Sweet from the trodden clover,
Hurry tip-toe over.
Creep!
As the owl's low note is crooned
Hollow, mellow, deep,
Enter a wood, dark, old;
Step light on the yielding mould
O'er many a moulted plume;
Wake not a note of sound
Across the slumb'ring gloom.
Steal!
Stoop low to the velvet ground.
Kneel!
Behind a leafy mound—
See!
At the waist of the mouldering tree,
On the lip of the ragged hole,
In the stricken moss-grown bole,
There's a rogue of a yellow
Little fellow
Of a gnome
At the porch of his vaulted home.
"Where?"
There!
See!
With his chin on his gnarlèd knee,
Thumbs on shin,
Lips a-grin—
So.
See?
"No?"
Elbows bare,
Tangled hair
Like weed on a yellow beach;
Nose awry,
Glowing eye,
Now green as a mildewed peach,
Now saffron hot, then sapphire cool,
Like gems in a moonlit pool.
See? "No?
Not yet?" Oh, oh!
Why, bless—
Ah, *yes!*
Too loud, too loud!
He's gone for good
In a musty cloud,
In an odorous shroud
Of rotten wood!

"Cow in the Bull Hotel."
Essex County Telegraph.

The forward sex!

"Thanks mostly to a stand by G. N. Foster and Perrin, when things were critical, Leicester left off with 127 for four wickets."
Daily Mirror.

Very sporting of Worcestershire and Essex to allow this.



THE CULT OF THE PEKY-PEKY.

First Owner of Prize Doglet. "These seaside places don't appeal to me the least little bit. But Ozoneville was recommended to give tone to Choo-Choo's nerves. He's been suffering from severe shock through seeing two fearful mongrels have a fight in the park one day. Your little thingy-thing's off colour too?"

Second Owner of Prize Doglet. "Yes, a bit run down after the Season. Sorry, but I really must hurry away. Band's beginning to play something of Balfe's, and I *never* allow Ming-Ming to hear banal *démodé* music."

SADIE AND THE LAVENDER MAN.

Sadie and her "Pop" were doing London exhaustively. On a certain dull August morning they were in a taxi, sampling the suburbs, when Sadie suddenly called a halt.

"What's the trouble, baby-child?" asked "Pop," as the chauffeur brought them up short. "Nothing to see in *this* old place, anyway!"

"Maybe not, Pop, but something to *heer*," cried Sadie, her bright face alight with joyous triumph and her finger raised. Sure enough, in the distance sounded the remote, melancholy, mysterious cry of a lavender man.

"Sit up and take notice, Pop! That's the last, the *vurry* last, of the old London Street Cries! There was haf a hundred and more in old times, and now there's only the Sweet Lavender Cry—the vurry last survivor. Isn't it a lovely chant?" and Sadie raised her voice, which was not quite so pretty as her face, and sang the opening bars:—

"Will you come buy my sweet lav-en-der?"

"I know all about it, Pop, and I've been after that dear old cry ever since we concluded to sample Greater London this morning. It's one of the oldest of the old street cries; and the finest lavender comes from a place called Mitcham, way down south-west of London. For centuries it's been grown there; and for centuries the same families have cried it through the streets of London. The industry, by what I learn, has been kept vurry much among one set of folks, like a good many British institutions, and the dear old cry has been handed down from father to son; that's what makes it so interesting and so romantic; and that's why it seems to strike some old hidden chord somewhere in one's being. Guess this vurry man's ancestors sang that old lavender chant through the streets of Old London, and *our* ancestors hearkened to it before ever they thought of booking passages by the *Mayflower*."

The lavender man, with his loud and somewhat raucous chant, had approached the stationary taxi by this time, and Sadie, after listening rapturously to him at close quarters, beckoned him and proceeded to buy up his whole stock. "The whole crowd'll want some," she said; "Momma and the boys, and Clytie and Edna - real, genuine Mitcham lavender, bought of a real, genuine, traditional, British lavender man. Say, Pop," as a new idea struck her, "what's the matter with our taking this man back, right now, to the Savoy and getting a record of the last of the old London street cries for my phonograph?"

"Best not take him back with us, Sadie," objected "Pop" in an aside. "Looks like we should be taking more



Modest but short-sighted bather finds the stone with which he had weighted his bathing-cloak much heavier than he had imagined it.

than him if we took him. Let him clean himself some and come to the Savoy later, if you want a record of his old cry. Seems a mighty dull specimen. Hasn't said a word yet."

"No; isn't that purfectly lovely? Such true British taciturnity. Dear, dull, silent, moss-grown folks they are."

To the lavender man Sadie proceeded to explain: "We want a record of that lovely old cry of yours. We're from the other side; but we know all about lavender; how it's grown at a place called Mitcham, and all you lavender men live there in a sort of little settlement to yourselves, just as your fathers and grandfathers did before you; and you've learned the dear old chant from generation to generation, your father teaching it to you and his father teaching it to him, and so on way back till it's enough to give anyone brain fever to think of it! It's a purfectly *purfectly* sweet notion! And the fact that you don't answer anything I say to you is just right—shows what a true, genuine British lavender man you must be."

"'Fine capacity for silence,' to quote the late Thomas Carlyle, of Ecclefechan, Scotland, and Chelsea, London," put in "Pop."

"Well, now," went on Sadie, "that's what we want of you—a record of this splendid old chant, that's come down from father to son through the centuries. You'll come to the Savoy Hotel, Strand, and sing it good and hard into a phonograph and you might add a few particulars of the life at the Mitcham lavender settlement and how far back you can trace your descent from the original old lavender men, and we'd give you seven dollars—or, say a pound and a haf, British money. Take it or leave it."

"'Scuse me, lidy," interrupted an expert in bottles and bones, who had stopped pushing his barrow in order to listen, and now drew up, "but it ain't no use arstin' that bloke nothin'—you won't get no change out of '*im*. Lives in same 'ouse as me out Bednall Green way, 'e does, and 'e on'y landed 'ere last week, and carn't speak nothin' but Yiddish—couldn't tip you a word of English, not if it was ever so!"

"But—but he was singing the old lavender cry," urged Sadie desperately.

"Oh—*that!* Yus, lidy, 'e was chuckin' it out cert'nly, but they learns 'em that at the place where they gets their stock o' lavender."

* * * * *

"'Guess this vurry man's ancestors cried that lovely old cry through the streets of Old London, and *our* ancestors hearkened to it before ever they thought of booking passages by the *Mayflower*,'" quoted "Pop" musingly, as the taxi sped away again on its suburb-sampling mission. "Another illusion knocked out, baby-child!"

"Don't rub it in, Pop!" pleaded Sadie; and then, with a sudden movement, she threw all her recently-purchased lavender into the road. "Perishing old stuff! Reckon even *that's* imported! And maybe there's no such place as Mitcham, anyway!"

"TYPHUS IN GLASGOW.
Twenty-eight Cases.
Ailment Well Spread."

These cheerful headlines appear in *The Glasgow News*, not *The British Medical Journal*.



WOODROW ON TOAST.

President Woodrow Wilson, U.S.A. "IF YOU DON'T TAKE CARE, I SHALL HAVE TO TREAT YOU THE SAME WAY AS EUROPE TREATS THE TURK."

Mexico. "AND HOW'S THAT?"

President Woodrow Wilson. "WELL, I SHALL HAVE TO—TO GO ON WAGGING MY FINGER AT YOU."





THE CALL OF THE WILD WAVES.

"WELL, LANCELOT, WE WILL GO DOWN TO THE SANDS JUST ONCE, BUT DON'T LET US CAPER ABOUT LIKE THE COMMON HERD JUST BECAUSE WE ARE AT THE SEA-SIDE."

THE FALL.

THE LAST LAY

Of an illegible Poet, whose typewriting machine, having occasion to travel, collapsed en route.

Is Cuthbert broke? Is Cuthbert dead?
  Shall he no more display
His rampant S, his couchant Z,
  His slightly jaded A,
His errant colon, sudden stop?
Hath Cuthbert had a fatal drop?

'Tis so indeed. Too dead is he
To type a final R. I. P.

A porter man of coarse physique,
  Who'd never paused to note
The verse, appearing week by week,
  That I and Cuthbert wrote—
A porter man it was by whom
Befell this comprehensive doom—

A porter man, who didn't choose
To mind poor Cuthbert's P's and Q's.

By day, when I am other than
  The thing I am by night,
I practise as a Business man
  And little else I write
Save "Yours to hand . . .," "the thirteenth inst. . . .,"
And such-like phrases, bald, unminced.

And even these I but dictate
For others to elucidate.

The shaded lamp, the evening meal,
  The alcoholic cup,
These bring my gentler muse to heel
  And keep me sitting up
Inditing verses by the score,
While others lie abed and snore;

But verses, which no human eyne
Could later read—not even mine.

Till Cuthbert came, when poems which
  Had little use of old
Were now discovered to be rich
  In seams of sterling gold,
And, what is more, to scan and rhyme
And earn a guinea every time.

And doth the sudden end of Cuth
Involve the end of me? It doth.

That I am loth to fill his place
  Is not from sentiment,
But only that I cannot face
  The money to be spent,
For twenty pounds is surely what
May be regarded as a lot.

"Dictate 'em to the clerk," you say?
The notion takes my breath away.

To call in person, sit beside
  The Editorial chair,
And, once a week at eventide,
  Declaim one's verse from there
Would be a gross unkindness to
My Editor, nay, hero, who

This once (but, mark, this once alone)
Has taken stuff by telephone.

Another Near Eastern Problem.

"Russian warships have been ordered to Sevastopol. It is thought that this move is in connection with Turkey's refusal to evacuate Constantinople."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

We all know that Turkey has a yielding nature, but this is asking too much of her.

"According to Kobe advices, refugees from China are daily swelling. Reuter."
Western Daily Mercury.

The Kobe mosquito is notorious among travellers.

AT THE PLAY.

"The Big Game."

It was on the third night that I paid a visit to the New Theatre, and was struck, before the rise of the curtain, by the curiously ingenuous and undistinguished aspect of the stalls. I half feared that they had been misled by the title of Mr. Carroll's play and were anticipating the appearance of some of the larger fauna of the African continent. It was true that, in the hands of Destiny, a rhino had laid the seed of all the trouble, but he had been dead some ten years before the opening of the play, and consequently did not face the footlights. It was like this. *Mr.* and *Mrs. Ross* and their particular friend, *Mr. Grimshaw*, were on a shooting trip in Central Africa. One fine day a rhino charged the first-named. The native who was carrying his rifle threw it away and fled. *Mr. Grimshaw* at once discharged his piece at the monster, and at the same moment *Mr. Ross* ran across the line of fire and intercepted the bullet. *Mr. Grimshaw*, having received his friend's dying confidences, married the widow, and gave out for convenience that the deceased had perished of fever. His conscience was quite clear as to the accidental nature of *Ross's* death, and fortunately the lady, who witnessed the episode, was in a position to support his view.

All, then, might have gone moderately well in the home circle but for the fact that the extinct sportsman had left behind him a son, who adored his memory and detested the step-father, whom he suspected, without any good reason, of complicity in his parent's death. Like a little *Hamlet* he sets himself to avenge that death, and it was indeed a cursèd spite (both for him and the audience) that he should have felt called upon to put things right. For, unlike the *King of Denmark*, the late *Mr. Ross* was not nearly so white as he was painted. He was, in fact, a bigamist, and, in the article of death, had confided to *Grimshaw* the guardianship of his extra wife. Faithfully he executes the trust, concealing it, of course, from his wife, who cherishes the memory of her late husband as a model type, "a man in a million." Young *Hamlet*, however, sniffing a rat (as it might be *Polonius* behind the arras), spies upon his step-father and reports him at home as a base deceiver leading a double life. *Grimshaw*, persistently noble, declines to clear himself at the cost of his dead friend's honour—always a good line for heroes of the stage. But the family doctor, who knows all and is sensible enough to recognise that a living lion is worth any number of dead dogs, gives the secret away.

It is patent that every step which the boy takes to expose what he imagines to be his step-father's baseness and duplicity only brings him nearer to the loss of his own ideal. Like *Œdipus* on the track of his father's slayer, he brings about his own undoing. This is your right Sophoclean irony. But when you have noted that, you have noted practically all that is to be said for *The Big Game*. For, frankly, it was dull stuff, reaching the low-water mark of tedium in the last Act, where the legitimate wife pays her conventional visit of inspection to the illegitimate. The play, indeed, was only saved by the intervention of little Miss Eileen Esler, who played with great charm and intelligence the precocious part of *Kitty "Morrison,"* daughter of *Ross* by the lady who was his wife "in the sight of God." Apart from her, the relief-humour was of the thinnest.

Mr. Fred Kerr, as *Grimshaw*, did his possible for the play, and was very workmanlike. His brusque manner was admirably suited to the character of a man who didn't mind being a gentleman if only he could escape being a stage-hero. Miss Ethel Dane, as the innocent lady whom the bigamist had betrayed, never quite secured my sympathy. She had too much the air of a virtuous *cocotte*. Mr. Beveridge, a medical *amicus curiæ*, with a permanent frock-coat, an Irish brogue and a vein of extremely childlike and primitive humour (largely associated with his umbrella), was not so well served as I have seen him. Miss Frances Ivor, as *Ross's* widow and *Grimshaw's* wife, bore with a nice serenity the division of her dear heart between her two husbands; and Miss Margaret Dallas, as a garrulous menial, saw the fun, and, I hope, the improbability, of her lines.

It was unfortunate that Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry, in the part of the stepson, *Julian Ross*, the first part he has "created" (I cull this dreadful word from his own alleged utterance to an interviewer), should have had to represent a spoilt and insufferable prig—or "neuropath," as he put it; for with a young actor who has yet to



"THE BIG GAME."

Scene—*Central Africa.* Time—*Ten years or so before rise of curtain.*

[Note—The track of the fatal bullet is indicated by a dotted line.]

Dying Rhino. "There'll be trouble about this. I shouldn't be surprised if a pretty bad play was written on the subject."



Nervous Tourist. "Are you sure the driver is a strictly sober man? He does not look like an abstainer."

Landlord. "Weel, there's no an abstainer aboot the place, Mam, but he's the next best thing tae it; ye canna fill that yin fou."

make his mark in original work an audience is apt to make confusion between the character that he plays and his own personality; and some of us may have been excusably tempted to attribute to Mr. Neilson-Terry the conceit and affectation of *Julian Ross*. It was a difficult and outrageous part, and he tried honestly to play it; but he has much to learn in voice and gesture and movement. It is, perhaps, a pity that, in the interview to which I have referred, he should have advertised the merits of *The Big Game* so loudly; for those who allowed themselves to be guided by his youthful judgment must have been sadly let down. O. S.

"More is expected of every class of woman than Girton or Newnham, and if they have not they wish they had."—*Daily Mirror.*

Surely you see that?

"Startled by the impact of bat and ball, it has been said that rabbits often scurry across the Worcester ground, but the two Surrey batsmen showed no such timidity."
Daily News.

Hobbs and Hayward are no rabbits.

THE ADDED CUBIT.

[A doctor claims to have discovered a compound which will increase the height even of adults, though it is most efficacious in the case of children.]

Fired by a firm resolve to rise
  To heights untouched before,
And daunted not by frequent tries
  To make my inches more,
I bought a bottle of this boon,
A large one, and a table-spoon.

"My son will note a change in me,"
  Thought I, "and much admire
The strapping man that used to be
  His far too puny sire,
And murmur in respectful tone,
'Oh, mother, hasn't father grown!'"

Alas, I did not count upon
  His passion for research.
One morn I found the bottle gone
  From its accustomed perch.
The youngster sought to know (and touch)
What is it father likes so much.

He drained this wondrous draught of mine,
  And youth's the time to shoot,
So at the early age of nine
  He tops me by a foot,
And, when he argues with his Pa,
Treats him too much *de haut en bas*.

The Coming of Autumn.

"Sir John Simon has already consented to address a series of Free Trade meetings in the autumn, which begins in Glasgow in October."
Manchester Guardian.

And in England a few days earlier, as usual.

Mr. Aynesworth, as reported in *The Evening News*:—

"It is, as you know, adapted from 'La Prise de Berg-op-Zoom,' an alliterative title."

We should never have guessed it.

"Wanted a dwarf or midget. Must be small."—*Advt. in "Daily Chronicle."*

The conditions are too arduous. If the advertiser were not so absurdly particular he would get many more applicants.

RE-SESSIONAL.

(With grateful acknowledgments to the Parliamentary Representative of "The Daily Chronicle," the lines that follow being little more than a metrical version of the subjoined passages from his Review of the Session.)

["The Liberal party has had its ups and downs in the past Session, and on a few occasions it was confronted with very embarrassing, not to say perilous, situations. From all of them, under the cool and skilful guidance of the Prime Minister, it emerged not only without discredit, but with added strength - indeed, fortified and purified by the discipline of adverse circumstances. . . . Mr. Asquith has mastered the secret of getting profit for his Ministry out of circumstances of peril. . . . Mr. Asquith is an Englishman to his finger-tips. Yet this typical Englishman has succeeded in winning the unqualified devotion of the Irish Nationalists. At the banquet given to the Prime Minister by Mr. Redmond, the warm-hearted Irishmen were almost swept off their feet by a thrilling passage in Mr. Asquith's speech in which he acknowledged his gratitude to 'my Irish comrades.' . . . Next to the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George has bulked largest on the Parliamentary stage. His daring and supple genius has been of inestimable value to the Liberal party. He was winged for a time by the wretched tracasseries of the Marconi affair, but quickly recovered."

After noting Mr. Lloyd George's "apostolic fervour" for social reform, the writer goes on to describe Mr. Winston Churchill's "pæan on oil fuel" as a remarkable performance, enlarges on the exceptional humanity of Mr. McKenna, the "flowering out" of Mr. Masterman into a first-class Parliamentarian, and the all-round competency of Sir John Simon, "who shines with equal lustre in the House of Commons and at the Courts." In a previous issue he dilates on Mr. T. P. O'Connor's championship of the small nationalities, especially the Armenians.]

We Liberals in the twelve-month past have had our ups and downs;
We basked awhile in Fortune's smile, and wilted 'neath her frowns;
Yet, though this arduous discipline our grit has sorely tried,
We've issued from the ordeal completely purified.

Our wonderful Prime Minister full-throatedly we bless
For turning to our profit each Ministerial mess;
He pilots us through perilous seas, where surging billows boil,
But hitherto has never lost his little can of oil.

Besides, he has no maggots in his massive English brain;
He's free from thrills and Celtic frills, he's sturdy and he's sane;
Yet when he called the Irishmen at Redmond's festive board
"My comrades," from O'Connor's eyes the teardrops freely poured—

O'Connor, ceaseless eulogist of all that's *chic* and smart;
Who takes the poor Armenians to his all-embracing heart;
Whose loving human kindness, saponaceous and serene,
Reaches the lactic level of the richest margarine.

Next to our priceless Premier, I must essay to paint
The superhuman virtues of our Cambrian super-Saint;
Who joins the lion's daring to the slither of the eel,
With his "apostolical fervour" and his Athanasian zeal.

Immune from all the weaknesses that hamper common Dukes,
He thrives upon exposure and he battens on rebukes;
And, the deeper that he flounders in the mud of ill renown,
The more insistently he claims to wear the martyr's crown.

Next comes the only Winston, whose exuberance is such
That we cannot eulogize it or disparage it too much;
His Marconi exhibition was magnificent, of course,
But it showed less thought for others than vituperative force.

Still, after George and Asquith, he's quite our brightest jewel,
And we all admired his memorable "pæan on oil fuel,"
Whose far reverberations cheered Lord Murray of Peru
On his journey from Bolivia to the wilds of Timbuctoo.

Of the admirable Rufus 'tis perhaps enough to say,
As a man and as a brother, that he's perfect in his way.
While Masterman, whose unction is exuded with such tact,
Is quite the shoving leopard of the great Insurance Act.

Though Simon's not so simple as his surname might suggest,
And the way the Tories praise him stirs misgiving in my breast,
Though he scorns to bluff and bluster or indulge in cheap retorts,
Still "he shines with equal lustre in the Commons and the Courts."

The facetiousness of Birrell is alone worth twice his screw;
And a dilatory magic gilds the utterance of Crewe;
John Burns's self-assurance is unshattered up till now,
And Haldane still can perorate the hind-leg off a cow.

Last comes the mild McKenna, so tremendously humane,
That to stamp upon a beetle gives him agonising pain,
And with such a noble passion for veracity imbued
That he beats the best achievements of an amateur like Froude.

In fine, however sketchily the Liberal artist paints
The variegated progress of his heroes and his saints,
He cannot fail to recognise that, though severely tried,
Their spiritual nature has been wholly purified.

THE GLACIER.

"This," said Francesca, "is your excursion, and I refuse to bear any responsibility for its consequences."

"Consequences!" I said. "What consequences can there be?"

"I have already," she said, "got a blister on my right foot, and my throat is choked with dust."

"I admit that, in a sense, these are consequences, but I am bound to point out that you must bear them yourself. I cannot change feet or throats with you."

"I don't want you to," she said with dignity; "but why have we hired a carriage?"

"We have ordered a carriage," I said, "in order that it might precede us as we ascend these steep Swiss roads. It makes a dust; but what of that? It is a comfort to know that the carriage is there."

"For all the good we've had out of it, it might just as well not have been there," she said. "Two hours have gone by since we started and we have not been in it for more than ten minutes."

"And that is due to the kindness of our hearts. We cannot bear to inflict unnecessary suffering on the horses."

"Then we should have left them in the stables."

"No, for then we should not have had the beautiful consciousness of self-sacrifice. It is for the sake of the horses that your foot is blistered and your throat parched. Let this thought console you as you limp through the dust."

"But you," she said, "have no such consolations; and that is what annoys me."

"Francesca, you are an unselfish creature; but if both my feet were one solid blister your pain would be the same."



INFLUENCE OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET ON BATHING DESIGNS.

(*Salome* and *The Faun*.)

"Then there's the coachman," she said. "Why doesn't he get off his box and walk sometimes?"

"He is a fat coachman," I said, "and, once on the box-seat, he prefers to stay there. Though I am myself a slim man, I can understand his preference. Perhaps his doctors have told him that carriage exercise is good for him."

"In that case he ought to pay *us* thirty francs instead of our paying him."

"I will mention it to him," I said, "if you like; but I do not think he will look favourably on the suggestion. They are a grasping lot, these Swiss coachmen, and the law protects them."

"What I am asking myself," said Francesca, "is why we came out on this excursion at all."

"We came," I said, "to see a glacier."

"Pooh!" she said. "What is a glacier?"

"A glacier," I said, "is a sea of ice. That is to say, it is not the sort of ice that you know. It is made of snow. It is always there——"

"Then all I can say is that we could easily have gone some other day, or even imagined it. The things I want to see are the things that are not always there—earthquakes, avalanches and that sort of thing."

"If money could buy an earthquake, you should have it on the spot. But this glacier is not so constantly there——"

"You said it was."

"It is not so constantly there as you seem to think. It moves, you know—only a few inches a day, I fancy, but still it moves."

"But we shan't see the silly thing move."

"No," I said, "perhaps not; but it is grand to know that it can get along without our seeing it. Francesca, there are crevasses in a glacier."

"Page 45 of 'Physical Geography for Beginners.'"

"In face of this great blind natural force your flippancy is misplaced. If, for instance, I fell into a crevasse to-day, and you came back to this glacier forty years hence——"

"I should come in a carriage, you know," said Francesca cheerfully. "I shouldn't walk."

"Yes," I said, "you would probably come in a carriage. Then you would stand at the edge of the glacier and let your mind stray back over forty sad years."

"I've lost my handkerchief," said Francesca.

"You always have. And while you stood there you would suddenly see amongst the stones a gold watch and a large boot with nails in it. That would be me—I mean, those melancholy relics would be all that was left of——"

"You unwoman me," said Francesca. "All the same," she added, "I can't help saying this glacier of yours is a very slow worker, and, if you wanted me to admire it, you haven't succeeded."

"Look! There it is," I said, pointing across the gorge.

"Call *that* a glacier!" she said. "It's about as big as a large tablecloth."

"Anyhow," I said sharply, "that's all the glacier you'll get to-day. If you wanted something bigger you should have said so. Personally, I admire it very much."

"I don't," said Francesca. R. C. L.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Used though I am, more particularly in novels, to those who do, or talk of doing, Big Things, I have never before met so large and mixed a company devoted to this vocation. There is no doubt, of course, that the class of which Sir Gilbert Parker writes in *The Judgment House* (Methuen) did much, if not most, of the bringing about and carrying through of the Boer War, but I cannot think that the Magnates of the Rand or the Officials of Diplomacy set about the business in quite the large, direct and melodramatic spirit of *Rudyard Bing* and *Ian Stafford*. They must have given some thought to details; some trifles must have obtruded themselves upon their notice, causing them to show impatience or irritability, to laugh or at least smile; even at such a crisis the tension of the situation and the facial muscles of those who conducted it must have relaxed a little once or twice in a period of some years. On this part of the affair I speak without authority, not knowing by the light of nature, nor having been told with any exactness in the book, how Magnates are created or of what Diplomacy (always with a big, big D) consists. The social and criminal elements of the story are, however, open to the criticism of the man in the street. As to the former, I would argue that the smart and plutocratic set of London is herein credited with a brilliance and breadth of mind not its own; as to the latter, that the murder of *Adrian Fellowes* cast too long a shadow before it. And when it did come the identity of the agent was not difficult to guess, though much mystery was made of it. But the important thing for his many admirers is that Sir Gilbert has written another novel; and nothing that I have said can alter that fact. At the worst, I shall only expect a few of them to agree with me that, while his book is by no means wanting in wit, it would have been much better for a touch or two of humour.



PASTIMES OF THE GREAT.

Mr. Hall Caine's eternal quest for a bookshop that does *not* stock his latest masterpiece.

I think I have seldom met with a more obvious example of the short story masquerading as a novel than *The World's Daughter* (Lane). The first two parts of the tale, which take one hundred and sixty-five pages to tell, are all about the events of one day. True, it was an extremely crowded day. In the morning the hero met the heroine quite casual-like at a railway station. The heroine was missing trains, and the hero, who was a perfect stranger (and a far from imperfect hustler in such matters), said, "Come along for a pic-nic with me instead," and, a few minutes later, "I love you." They were in the train by this time, and the rest of the book is devoted to the pic-nic and what came of it. Incidentally one may say that it was a somewhat comprehensive outing, involving a bathe in a stream, two accidents—by dive and bicycle—and a night in a friendly cottage. But no one need be really alarmed. The proprieties, though strained almost to breaking-point, do just hold. This is rather more than I can say about the plot, which, after the lovers have got back to town, and she has sent a wire saying they must part for ever, becomes even tedious. Yet Mr. Cyril Harcourt has written an engaging fantasy, which, though it never convinced me, has many delightful moments. In other words, Mr. Harcourt the plot-inventor will probably owe the success of his book entirely to Mr. Harcourt the dainty stylist. Heavily treated, his theme would have been intolerable.

I read *The Power Behind* (Hutchinson), by M. P. Willcocks, with deep interest, as a novel quite out of the common run. Much of it I have since read a second and a third time, partly from delight in its many beauties of style and diction and descriptive power, and its thoughtful analysis of life, and partly with the wish to get a clearer understanding of its author's design. In the second of these aims I confess to have fallen short of success. The girl who is the chief figure is brought into close relationship with three men. She was adopted first of all by an old West Country doctor and naturalist, who in his youth had been the loved but rejected lover of her French grandmother. Then she was secretly married by a masterful young astronomer, who cared much more about the stars than for the mother of his child, and brought wretchedness and disillusionment into her life. And lastly, when he died because another doctor hesitated too long to perform an operation which would have saved him, she married the almost would-be murderer, who was old enough to be her father, and became "the power behind" him, so that he played a finer part among his neighbours than he would have done without her help. All this is straightforward enough, and is worked out with taste and discretion. But I feel dimly that there is a power—that Miss Willcocks has a power—behind it that I have not fully grasped. And to some extent I think that is her fault and not mine. Her canvas is overcrowded with people and ideas. In the title of nearly every chapter there is an abstract thought large enough in itself to furnish material for a separate novel. In this respect her book is inclined to be vague and baffling. But then so is life, with its good in ill and its ill in good. And because *The Power Behind* is a fine picture of life it seems to me a book that is very well worth reading.

Miss Montrésor's *The Strictly Trained Mother* (Murray) is a gentle chronicle of rather smaller beer than is likely to suit the general palate. The story of *Mrs. Betterton*, ruthlessly managed out of all liberty by her competent daughters and breaking away from home to go and stay with a grandchild, cannot be said to provide matter that is morbidly exciting. The old lady's portrait has been done with skill and sympathy but the daughters' outlines are not free from a rather crude exaggeration. There are no doubt many managing folk who would do well to read this little study of results; though they might only say, "I *quite* agree!" or "How ridiculous!" without making suitable inferences. For the rest of us I cannot honestly say that there's quite enough interest in this pale narrative.

CHARIVARIA.

THE King of ROUMANIA was attacked, the other day, by a gang of bandits. After HIS MAJESTY'S recent appropriation of Bulgarian territory we feel very strongly that their action was contrary to a proper sense of *esprit de corps*.

* * *

It has been decided by the Government not to send a punitive expedition against the MAD MULLAH. We consider, however, that a pretty sharp letter ought to be addressed to him; otherwise he will think we don't mind.

* * *

One hundred-and-fifty German physicians arrived in Dublin last week, and visited Guinness's Brewery; also Trinity College Medical School and the College of Surgeons.

* * *

Le Temps expresses itself in favour of a Channel Tunnel divided into two sections — one for the railway, and one for motor traffic. Why not a third, asks an Irish correspondent, for aircraft?

* * *

Nine years after being posted from Buxton on August 25th, 1904, a post-card was received last week by Mrs. MARSTON, of 51, Great Queen Street. It is only fair to point out that the Liberal Postmaster-General has succeeded here where his Conservative predecessor failed.

* * *

Mr. GODFREY ISAACS as pessimist! At the annual meeting of the Marconi Company he prophesied that the day was not far distant when, even if we were aboard ship, our friends on land would be able to ring us up by means of wireless telephony.

* * *

Both the Rubber Growers' Association and the Rubber Sharebrokers' Association are offering handsome prizes for the discovery of new uses for rubber. We trust that, in making their awards, these Associations will remember that it was *Mr. Punch* who first suggested that, if the price of soap continued to rise, that commodity might be replaced by india-rubber in the case of adults, and by ink-eraser in the case of children.

* * *

By the way, not so long ago, rubber was used largely for floating companies. This application of it seems now to have fallen into desuetude.

* * *

The Open-Air Theatre Society has applied to the London County Council for permission to give plays in the parks. We know no surer means of ending a drought.

* * *

A new life-guard which is now being tested on motor-omnibuses will, it is said, when it collides with you, pick you up and carry you along on a kind of screen until the vehicle stops. If the contrivance works well we see no reason why it should not develop into "Society's latest craze."

* * *

We understand that the companies will feel compelled to make a charge of one penny for such a ride. Otherwise, it is feared, mean persons would make a habit of taking their rides that way.

* * *

While two boys were endeavouring to burn out a wasps' nest on a farm at Halstead, Suffolk, last week, an oat stack was accidentally fired and entirely consumed, damage being done to the amount of £150. It is said that nothing more ghoulish has ever been heard than the laughter of the wasps on appreciating what had happened.

* * *

A fly (who was clearly not a militant, for it happened in New Zealand) has burnt a house down. The insect got itself alight by flying through a gas jet, and in its fall set the window-curtains ablaze—and hence the conflagration. "Burn that house!" may yet become the flies' answer to "Kill that fly!"

* * *

Motor prison-vans, it is announced, will be seen in the London streets in a few weeks' time. It will be interesting to note whether this leads to an increase of custom.

* * *

Dr. WOODWARD of the Geological Department of the British Museum has pronounced the skull recently discovered at Ealing to be that of a woolly rhinoceros of the Pleistocene age. This, we understand, is the sort that spinster ladies used to keep as pets at that time.

* * *

Dr. H. F. BAKER is, we read, to address the British Association on the importance of pure mathematics in the ordinary relations of life. Can it be that even our mathematics are becoming decadent? If so, it is good to know that steps are to be taken to keep them pure.

* * *

Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN has gone to Shuna, in the Western Hebrides. His Lordship, *The Glasgow News* informs us, will spend his leisure there "in fishing for fish in the sea." We have often wondered what people fished for.



IN 1930.

"I SAY, CARRY THIS BAG TO THE STATION FOR ME, WILL YOU?"
"HO, YUS, AND 'AVE THE UNION ON TER ME."
"WHAT *DO* YOU MEAN?"
"WHY, IF I TOUCHED THAT THERE BAG I'D 'AVE THE AMALGERMATED SOCIETY OF LOAFERS ON ME TRACK. THAT'S WOT."

PEACE WEEK.

[Contemporaneously with the Carnival at the Hague in connection with the opening of the Palace of Peace, attention was drawn in the Press to arrangements for further internecine contests between the Liberal and Labour Parties at the next Election. During the same period there was a strike of the Building and Allied Trades in London which affected the Office of Works, the Athenæum Club, and other well-known institutions.]

WHILE jocund banners wave above
  CARNEGIE'S Palace, called of Peace,
And all the embassies of Love
  Give their emotions full release;
While She, the warrior peoples' guest,
  Enters the gates, an honoured boarder,
And on the Founder's heaving chest
  They pin the Orange Nassau Order;—

While banquets mark with seemly mirth
  The dawning age of muted drums
When war shall cease to blast the earth
  (Until the next occasion comes);
While olives bulge from every beak
  And each, in Dutch, adores his neighbour –
Is this, I ask, the proper week
  To fan the Liberal feud with Labour?

If nations born to martial lust
  Can so assemble at the Hague
To talk in terms of mutual trust
  (Though possibly a little vague),
Shall *brethren* fight? Shall Tory prints
  Be suffered to indulge in glib blab,
Dropping the most offensive hints
  Of ructions lewdly known as Lib-Lab?

Alas! 'tis so! Affection cools,
  And, as the masses catch the chill,
The Works Department downs its tools
  And BEAUCHAMP gets a bitter pill;
And, just to spite the Liberal few
  In that Conservative Museum,*
The decorators, gone askew,
  Decline to wash The Athenæum.

Ah! what avails yon Palace scheme
  (As good as Sydenham's own, I guess)
If kinsmen cannot form one team,
  Or coalitions coalesce?
What is the use of Europe bound
  By one continuous cosmic tether
If Lib and Lab, on common ground,
  Cannot lie down and coo together? O. S.

* The word is here used in its original and higher significance to mean a Temple of the Muses, not a repository of antiquities.

THE RUSTIC INNKEEPER.

(A SILLY SEASON SYMPOSIUM.)

SIR,—I was touring through the Western Counties on my 180 h.-p. Mércèdes when I reached the cheery little town of Blickhampton. I stopped at the leading hotel, "The Blue Boar," and told the landlord that I proposed to dine there. Knowing that he would scarcely have a chef at so small an establishment I suggested the following simple menu—an omelette Russe, veal cutlets à la Maintenon, half a brace of grouse, and any simple sweet his cook could supply. To my amazement he replied, "You can have chops, or steaks, or bacon and eggs." I told him of the delightful meals I had had served at a moment's notice in Carcassonne and Nijni Novgorod, and his answer was (I give it verbatim), "You may get them things in America, but we ain't asked for a dinner once in a month." The more one tries to simplify the task of the country hotel-keeper the more pig-headed and obstinate he becomes.

Yours truly, A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

SIR,—I have been making a five days' tour of your island, visiting all its points of historical interest, the ancestral home of the WASHINGTONS, the residence of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S great-aunt, and the gaols inhabited by the persecuted Pilgrim Fathers before they started to make the greatest country the world has ever known. At not one of your local inns have I ever found more than a single bathroom. At the Astor Hotel, New York, there is not a single bedroom without four bath-rooms, and the suites rented to multis always have ten. Even the cheap hotels would be ashamed if they had not two bath-rooms for every guest. And I have not even seen a tonsorial parlour at one of your country hotels. I asked for the tonsorial parlour at the Puck Hotel, Little Chidgley, to-day, and was told that there was none, but the boots would brush me down in the lobby. Don't you ever wash or shave? Can't you get the hayseed out of your hair?

Yours truly, KENDRICK J. BINGS (of Pluto, Mass.).

SIR,—Touring through the Midland Counties with that distinguished German savant, Dr. Offlicher (on a special investigation to discover traces of Teutonic civilization in rural British life), we came at 2 A.M. (in consequence of a motor breakdown) to The Reindeer, Chipping Tutbury, Rutland. I remembered a night visit I had paid with the same famous savant to an hotel in the Black Forest—the choice omelette which was instantly cooked; the fourteen varieties of sausage which, as if by art-magic, seemed to leap on to the table. I thought it would be a joy to give him a pleasant little night-meal on this occasion. After I had knocked at the door of The Reindeer for ten minutes, a head appeared at the bedroom window. "Good morning," I said politely. "Can we have a hot supper for two immediately?" "Go to blazes!" came the uncouth reply, and the window was instantly shut.

Dr. Offlicher is strongly of opinion that traces of debasing Celtic influences are to be found in Chipping Tutbury.

Yours truly, ONE ASHAMED OF HIS COUNTRY'S INNS.

AERIAL ETIQUETTE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am always anxious to do the gentlemanly thing, but, though my mater has got a book about Etiquette, it doesn't say anything about flying, which is what I am worried about. I hope you won't mind my asking your advice, because I know if I told my own people they would immediately knock the whole thing on the head. I have sixpence per week pocket-money, and, as I am dead keen on flying, I have saved up the two guineas which is the lowest price for flight at Hendon (no reduction for children). It has taken ages to do it, including tips, but I don't grudge the money. The awkward part is I have just got the exact sum, and I wonder if you are supposed to give the driver sixpence for himself, like you do a taxi? That would mean waiting another week; but I want to do the proper thing, especially if it's GRAHAME-WHITE. Yours truly,

JAMES HODGKINSON GREEN (JUN.).

P.S.—All the same I don't see how it could make any difference to the sort of flight they gave you, because the aviator wouldn't know what he was going to get till he'd landed you—would he?



THE LAND-CAMPAIGNER.

Mr. Lloyd George. "I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO GINGER IT UP OR WATER IT DOWN?"

[The Chancellor is reported to have been camping out on a Welsh mountain.]



["Since the introduction of tarmac the surface of many roads resembles a cement tennis-court more than an ordinary highway." *Road Board's Report.*]

The ingenious Mr. Farnborough-Smythe having invented the rising tennis-net, his wife is giving a series of most delightful receptions at the 31th milestone, Portsmouth Road.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

Some people are not like others; I am one of them. To most men the refusal of a proposal is, in sporting terms, a knock-out blow. A refusal by Diana is, I should think, the worst possible. And yet I merely smiled, and with some appropriate, light, half-humorous remark I turned the conversation into other channels.

I almost think Diana was the more affected of the twain.

No one would have guessed that the well-groomed, debonair man, chatting so gaily with his beautiful companion, had just been refused by her. But he had; and perhaps the incident defines my character more clearly than many words.

That evening I sat up very late, thinking. Suddenly I reflected that Diana was a woman, and it is the privilege of women—nay, even a proof of true womanhood—to change their minds.

Diana in time must change her mind.

I met her two days later and immediately started to change it. Diana is, however, very clever.

"If you're going to propose," she said, "don't."

I did. After all, what are a few words wasted?

Following this incident Diana became very alert. When we encountered she somehow or other kept me at bay, and, if necessary, took to flight. But she found in myself a foeman worthy of her steel.

"Hello!" I said, one morning. "Doing anything on Friday?"

"No," she replied, falling into the trap.

"Like to get married?" I suggested, and was so pleased at having got past her guard that I hardly noticed her mind had not changed.

"Ah, well," I thought. "Some day I shall catch her when her mind is wanting a change; then we shall see."

Eloquent appeals were out of the question; my proposals had to be short and to the point. I flatter myself that, at times, I was original. The culminating effort was a telegram (reply paid) as follows: "What day would suit?"

The reply (paid) was very terse: "None at all."

I felt it could only be construed in one way. And then I had a sudden inspiration.

Some people are not like others, and, as I told you, I am one of them. With me thirteen is a lucky number. My thirteenth attempt would bring me luck. A brief calculation showed that I had already put the question eleven times. Only two more tries were needed.

The twelfth was a clever piece of acting. I rang up Diana on the telephone, disguised my voice, and then proposed like lightning. Then I sat down to consider my next move. The thirteenth proposal was to be successful; it ought to be exceptionally good.

For two days I thought very carefully, but no idea came to me.

On the third day I received a letter addressed in Diana's handwriting. I lost my breath. Had she anticipated my thirteenth proposal and accepted? With trembling fingers I tore the envelope open; a dainty sheet of notepaper fell out. Quickly I seized and read it. Then I winced as in great pain.

Blindly I groped for the telephone. Even her number was engaged. Eventually I was put through.

"Diana," I said, "you can't marry Denholme. Throw him over. I'm proposing for the thirteenth time: six times more than Robert Bruce, and my lucky number."

"Sorry," said Diana, "I never change my mind."

And then I realised that thirteen was indeed my lucky number. I had had an escape. Diana was no true woman; she never changed her mind.

ASSURED REVOLUTION.

[In the fear that the Ulster cause has not been sufficiently advertised lately, the author begs to offer this little sketch, at the opening of a new dramatic season, to any manager patriotic enough to take it.]

The scene is laid in the private house of Mr. James McSmith, *a hard-headed Belfast linen manufacturer.* Mr. *and* Mrs. McSmith *are seated in the library, a commodious room, furnished on the north wall with a large photogravure of* Sir Edward Carson *and* Mr. Bonar Law *shaking hands, on the east wall with one of* Sir Edward Carson *and* Mr. F. E. Smith *shaking hands, and on the west wall with one of* Sir Edward Carson *and* Lord Charles Beresford *shaking hands. The south wall has been removed for the convenience of the audience, but actually it bears a large photogravure of* Sir Edward Carson *and* Lord Willoughby de Broke *shaking hands. On the mantelpiece is a snapshot of* Mr. James McSmith *himself signing the covenant.*

Enter Norah McSmith.

Norah. Oh, father, there's *another* photograph just come from the enlarger's. It's of Sir Edward shaking hands with Mr. Rowland Hunt. What *are* we going to do with it?

McSmith (*much moved*). A stirring picture, my dear. Hang it in the drawing-room, where our visitors—

Mrs McSmith (*placidly*). *Not* in the drawing-room, Norah.

Norah. Well, really, it's the only room left, mother.

Mrs. McSmith. You forget the bath room, love.

McSmith (*indignantly*). The bath room! Certainly not!

Mrs. McSmith. Just over the taps, Norah.

Norah. Right you are, mother.

[*She goes out, slamming the door behind her.*

McSmith (*jumping up from his seat*). Good Heavens, what's that?

Mrs. McSmith. Only Norah, dear. I'm always telling her not to.

McSmith (*mopping his brow*). I thought it was a pistol shot. I thought the revolution had begun.

Mrs. McSmith (*soothingly*). There, there, James. You forget it doesn't begin till *next* year.

She goes on placidly with her knitting.

McSmith (*testily*). Why doesn't John come? It's quite time he was back.

Mrs. McSmith. Back? Why, where has he been?

McSmith (*mysteriously*). Ah, my love! We were keeping it as a little surprise for you. Still, you may as well be told now. (*Importantly*) As you know, dear, I am in the councils of the Provisional Government, and at the last meeting I exerted my influence to get our son a post. He was sent for to-day, and I hope, I greatly hope—

Enter John McSmith, *the hard-headed son.*

John (*proudly*). It's all right, father, I've got a job. They've made me— You'll never guess.

McSmith (*eagerly*). Inspector of the Brick-bats? Snapshotter to the Marchers Past? Descriptive reporter of the Hand-shakes?

John. No, no, better than that. I'm—(*dramatically*)—Warden of the Voice Lozenges!

McSmith (*overcome with emotion*). My boy!

Mrs McSmith. Well, so long as you don't get your feet wet—

John. And that reminds me. I saw Rankin and said you wanted to speak to him. He'll be up here at any moment.

McSmith. Ah, good! I've important business to discuss with him. My dear, would you mind—

John. Come into the garden, mother.

[Mrs McSmith *and* John *go out.*

Enter Rankin, *a hard-headed solicitor.*

McSmith. Good morning, Rankin. Sit down, won't you? You've heard about my boy, I suppose. (*Carelessly*) Warden of the Voice Lozenges. It's a fine post for so young a man.

Rankin. He'll be pretty hard worked, I expect.

McSmith. I suppose so. Well, now, Rankin, I want to talk to you about business. We are in for a—h'r'am—a—a—bloody Civil War next year, and as a loyal subject of the King I need hardly say that I'm quite prepared to take part in it.

Rankin. Of course.

McSmith. If, as we all expect, there is to be fighting, desperate fighting, I am prepared to sell my life dearly.

Rankin. Quite so.

McSmith. But though I am prepared to shed the last drop of my blood, still more to shed the last drop of the blood of any troops sent against us, I should —er—naturally be very much upset if my property got damaged in any way.

Rankin. I quite understand, Mr. McSmith. I may say that that feeling is extraordinarily prevalent in Ulster just now.

McSmith. You see what I mean? Death, particularly the death of others, is, after all, a little thing—a loyal Ulsterman can face it cheerfully; but financial loss hits him very hard. I propose, therefore, to insure this house and the factory against damage by revolution, and I want you to see about it for me.



PASTIMES OF THE GREAT.

SUFFRAGETTE PRIVATELY HARDENING HERSELF AGAINST GASTRONOMIC TEMPTATION WITH AN EYE TO PROBABLE HUNGER STRIKES IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

Rankin (*moved more than a solicitor would care to admit*). My dear Sir, your feelings do you infinite credit. And, let me assure you, you are not alone in your romantic and chivalrous idealism. All Belfast feels the same. The news, when it gets about, will be a trumpet call to England.

McSmith (*simply*). Say no more, Rankin. I am only doing my duty.

[*He turns to the north wall and salutes the large photogravure of* Sir Edward Carson *and* Mr. Bonar Law *shaking hands.*

Curtain.

Act II.

A year later. The scene is the same. McSmith *is discovered in the library.* [*Enter John.*

McSmith. Well, John: had another busy day?

John (*bitterly*). Busy? I've lost my job.

McSmith. Why, how's that? Every day I read of the long speeches which our noble leader delivers to the army. As Warden of the Voice Lozenges—

John. That's just it. Bar a little rioting and revolver-shooting among our own men there's been nothing doing for three months [illegible]



Indignant Bather. "GO AWAY! I OBJECT TO BEING PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE WATER!"
Photographer. "BUT I'M TAKING THESE FOR THE WEEKLY PAPERS; BESIDES, I DON'T THINK I TOOK YOU."
Indignant Bather. "WHY NOT? WHAT IMPERTINENCE!"

given out. And now that the so-called British Government has gone and put a tax on 'em I don't see how we're going to get any more.

McSmith. Why not, John?

John. Father, don't be absurd. The tax money would go to the Nationalist Parliament, of course.

McSmith. Ah, yes, I was forgetting that.

John. And the result is, as I say, that I've lost my job. (*Gloomily*) I don't know what our leaders will do. The army can't fight because there's no one to fight against, and the generals will have to go on making speeches. With nothing to do it on——

[*A shot is heard.*

McSmith. Good heavens, what's that?

John (*calmly*). Revolver. Some of our men playing the fool. By Jove, it sounded near. I wonder if it came this way.

[*Enter Servant hastily.*

Servant. Fire, fire! The mistress has been shot. (*She faints.*)

McSmith (*weakly*). John, go and see. (*Exit* John). Dear, dear! (*He looks round the walls dully, slowly gathering fresh courage from the photographs of Sir* EDWARD CARSON.)

[*Re-enter* John.

John (*with emotion*). A revolver shot through the drawing-room window. Hit mother in the shoulder. They've sent for the doctor. It's bad, but I don't think dangerous.

McSmith (*bravely*). John, we must bear this like heroes. It is our first sacrifice for the cause.

John (*much moved*). It came through the window, just where mother——

McSmith (*patting him on the shoulder*). Bear up, my dear boy. It is not so bad as you think. (*Triumphantly*) The window is insured!

CURTAIN. A. A. M.

Painful Reflection on the First Commissioner of Works.

The Globe, after discussing details of the strike at the Office of Works, goes on to say, "Up to the present there has been no serious interference with any service of public utility." Lord BEAUCHAMP will please note.

From a Charing Cross bookseller's window:—

"LARGE TYPE CICERO IN LATIN."

CICERO was always at his best in this language.

The Perils of Cricket.

In a cricket match between Montreal and the Australians, MAYNE (according to *The Montreal Daily Star*) was dismissed by "a bull that kept low."

"The Real Estate Trust Company is the agent for this property, a 9-room residence, of the living room type, having two baths in a desirable neighborhood."

Within a shilling taxi drive, we hope.

MR. RALPH CONNOR as reprinted in *The Manitoba Free Press*:—

"I, who have never set foot outside my native shoes. . ."

They must be too small for him by now.

"Until last week no Englishman had taken so much as a set from him. Indeed the sets he has dropped during the last year could almost be counted on the fingers of two hands—five to Brookes in Australia, five to McLoughlin at Wimbledon, two to Wilding at Manchester, two each to F. G. Lowe and Beamish in the Australasian championship at Hastings, New Zealand, one to Graham at Dublin, one to Doust at Newcastle, and one to A. H. Lowe at Scarborough."

Manchester Guardian.

If the writer is also a golfer he should try the overlapping grip. He has a grand pair of hands for it.

A MUSICAL-OLYMPIC APPEAL.

The recurrence in the year 1914 of the great International Pan-Orphic Competitive Festival to be held at Vienna brings home to all patriotic British musicians the peremptory need of securing adequate representation of their country at this great tournament of song and sound. The situation is best understood by the following statement of the results of the last competition at San Marino in 1910:—

Highest note (*solo*)	America.
Highest note (chorus)	Finland.
Loudest note (solo)	Patagonia.
Loudest note (chorus)	Corea.
Deepest note (solo)	Russia.
Deepest note (chorus)	Russia.
Longest sustained note	Germany.
Three-legged singing-race	Turkey.
Most powerful steam organ	Belgium.
Largest larynx	Tibet.
Longest hair (pianists)	Hungary.
Largest butterfly tie	Venezuela.
Best advertised *prima donna*	America.
Heaviest *Brünnhilde*	Germany.
Most realistic *Carmen*	Roumania.
Highest paid tenor	Italy.
Longest round of applause	Croatia.
Best organised *claque*	Argentine.
Largest wardrobe (ladies)	Russia.
Most epileptic conductor	Morocco.
Greatest number of presents from Crowned Heads	Italy.
Greatest number of floral tributes	Australia.
Most eulogistic criticism	America.
Most savage ditto	Servia.

It is, as the Marquis of Mull observes in his impassioned appeal to the public in last Saturday's *Daily Terror*, one long tale of British disgrace and decrepitude. That we are a musical nation cannot be denied. Our ballad concerts, our street organs, our devotion to the banjo, the concertina and the penny whistle proclaim it on every side. We have pledged ourselves to compete at Vienna, and yet with only a brief year in which to prepare ourselves nothing has been done to select or train representatives. To expose ourselves to a repetition of the defeat which we underwent in 1910 is not only humiliating but dangerous. It advertises our weakness and lends impetus to the Chauvinistic policy of the other Powers. In short, by neglecting to organise victory we disregard a most effective insurance against invasion.

The Marquis accordingly appeals to the nation to raise a sum of £500,000 to enable the Executive Committee to carry out their scheme for the selection and preparation of British representatives. The amount, he admits, is considerable, but it will be a magnificent investment and will be repaid a hundredfold in national prestige and security. The scheme involves the appointment of 1,000 "talent-searchers" to scour every corner of Great Britain, Ireland, the Isle of Man and the Scilly Isles. Suitable competitors, when thus secured, will be sent to specially equipped training colleges, where their preparation will be systematically carried on under the supervision of the best experts. Thus, for example, candidates for the heavy-weight Wagnerian *prima donna* prize will be segregated in Dietetic Sanatoria, where they will be subjected to a process of intensive nutrition by which a stone weight can be put on in a fortnight.

Another of these colleges will be exclusively devoted to the cultivation of luxuriant *chevelures* by a process of constant immersion in hot baths of petroleum. Another and a very costly department of the process of preparation is the equipment of poor singers with costumes, jewels, pet dogs and all the other indispensable paraphernalia of prima donnahood. A special school of journalism, again, will have to be maintained for the instruction of competitors for the Musical Criticism prizes in the whole vocabulary of eulogy and obloquy. There will also have to be High Note, Low Note, Deep Note and Long Note Gymnasia. There must be an Academy for the promotion of Epileptic Conductors. And, as the Marquis of Mull eloquently remarks, all this will cost money.

The Marquis of Mull concludes his stirring appeal with a request that all subscriptions may be sent to him at the Fitz Hotel. The list has been headed by £5,000 from the proprietors of *The Hairdressers' Gazette*, £2,000 from the Marquis himself, £1,000 from the Duke of Swankerville, £500 from Messrs. Hufenvogel and Fleischheimer, the great petroleum refiners, and 1/- from "A Lifelong Lover of Music."

From "Naval Appointments" in *Portsmouth Evening News*:—

"Lieutenants.—St. A. B. Wake to the Thunderer, as First Lord."

And so poor Winston's brief reign is ended?

"Some amusement was afforded by a typical Frenchman with well-waxed moustache who . . . cried again and again, in true French style: 'Encore, encore, madame!'"
Yorkshire Evening News.

One can always tell a Frenchman.

BEST MILD BIRD'S EAR;

or, What was overheard by the Little Gentlewomanly Bird attached to some of our Contemporaries.

At Strathmoorside.—That one or two grouse got away even when his lordship was shooting.

At Hurst Park.—That not even the pretty musical comedy actress could find a winner in every race.

At St. Peter's, Eaton Square.—That the bride was very charming.

At Yattendon.—That the Laureate may or may not be preparing a wedding ode.

In Paris. That the little Comtesse's blind chauffeur has at last been discharged.

In the Same. That the street named after the late King Edward is progressing.

At Fort William.—That "'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

In St. James's Park. That the workmen are doing overtime on Buckingham Palace and that the scene is one of great activity.

In London generally.—That the paviors are taking advantage of London's emptiness.

At Aldershot.—That he was the youngest subaltern who ever failed to grow a moustache.

At Margate.—That a certain young lady who lost a spade on the sands the other day is in danger of not getting it back.

In the Straits of Dover.—That the fish are talking of little else but the Channel tunnel and what it will cost them.

In Berlin.—That questions of foreign policy are not unlikely to be requiring attention before long.

In Venice.—That the bathers at the Lido include more than one member of the Italian nobility.

At Bilchester.—That the Earl and Countess received many congratulations on the occasion of their golden wedding.

In Royal Circles.—That the past season has been a strenuous one and a little rest is not being resented.

At Homburg.—That certain visitors this year are more than usually in need of cures.

At the Same.—That "he may have looked at her, but that was all."

In Parliament Square.—That the Houses of Parliament are quieter than they have been for months.

"Many of the low-lying parts of the river are already under water."—*Times of India.*

This is also true of the Cam.



Batsman (indignant at being given out on a confident appeal for a catch by the wicket-keeper, Brown). "WHAT ON EARTH MADE YOU GIVE ME OUT?"

Honest and Painstaking Umpire. "WELL, SIR, IT WERE LIKE THIS: MUSTER BROWN 'E THOUGHT 'TWAS HOUT, AND I KNAWED AS 'OW 'E KNAWED MORE'N I KNAWED, SO I SAYS, 'HOUT.'"

"A SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION."

DEAR SIR,—Before making a few remarks upon your interesting series entitled, "Pages from the Diary of a Fly," I should like to explain my motives in writing to you at all. They are twofold. In the first place, as a naturalist of, I hope, some distinction, I want to discuss the matter scientifically. And, as the victim of certain misguided people who, under the impression that I was a confirmed dipteramaniac, caused me, some years ago, to be placed in a home for the mentally unsound, I wish to prove my complete and unquestionable sanity by a course of didactic reasoning the infallibility of which you will be bound to recognise.

Assuming, as I do, that your alleged contributor hails from the *Calypterate Muscidæ* family, we are reduced to a choice of two species, viz., the Blow-fly or "Bluebottle," and the *Musca domestica* or common "house-fly." My knowledge of the whole order *Diptera*, to say nothing of certain details in the narrative under discussion, leads me to suppose that the writer belongs to the latter of the two sub-families. Very well. I now come to my contention, which is this: that no *Musca domestica* yet born can assimilate coherent and veracious ideas such as are put forward in this Diary; and, further, that, were any fly possessed of this capacity, he would find the difficulty of transferring those ideas to paper, if not utterly insurmountable, at least far greater than you evidently suppose.

One moment, Sir! "Tush," I hear you say, "there it is in black and white. We have the fly's word for it. And, moreover, how can any naturalist, however eminent, make such a comprehensive negation concerning the thinking capacity of an insect?"

Every word that I have written, Sir, I can thoroughly substantiate. Let me give a brief outline of my own humble researches. Though in the main of antivivisectionist principles, I have made various experiments upon the brain of the *Musca domestica*, in every case unsuccessfully. Being forced to the reluctant conclusion that nothing new was to be gleaned from within, I set to work on the inductive plan. Having obtained a healthy specimen, one entirely free from empusa and not long emerged from the pupa state, I began a series of instruction classes with the view of broadening out my pupil's imitative ability. In one instance only did I achieve any real measure of success. Occasionally, after clapping my hands and chuckling for some minutes, I had the satisfaction of seeing him simulate the emotion of glee by rubbing his front legs together. But that was all. Often, in trying to make him rear on his hind legs, I not only became stiff from my own exertions, but experienced considerable hoarseness from incessant reiteration of the word "up." His intellect, if any, seemed quite impenetrable. For hours I was in the habit of reading to him select passages from *Baedeker*, *Horace* and *Bradshaw* without response. Only a week ago I subjected my theory to an exhaustive test. Having obtained another excellent specimen, I regaled him with the first reminiscences of your small contributor. If you will believe me, Sir, his eyes showed no flicker of interest. But not content with this as a convincing proof of defective receptivity, I established what was almost a foregone conclusion—that he was entirely unable to produce decipherable hieroglyphics. I went to the trouble and expense of having a diminutive



Jack (whose twin has been isolated owing to measles). "WHEN 'S TEDDY COMING BACK TO SLEEP, BEE?"
Bee. "WHY? DO YOU MISS HIM *AWFULLY*?"
Jack (promptly). "*RATHER!* ONLY THIS MORNING I TURNED OVER TO BIFF HIM IN THE EYE AND HE WASN'T THERE!"

silver pen made for him, one-eighth of an inch long. It was relatively easy to procure the pen: but to make him hold it was a very different matter. First I placed it between the adhesive pads of his front feet whilst he was rubbing them together. The only result was that he immediately desisted from his occupation, and the instrument fell with a tiny clatter on to the sheet of foolscap I had provided for him. Next I tried the lobes of his proboscis, but these seemed sadly lacking in tenacity. Not to be beaten too easily, however, I dispensed with the manufactured article and dipped the lobes themselves in a bottle of ink. This turned out to be an unfortunate move, for, instead of making any attempt to transfer his thoughts to paper, he contented himself with sucking up the fluid with evident relish, thereby inflicting upon himself an attack of what I took to be acute indigestion. At any rate the malady has incapacitated him from experimental work for several days. Although I intend going into the matter more thoroughly when my patient has recovered, I think I have said enough to convince you that this so-called Diary, far from being the work of any enlightened member of the *Diptera* family, is some spurious production of the *genus Homo*.

Yours in sympathy,
OCTAVIUS GRUBBE (ex) F.R.S.

P.S.—During a further perusal of your current issue, I have just noticed the words "By our Charivariety Artiste." This, of course, proves that you yourself were not the victim of an imposture, and stultifies the main purpose of this letter, which I nevertheless forward to you for the sake of its scientific interest.

ROCKS AHEAD.

[The City of London Public Health Department have issued a circular in which it is stated that the custom of rocking babies in cradles is a wrong one and should be abolished.]

UNREST continues to prevail in influential infant circles owing to the threat of the elders to withdraw cradles, and a force of 4,000 fathers had to be called out during the small hours to quell threatened insurrections. The men were not able to return to bed before daybreak. It is clear that the paternal authorities are uneasy and dread an outburst at any moment.

At a meeting of infants held in Little Britain, E.C., last evening Master Bunting protested against their being deprived of a privilege which had been theirs as babies since the days when their poets had first sung. They would remember that imperishable line—

"When the wind blows the cradle will rock."

He was a Pro-cradler, as he had always been. Perhaps he was not so young as he once was, but, if they would allow an old infant, with eighteen months' experience of the ways of the world, to advise them, they would solemnly register a determination never to go to bye-bye without a good rocking.

The Procession of Babies made its way through the principal streets last evening. Banners were carried bearing such inscriptions as—

"THE HAND THAT DOESN'T ROCK THE CRADLE DOESN'T RULE THE WORLD.—YOU CAN'T HAVE IT BOTH WAYS."

"ROCK US IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP IF YOU LIKE, BUT ROCK US."

Later.—At a meeting of Parents called specially last evening it was agreed to urge the Public Health Department to withdraw their circular. It is confidently expected that the babies will come in without delay.



THE "NATIONAL DISASTER" OF 1912.

John Bull (*prostrate with shame*). "MY PLACE IN THE COUNCILS OF EUROPE MAY BE HIGHER THAN EVER, BUT WHAT'S THE USE OF THAT WHEN THE OLYMPIC PALM FOR THE KNEELING HIGH JUMP IS BORNE BY ANOTHER?"



Flute (*to Harp*). "There you are Schubert's brought in fivepence—tuppence worse than '*The Rosary*.' Let's 'ave another go at '*Itchy-Koo;*' it's always worth one-and-a-tanner."

UN "MÉDECIN MALGRÉ LUI."

"Talking of doctors," said Roleystone, "their job isn't as easy as it looks. I know—I was once a doctor myself—ship's doctor—for two whole days. I was coming back from a country in South America where you must be either a 'doctor' or a 'colonel.' I nominated myself 'doctor.' 'Doctor' allows a greater margin of prevarication than 'colonel.' There are several kinds of doctors and you don't have to elect which kind you will be.

"I didn't ask the agents to book my passage with this prefix to my name, nor did I ask my misguided friend to introduce me to the ship's officers as 'Doctor.' Anyhow, I couldn't have foreseen that the resident medico would take sick leave in his bunk and that I should be appointed to his duties. I might have made a full disclosure to the Captain and so escaped from an equivocal position, but more eminent men than I have fallen into a similar error.

"On the whole I managed fairly well. It was unfortunate that the patient whom I told to knock off meat turned out to be a vegetarian. If the Lascar whom I treated had not had the sense to jump overboard, I might have been in trouble over his death certificate. As it was, the man was so obviously drowned that a certificate seemed hardly necessary. I have always had a feeling that I should like to know what the stuff really was that I gave him. That it did nothing to soothe his last hours I am certain, but whether it was actually fatal in itself I shall never know. These uncertainties are very harassing.

"I was somewhat nonplussed when they brought a girl to me who had a finger sticking out at the back of her hand at a most absurd angle. She seemed surprised when I asked her how long it had been like that. It appeared that she had, a few minutes before, unintentionally sat down on the deck and had found her finger that way when she got up. Under these circumstances it seemed to be up to me to do something about it. By a dispensation of Providence, as I was pulling it about preparatory to what I believe they call 'setting' it, the thing suddenly resumed the normal. It was lucky that I had not actually diagnosed a compound fracture, as I had intended. The girl seemed quite relieved and grateful when she saw all the fingers on her hand in a row again. It was rather a nice hand, and it was some time before I felt that it was safe to let it go.

"I still stick to my opinion that that steerage passenger was merely suffering from sea-sickness. I know enough about doctoring to be sure that appendicitis is only found in first or second-class passengers who can afford to pay biggish fees for operations. I am glad that I refused to operate or to assist the ship's surgeon in doing so, when he got well. As it turned out, the woman was still alive when they carried her ashore.

"However, I freely admit that it would have saved my colleague trouble in the end if I had found all the pieces of china which were imbedded in another patient's head before I applied bandages. But then even steerage passengers ought to know better than



Short-sighted Territorial (oblivious of the rule that badges of rank are worn on the sleeve in Field Service). "EXCUSE ME, BUT I WANT TO SEE IF I'VE GOT TO SALUTE YOU."

to try to settle their differences with the aid of water jugs.

"I do not believe that the man who said that he had lumbago ever found out with what he had been rubbed. He was much better the next day. There must be some unsuspected curative property in brown boot polish. In spite of this, I have a feeling that the surgery is not the proper place in which to keep a thing of that kind. If I had administered a dose to the child with whooping cough, the result might have been most serious.

"I did quite well with the fever patients when I discovered which of the white compounds really was quinine.

"If I had suspected that the lady with the sore throat would remember the phrase and brag about it all over the ship for the rest of the voyage, I should not have told her that she was suffering from 'periostitis of the cardon shaft.' It was when the old gentleman who came on board at Lisbon heard about this complaint that he began to take an interest in me. He bored me considerably. I could not see that it was any business of his where I had studied medicine. It was certainly careless of me to tell him at different times on the same day that I was a 'London' man and a 'Guy's' man. I do not profess that my explanation was very convincing. I said that I thought it was elementary knowledge that 'Guy's' was in London.

"Finally he had the bad taste to expose a nasty motley-looking arm in the smoking saloon and to ask me what I thought of it. To get rid of him, I said that it looked to me as much like incipient beri-beri as anything. It did, though I never met beri-beri. This had the effect of clearing the smoking saloon. It also seems to have given rise to a general feeling throughout the ship that he was an uncompanionable person. It was only when the Captain wanted to know more about it that I discovered that he was a well-known London surgeon recovering from an attack of blood-poisoning. I tried to make out that I really knew all about it and that I was only pulling his leg, but the 'dressing' had, so to speak, come off me. My popularity began to wane from that time, and a faint-hearted attempt to get up a testimonial for me met with a cold and unsympathetic reception."

CABINET GOLF.

["In a speech at Criccieth Golf Club Mr. Lloyd George told how he had holed out in one.

It happened (he said) in the South of France. He played a mashie shot off the tee in a short hole over some olive branches and could not find the ball, which, he might say, was not an unusual experience for him.

Later he and others hunted for it to the left and to the right, and were still hunting when a young Frenchman with a sudden stroke of inspiration suggested that it might have rolled into the hole, and behold it was there."

Evening News.]

ANXIOUS to ascertain whether any other Cabinet Ministers have equalled the CHANCELLOR'S feat *Mr. Punch* wrote to them all. He has however only received the following replies:—

No, I cannot say I have ever holed out in one. I may add that I make it a rule *not* to take my "olive branches" with me on to the links; they put me off my game.—WINSTON CHURCHILL.

I once took thirty-four to the ninth hole at Archerfield, which I think is the record. The score was accounted for by the fact that a party of Suffragettes kept kicking my ball away from the hole every time I putted. They certainly held out nothing in the nature of "olive branches."—H. H. ASQUITH.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

ANOMALY.

ONCE upon a time there lived and flourished in a small city a worthy man. He was devoted to his native place; he loved its streets and stones, its strange odours, its smoke, its high rates, its indifferent water supply, its clubs and cafés and everything about it. Nothing could induce him to leave it even for the briefest period. In vain did the railway companies spread their Holiday Arrangements before his eyes; he returned with the more satisfaction to his favourite seat overlooking the central square.

And then one day the King of that country, who was full of capricious impulses, issued a decree that no one in this little city should ever leave it again, under pain of fearful penalties.

And immediately our friend began to be consumed with a longing for travel.



Wife. "Really, the ingratitude of some people! Here 's your niece Minnie, whom I asked out of pure kindness to be with the children, complaining that she is always tired; as if our darlings weren't entertaining her all day long."

THE PHOTOGRAPHY THAT TELLS.

"Every Picture tells a Story."

Last year Charles Edward Lartington spent his holidays with a friend on the Norfolk Broads.

By profession he was a bank clerk—teller, in fact, at the Plumboro' branch of the Northern and Southern Bank—and, being in receipt of about one-half of the salary with which Plumboro' commonly credited him (for the directors expected their officials to keep their appearances up and their expenses down), he had that year, as on many preceding years, been unable "for family reasons" to take the Swiss tour sketched out for him by Mrs. Twemlow, as also the Norwegian cruise suggested by Mr. Aislabie.

By nature he was very much like most of the other hirers of boats at Wroxham, a good sort of a fellow in his way, neither brilliant nor dull, a little weak, a little dissatisfied; in short, just one of the crowd which the camera of publicity, directed at the egregious, gets so hopelessly out of focus, but which forms the background, and, in the opinion of each individual member of it, the backbone of the country.

So Lartington and his friend set out each morning for their leisurely life on those slow-moving waters with provisions, camera and pipes. It was not a yacht they had hired, but a skiff; for Lartington enjoyed the sculling. His friend, being a photographer of no mean order, lay back in the stern of the boat and kept an eye open for subjects. This attitude of non-interference with another's pleasure is often observable on rivers.

One hot day they lunched off pork-pies and bottled beer and, in the afternoon, Lartington, having landed his friend for the purpose of stalking wild-fowl with the camera, pulled up-stream alone. It was with a certain exultation at his sense of mastery that he rowed. Here, in the boat, he was director and worker in one ideal combination. What his mind directed his body effected, and for his every stroke there was something definite to show. How different from the Plumboro' bank! There they wanted only the workers, the steady, reliable, trustworthy men—men who were painst[illegible] men who could follow out instruc[illegible]utomatically, indefinitely, interminably; but talent!——That started him off on a new train of thought, of thick-headed duffers who had been at school with him and had long since passed him in the race for wealth. That was the bitterest part of all and made him feel almost anarchical.

And then a new thought struck him and he began to think harder and deeper, so that his friend had to shout to attract his notice.

"Cheer up, old man," he said, as Lartington drew into the bank. "What are you thinking so deeply about? Stay there and I 'll take you before the sun goes down."

Now, had Charles Edward Lartington possessed the gift of prescience, or had had ten minutes more to complete his train of thought, it is probable that he would have refused; but, being just a little vain and just a little vacillating, he did as he was told.

"That 's it," said his friend; "better take your hat off, though. Now look this way."

* * * * *

The photograph turned out to be one of those lucky snapshots which the professional photographer can seldom hope to take. Lartington was not trying

to look like a bank manager, nor a repertory actor, nor a jolly fellow, nor a bookish prig. He looked just like the man everybody in Plumboro' knew, yet with his "How-will-you-take-it,-notes-or-gold?" air entirely gone. It showed him, as someone said, "away from the counter"; a little preoccupied perhaps, and disguised by his boating flannels, but still Lartington. His friend evidently possessed a good lens, for the empty beer bottles and a paper-bag, with "A. Smith, Confectioner. Pork Pies a Speciality," printed upon it, were plainly visible.

Everybody seemed pleased with the photograph, particularly its author, who printed several copies.

* * * * *

Eventually it got into the papers. In fact, it was there that I saw it; and it was the newspaper photograph and the explanatory note beneath it that first made me aware of Lartington's existence.

Poor fellow! They caught him at Liverpool trying to pass as an emigrant with most of the gold tightly wedged in his trunk. It was a third-class steward, an assiduous reader of *The Daily Snapshot*, who saw through his disguise and told the police. He was suitably rewarded. His Lordship, having sentenced Lartington to five years' penal servitude—for embezzlement he said, but really for being photographed—commended the steward's smartness in court, and the bank presented him with £10 (which made him miss four successive boats). A not wholly disinterested photograph, which showed him clutching his favourite paper (with its title very conspicuous), gladdened the homes of several hundred thousands of *Snapshot* readers; none more so, perhaps, than that of Charles Higson, the Stockton-on-Tees agent of a hire-purchase firm, who had been looking for this same steward (under another name) for the last two years in connection with several unpaid instalments on a vanished piano.

"Fashions and Fancies."

Under the above heading, *The Globe*, speaking of the new skirt, says, "Made in the most fragile and transparent of materials, it is worn over tights worn close-fitting." This idea of close-fitting tights is new to us. We always wear ours quite loose.

"RAILWAY TRAFFIC.
32,000,000 Passengers Lost.
Significant Decrease."
Glasgow Evening Times.

We are very glad to hear of this decrease. The figures were much too high last year.

THE GAMBLER.

No, it has nothing to do with Marconis. You will be thankful for that.

The hotel was full of grumbling guests. The smell of wet umbrellas penetrated to the remotest bedroom. The proprietor, who had assured us that never in the records of his establishment had rain continued for two consecutive days, had gone into dishonoured retirement. People tapped the barometer and read in yesterday's papers the approach of disturbances from the Bay of Biscay, Iceland, the Balkan Peninsula, and the Women's Social and Political Union. The golfers had talked themselves hoarse about the defects of the links. The fishermen, who only two days before—unscrupulous fellows—had been longing for a steady rain, were now grumbling that it would take a week to get rid of the flood-water.

The optimist was arguing in the smoke-room that because the oak had come out before the ash, or the ash before the oak—he wasn't quite sure which—abnormally fine weather was about to set in. But every one knew that the optimist was wearing a pair of the head-waiter's trousers, having drenched all his own garments. The pessimist argued that the presence or absence of icebergs in or from the North Atlantic proved conclusively that we were to have a cold, wet, miserable summer. We all hated the optimist for his irrational optimism, and the pessimist for his irrational pessimism.

Then a mild old gentleman incurred wide-spread unpopularity by remarking that this weather would be the making of a lawn he had just had laid down.

And then the stout man, who stood at the window cheerfully watching the downpour, turned round and addressed the company.

"You should have insured your holiday weather as I have done. As there must have been a fifth of an inch of rain yesterday and the same to-day I get my expenses for the week."

"A fifth of an inch? There's been a fifth of a foot" said the optimist.

"Of a yard," said the pessimist.

The general feeling was that whilst the optimist absurdly underrated the downpour, the pessimist was inclined to exaggerate.

"That being the case I'm in clover," said the stout man, rubbing his hands. "I got this week for nothing, and I can take another week when the weather is more settled. My forethought has justified itself. I paid a guinea and I shall draw ten."

Black hatred filled the hearts of everyone.

"Do they take your word for the weather?" enquired the pessimist scornfully.

We all felt that no insurance company could be so foolish.

"No, it is decided by the meteorological reports in the papers."

One by one we left the smoke-room. The presence of that degraded being who gambled in sacred things like holidays was as repulsive to us as that of a Stock Exchange gambler must be to Dr. Clifford. We stood in the hotel porch watching the golden rain (*Daily Mail* copyright) pouring money into the pockets of a miscreant.

"One comfort," said the optimist, "these insurance companies generally do you."

We felt that the dishonesty of insurance companies was a thing to be thankful for.

It was at dinner-time next day that the London papers arrived. The optimist opened his paper and gave a cry of delight.

"Another anti-cyclone," sneered the pessimist.

"Listen," said the optimist. "Here's the weather report for Saturday and Sunday: 'Caergwyle-on-Sea, Saturday. Showery. Rainfall ·042. Sunday: Passing showers. Rainfall ·031.'"

"It's a fraud," said the stout man, banging the table.

Twenty people explained to him at once that showers were awfully local and that the district rain-gauge might have been left comparatively dry. The optimist declared that no doubt the rain-gauge had sprung a leak. But the general opinion was that there must be no gainsaying the scientific authority of rain-gauges. The stout man left by the night train to dispute the point with the insurance company.

Whether the figures really were 4·2 and 3·1 inches of rain and were deemed incredible by the meteorological authorities, or whether the local council thought it more expedient to modify the facts, I know not; but we all felt thankful for this providential set-back to that most repulsive of men, a holiday gambler.

Commercial Candour.

"These light-to-wear vests are made of fleecy material in different shades of color, and it would be almost impossible to mention the occasion on which such garments are useful to gentlemen."—*Advt. in "Scotsman."*

From *The Times* Paris correspondent:—

"The fiction that 'every one has left town' at this time of the year is perhaps less of a fiction in Paris than in London. My concierge, who went to visit his family at Dieppe the other day, told me that he had to stand as far as Havre in a crowded third-class carriage."

Silly of him to have got into the wrong train.



She. "Have yo' got their number?" *He (seeing stars).* "Thousands and thousands!"

THE DOGS' WELCOME.

Hush! We're not a pack of boys
Always bound to make a noise.
True, there's one amongst us, but
He is young;
And, wherever we may take him,
We can generally shut
Such a youngster up and make him
Hold his tongue.

Hush! Most cautiously we go
On the tippest tip of toe.
Are the dogs expecting us
At the gate?
Two, who usually prize us,
Will they jump and make a fuss?
Will they really recognise us
Where they wait?

Hush! I hear the funny pair
Softly whimpering yes, they're there.
Dane and Pekinese, they scratch
At the wood,
At the solid wood between us;
Duke attempts to lift the latch;
It's a month since they have seen us—
Open! Good!

Down, Duke, down! Enough, enough!
Soo-Ti's screaming; seize his scruff.
Soo-Ti's having fearful fits;
Duke is tearing us to bits.
One will trip us, one will throw us—
But, the darlings, *don't* they know us!

Then off with a clatter the long dog leapt, and, oh, what a race he ran,
At the hurricane pace of a minute a mile, as only a long dog can.
Into and out of the bushes he pierced like a shooting star;
And now he thundered around us, and now he was whirling far.
And the little dog gazed till he seemed amazed, and then he took to it too;
With shrill notes flung from his pert pink tongue right after his friend he flew;
And the long legs lashed and the short legs flashed and scurried like anything,
While Duke ran round in a circle and Soo-Ti ran in a ring.

And last they hurtled amongst us, and then there were tales to tell,
For all of us seemed to be scattered and torn, and all of us shrieked and fell;
And John, who is plump, got an awful bump, and Helen, who's tall and thin,
Was shot through a shrub and gained in bruise as much as she lost in skin;
And Rosamond's frock was rent in rags, and tattered in strips was Peg's,
And both of them suffered the ninepin fate to the ruin of arms and legs;
And every face was licked by a dog, and battered was every limb,
When Duke ran round in a circle and Soo-Ti ran after him.

R. C. L.

A MARE'S NEST EGG.

"The investment itself," George continued, "is a comparatively trifling one. But look at the possible results. By purchasing only one ticket, you may in a moment become the possessor of no fewer than sixty thousand pounds."

"But it's a hundred thousand to one that I don't win it," I said.

"The advantages," he replied, "are not, of course, limited to one prize only. The others vary in amount from fifty francs to five thousand pounds. There are one thousand prizes of fifty francs alone. Fifty francs," he repeated, making a hasty pencil calculation on the back of an envelope. "Why, that's two pounds in our English money. I myself have bought five tickets. Looking at it, if you like, purely as a gambling operation," he added, "it is infinitely superior to betting on a horse. Think of the possibilities. Sixty thousand p——"

I spare you the rest. He went through it all over again. So finally I gave him his sovereign, as he knew where to buy the beastly things.

"You won't regret it," he confided to me at parting. So far from regretting it, I thought I had bought his silence cheaply at a sovereign, and, of course, dismissed the whole preposterous idea of foreign lotteries from my mind at once.

Somehow or other, one dismissal did not seem to be sufficient. The very next day, when Angela came to lunch (Angela is my property), I fell into a muse. It had suddenly occurred to me what a much better lunch I could have given Angela if only the sixty——

"What's the matter, dearest?" enquired Angela. "You look very worried."

"Oh, nothing," I replied. "Business—business." And I dismissed the idea.

Then Jack Chalmers came to see me in his new car—one of those long, terrifying, very latest cars that arouse immediate covetousness. Now with sixty th——

I abandoned the idea of dismissal and plunged headlong into my new vice. Every moment of leisure, and some others, were occupied for weeks afterwards with careful calculations. Judiciously invested, the amount would bring in quite a tidy income. First in the list of expenses would come charities (say a tithe); that would only be right, considering how I had acquired the money. The other items were wonderfully various, including such objects as an emerald necklace (for Angela), a cabinet of cigars (for me), a yacht, a new hat (for me again), and an estate (roughly speaking, for Angela). Then, in case my expectations should be too sanguine, I would momentarily lay aside the calculations on the sixty thousand basis, and suppose for the nonce that I had only won the five thousand pound prize. That would curtail the possibilities—but it couldn't be helped, I would have to make the best of a bad job. The fresh list dropped the emerald necklace and the estate as being out of the question. But all my plans were thoroughly cut and dried, and in readiness for either contingency.

Then, one day, I actually rang George up. I talked of the weather, and then said carelessly:

"By the way, that old lottery of yours—when do the results of the wretched thing come out?"

"One day more," he said; "results out to-morrow. I can come round to the Club before dinner and let you know, if you like; I'm having a wire sent. To my mind, it's an excellent investment. At the worst you only stand to lose the initial expense of the ticket—that is one pound. On the other hand, think what you might do with no fewer than sixty th——"

I replaced the receiver. I passed a trying day and a sleepless night.

The following evening I waited anxiously at the club for George. I had made up my mind how to receive him. I would be reading *The Globe*, nothing being further from my thoughts than lotteries. Then, when he came in and said, "You have won the sixty thousand pound prize," I would get up and reply indifferently, "No, really? By Jove, you were quite right then, after all. Have dinner with me, old chap, won't you?"

I settled myself down in a chair in the smoking-room with *The Globe* all ready. The nervous tension of the last forty-eight hours had been great, and in utter exhaustion I began to doze. But my brain continued to make calculations—on a larger scale than anything hitherto attempted. More judicious speculation, in which George's advice proved invaluable, gradually increased my fortune to gigantic proportions. I became the owner of ten hotels, four theatres, seventeen newspapers, a huge tract of timbered land in Canada, a few South American diamond mines, and a fleet of yachts. I was a multi-millionaire. I indulged in horse-racing. I was leading in my Derby winner, amid shouts from a thousand throats, with Angela smiling rapturously upon me. George, waving his hat, had rushed up through the press, and was shaking my shoulder and yelling, "You've won, you've won, you've won!"

Then I woke up, and my Derby winner was a leather cushion, and George was actually shaking my shoulder and repeating excitedly, "You've won, You've won!"

Fortunately I remembered my prepared impromptu in time.

"No, really?" I observed calmly. "By Jove, you were quite right then, after all. Have——"

"Yes. You've won one of the small prizes. Fifty francs, my boy."

"Oh! Well, have—have an *apéritif* with me, old chap, won't you? How much did *you* win?"

"Nothing," he said. "But then, of course, I haven't your luck. Fifty francs! Why, that's two pounds in our English money."

* * * * * *

My arrangement of my winnings ultimately resolved itself into this:—

	£	s.	d.
Tithe (to charity)	0	2	0
2 Apéritifs ...	0	1	0
Placed on Derby favourite (and lost)	0	17	0
	£1	0	0

TO A FOOD-REFORMER.

[Eating less, especially less meat, is recommended as a sweetener of the temper.]

Lady, I feel full sure no lust for gold
Has set you where "five minutes from the sea"
You give the welcoming smile to young and old,
Who hither come in search of jollity.
Yours is a nobler task: you fain would seek
Our moral good (at thirty bob a week).

And well you seek it; gallantly you strike
A blow for amiability each day,
Carving a microscopic joint that, like
The British Army, goes a long, long way.
I praise your noble fight—for such it is—
With man's carnivorous propensities.

But pause amid your labour of reform
And note the bard's innately placid mien.
He has no tendency to rage and storm,
He never figured in an angry scene.
'Twould be no falling from your high ideal
Did you give *him* a really decent meal.

Things that might have been expressed differently.

From *The Times'* critique of *The Real Thing*:—

"If Mr. Aynesworth were a little bit less of a gentleman, if Miss Terry were a little bit less of a lady—but why speculate about impossibilities?"



LEAVES FROM OUR HOLIDAY SKETCH-BOOK.

An Aristocrat of North Britain sea-bathing from his ancestral foreshore.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

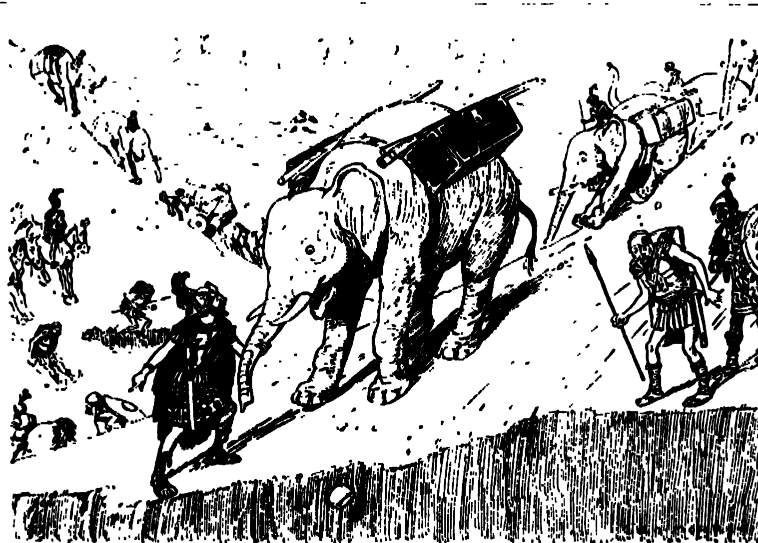
I shall not easily forget the delightful revelation of a new power that was given me by Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *Carnival*. Ever since then I have been waiting anxiously for its successor, and it is now a great pleasure to find, after one uncertain moment, that *Sinister Street* (Secker) confirms and heightens my estimate of its author. The one uncertain moment came to me in the early pages, while I feared lest Mr. Mackenzie was going to let his Balzacian method run away with him; but this was only before the charm of the subject had taken hold of me; afterwards I had no more complaints. There are indeed aspects of this book that I should find it difficult to overpraise; its marvellously minute observation, for one, and its humour, and above all its haunting beauty both of ideas and words. These gifts are brought to the telling of something that has not, I think, been told before, or at least not in this fashion—the education of a London schoolboy, so different from the cloistered existence of his contemporaries elsewhere. *Michael Fane* is a figure to love, because he is of the very small company of boys in books who are entirely human. He grows before our eyes, as with an almost passionate honesty the author traces every detail and influence of his development. I do not know if the result will prove to be a popular novel, and I do not care; what I do know is that as a study of the education of character it is already a masterpiece; and that I look forward to *Michael's* career at Oxford (which we are promised in January) with as much interest as if I were going up myself. It is not my habit lightly to prophesy fame; but after these two books I am prepared to wager that Mr. Mackenzie's future is bound up with what is most considerable in English fiction. We shall see.

I have always this difficulty when confronted in book form with a story which I have already seen as a play—that I find it exceedingly hard to believe in the reality of those episodes that take place, so to speak, off the stage. The others are a very different matter; there I have my own recollection to support the author's statements, especially in the case of a play so delightfully well acted as was this that Mr. George Birmingham has now published as a novel under its original title of *General John Regan* (Hodder and Stoughton). For example, when *Mary Ellen* enters in the first act—I mean chapter—Mr. Birmingham really need not have bothered to tell me that she was adorably pretty, and that as she saw the motor-car "her beautiful brown eyes opened very wide. Her mouth opened slightly and expanded in a smile. A long line of the black transferred from the kitchen kettle to her cheek reached from her ear to the point of her chin. It was broken as her smile broadened, and finally part of it was lost in the hollow of a dimple which appeared." All this is quite firmly fixed in my delightful memory of Miss Cathleen Nesbit. Conversely, when *Dr. Lucius O'Grady* is here described as riding furiously away on his bicycle, I am unable to banish a suspicion that it carried him no further than the wings. Still, I would not have you suppose from this that the present version of the affair does not make a highly entertaining novel. It does. If you have been unfortunate enough not to meet it already at the Apollo Theatre, you can read about it here, and chuckle continuously from page the first till "the curtain drops" on the last. That these words are a quotation seems to show that Mr. Birmingham was not wholly insensible of my own difficulty.

Valentine was a young man who was not in himself especially remarkable. Mr. Grant Richards writes a story

about him, calls it by the young man's name and publishes it himself; it is therefore obvious that he considers his hero of very considerable importance, and indeed he spends some time in telling us about his discovery of Paris, his bills, his dinners and his wines; but, although he tells us of these things pleasantly enough, he knows quite well that we've heard it all often before. No, it is not *Valentine* who is interesting, although he is an agreeable fellow and his tailor's address it would be pleasant to discover; it is his author's consciousness of the fantastic *bizarrerie* of London that I enjoy. Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Chesterton were once also aware of this, but lately their activities have been in other directions, so it is delightful to have Mr. Grant Richards building us enormous palaces in Leicester Square, palaces with thousands of flats and kitchens and shops, but palaces that the architects' miscalculation of the exact amount that is made by twice two may send toppling at any moment to the ground. There is also that colossal moment when *Valentine* loses ten thousand and seventy pounds because the letter N turns up on the tape instead of the letter R; that is a really thrilling chapter. In short, Mr. Grant Richards, having been for so long a publisher, believes in the Cinematograph Novel and enjoys *Valentine's* external adventures more than his internal ones. For myself, I agree with him that they are, at any rate in *Valentine's* case, considerably more interesting.

As I sit reading Sir Ray Lankester's new series of *Science from an Easy-chair* (Adlard) I am very glad to be able to picture him in an attitude so conducive to a sense of well-being; but I am still more glad that the style of his instruction permits his readers also to assume the same comfortable posture; for easy writing does not always mean easy reading. I cannot say since I have never caught him in the flagrant act of composition whether the Professor, with his writing-pad on his knees, was in a position to reach, without rising, a considerable library of books of reference. If not, then I confess myself overwhelmed by the versatility of his erudition. His topics range from Glaciers to Sea-squirts; from "Fatherless Frogs" to "Pre-historic Petticoats;" from New Guinea Pygmies to the Galloping Horse in Art; from the Origin of the Soul to the Extinction of Turtles. Here is matter for all tastes. And as for the manner of it, the author writes as he would talk, repeating himself if he wants to, digressing and meandering at his own sweet will, but always keeping to the happy middle way between the preserves of the pedant and the hunting-grounds of the popular writer. And through it all runs a pleasant savour of what I hardly dare to call humaner studies. I like, too, his way of suggesting that, while making due allowance for my state of darkness in relation to science, he assumes that I possess intelligence of a sort. He has a chapter that treats of the rudimentary idea that underlies the cognate habits of Kissing and Nose-rubbing. Well, I will not salute Sir Ray as he was once, to his great embarrassment, saluted by a foreign *confrère*, but in my gratitude for a charming volume I offer him the alternative privilege of rubbing noses with me.



UNRECORDED ACTS OF KINDNESS.

Hannibal encourages a timid elephant during his passage of the Alps.

I am not the proud possessor of an ancestral estate, but I have always flattered myself that I should feel and do all the right things if I were, so that Constance Holme has given my self-esteem a sad fall in *Crump Folk Going Home* (Mills and Boon). To the *de Lyndesay* family, who belonged to Westmorland, and whose ramifications and relations recall some Highland clan in the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie, the estate of Crump was scarcely less than a fetish. To walk across the park resolved itself almost into an act of worship, and whatever form of *harakiri* seemed good to any member of the sept would cheerfully have been performed for the sake of the land. The heroine, a distant cousin, daughter of a long line of Crump stewards, unhesitatingly promised to marry *Slinkin' Lyndesay* because, though a ne'er-do-weel, he was the heir, and as a girl only thus could she serve the estate. When he died a violent death in accordance with the family curse which connected itself with a huge cedar-tree (presently to slay the terrible dowager, *Mrs. Lyndesay*, in the throes of its uprooting) *Christian* or *Lakin' Lyndesay* won his cousin *Deb's* love for himself as well as for his land, so that after many woes all ended peacefully, and the young couple went home to a distinctly brighter Crump, with curse, cedar, mother-in-law and misunderstanding all removed at once. Till then I had hardly felt that Crump could be called an asset, so greatly was the atmosphere of storm and gloom and necessity insisted on throughout, and so heavy seemed the *Lyndesay* yoke. Yet they would all stop and admire the Crump scenery for hours, or stoop down (almost) and kiss the turf at any time. It seemed a preposterous obsession of the soil for its own sake apart from most of the things it usually stands for. Still, Crump was Crump; there is no getting away from that; and for those who were born to Crump the very name spelled balm. An ordinary fellow like myself would probably have tried to get it altered.

"How the King Struck an Archbishop."

This was the terrible headline in *The Liverpool Echo* that caught our eye. But his Grace was no modern Thomas à Beckett; he was merely the Archbishop of Sydney, and the King "struck him as being one of the most vigorous and alert personalities that any one could wish to meet."

The Boarding-House Keeper's Paradise.

"Llandudno.—The threatened break-up in the weather has passed and the money was again beautifully bright and clear."

Birmingham Mail.

POETS AT BAY.

A PAMPHLET by Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, C.B., on "The Future of English Poetry," has caused so much disturbance in the best poetic circles that a mass meeting was recently called to debate the great critic's conclusions. Objection was principally taken to his contention that the poets of the future will disdain the ordinary forms of speech and will refrain from celebrating natural objects on the ground that everything that can be said about their obvious beauty has been said. "Future poets," says the gifted Librarian of the House of Lords, "will seek to analyze the redness of the rose [not "nose," as in an unfortunate misprint], and will scout, as a fallacious observation, the statement that the violet is blue. All schemes of art become mechanical and insipid, and even their *naïvetés* lose their savour. Verse of excellent quality, in this primitive manner, can now be written to order by any smart little boy in a grammar-school."

The meeting was held over the Poetry Shop in Devonshire Street, W.C., where the modern bard may be found, of an afternoon, declaiming his latest effusions to admiring audiences; and the chair was taken by Mr. EDDIE MARSH (by kind permission of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL). There were present a number of distinguished poets, some looking strangely like ordinary persons, a large contingent of ladies, and, at the back, two rows of smart little grammar-school boys.

A phonograph on the table was, it was understood, intended to convey a report of the meeting to Mr. GOSSE, who was week-ending with one of his peers.

Mr. MARSH, in his opening remarks, said that he was, he supposed, peculiarly qualified to take the chair, since he was the editor of *The Book of Georgian Verse*. (Loud applause.) It was called Georgian, he said, because all the poets in it were born in the reign of VICTORIA and educated in the reign of EDWARD VII., and most of the poetry was written before GEORGE V. came to the throne. None the less, Georgian was a good title, especially as the word had no eighteenth-century connotation. (Renewed cheers.) He had made a close study of modern verse, he continued, and was satisfied that a return to simplicity might occur at any moment, and that when it did smart little grammar-school boys would have no hand in it. (Riot on the back benches.) Rather would it be an affair to be managed by certain long-haired friends of his own. (Tremendous excitement.)

The chairman then proceeded to read a letter from Dr. ROBERT BRIDGES, the Poet Laureate, whose name was received with supernatural delight. "Mr. GOSSE," said the writer, "is clearly wrong in his suggestion that one poet can be checked in his raptures by the fact that another poet has anticipated him. Any little grammar-school boy, smart or otherwise, could have told him that it is part of the nature of the poet to admit no predecessor and to believe his discoveries original." (Hear! Hear!)



A STICKLER FOR PROPRIETY.

"WAITER, WAITER, CALL THE MANAGER. HERE IS A FLY BATHING WITHOUT A COSTUME."

A letter from Mr. THOMAS HARDY followed. "Mr. GOSSE," he said, "is always industrious and often ingenious, but not even Commanders of the Bath are invariably right. Mr. GOSSE has decided that, 'the natural uses of English and the obvious forms of our speech will be driven from our national poetry.' That may be so; but for my part I believe that upon the arrival of a great poet great and simple poetry will follow, and that the combination of old-fashioned words is no more exhausted than the combination of the notes of the piano. (Loud enthusiasm.) In my opinion," the letter concluded, "there are few less profitable tasks than the attempt to forecast the trend of the arts, since a genius may at any moment appear, to blow conjecture sky-high." (Renewed applause, and not a little self-conscious enthusiasm among the younger men.)

Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD, who wore a sou'-wester and was imperfectly heard owing to a large quid in his starboard cheek, said that he—well, agreed with everything that Mr. GOSSE had said. There was no doubt whatever that mere—pettiness had had its day. What the poet of the future needed was a hard-bitten vocabulary drawn from experience of rough-and-ready life, no matter how squalid. Realism was the thing. "Give your readers —," was his advice to the young. (Sensation.)

Mr. RUPERT BROOKE said he was one of the young guard. His particular line was emotion. He had in fact written a volume chiefly of love poems, but he was bound to confess that his interest in love was principally the conviction that it was certain to end. He defied any little boy in a grammar school to write anything that would naturally fall into place in his, the speaker's, volume. (Cheers.)

A slight hitch now occurred, brought about by a little misunderstanding as to whether Mr. EZRA POUND or Mr. LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE should speak first, which was settled by Mr. POUND, who comes from Arkansas, in the ready manner of his country. Mr. ABERCROMBIE's body having been removed, Mr. POUND remarked that obviously Mr. GOSSE was right, since he, the speaker, had already begun to employ a jargon of his own and to avoid the obvious. No one should ever be able to lay a "Psalm of Life" to *his* conscience. (Applause.)

No doubt other speakers would have risen but for the circumstance that the chairman at this point received a cablegram from his chief requesting his immediate presence at Kiel. The meeting thus terminated without anything very definite having been arrived at except renewed respect for the genius of the Sainte-Beuve of the House of Lords.

"The Countess of Seafield, who received a most cordial reception, said: 'I have great pleasure in declaring the bazaar open, and I wish it every success' (loud laughter)."
Aberdeen Free Press.

And they say Scotland has no sense of humour.

The Daily Telegraph, describing a burglary at Datchet, says:—

"Some sticky brown paper was discovered on the lawn, but the visitors succeeded in getting away."

It probably wasn't sticky enough.

AN OLYMPIC CATECHISM.

Question. What are the Olympic Games?

Answer. An athletic festival held every fourth year for the purpose of reviving the glories of Greece and promoting international friendship.

Q. Are they like the ancient games of Greece?

A. Not much.

Q. Have they promoted international friendship?

A. Not at all. There have been unfortunate incidents——

Q. We will not go into that. Must we take part in the Games?

A. Oh, yes.

Q. Why?

A. Because we are pledged.

Q. Who pledged us?

A. Some one.

Q. Can you give me his name?

A. No, but the German Emperor would be offended if we did not appear at Berlin.

Q. Has he said so?

A. No, but it wouldn't do to let the Americans win everything.

Q. Why not?

A. Their methods, you know. The way they train and shout and all that.

Q. But don't you propose to imitate these methods?

A. Yes.

Q. Do British athletes like the Olympic Games?

A. No, but they must learn to like them.

Q. Why?

A. Because of the Americans, you know, and the German Emperor and all that.

Q. How do you propose to deal with the Americans and the German Emperor?

A. By collecting £100,000.

Q. For what special purpose?

A. To discover Olympic talent; to provide champions; to pay for talent and champions; to pay for trainers; to make it easy for champions to give up their business and devote themselves to athletics; to avert national disaster; to restore our athletic supremacy.

Q. Are these champions to be amateurs?

A. Certainly.

Q. What is an amateur?

A. An amateur is one whom we do not call a professional.

Q. But if other people call him a professional?

A. That only shows their ignorance.

Q. What is a professional?

A. A professional is one whom we do not call an Olympic amateur.

Q. Thank you, that is very satisfactory. Now tell me, please, what is the character of the Olympic Games? Are they a recreation?

A. Certainly not. They must be made the business of a man's life.

Q. Why?

A. In order to avert national disaster.

Q. But when a professional makes them the business of his life?

A. We refuse to have anything to do with him.

Q. Why?

A. Because he is a professional. He has not got the Olympic spirit.

Q. How is the Olympic spirit acquired?

A. By taking part in the Olympic Games; by subscribing to the Duke of Westminster's fund; by devoting oneself to the discovery of champions; by advertising; by organising a boom; by promising a public reception to successful athletes; by paying their expenses; by——

Q. I see. Then I suppose Great Britain has no athletics at present?

A. No, none of the right sort.

Q. What is the right sort?

A. The sort that is inspired with the Olympic spirit

Q. Does everybody like the Olympic spirit?

A. Yes, everybody who is anybody.

Q. But if somebody says he dislikes it?

A. Then he is a crank.

Q. What is a crank?

A. One who has not got the Olympic spirit.

Q. Are the subscriptions coming in?

A. I refuse to answer further questions. R. C. L.

ODE ON A WEEK-END COTTAGE.

Two miles from a town where the road runs down
To an olden mill and a buttressed bridge,
And the river runs wimpling, bright and brown,
By haunts of dragonfly, kingfisher, midge,
It stands on a bank
And faces its flowers,
Where the hollyhock towers
And rank on rank
The lavender stalks stand single and straight 'gainst the shine of the stream on its flank.

Four rooms in all, and a tiny hall,
And a balcony raised on the river's front
With fishlines drying and steps that fall
To the channel beneath where they tie the punt;
And a pump, be sure,
And a porch, and an arbour
Where roses harbour
The honey-bee's lure,
And a bucket for cellaret dangled deep where the current runs cold and pure.

There are chub and bream in the brown mill-stream
That leap with a swirl at the well-flung fly
From the pool where the white weir waters cream,
Or close to the turf-slope lurking lie.
There is yet more sport
When put on our mettle
To boil the kettle
For tea of a sort
(Our milk 's left under the flowers by the gate in a jug that is good for a quart).

O the gold of the days when a soft heat haze
Hushes the river and stills the trees!
O eves more quiet when blues and greys
Steal down in a glamour of muted ease!
When night's warm wings
With peace come teeming,
The stream slips dreaming
Of ageless things,
And a chub leaps plashing till silence again flows out on the widening rings.

"Miss Laramore . . . interviewed an imposing 'Bobby' on the subject of motor-buses . . . and hurried up the steep staircase to the top of the one he hailed for her. Once on the top she secured a seat directly behind the red-faced, loquacious driver and proceeded to make friends with him."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

The last time we hired a hansom we looked for a nice place beside the driver, but he simply wouldn't talk.



OUT OF COMMISSION.

Lord Haldane (*back from his lightning tour*). "QUICK, TELL ME, HOW IS ENGLAND?"
The Great Seal. "SPLENDID! WHY, WE'VE HARDLY HAD TIME TO MISS YOU."



Colonel Blastingham. "Why the —— —— can't I play this —— game?"
Caddie. "You ain't got the golfin' temperature, Sir!"

PENNY WISE.

You see, there are two stations: Blackhaven Harbour and Blackhaven Central. The train for Ellam starts at the first and passes through the second. When I say passes through, of course I mean stops. Trains on the Ellam branch stop at all stations and between most of them.

As we arrived at the Harbour Station with thirty minutes to spare, Charles suggested walking in to the Central Station.

"Why?" I asked.

"It will pass the time away."

"That can be done automatically," I protested.

"It will be exercise."

"I'd rather do some Swedish drill in the refreshment room."

"It will save a penny."

"Charles," I said, "my forefathers occupied the throne of Scotland, but you cannot tempt me thus. When I am on my holidays I never think about anything less than threepence."

"Come on," said Charles illogically. He fascinated me with a walking-stick. I came on.

But my worst fears were realised. As the engine flies, it is, I believe, half-a-mile onward from Blackhaven Harbour to Blackhaven Central. As we fled it might have been anything up to fifty miles, if Charles had not admitted after ten minutes that he did not know the way. Inquiry only served to acquaint us with unblissful truths. In the first place there was the river Wurzel. You have to go along the street by the Wurzel till you come to a bridge. But it must be the right bridge. In the second place there is the cemetery. Somehow I had known that there would be trouble with a cemetery. You have to walk round three sides of it because the fourth side is the railway, where one is prosecuted. I rather expected a swinging barrel and a water-jump, but apparently the Corporation hadn't quite finished laying out the course.

Charles remained insolently cheerful. His conversation concerned itself with pennies, their origin, history, and future; with great men who had started life with a penny arduously scraped together from weeks of office drudgery; with stories of banks which had averted closure by an odd penny; with the purchasing power of the penny in the sixteenth century. He was just looking forward to the day on which a first-hand copy of *The Times* would be purchasable for a penny when we reached the Central Station, in time to see the Ellam train disappearing slowly but firmly into a tunnel.

"It is true," said Charles, "that by wasting time we might have got to Ellam two hours sooner. But you must not forget that the fare from the Harbour Station is sevenpence, whereas ——"

There are moments when Charles comes near palling.

I strode to the booking-office.

"Third single, Ellam, please," I said wearily. "How much?"

The clerk felt for the ticket.

"Ellam, Sir?" he replied. "Sevenpence."

"Thermometer Hovers Around 83 and Public Revels in its Rays."
Vancouver World.

Our own thermometer sets too early for us to do this.

GOLF FOR HEROES.

A HUGE, grim man in tweeds, with the jaw of a gladiator, sombre, smouldering eyes, and a pair of crutches, who was standing outside the granite-built clubhouse, pointed out the secretary with, I fancied, a boding, rather sinister look.

"You have played so long upon your rather easy local links that you seek a change—something a little more trying, a shade more difficult—and have heard that the Shadow Valley Links have been laid out especially to accommodate those who like their golf made strenuous?" said the secretary, a bland, easy-mannered, enthusiastic gentleman. "Quite so; you have done well to come here. You must let me show you round the course. I am very proud of it—extremely proud. Yes, I designed it; every detail of the laying-out was completed under my personal supervision. I came to the conclusion that, for really ambitious players, golf generally was too safe, simple, dull—trivial, in fact. But we are not trivial here. One's nerves must be more or less in order if one is to play a good round on the Shadow Valley Links. But you will see for yourself.

"I think we need not waste much time over the first hole; it is comparatively simple. The bunkers seem rather formidable? Oh, one would hardly say that the wasps' nest inside each of them makes it a tolerably interesting hole, but hardly formidable. I beg your pardon? Oh, yes—wasps, I said. Three nests—one in each bunker. When a ball trickles into the bunker it automatically sets into action—gentle and sustained action—a patent stirrer and poker attached to the nest, so that the wasps are more or less ready to receive the player when he arrives to play out. We use hornets at the fourth hole—it is much more awkward to be bunkered there.

"This is one of the longer holes—a good hole. We call it the Great Surprise. There are no bunkers, you see. It is a clear fairway from tee to flag. Easier than the fourth, you think? Ah, but one has to keep straight because of the pitfalls. The safe fairway is only four yards wide. Either side of that, here and there—dotted about, don't you know—are concealed pitfalls, with lids—trapdoors—covered with real grass, of course. They work on the dead-fall principle, and contain water or tar—five water, six tar. Only two are staked; or possibly three. I really don't remember at the moment. Do you cultivate the pull at all? I should not advocate that shot just here. The hole is a great favourite with heroic golfers. Mr. HENRY LEACH admires it so much that he has written seventeen different articles about it.

"This is the sixth. You see, the green is well guarded. Yes, they are bull-terriers—four of them. Fierce? Oh, so-so—moderately. It is possible to hole out without risk, but one needs to approach very accurately. Hardly a fair test, *I* think, because some men have an inborn dislike for dogs. We meet that, however. We provide long steel rakes, so that a badly played ball can be raked out of the bull-terrier zone. One forfeits the hole in that case, naturally. You see some of the finest approaching in the world at this hole. Oh, yes, they are safely fastened; each dog can only work within the limits of its string—unless the string snaps. The posts flimsy? Oh, I don't know. Do you think so? We have had no complaints. (Ah, Cerberus, old boy; there you are. Down, sir; the gentleman is not yet a member.) Don't mind him; he's a little petulant to-day.

"Now, this is really *chic*, the twelfth. The green is under the cliff, as you see. One positively must play a good shot here; a slovenly stroke is sharply punished. Put your ball anywhere but on the green and an avalanche falls upon you. It is loosened by a magnetic-hydraulic device, patented by me. You see the avalanche—up there, straight overhead. Good imitation of snow, is it not? Rather expensive, but one cannot have really heroic golf without paying for it, obviously. We call this the Excelsior Hole. Mr. P. A. VAILE considers that the cliff is not sufficiently under-cut to allow the correct amount of over-spin to the avalanche. I begged him to play the hole for himself, but he was of the opinion that it was hardly necessary; he relied upon his calculations, he said. Personally I think he was wrong; we regularly bag our two brace a month at this hole.



"NOW, HORACE, STOP THAT WRIGGLING ABOUT AND WALK PROPERLY."

"That one with the red flag is mined in every direction—in six places, to be exact. We use the old-fashioned black blasting powder; we find it slightly more effective than gun-cotton. It is fatal to slice there. Mr. BERNARD DARWIN thinks it is a very amusing hole. He wrote quite airily about it.

"But you must not imagine that we have neglected the ladies. We are not so ungallant as that, I hope. Indeed, no. Upon the tenth and sixteenth greens are a number of small holes of decidedly menacing appearance. Round about these are sprinkled baited mouse-traps and rat-traps. This is for the moral effect. If a lady makes a bad putt a circuit is completed and an electric current causes a number of mice to pop fiercely in and out of the holes. We have found it very successful. We use snakes also—sparingly, curled up in certain of the holes. The size of the hole, of course, is a draw-back. One rather leans to rattlesnakes; the sudden ringing of their rattles would test the composure of a putter admirably. Unfortunately rattlesnakes run large. A pity; but I am giving some thought to the point, and hope soon to overcome the little difficulty.

"Of course, the idea is really in its infancy. You must not expect too much at first. It is not easy to make golf really heroic, but we shall improve. We welcome suggestions, too. If you have an idea at any time——" he spoke absently, musingly, his eyes fixed rather vacantly on a building close by which looked ominously like a cottage hospital.

"I think you have it all very complete," I said. "But there is one thing, perhaps, though probably it is merely an oversight on your part. It would be expensive, I fear."



Motorist. "Why don't you look after that child?" *Elder Girl.* "Me! Why, she don't belong ter me."

His face lighted up. "And that is?" he enquired.

"An automatic earthquake, or even a pneumatic volcano."

He beamed.

"Oh, glorious!" he said; "we will have both. Forgive me, I must telephone to our chief engineer at once. This will delight some of our members."

He hurried into the clubhouse.

The grim person with the crutches hobbled up.

"How do you like the course?" he asked.

"Oh, very fine, very fine," I said. "I am just going to get my clubs."

It was fearfully annoying to discover that I had left them in London—two hundred miles south—and, as I am not at my best with new or strange clubs, there was nothing for it but to come home for them. It was during the train-journey that I strained my back—which, of course, put golf out of the question for a long time.

Commercial Candour.

From a time-table advertisement:—

"N— — drives away Nervy Symptoms. Gives Power of Brain and Body. Leaves behind Irritability, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, etc."

THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS.

Our Jane till very lately,
By high ambitions swayed,
Was serious and stately,
An academic maid.
She shunned the Russian ballet,
She studied Roman law
Admired Professor Raleigh
And looked askance at Shaw.
But now she dotes on mumming,
Her books away are hurled—
Jane's rapidly becoming
A woman of the world.

Despising frocks and fashion,
She solemnly had vowed
To shun the tender passion
And flee the madding crowd.
Desipere in loco
She had entirely banned,
And meant to live on cocoa
And potted meat, or canned.
But now she's given up slumming,
Her hair is waved and curled—
Jane's rapidly becoming
A woman of the world.

Time was when on the Army
She looked with deep disdain;
Her views were all school-marmy,
She only worshipped brain.
With apathy impartial
She viewed all sons of Mars,
And was so anti-martial
As to despise Jack Tars.
But now her heart goes drumming
Whene'er a flag's unfurled—
Jane's rapidly becoming
A woman of the world.

Jane's sense of the artistic
Was formerly austere,
The waltz was too hubristic
For her fastidious ear;
A florid *cavatina*
Oppressed her soul with blight,
While Bach and Palestrina
She studied with delight.
But now she's always strumming
The tunes to which she's
twirled—
In short she's fast becoming
A woman of the world.

This wholesale transformation
Her serious friends deplore,
And yet her fascination
Is greater than before.
So, if she took to flying
In some outlandish dress,
I feel there's no denying
I'd have to acquiesce.
For Jane's kept all things hum-
ming,
Since, totally ungirled,
She started on becoming
A woman of the world.

AT THE PLAY.

"Joseph and his Brethren."

The production of *Joseph and his Brethren*—a play in four Acts by Moses and Louis N. Parker—marks (I am told) an epoch in theatrical history, the Bible being recognised henceforward as fit material for the English stage. This recognition may take a load off the minds of actor-managers, producers and playwrights, but it leaves me cold. My temperature, however, being a matter of no public interest I will not dwell upon it, but, instead, will try to find the reason for the enthusiasm of the faculty.

The story of *Joseph* is known to everybody. It is a simple story enough; and though the method which *Joseph* adopts to reveal himself to his brothers when they come to Egypt for corn has more than a touch of the theatre about it, yet, told in simple Biblical language, its very *naïveté* makes its appeal. The story of *Zuleika* is known chiefly to Mr. Parker. *Zuleika*, having marked *Joseph* as her prey from the moment when she bought him for twenty shillings at the pit's mouth, played the scorned villainess so thoroughly that twelve years later she was still plotting to stab him by the hand of another. Not unnaturally her husband *Potiphar* was there to overhear the plot (for it is unthinkable that so good a plot should not be overheard by someone), and *Zuleika's* eyes were put out to the accompaniment of a thrilling scream and the fall of the curtain on Act IV., Scene 3.

Very well; now call *Joseph* by any other Jewish name—Jimnah, say; imagine that the story of Jimnah was also invented by an Englishman, and let us all go to see the great Eastern production *Jimnah and Zuleika* in four Acts by Louis N. Parker. What would be the result? Well, of course, the play would not have a chance. Not all the skill of Mr. Joseph Harker (scenery), Mr. Adolf Schmid (music), Mr. Percy Macquoid (costumes), and Sir Herbert Tree (overseer) could save so absurd a melodrama.

So perhaps that explains the enthusiasm of the profession. *Joseph and his Brethren* will be a success, but it will be a success because it rests upon a Biblical story; it could never stand on its own merits. That it can have any evil effect on the spectator, that it could offend the most susceptible, I do not believe for a moment; though the Censor apparently has believed so for years. But, on the other hand, I do not see that it is going to do any good—either to the stage or to the public.

Yet it may have this effect; it may send people to the Bible to see how much of the story comes from Genesis and how much from Mr. Parker. And having read the story of Joseph they may stray backward or forward a little. If they stray backward they may come to this verse—

"And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her."

Then at least they will understand the difficulties of a collaboration in which one author writes like this and the other like Mr. Parker.

Joseph was excellently played by Mr. George Relph, and as *Jacob*, Sir Herbert Tree had a small part which gave him no difficulty. But I was most taken with *Judah* and *Simeon*, and particularly *Judah*. Mr. Hubert Carter made the first scene extraordinarily lifelike, and his delivery of that fine speech from the forty-fourth chapter of Genesis was a triumph. I don't know what authority Mr. Parker has for making *Simeon* the villain of the piece, but Mr. H. A. Saintsbury gave him something more than the ordinary Adelphi touch.



Probable appearance of Sir Herbert Tree if, in consequence of his success as *Jacob*, a mere boy of one hundred and six, he should be tempted to portray Methuselah.

"The Will" and "The Adored One."

I have now had twelve hours in which to wonder what went wrong at the Duke of York's on the first night, and I have come to the conclusion that it was Sir J. M. Barrie's own fault. He started too well.

Mr. Arnold Bennett has been explaining lately what happens to a play between its conception and its production. According to him it is really four different plays. First, the play as the author writes it and as he means it to be. Second, the play as the producer imagines the author means it to be, and as, accordingly, he decides to produce it; possibly a better play, but anyhow quite a different one. Thirdly, the play as rehearsed by the actors, when each character is reinterpreted by a new mind; again, it may be, a better play, but again a different one. But what, you ask, is the fourth play? The fourth play, says Mr. Bennett, is the play of the opening night—the play in which for the first time an audience collaborates. And it was the fourth *Adored One* which went wrong.

This is simply to say that the audience was not in the right mood for it. What was meant for fantasy was considered as comedy and rejected as misplaced farce. It was, as I have said, Barrie's own fault for starting too well. He opened the evening with *The Will*, a serious comedy of real people, finely conceived and finely worked out. In this atmosphere began the First Act of *The Adored One*, and it too started delightfully on the plane of high comedy. True, there was some talk about a murderess coming to dinner, and some nonsense about nobody thinking much of a murder nowadays, but we didn't take it very seriously. And then suddenly *Leonora* announced that she was the murderess; that she had pushed a man out of a railway carriage and killed him because he objected to having the window shut—her excuse being that her little girl had a cold. And when all her friends had agreed that the excuse was sufficient and the incident in itself trivial, there was a wildly fantastic trial, which resulted in her acquittal.

I have not tried to do justice to the fun of the trial scene; to the delightfully absurd behaviour of judge, counsel, witnesses and jury, all in love with *Leonora*; to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's adorable conduct in the dock—her bewilderment at the necessity for a trial, and her repeated "I just *pushed* him out; my little girl had a *cold*"; her explanation of the different kinds of colds her children had; her confidential smiles to the jury, and her discussion with one of them as to the best soil for roses; her subjugation of the warder whom she made hold her wool for her; all this was delightful. But, as I say, the audience was not

ready for it. Having expected real life, it was bewildered by this. True, Sir J. M. BARRIE tried to let us down gently at the end by making the Judge tell *Leonora* that she was really only a legend—a legend of the dear old-fashioned women, of their inconsequence, and of the adoration men paid to it—but it was then too late; the fourth play had gone wrong.

I do not presume to tell Sir JAMES how to write plays; but as one of the audience, and therefore (according to Mr. BENNETT) one of his collaborators, I would tell him how he could have helped us to do our share better. He once wrote a joyful little story about the murder of an editor; it was called, *Pettigrew's Dream*, or something of the sort. I may have the name of the man wrong, but I am right in saying that it was described as a dream. Now, if the First Act of *The Adored One* remained as it is, with this exception, that, instead of *Leonora* confessing to a murder, there were merely some talk of a murder which had happened; if the Second Act were a dream—*Rattray's* dream that *Leonora* had committed the murder and that after an absurdly fantastic trial she was acquitted; and if, in the Third Act (for one Act is all that is wanted for the trial) the parable were explained, and the contrast shown between the *Leonora* type of woman and the modern woman, why then the collaboration of the audience would leave nothing for regret, and *The Adored One* would be the splendid success that it ought to be.

I say "ought to be," chiefly because it is so full of good BARRIE, but partly because it is so full also of adorable MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL. M.



"JAMES, DO *LOOK* AT THESE LOBELIAS! THEY'RE QUITE PARCHED, POOR THINGS. YOU SHOULD HAVE *WATERED* THEM."

"T'AIN'T OI NOT WARTERIN' 'EM, YE KNOW, MUM; IT'S THIS ERE DROUGHT AS 'AS DRIED 'EM UP, THAT'S WHAT 'TIS."

OUR INSECT FRIENDS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been recently delighted to read—in the London Letter of one of our leading newspapers—a statement with regard to glow-worms which should not be allowed to escape notice. "A well-known Member of Parliament," says the writer, "informed me some time ago that he was constantly in the habit of using a number of these luminous insects in his nursery in place of the ordinary night-light."

May I say, without undue vanity, that it is many years since I first began to make a study of the practical efficiency of insects, and that I have found them of use to me in a great variety of ways? I have myself kept a tame glow-worm for some months which has rendered me splendid service as a bicycle lamp. It has proved far superior to acetylene in penetrating fog, and it is only necessary to attach a lettuce to the handle-bars for the little object to settle down and make itself at home.

But it is not only in luminous insects that I have enjoyed marked success. The wasp is a valuable ally. When leaving one's house locked up for the holidays no form of burglary protection is more effective than a wasps' nest attached to the sash of each of the downstairs windows. A scorpion, by the way, may be used for the same purpose, suspended from the blind-cord by the tail.

I am at present engaged upon the education of a colony of ants. Ants are, of course, not capable of lifting really heavy weights, unless they are employed in inconvenient numbers, but I have found them admirable for doing all manner of little odd messages about the house, and they are always ready to bring me a stamp, an envelope or a cigarette. In conclusion, in my capacity of Secretary to the Society for the Employment of Insects, may I tender my thanks to the M.P. in question for indirectly bringing this important matter to the public notice?

Yours faithfully,
JOHN CLEGG
(Hon. Sec. Soc. E.I.).

"It is stated that the new building will be the first of its kind, and we hope may remain so for an indefinite period."—*The Builder.*

It will.



Short-sighted Old Lady (gazing with horror at bathers). "WELL, IF THOSE ARE THE NEW SKIRTS WE HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT, NOTHING WILL INDUCE ME TO WEAR ONE."

CHARIVARIA.

"AFTER cutting through a thick baulk of timber, she buried her nose in the cement wall." No, this was not Mrs. PANKHURST. It was a German submarine which collided with the harbour wall at Heligoland.

* * *

It is announced that Mr. KEIR HARDIE is going to hold a meeting in Dublin. Won't someone tell us, as a change, when Mr. KEIR HARDIE is not going to hold a meeting?

* * *

Two goldfinches, we are told, regularly visit Totland Bay to feed their four young in their nest in the middle of a battery. Spies!

* * *

"It is understood," says a *Reuter* telegram, "that the British, Austro-Hungarian and Russian Embassies have received instructions to lend diplomatic support to the Bulgarians during the negotiations with Turkey." "Loan oft loses both itself and friend" seems to be an appropriate quotation.

* * *

The Hon. A. P. McNAB, the Saskatchewan Minister of Public Works, has been praising Scotsmen and requesting them to come in thousands to Saskatchewan. "Our country," he added, "is not nearly broken up yet." Is this the way to lure a peaceable Scot from his home?

* * *

Mr. WESTMORLAND, a motor-cyclist, has climbed Skiddaw on his machine. We welcome this movement for bringing the counties of England more closely together. Appropriately enough, Mr. WESTMORLAND was accompanied by Mr. DRINKALL. The name opens up glorious possibilities.

* * *

The Inverness Town Council has been talking of holding a baby-show. It was suggested that some of the babies might be left on the Council's hands for good. Surely this would be taking too literally the good old name of City Fathers.

* * *

"All Round Idleness" is the heading of a Stock Exchange article in a contemporary. All square business is what we really want.

* * *

Mr. WADE, a town councillor of Germiston, South Africa, has referred to the British Government as a maneater and to the Union Government as a hyæna. Mr. CLARK, another town councillor (who, by the way, has been arrested), has disagreed with him, and has said that the Union Government is more like a common ass. We deprecate these zoological amenities of controversy. Even the common ass has his feelings.

The Return to Eden.

"Mrs. Combe a most chic gown of two coloured cinnamon fronds cleverly put together."—*Times of Ceylon.*

Pretty, but—you know what people are.

"The bride, who was given away by her father, was trimmed with handsome lace."
Hull Daily Mail.

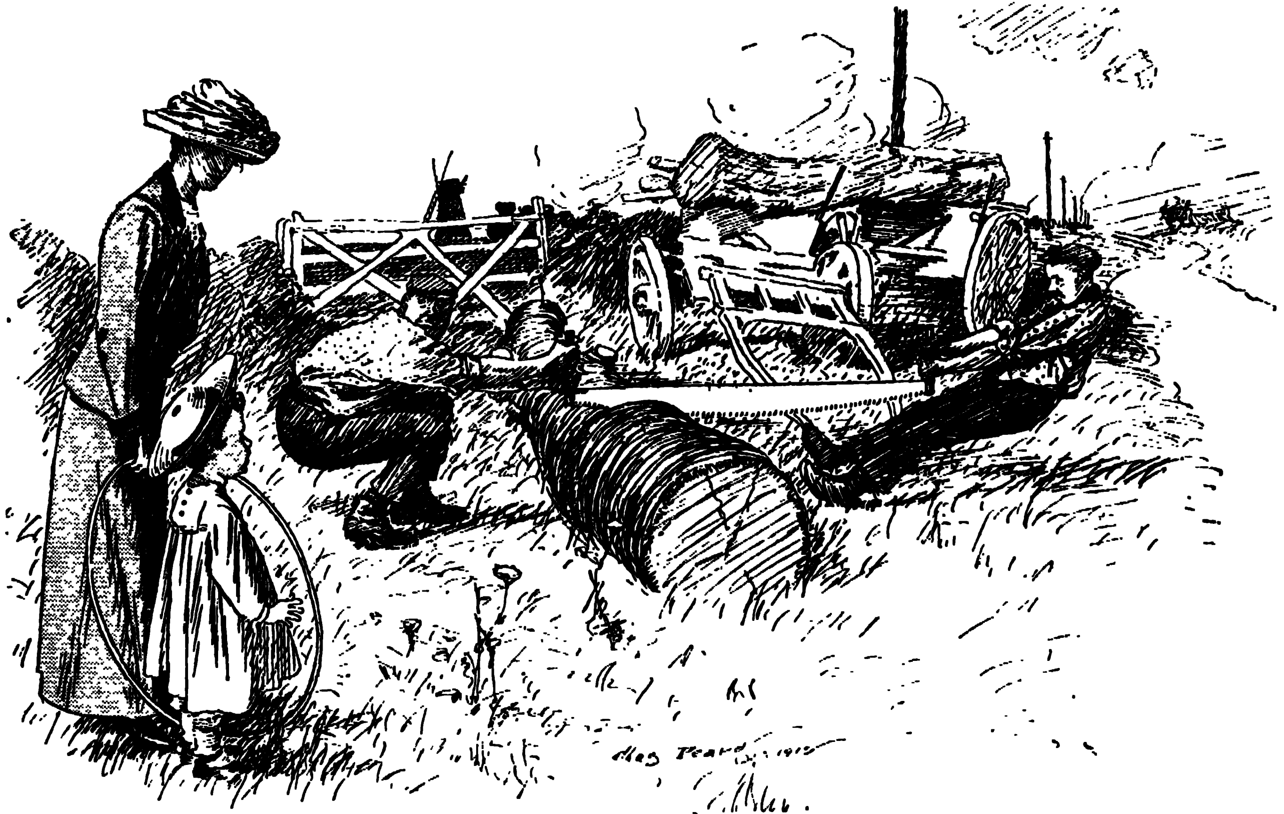
This is worse than Mrs. COMBE'S costume.

"At about 12.30 p.m. today tram car No. 13, driven by W D Francis, while going to Grandpass, collided with a little urchin at New Moor Street. A large crowd soon gathered—chiefly consisting of Moors- and it was found that the foot-board had struck the lad's head, fortunately only cracking the head slightly."
Ceylon Observer.

"Tut, tut, hard-boiled," said the conductor, and rang his bell.



THE RIOTER'S IDEAL.



Edwin. "OH, MOTHER, LOOK AT THOSE NAUGHTY MEN QUARRELLING. WHY DON'T THE BIG MAN LET THE LITTLE ONE HAVE IT?"

THE PURPLE DRAGON.

I SUPPOSE it is not once in two years that I drop into an auction room, but when I do go I invariably make a fool of myself. It is a queer coincidence. Ursula, my dear wife, is the sweetest-tempered woman in the world, but if there is one thing that does provoke her more than another, it is quite certain to be the thing that I have been doing, or leaving undone, when I return from an auction.

The other day, however, I thought myself safe. To begin with, my presence at the sale was partly accidental. No one having sent me there, there were no commissions that I could exceed or coveted bargains that I could let slip—matters in which I had often been proved liable to error. I had been away from home for three weeks, and having an hour to wait at our market town owing to the breakdown of the car that should have met me, I was strolling about at a loose end, when I saw the sale going on, and went in. That I think clearly shows that for what followed I was not personally to blame. Anyhow, it seemed at first as though I were in luck. I hadn't been inside the place five minutes before the man in shirt-sleeves began carting round something that caught and held my attention like a flash. I saw then that it must have been inspiration that had sent me into the sale-room that afternoon, to encounter a treasure for which I had ransacked Europe (more or less) in vain. The auctioneer was letting off some of his usual patter about rare old Oriental porcelain, but this didn't concern me. I had seen in an instant what the thing really was—the long-sought fellow to Uncle Dick's purple dragon.

You can fancy if I was excited or not. The other dragon, the mate (if I may so express myself) of this one, had been a present to Ursula from her uncle at our wedding; and for years we had tried to find its companion. The thing had at last begun to get on Ursula's nerves, so much so that I had heard her express actual distaste for our lonely monster, and even a wish to destroy it. But of course now it would be different. It appears to be a rule about china that two horrors make a beauty; I don't profess to understand these matters myself, but I have observed this.

So I began to bid. One of the reasons for my dislike of auctions is that they make me nervous. I can never hear my own voice naming a figure without the sensation of going extremely white about the lips. Whether I do so really or not is another matter; I have never been able to see. But I feel like it. Also the backs of my hands tingle. Thus it requires a considerable exercise of courage on my part to bid at all.

"Now then, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "make a start. For this valuable piece of genuine old Eastern ware. What offers to commence? Shall I say fifteen guineas? Only fifteen guineas for this exceptionally——"

"Five," said a stout man, immediately below the table. ("This," I thought, "is excellent; I shall get it dirt cheap!")

The auctioneer rewarded him with a smile of encouragement. "Thank you, Sir. Five guineas I am bid. Five guineas for this—I beg your pardon, Sir, pounds. Five pounds only. What improvement on five pounds?"

He looked round the company, and his eye caught mine. Possibly my lips moved, but I am uncertain; at all events some subtle telepathy seemed to have been established between us. "Six pounds," said the auctioneer (though how he knew is a mystery). "Six pounds offered."

"Seven," said the stout man.

"Eight," said the auctioneer, after another glance at me.

"Ten," said the stout man, who was apparently a dealer.

"Eleven." This was a travesty of my own voice, raised for the first time.

Silence followed. The stout dealer was sucking a pencil and meditating gloomily. No one else bid anything at all.

"Come now, gentlemen," repeated the auctioneer. "This is simply giving it away. Eleven pounds for one of the most exquisite examples of the best period of Oriental art. You'll be sorry for it afterwards. Eleven pounds only I am bid. Going at eleven pou- -"

"Twenty," snapped the stout man. But my blood was raised.

"Twenty-five," I said quite calmly and clearly. The pricking in my hands had ceased. Several persons looked round, and I could feel that they were impressing my features upon their memory, perhaps so as to tell their children afterwards. I returned their gaze with the impersonal regard of Royalty or people who open bazaars. It was a great moment. "Any advance on twenty-five pounds?" said the auctioneer; but it was obvious from the first that there would not be. The stout man had pocketed his pencil and turned away. "For the last time, only twenty-five pounds. Going, going, gone!" The hammer fell. I had conquered.

The price of victory was possibly a trifle stiff; but as it happened I had the precise sum in gold in my pocket. Thus there were no delaying formalities. The precious object (a phrase apt in more senses than one) was wrapped up and handed to me. I will not linger over my emotions upon the homeward ride. I had determined during it to say nothing about my purchase to Ursula, but to find some secret occasion to install the new arrival in the once lonely cabinet, and await her delight at discovering it. There is often an art in the actual making of a gift that enhances its value tenfold.

Ursula met me in the hall. "I'm so sorry you had to wait for the car," she said sympathetically. "If you'd known, you might have looked in at the Hambletons' sale."

I decided that after all I would not postpone the pleasure. "As a matter of fact," I said, "I did."

Ursula looked interested. "How brave of you!" she exclaimed. "I suppose you didn't happen to see what the purple dragon fetched?" So she must have known, and not dared in my absence to try for it. Obviously the time was come when such wifely duty should be rewarded. I leant back carelessly.

"Twenty-five pounds," I said. "Of course it's a lot of money, but——"

She interrupted me with a delightful bubble of excitement. "I should think it was!" she cried. "Twenty-five pounds! How simply too splendid! And for a thing that I'd got to hate the very sight of! When Major Hambleton let me put it into their sale, I never thought it would fetch a penny more than ten." After a pause she added, "I can't help feeling, dearest, that whoever bought it was rather carried away!"

"That," I said placidly and without the quiver of an eyelid, "is the whole object of an auction."

So the rule had held good, after all. We received our cheque, which amounted to twenty-three pounds odd, in the course of a week; and Ursula has not yet ceased to marvel at such good fortune. The net result of the transaction is that she has had two new frocks to say nothing of lunch at the Savoy, and a matinée—and that I possess (hidden under the bed in my dressing-room) a rare old Oriental vase, for which no reasonable offer will be refused.



THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE ON A WALKING-TOUR.

(8 P.M.- 10 miles from the nearest inn. It has been a long day. They have not exchanged a word for the last hour.)

The Tired One. "OH, I WISH YOU WOULD STOP THINKING ABOUT DINNER."

"People are asking why Irish farmers do not raise more onions than they do. There is no country where better onions can be raised, and we import no less than 12,000 annually, at a cost of £60,000 per year."

Cork County Eagle.

£5 an onion is of course only the price of the hot-house variety. An ordinary young onion can frequently be picked up for as little as fifteen shillings.

"Girl's nearly new cycle; age about ten years."—*Advt. in "Western Daily Press."*

We should like something just the least bit newer.

BROWN BABIES.

["Brown Babies" is the English for the name of a certain Indian village.]

THERE's a stir in the village, a rattle
Of looms in the tumble-down huts,
A tramping of humpty-backed cattle
That plod through the dust and the ruts;
For it's sev'n o' the morn and there's work to be done,
But the tiny brown babies, the shiny brown babies,
They wriggle and roll in the sun.

Above them the kestrels are wheeling,
Beside them the buffaloes stare,
And a red-eyed old pi-dog is stealing
As near as he possibly dare;
They may wheel, they may stare, but they know they must shun
Those merry brown babies, those berry-brown babies
That tumble and turn in the sun.

The fat little mynas are hopping,
The lizards are darting for glee,
And a big blue chameleon's popping
Round the trunk of a tamarind tree;
There's a spirit of joy in the day that's begun,
And the crowing brown babies, those knowing brown babies,
They twitter and twist in the sun.

In the breezes the palm-trees are swaying,
A cocoanut falls with a thud,
By the creek little monkeys are playing
Ridiculous games in the mud;
'Tis carnival madness, 'tis fairy-land fun,
And it's thanks to the babies, the pranks of the babies
That scrimmage and squirm in the sun.

J. M. S.

Two extracts from *The Irish Independent*:—

"CHAMPION WALL JUMP.

MR. JOHN M'MORRAN's JOHN B........ 4"

"CURRENT CRICKET.

BEST INDIVIDUAL FEATS.

Runs.

MR. JOHN M'MORRAN's JOHN B........ 4"

We are glad to call attention to the extraordinary versatility of Mr. M'MORRAN's horse.

A Strand bookseller's advertisement:

"'Misti': 1/- net. Guy de Maupassant's latest volume of short stories."

But we are saving up our money for the appearance of BALZAC's new novel.

SLINGING IT ABOUT.

Plain Words to Policemen.

(In the gentle manner of Mr. Arnold White in "The Daily Express.")

We have got them on the run. Their hair is on end, great clammy beads of sweat are on their brows, and with the light of panic in their eyes they are sprinting for the horizon; they are fleeing before their doom—the muddied Ministers who have torn the Constitution into shreds, despoiled the Church, sung psalms while they wallowed in the slime of speculation, insulted the King, and sent up the price of bacon.

And with them is the Editor of *The Dictator*. The Editor of *The Dictator* is an accomplished writer, but he has dared to oppose his faint-hearted counsels to the clarion call of the men who wield the bludgeon, and who exult fiercely at the sound of their horrific weapons beating the air. When I told him last week that his politics were pig-wash, he attempted no reply. He too has donned his running-shorts and is showing a clean pair of heels to the advancing host. But the heels of Ministers are far from clean. They are befouled with thick mud. There is mud all over their traitorous bodies, and they shall stick in it all the days of their life.

In previous articles I showed how the Separation Bill, if passed into law, would split the Army and the Navy. This week we have to consider its no less cataclysmic effect upon the police force. The finest thing in boots is a British policeman, fixed and rooted in the determination to preserve the peace. Shall these stout souls be ordered to trample upon the inalienable rights of the Ulstermen, to coerce them into submitting to govern themselves? I do not know a single policeman who would not rather swallow his truncheon than apply it to the heads of men, women and children who are fighting for the priceless heritage bestowed upon them by the Act of Union. In Ulster, they tell me, even the infants are in arms. And why? Because they know that Home Rule has in store for them convulsions more terrifying than any of the natural ills their tender flesh is heir to, and because the stench of the Ministerial slime-pits has turned their stomachs. Shall the knee of the British policeman be pressed into their innocent backs? Calmly and dispassionately I say that the very thought is a shrieking outrage upon all instincts of decency, and that the feet of any policeman who for one moment harboured it would be a disgrace to their leather.

The temper of the force is one of the most vital factors to be reckoned with in any consideration of this stupendous subject. What does Mr. McKenna know about the police he is supposed to have under his control? He has a slight superficial knowledge of the manipulation of processions and the cost of helmets; but of the soul of the police he knows no more than my aunt's tomcat. If he imagines that this patriotic body of men is going to stoop to the dirty work of running in Ulstermen, the doors of Colney Hatch are yawning to receive him.

There are some delicately nurtured people (such as the Editor of *The Dictator*)—men who put on a clean collar every morning and dress for dinner—who say that the King should sign the abominable Separation Bill, and who would thus wash their finniky hands of the consequences. The politicians who would thus stand calmly by and see the Empire dynamited are reckoning without the British policeman and his multitudinous affinities. If the cooks of England are willing that the burly arm of the law, which has so often essayed the circle of their waists, shall be laid upon the shoulders of the most loyal of His Majesty's subjects, then in Heaven's name let the King sign, and let the cooks stew in their own juice. But everybody who is not a victim of the verbal staggers (like the Editor of *The Dictator*) knows that the goddesses of the kitchen will not allow this atrocity, and it is this knowledge that makes the faces of our muckrake Ministers turn ghastly pale beneath their coating of mud.

(*And so on.*)



Brother. "What did you say to that old chap just now?"
Sister. "I only thanked him for picking up my bag."
Brother. "My dear girl, you must learn not to be so beastly *grateful*. It's not done nowadays."

"While playing in the roadway at Compton, Cookham, a Farnham angler states that he hooked a tortoise about 6in. long."
Portsmouth Daily Post.

But then anglers say anything.

A PERSONALITY.

ANY lawyer will elaborate to you, if you will let him, the root idea of companies. When he explains that the principle is the creation of a new *persona*, which is the company as distinct from the individuals it comprises, you will look very knowing, murmur, "Ah, yes, of course," and wonder privately whether the speaker himself sees any sense in the words he is using. It is not till you come to pick a quarrel with a company that you realize the soundness of the lawyer's observations and discover how elusive is this *persona* of the company, and how little it has to do with the individual *personæ* upon whom you endeavour to fix the blame.

Our back-to-work train was already half-an-hour late at Exeter, yet there was no single person I could get hold of and say, "You've done this; what in thunder do you mean by it?" There were only innumerable porters and ticket collectors, guards and a bookstall boy unanimous upon one subject, that nothing would induce the train, once having started, to stop again before it got to Cheltenham. "Next stop, Chltnm!" they repeated, getting more heated and determined about it every time. But even on this point they were wrong, wrong by about twenty-five full-stops and as many commas. They had reckoned without the signals, and signals at holiday time do not believe in too much rush. My carriage happening to stop opposite a signal-box, I took the opportunity to go into the matter with its occupant.

"You ought," I told him, "to be ashamed of yourself, carrying on like this."

Affably but finally he explained that he was not to blame. The explanation was dull and familiar; I do not repeat it.

The guard walked along the track in order to join in our conversation. I tried him. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," I told him. The guard also had his defence ready and gave it smilingly. "As the engine-driver appears to be unoccupied," I continued, "you might just ask him to step this way and hear what I think of him."

"Old Bill?" said the guard. "Why, he's as anxious to get home to his supper as any of us. You can't blame *him*."

"Then who the deuce can I blame?" I asked.

* * * * * *

You see what I mean? If it had been the other way on and the Company had been employing me to do a job for them at the price of 18*s.* 3½*d.*, you may be sure that a definite *persona* would have emerged to abuse me for doing it so badly. Why then, as I put it to the inspector at Cheltenham eventually, why shouldn't such a one be put forward for me to abuse?

The inspector (having disclaimed liability) assured me that the Company's one object in existence was to give satisfaction.

"Bah!" said I (I had seen the word in a book).

The inspector could only suggest that at Birmingham, where all commodities are to be had, including Railway Magnates in top hats, I might get what I wanted. With no great confidence I waited for Birmingham and a top hat. "Now, Sir," said I, at last having cornered an overdressed official, "I trust that you are heartily ashamed of yourself."

He regarded me calmly. "You refer," he suggested, "to the lateness of this train, of which I have already heard some mention?"

"I do indeed," I cried bitterly.

He looked as one about to fight, but on second thoughts he seemed to appreciate the depth of my feelings and to decide upon another attitude.

"I can only say," he declared, "that I am very, very sorry about it."

"It is no good *your* being sorry," I sniffed. "I desire to find the person who is to blame and make him sorry."

He blushed; he appeared very nearly to weep. "I," said he, "I am to blame."

I was at first incredulous, but being assured on the point, I told him in what opinion I held him, what course I proposed to adopt with regard to him, and what end I hoped would overtake him, when, reported, disgraced and dismissed, he crept solitary and broken into the outer darkness. It was a five minutes' speech, but the pleasure of it was ample compensation for the suffering of many hours.

Upon being assured that I had dealt with the subject in all its many aspects, my friendly enemy asked me if there was anything else he could do for me.

"Tell me," said I pleasantly, for I was now, if exhausted, on good terms with the world again, "how came you to make the train behave so badly? How, I mean, do you influence its movements one way or the other?"

"I?" he queried. "I?"

"Yes, you. Without prejudice, what exactly have I been reprimanding you for? What was it which neither the signalman, guard, engine-driver nor inspector could do to expedite the train, but which you could have done but did not do?"

"I expedite the train?" said he, at a loss. "I have nothing to do with trains. My business is with passengers."

"But what are you?" I asked.

"The Responsible Official," he said.

"But what are you employed to do?" I pressed.

"To listen, mostly."

"Speaking quite technically," I said, "what are you for?"

"To blame," he said. "I mean, to be blamed."

* * * * *

Since then I have always travelled by this line, whenever its trains and I are bound for the same destination; I have frequently deviated from the straight way, have even on occasion adapted my destination for the purpose. The most important and real convenience of railway travelling is to have an official ever ready to accept in person a responsibility which he may in fact have done nothing to deserve, always prepared to look upset and downcast when I swear to him that nothing on earth shall ever induce me to be a passenger on his line again.

THE GREATER MAGIC.

THE entertainers on the pier
Are pretty bad, as pierrots go,
But now a conjurer is here
I never miss a show.

His tricks are all as clear as day
(With *one* exception); far from smart
His patter: I regret to say
I know it off by heart.

So, when he takes the final trump
From any given pack of cards,
Some gambler's pulse may haply jump,
But not the present bard's;

When from the magic kettle's spout
Free choice of stimulants is poured
And thirst-tormented people shout
For drinks they can't afford;

When handkerchiefs a hen disclose
Or rabbits from a topper spring,
I murmur, "I am tired of those,
Show me that other thing –

That trick for which the audience lend
You coins. I put a florin down
On Monday night, and at the end
You gave me half-a-crown."

"GABY DESLYS PUZZLED.
SHE DISCUSSES WHAT SHE SHALL WEAR
WITH THE DAILY SKETCH."
Daily Sketch.

Won't *The Daily Sketch* be enough?

From a Madras catalogue:—

"The price of the —— car, Rs. 2,850, brings motoring within the reach of all."

Lo, the poor Indian is not so poor as we thought.



TO PROTECT THE POOR MOTORIST.

IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED THAT ANIMALS ON OUR ROADS AT NIGHT SHOULD CARRY LIGHTS.

THE LIFE-HISTORY OF A NOBODY.

(*Being an essay in the modern psychological novel designed to appeal to the present-day taste.*)

BOOK I.—HUBERT SELECTS A TIE.

HE entered a shop in the Burlington Arcade to buy a tie. To be accurate, he did not enter it so much as he was drawn into it. He wanted to buy a tie, but he had not utterly and finally decided that he would purchase it at that particular shop. Indeed, for a fraction of a second he hesitated in the very doorway. An almost sub-acid intuition warned him that the whole current of his life might depend on the particular shade of the tie he selected.

A fly buzzed. It was an ordinary fly, not different outwardly from a million other flies. Yet the convolutions of its brain could not be exactly like the convolutions of its million fellows. The path in which it flew was inevitably different from the path which any other fly would have taken. It alighted on a purple tie. If the tie had not been of a soul-arresting purple, it might have flown elsewhere. Somewhere back in the æons of ages a Purpose had decided on this concatenation of circumstances.

Hubert followed the fly. He examined the tie. He brought his whole faculties of mind to bear on the problem. He held the silken trifle to the light. The purpleness changed under the incidence of the sunlight from a challenging militancy to a slightly faded ineffectualness. It seemed to him as a Parable of Life. He would have said so to the shop-assistant, had not a flooding intuition warned him that this automaton of the mart might misunderstand the inmost significance of his thought.

"The very latest shade," insinuated the assistant. He was a small man, or rather youth, with a moustache which appeared to have been forced beyond its natural development and gave the suggestion of social striving doomed to eventual impotence. He lived in Fulham. It was three miles from the Burlington Arcade. He reached his mart daily by motor-'bus, buying a twopenny ticket of an unassertive blue. Sometimes he took 'bus No. 42, and sometimes 'bus No. 19. He had no preference in the matter, for such was his temperament. He cared nothing for where the 'bus proceeded after it had deposited him at Bond Street—or rather, eight yards to the eastwards of Bond Street—and continued on its journey. His stunted imagination could not follow its passage down Regent Street, through the pleasure-bustle of the Strand, through the shiny-elbowed strivings of Fleet Street, up the sharp incline of Ludgate Hill, perfumed with incense from the slow-burning strips of the street-hawkers . . . . (At the end of three pages the 'bus reaches Bow and disappears out of the story.)

"The very latest shade," insinuated the assistant.

"H'm," said Hubert non-committally. He searched into the eyes of this fellow-human, groping for the sympathetic understanding his soul craved for. He tried to dissect a fellow-soul with the inadequate lancets of his vision. He would have liked to discuss that tie from the point of view of æsthetics, of ethics, of morals, of philosophy, of metaphysics, of pragmatic neo-Bergsonism. He would have liked to engage in a discussion which could have embraced the universe and the stars and the purpose of creation. Yet he faltered, and examined the tie anew.

The assistant was a sordid being. After half-an-hour he fidgeted. He wanted to sell Hubert a tie, and that was the limit of his present ambition. He could not realise the epochal significance of Hubert's decision. He lived in Fulham in a little semi-detached, two-storied house where he occupied a rear room on the upper floor. . . . (Description of the room occupies four pages solid without a paragraph.)

"H'm," repeated Hubert at the end of thirty-four minutes of thought.

"Three-and-six," said the assistant.

It was an ill-judged observation. What did it matter to Hubert whether the tie were three shillings, three-and-six, or four shillings? Sixpence more or less would not ruin his finances; but a shade of purple more or less might shatter his soul. It might sear his ego with an ineffaceable brand of emotion. True that he could not see the tie when it was knotted into place, except by straining his eyes downwards over his 3¼ inch wing collar, but the effect nevertheless would be all the more crassly dangerous. It would catch his eye from the glass of a shop-window or the mirror of a taxi—suddenly, thunderously, with the force of a planetary collision.

He was torn with doubts. Another ten minutes passed. The assistant whispered discreetly to a fellow-tradesman at the rear end of the shop. Out of the tail of his eye Hubert caught the clandestine converse. It disturbed him rudely. He felt that they were mocking at a momentous decision far beyond their dwarfed understandings. How petty the world was—how ineffably unsympathetic! He felt hideously alone. A barrier of glass, steel-strong, separated him from his fellow-beings. It had always been the same. He recalled the days of his cradle. . . . (Ten pages of cradle-thoughts follow.)

Then his first school—a mixed school of little boys and girls. . . . (Twelve pages.)

Afterwards the public school, rudely repellent. . . . (Eighteen pages, including two on the psychology of having measles.)

The 'Varsity. . . . (Twenty-one pages, with eight devoted to an analysis of his feelings towards the girl at the tobacconist's.)

And now life! Full-grown, full-blooded life, where a man struggled and made decisions that were irrevocably vital. Should he buy that purple tie?

The fly, tired of the battle of temperament—or perhaps not caring greatly for the outcome—had flown away to other fields of endeavour. It had done its work in the life-history of Hubert. It had come into touch with his soul, and then moved on light-heartedly to jostle with other souls.

A clock struck eleven . . . . (Two pages on the way the clock did it.)

"Will you buy the tie, Sir?" insinuated the assistant.

His crude impatience shattered the fabric of the sale so nearly consummated. Hubert roused himself.

"I think not," he replied, and left the shop.

(*End of Book I.*)

MAKESHIFTS.

WHEN love arrives, the poet feels
A passionate desire to sing;
Where coarser souls neglect their meals,
And nurse, in silent gloom, the sting,
I longed to burst
Into a lyric from the very first.

But, somehow, didn't. Goodness knows
The theme has been explored enough;
In moments too sublime for prose
I spout some other poet's stuff,
And squeeze her hand
(My own idea). She seems to understand.

A Paris contemporary, *Excelsior*, says of the Isle of Man:—

"Cette île est dépourvue d'habitants, d'hôtels et de commerce."

Yet the *Booming Thou Gavest Me* still goes on.

"Madrid proposes to utilize the water brought to the city by an old camel to produce about three thousand electrical horse power."
Montreal Daily Star.

It was the last pint that broke the poor old camel's back.



She. "Hallo! there goes father!" *He.* "Yes, he told me he had an appointment."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In fiction—I say nothing of real life—I have a constitutional objection to the importunate wooer who will not take no for an answer. At least, if the object of his affections is as charming as she is in *The Secret Citadel* (Hutchinson), the man must have a great deal in his favour for his persistence to command my sympathy. And *Godfrey Denne* is not that sort of man. He is selfish, he is idle, he has a very good opinion of himself, and a very poor one of the plebeian family from which he is sprung; he is ashamed of the clean, honest soap from which, without any exertion on his part, his wealth is derived. Nor am I attracted by the members of the old Roman Catholic family into which he aspires to marry, and the motives which induced them to tolerate his suit. Miss Isabel C. Clarke does her best to make him fascinating in other respects—he is good-looking and cultivated—and, of course, neither the girl nor her people could be expected to know beforehand that he was going to turn out the tyrant of a husband that he proved till he was brought to his bearings and his better self by his wife's narrow escape from death. They objected to his origin and his soap, and particularly to the fact that he was a Protestant. And yet they accepted him, and encouraged the girl to accept him, because of his wealth. That, no doubt, has been known to happen before in our rough island-story. But the weakness of the position in this case is that the author is herself blind to their real motive. Everything is subordinated to her chief object, which is to conduct a rather poor creature of a man to the bosom of the Roman Church, regenerated at last by the suffering caused by his own selfishness. On the whole, though she gives us a fairly interesting study of an unhappy marriage with a happy ending, she fails to make it convincing.

I strongly suspect that if the question were put to him Mr. Arnold Bennett would acknowledge *Edward Henry Machin* as his pet creation. You no doubt remember this fascinating character as the "card" of an earlier volume; he reappears now in *The Regent* (Methuen) with all, or nearly all, his former vitality, with the same fertile resource and engaging impudence, crowned as before with triumph. He was left, you may recall, practically monarch of all he surveyed in the Five Towns. *The Regent* brings him to London to build and run a West-end theatre with that name, and to experience various entertaining adventures in the process. There are some quite delightful chapters about the inception of this idea; and the First Night, with its rapturous applause promising success for what turns out to be financial failure—this betrayed the man of theatrical experience in its author. Later, I thought the hero's wit a trifle less active and personal than of old. It was certainly a fine idea to snatch victory from defeat by engaging the head of the Militants to speak three lines in the languishing poetic drama—but somehow I had looked for something even more startling. However, the quest of the saving suffragette takes *Machin* on an amusing dash to New York (where his experiences, with motors, hotels, and the like, seem to have been oddly similar to those of Mr. Arnold Bennett as recorded in *Those United States*), so I have no cause to complain. An optimistic and merry volume, which (as in a double sense nothing succeeds like success, or is so jolly to read about) is certain of huge popularity, and well deserves it.

Miss Sophie Cole's appeal is so essentially not to men that I felt, after opening *Penelope's Doors* (Mills and Boon), as if I had concealed myself in the heroine's flat and was playing the despicable part of eavesdropper to conversation that was not intended for me. But when this embarrassment had been conquered I began peacefully to enjoy the

optimism of *Penelope*, for although it has never been my happy fate to meet such a determinedly plucky and cheerful woman (or man) in the flesh, it is cheering to read of those who can never see the clouds because of the rifts in them. Men in this novel do not amount to very much, if we except *Mr. Tuppy*, who by trade was a comedian, but by instinct seemed to be a professional "turner-up" whenever *Penelope* wanted him. Another man, called *The Inconnu*, was well-named as far as I was concerned, for I never got a clear conception of him. If, however, Miss Cole has failed a little with her men, she has succeeded most thoroughly in drawing the characters of *Penelope* and her nieces, and I am glad to recommend the book to those who like to be mildly intrigued but not violently excited.

Captain Corbeau's Adventure (Hutchinson) was of the sort that begins on a snowy night in mediæval Paris, with a penniless soldier of fortune, a fair lady, and a mysterious message. However, the message was but the first of many mysteries, not the least of which to me was the fact that what was obviously the same story that I had just read should appear in the advertisements at the end of the book under another title. But to return to *Captain Corbeau*. I could hardly tell you (and should not if I could) the weird and wild things that happen to him as a result of accepting the commission of the pretty serving-maid on that snowy night. They bring him to a ruinous old chateau on the coast of Brittany (what a certain Oxford don of my acquaintance would call "a most gloom-surging place"), the home of an elderly and evil dame, who does creepy things with bats and red-fire in order to frighten a young and beautiful maiden into some course of action about which I am regretfully vague. Indeed, my chief complaint against the whole affair is that it works up to a breathless but empty climax, in which I found myself too muddled to understand what anybody was doing, or why. Perhaps this was my own fault. For I can hardly believe that those clever persons, Mrs. Hugh Fraser and Hugh Fraser, whose craft I have before now praised, would wilfully leave me in such obscurity. Yet I read every word of the book. Of these, by the way, there are rather less than one expects of a novel, but quite enough to contain a good florin's worth (the net price) of swashbuckling and mystery; indeed, somewhat less of the latter would have been an advantage.

Mr. Hichens in his new book is concerned with the effect that an ambitious wife may have upon an unambitious husband. As is usual with him he is quite frankly occupied with the sensational thrills to be obtained from his theme and cares more for the excitement of some situation skilfully contrived than for the human spontaneity of his characters. He gives us, of course, some of the properties that he has used before, and I recognise the mysterious Eastern musician with his fascinated audience of European ladies, the fashionable London gatherings to which no one but unpleasant people ever seems to be invited, and the glittering and artificial Eastern scenery in which palms, sunsets and distant music have so important a place. But, above and beyond these things, *The Way of Ambition* (Methuen) does make a real attempt to grapple with the psychology of an artist who has in him a little genius, a little self-confidence and a little humility, but not enough of any of those qualities to drive him to carve out his career for himself. Mr. Hichens' hero is not a very attractive character and his wife is positively unpleasant; but the reader, if he cannot be honestly interested in Mr. Hichens' people, is carried away by the things that happen to them. The final scenes concerned with the production of an opera in New York are as noisy, as theatrical, as nerve-shaking as though one were actually present and personally involved. I hope that in his next novel Mr. Hichens will, in addition to his deft technique and brilliant dialogue, give us some characters who are attractive not only as puppets in a skilful fable but also as human beings whose histories are not limited by the necessities of a plot.



FORGOTTEN ACTS OF KINDNESS.

Alexander the Great presenting Diogenes with a new residence.

Alexander Pryde, M.A., B.Sc., Edin., of Mr. Crockett's *Sandy's Love Affair* (Hutchinson), is a cocksure, doughty Scot who comes to London in these our days to make his mark. As to whether in so short a time the confident *Sandy* could attain high eminence as a novelist and also found, organise and run to financial success a parcel delivery business with motor-van service I leave to the judgment of workers in those two excellent trades. But *Sandy* is a droll. Ladies throw themselves into ponds for love of him, and he insists on diving in and fishing them out; strong men mock him and he hurls them out of windows. There is indeed a general air of unsubdued accomplishment about the whole environment that put a heavy tax on my credulity. I scarcely believed that little *Alice MacComie*, a gay and pleasant enough young lady, should easily beat, apparently playing level, the champion of Portrush G.C., and that too with just a driver and a cleek! Nor did I find either her or *V.V.*—*Vivid Vivienne*, the music-hall star and *Sandy's* beloved—quite as irresistible as alleged *passim*. Most difficult of all to believe was the gentleness of Mr. Crockett's quite astonishing gentlefolk. Indeed I fear that his ready skill has betrayed him into just writing the first things that came into his head. It must be noted, for the avoidance of epidemics, that *V.V.*, having been already twice this season independently employed as a pet name, is no longer available.

Fashions in Autumn Underclothing.

"He was wearing a neat suit of dark grey over a smart fawn dust coat."—*Yorkshire Evening Press.*

From a testimonial in *Golfing*:—

"The course here is of a brittle, sandy nature. I have played 24 to 30 rounds with it, and it is still in sound condition."

That's because he replaced the divots.

CHARIVARIA.

UPON the occasion of her visit to the Perthshire home of Lord LANSDOWNE, Her Majesty the QUEEN, it is said, greatly admired the famous hedge there. To Lord LANSDOWNE'S credit he has never, in spite of its size, sat upon the hedge.

⁂

Lord HALDANE'S expression of opinion that fifty years hence the United States would be the leading nation both materially and intellectually has, we hear, caused no little offence over there. However, the fact that His Lordship failed to notice that this desirable consummation had already been arrived at is attributed to the shortness of his visit.

⁂

Statistics just published, show that New York has 1,156 buildings of ten or more storeys. Of these, 117 have more than 16 storeys, and 9 have more than 30. America, in fact, might be called the Land of Tall Storeys.

⁂

Mrs. PANKHURST is now undergoing a rest cure in France. We understand that she prefers this to arrest cure in England.

⁂

By the way, the authorities at New York, which city Mrs. PANKHURST proposes to visit, are, it is stated, undecided whether to treat her as a fugitive from justice or as an undesirable alien. It is possible that they will gallantly allow her the choice.

⁂

During the painters' strike, we read, there was a stoppage of work at St. Mary's Hospital. We are a little bit doubtful as to what this means, but presumably patients with relaxed throats were unable to have them painted.

⁂

The imported policemen in Mid-Cornwall have been boycotted, and cannot buy cigarettes or be shaved. We cannot help thinking that this is foolish policy on the part of the strikers. The policemen will be all the more fit for not smoking cigarettes, and the lack of a shave will make them more terrifying in appearance.

⁂

Stands Ireland where she did? We think so. A resident of Armagh, who died the other day, made his will appointing executors, but omitting to give any directions for the disposal of his property.

⁂

Many motor omnibuses are now being fitted with a patent guard to prevent mud splashing on to the pavements. This unselfishness is more than creditable to the company concerned, for it will now be unnecessary for such pedestrians as wish to avoid being splashed to travel by omnibus.



Suspicious Wife. "NOW DO HURRY UP, DEAR; WE MUSTN'T LOSE SIGHT OF THE LUGGAGE. I DON'T MUCH CARE FOR THE LOOKS OF THAT MAN."

A Highgate doctor was last week robbed of a number of valuable silver articles by a bogus patient. To the fellow's credit, we understand, he left untouched several bottles which were labelled "Not to be taken."

⁂

Miss ISABEL VALLE, of St. Louis, whose engagement to Mr. J. H. NELSON is announced, is declared by Mrs. W. K. VANDERBILT and Mrs. ROBERT GOELET to be the most beautiful girl in America. She is also the heiress to a great fortune. A picture, in fact, in a gold frame.

⁂

"Seeing that the guards on the Central London Railway announce the name of each station as the train arrives," writes a correspondent, "why is it necessary for the names to be written up in the stations?" This is done, we imagine, to enable passengers to ascertain what the guard has shouted out.

⁂

Mr. McADOO, chief magistrate of New York, has issued warrants empowering the police to close any theatre where disorderly resorts are shown on the stage. The proprietors of the theatres declare that this is a case of McAdoo about nothing.

⁂

Noticing the words "The Insect Virgil" at the heading of a review of a book by JEAN HENRI FABRE, Smith minor, who was struggling with the *Æneid*, remarked that the epithet was not a bit too strong.

⁂

Mr. RAYMOND ARTHUR PRICE PIERPOINT has founded a Courtesy League, the members of which will bow to statues. The members may like to know that there is one statue at least in London which will return the compliment. We refer to the gentleman on horseback at Holborn Circus who is raising his hat.

⁂

A white Leghorn hen of Harleston, Norfolk, *The Express* informs its readers, has laid two eggs of remarkable size—one weighing 4¼ ozs., and the second 3¾ ozs. The enterprise of our newspapers would seem to know no limit. *The Express*, we believe, has a special correspondent in every fowl-run in the country.

⁂

The following cautions appear in the railway carriages on the South Eastern and Chatham line:—

"DO NOT LEAN OUT OF THE WINDOW."

"NE PAS SE PENCHER AU DEHORS."

The GERMAN AMBASSADOR is said to have drawn attention to the fact that nobody seems to care what happens to the heads of *his* countrymen.

⁂

Three mantelpieces are reported to have been stolen from a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields which is in the hands of builders and decorators, and in future the men will be searched before leaving.

AN EDITOR TO HIS LOCUM

(on receiving, during his holidays, a request for a copy of verses).

YOUR welcome favour (so to speak)
That finds me set by Breton seas—
Where softest airs caress my cheek,
Tanned to the tone of coffee lees—
Proves, by its quaint request for rhyme,
The need of more imagination
To picture how I pass my time
In far, far better occupation.

O'er sea-blown sward and sandy dune,
Fretted by dimpling sapphire bays,
Through sweltering morns and eves that swoon
I flog the little ball all ways;
And by the cliff's elusive ledge,
Taking a line of desperate valour,
I skirt the perilous beetling edge
Where Bogie turns a deathly pallor.

At noon I bathe with all my might
In University costume;
Down the long lane of sunset light
This manly process I resume;
And, when the day-hours have to die,
Night brings, amid her languorous balm, a
Sea-breath to lull me where I lie
At our "Hôtel des Panoramas."

And you, my colleague (meaning well
And flatteringly, I like to think),
Urge me to snap the golden spell
And plunge myself in seas of ink!
Rhymes are the sport of sad-eyed care,
Akin to that of picking oakum!
How can I rhyme in this boon air?
Surely you see I can't, dear Locum?

ADAM, from bowers of Eden banned
According to the primal curse,
And doomed to sweat of brow and hand,
May have assuaged his woe with verse;
But, while he lodged in Paradise,
If asked for rhymes, he'd not have writ any,
Not on the Serpent's own advice;
Neither will I, on yours, in Brittany. O. S.

A CENSORIAL SYMPOSIUM.

THE action of the libraries in laying a semi-ban on certain novels has drawn down on us a flood of criticism, comment and suggestion. We print the following letters as perhaps the most representative of enlightened public opinion:—

ANGEL FACES.

DEAR SIR,—The notion of banning books on the score of morality is absurd and a sure sign of reaction. It is impossible to define morality. Besides we have the positive assurance of all the authors who have been banned that their motives are moral and that they are entirely on the side of the angels, and obviously they know best. Their photographs prove it. Anything more cherubic than the countenance of Mr. MAX ABEL, one of the victims, it would be impossible to imagine. A man with such a name and face is no more capable of leading people astray than Mr. NORMAN ANGELL or

Yours faithfully, SHORNARD BURR.

MEAT *v.* THE MILLENNIUM.

DEAR SIR,—Of all the books which injure the community none are so dangerous as those which inculcate unsound dietetic principles. The greatest offender of all was DICKENS, who habitually glorified indulgence in butcher's meat, plum pudding, turkey and spirits. Under an enlightened Government his works would be all placed on an *Index Expurgatorius* and a ban laid on all writers who failed, in their allusions to food, to insist on advocating a fruitarian or vegetarian regimen. To attack novelists on the score of morals is to get hold of the wrong end of the stick. When men give up meat the Millennium will advance with leaps and bounds.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully, EUSTACE SMILES.

THE RIGHT STUFF.

DEAR SIR,—If we are to boycott books, for Heaven's sake let it be those which profess to help people instead of teaching them to help themselves. What we want is men of backbone and independence, not a race of doormats and molluscs. I have preached this doctrine in my volumes *Vim and Grit*, *Buck-up, Britain*, and have received testimonials as to their value from Sir Prescott Knight, the famous actor-manager, Archdeacon Tinkler, and Mr. HARRY THAW, copies of which I enclose.

Yours faithfully, ERNEST BLATHERWICK.

P.S.—Can you suggest any means by which I could get my books banned? I understand it has a marvellous effect on their circulation.

A GOLFER'S GROWL.

DEAR SIR,—May I suggest, as the question of restricting the circulation of undesirable books has now assumed the dimensions of a conflagration, that a limit should be placed upon the number of treatises dealing with style in golf. Personally I should be quite content that not more than six should be allowed in circulation at the same time. As matters now stand the members of my family alone possess eighteen volumes dealing with grip and stance, with the result that in every instance their handicaps have been raised. Faithfully yours,

The Nuggets, Colorado. BUNKER BROWN.

A LABOUR LEADER'S LAMENT.

DEAR SIR,—The action of the Library Censorship is as nothing compared with the tyranny of the National Union of Journalists. A volume of essays of mine contributed to various newspapers has been boycotted by them so persistently that my royalties for the last year have dwindled to £100. And yet we speak of England as a free country.

Yours despondently, FLIMSY MACRONALD.

THE CURSE OF CÆSAR.

DEAR SIR,—Now that people are trying to put a stop to rotten books, perhaps something will be done for us schoolboys. They've abolished that old blighter EUCLID at my school, but CÆSAR and XENOPHON are just as bad, and no one says a word against them in public. Do help us.

Yours truly, FOURTH FORM.

"Five Pups; mother between Bull Dog and Irish Terrier, father between Boarhound and Retriever."—*Gloucester Citizen.*

We'll have the one that looks most like a dachshund.

From a letter in *The Cape Times*:—

"As Stevens' manager, I am willing to match him against Sivers any day for the best nurse offered."

The loser would really want the nurse.



"DEUTSCHLAND UEBER ALLES."

King of the Hellenes. "OUR SUCCESS WAS, AS YOU KNOW, ENTIRELY DUE TO YOU."

German Emperor. "THANKS, THANKS." (*Aside*) "I SUPPOSE HE CAN'T BE REFERRING TO OUR ORGANISATION OF THE *TURKISH* ARMY."



AUTUMN MANŒUVRES—THE MOUNTED ORDERLY CORPS.

We are glad to learn that, in view of the shortage of Army horses, the authorities are at last rising to the occasion; see "Field Service Regulations," Part 1, Par. 20:—"Orderlies . . . may be mounted on animals."

GREAT FOOTBALL CONCILIATION SCHEME.

Proposed Conference.

In athletic circles the sole topic of conversation is the proposal of Lord Burnlaw to call a Conference for the purpose of ending the long and distressing antagonism between the Rugby Union and Association games by consent.

Briefly summarised, the proposals which he submits as the basis of the Conference amount to a compromise, according to which running with the ball and collaring will be allowed till within a distance of sixty yards of the goal on either side, while goals can only be scored by kicking into the net; the shape of the ball to be rhomboidal, and the game to be played in goloshes, cricket pads and fencing masks.

Provincial, Scottish and Welsh opinion as expressed in the messages of our local correspondents shows that there is little enthusiasm for the project.

South Wales.—Leading footballers throughout the district regard Lord Burnlaw's suggestion as wholly impracticable. His motives and sincerity are not called in question, but it is pointed out that the concessions demanded of either side go far beyond the limits of practical politics. The Ovate Bards are solid in their adhesion to the oval ball, and Professor Griffiths of the South Wales University declares that the rhomboidal form advocated is incompatible with the genius of Wales.

Everton.—Lord Burnlaw's proposals are greeted with modified approval in the centre of the Toffee industry. The concessions to the Association game are admitted to be considerable, but it is strongly held that League finance would be imperilled by a compromise. Alderman Badger is of opinion that the risks of refereeing would be greatly increased. As matters now stand, no referee can insure himself at ordinary rates.

London.—Mr. Adrian Stoop, the famous Harlequin, refrains from criticising the scheme until he has seen a trial game played, but is of opinion that it would be improved from the spectacular point of view if the players wore accordion-pleated shorts and used a small gas balloon instead of a ball.

Dublin.—The proposals are treated with indifference in Gaelic athletic circles. If the proposed amalgamation indicated any approximation to the rules of Gaelic football, it would be another matter. Mr. Kickham, a prominent Sinn Fein leader, denounces the scheme as a cowardly Sassenach hybrid combining all the weaknesses of two puerile pastimes long discarded by the virile youth of Erin. Mr. Larkin has also expressed his disappointment.

Skibo.—Mr. Carnegie has addressed a letter of sympathy to Lord Burnlaw, expressing his entire approval of a scheme calculated to mitigate the brutality of a game which tends to foster militarism and retard the advent of international peace.

Another Forthcoming Apology.

"Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, who had kindly consented to speak, was prevented from doing so, and what might have been a dismal failure turned out a very successful venture."

The Common Cause.

"Marie Hart, a school girl who turns the scale at fifteen stone, has been kidnapped from her home at Galesburg, Illinois.

"It will pay you, when considering anything electrical, to consult T. S——, Electrical Engineer and Contractor."

Burton Daily Mail.

This is hardly electrical enough. Had she turned the scale at twenty-five stone we should have consulted him.

"He was a native of Liverpool, but had liver for many years in the Isle of Wight."

Edmonton (Canada) Journal.

Perhaps the East coast *is* more bracing.

THE DIVISION.

FOR the most part of the year I am on excellent terms with myself, but in the beginning of September there always comes the split. There is something about the mere thought of walking up partridges which sets me against myself, puts me beside myself: you have only to place me in a line of guns at the bottom of a field of roots and you have in the clothes and the body of the one Me two separate individuals, by no means friendly enough to be so close to each other. The metaphysicians call this a phenomenon, which gives it an air of importance, and describe it as the divorce of Mind from Matter, which adds the romantic touch. With a word of sympathy for poor old Matter, I leave it at that. If only Mind would behave as becomes a divorcée and go away altogether it would be so much easier all round. But it stays to carp and criticize, and this year the result has been worse even than usual.

We—that is, I—took up our place in the line and the word was given to advance. Immediately the trouble began. "Now then," whispered Mind, "are we ready, are we all ready? Come, come: it's no use carrying our gun on our shoulder; we shan't be able to find it when we want it, and then, of course, it will be too late. . . . And it's hopeless carrying it in both hands. . . . H'st! No, it's nothing. All right, go ahead: what are we waiting for? Do let's go ahead . . . and don't let's point our gun down the line; can't we see the line doesn't like being pointed at? . . . For goodness' sake stop those fingers clutching the stock nervously; we must have some of them standing by to work the triggers."

"Very good, Sir," says Matter, making a show of special alertness and going through the movements. You may be sure that if a bird had got up at that particular moment all would have been well, except with the bird. But birds are wary, they don't get up at particular moments.

"Now don't let's get thinking about the next fellow's spats," continues Mind, after an interval. "Anything may happen at any moment and it's a thousand to one we shall be too late for it when it does. We must keep our attention on what we are doing. Hasn't that keeper got his eye on us? What do you suppose he'll say when . . . B-r-r-r-r! Hi! Look out! Where's our gun? Where are the bally triggers? . . . Stop, stop, stop, you fool. This isn't a lark shoot. . . . Do, for heaven's sake, let us put down the gun and keep quiet."

"Beg pardon," says Matter, a little upset, "but you'll note we didn't fire."

"Only because we had the thing on 'Safe,'" answers Mind angrily. "That's a clever way of going about things, isn't it? Do, do let us pull ourselves together a bit. Suppose that *had* been a partridge, how late should we have been if we ever got off at all? They're looking at us and beginning to wish they hadn't . . . Well, well, WELL!"

Matter looks round hurriedly. "Why, what's doing? Birds? Five of them, my goodness, and no one plugging at them. Someone's not doing his duty. Can it be ourselves? What we ought to be doing now is getting the gun up to the right shoulder, stretching the left arm well forward, slightly advancing the left foot and getting on to the victim. But we're not doing it, you know. We're just standing still and watching. I wonder why?"

Mind, if it can be conceived, shrugs its shoulders and sniffs in disgust. "Well, it's too late now," it says, "and I suppose we're done for. If we are paralysed, then we are paralysed and there's no more to be said about it. All I'm thinking is that it was a pity to go and spend three pounds on a game licence for a paralytic. . . . Suppose we might as well finish the walk and enjoy the scenery till we are warned off. Personally, I think we are just about the worst rotter that ever . . . Another covey ahead, you observe; but I suppose it's no use my suggesting that we loose off at them?"

"I'd do anything to oblige you if only we could stop all this hammering and noise inside us," splutters Matter incoherently. "Why can't we put up our gun just like anybody else and have a . . . ? What the dickens was that? Someone shooting within a foot of our ear. . . . Bless my soul if it wasn't ourselves. Well, I never! What about that, Mind? Pretty bright of us, wasn't it?—I mean, we did make a noise, at any rate, didn't we?"

"We weren't much more than half-an-hour late," comments Mind with bitter sarcasm.

Matter takes a deep breath and throws the chest out. "Next time," it says very firmly, "we-are-not-going-to-be-late. You just wait and see."

"What's the use of talking like that?" says Mind. "You know as well as I do that we are hopelessly incompetent."

"Next time," repeats Matter, even more firmly, "next time we-are-not . . ."

"What's the use of talking at all?" says Mind, pointing to a disappearing bird.

"Sorry," says Matter, and shoots.

"Oh, my goodness," groans Mind. "All we've got to do is to watch, and when we see a partridge that's big enough to be a real partridge . . ."

"Next time," interrupts Matter, "we are NOT going to be late. I'm not listening to you; I'm concentrated elsewhere."

"Well, you'd better listen," goes on Mind, "when I'm telling you how to do it. We've got to face the others some time, so we must try, at any rate, mustn't we? It's simple enough, isn't it? Then why not do it, and, if we are going to do it, why not do it at once? Why waste time thinking about it? . . . Here, what on earth are we going to do now?"

"Shoot," says Matter, and shoots.

"Now we have gone and done it," says Mind.

"Ay," says Matter, "I told you we weren't going to be late this time."

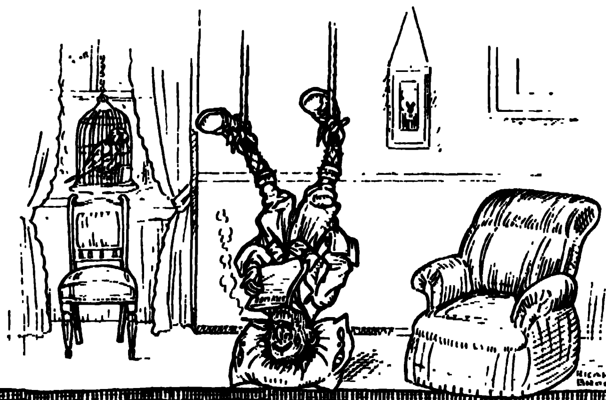
"We're early, you juggins," says Mind.

"Early?" asks Matter, feeling a sudden dread. "But only a second at the most. And, after all, it is a dead 'un."

"Too dead," says Mind, "much too dead. And it isn't a matter of seconds but weeks."

Matter now feels an intense longing to be dead itself. "You don't say we've gone and killed a . . ."

"Hen pheasant, you fool," snaps Mind angrily, as others approach to join in the discussion upon the Early Bird and the Worm that shot it.



PASTIMES OF THE GREAT.

AN AVIATOR CULTIVATING *SANGFROID* UNDER ADVERSE CONDITIONS IN VIEW OF THE NEW DEVELOPMENT IN UPSIDE-DOWN FLYING.

SWALLOWS.

THE train has left the hills behind
And South we're flying fast,
"*Clack—Clack, alack,*" the pistons grind,
"That Summer cannot last,
That holidays are passed;"
And on the humming wires that flow
Between the posts that flit,
Regardless of the G. P. O.
Assembling swallows sit.

They sit, the signal and the sign
Of days of done delight,
I see them all along the line
A-busking them for flight,
In decent black-and-white;
And, "Oh," I cry, "you dapper dears,
The leaf and I are brown,
So you are going to Algiers
And I am going to Town.

"On Afric's strand you'll meet the sun,
But I, when fogs are mirk,
Shall walk along the London one
And only meet my work,
Which mightily doth irk;"
And still the engine's dirge endures—
"*Alack, alack, alack,*"
Because they're going to the Moors,
And I am coming back.



(*Club steps during heavy shower.*)

Brown (who has just returned from his holidays, to Robinson about to leave for his). "AH, *THIS* IS WHAT WE ALL WANT. THREE OR FOUR WEEKS OF STEADY RAIN WILL BRIGHTEN THINGS UP A LOT!"

HOLES AND "BEASTLY HOLES."

["The golf craze has been greater this autumn than in any previous year. Nobody is quite safe from the fever. It seizes those who mocked at it, and pays no respect to sex or age. As a rule, a holiday resort might as well dispense with food and water as with a golf course."

London Letter, "British Weekly."]

IT should now be possible for resorts of the smallest attraction, even if they have never before been considered in the light of holiday centres, to draw the custom of visitors. All that has to be done is to set up a golf course, and, when the more celebrated links become overcrowded, as they must soon do, the opportunity of the new bidders for custom will come.

SINKCHESTER.—The water supply has been cut off since May, and water can now only be obtained by carrying it in buckets a distance of three miles. This fact, and not the coal dust with which the atmosphere of our town is laden, accounts for the blackened faces of the thousands of golfers whom our famous links continue to attract into our midst.

So great is the demand for rooms and so over-taxed the accommodation that hundreds of well-known players are content to sleep in the pit workings.

ISLAND OF DULL, N.B.—Owing to scanty food the hundreds of visitors now here have to content themselves with the spoonful of oats daily, which is all the Provost can now allow. It is feared that even this quantity may have to be curtailed owing to the continued influx of visitors. Play for the Autumn Vase begins to-morrow, when, if not too faint, two hundred and fifty-three couples hope to go out.

SMELSOME, LINCS.—The season is now in full swing. Thousands of visitors may be seen daily threading their difficult way through the dense chemical fumes to the links. A large sale is being done among the smart and well-dressed throng with a neat form of nostril stopper, which may be carried by the caddie when not in use. 1,631 visitors arrived this morning; one left.

MOULDHAM.—Throngs of distinguished persons continue to pour out of our two railway stations intent upon our famous links. When not playing, visitors spend their time visiting the train terminus, the "site for four houses" in Pip-pip Street, the windows of Mr. Cooz's new ready-to-wear tailoring establishment in Market Street, etc.

THE RALEIGH TOUCH.

[A hint of what is in store for visitors to Drury Lane, where the great autumn melodrama, *Sealed Orders*, by CECIL RALEIGH and HENRY HAMILTON, is now on view.]

Scene 27.—A West-end gambling hell. Lady Felicia Gaveston is playing cards with somebody whose name I have forgotten.

Lord Jones (or whoever it is). Well, what are the stakes this time, dear lady?

Lady Felicia (recklessly). Five thousand pounds. [*They play.*

Lord Jones (suddenly). Snap!

Lady Felicia. Bother! Let's see, that's five thousand I owe you. Just one more. [*They play again.*

Lord Jones. } *Lady Felicia.* } *(together).* Snap!

Lord Jones. I said it first. That makes ten thousand. Let me have a cheque in the morning. [*Exit.*

Baron Kurdmann (the Something Ambassador). I am afraid you have lost, dear lady?

Lady Felicia. Oh, Baron, what shall I do? My husband, Admiral Lord Hugh Gaveston, G.C.B., will be so annoyed. He's so fussy about little things like this. I suppose you couldn't lend me ten thousand pounds till—er—till—till I pay you back?

Kurdmann (aside). Admiral Lord Hugh Gaveston, G.C.B.! The man to whom the sealed orders will be sent to-morrow! If my country could only get possession of them before war breaks out—— (*To Lady Felicia*) Alas, I have only three-and-ninepence on me, dear lady; but my friend, Gaston Fournal, might help you. There he is. Shall I ask him?

Lady Felicia. Do.

Kurdmann (impressively to Fournal). Listen! Is my moustache on straight?

Fournal (surprised). Fairly. Why?

Kurdmann. Every now and then it seems to be slipping to one side. However, that wasn't what I wanted to speak to you about. (*Sinking his voice*) Our time has come. Lady Felicia wants to borrow ten thousand pounds. What with my moustache and my foreign accent and one thing and another, it's fairly obvious that I am the villain of the play. Now *you* got cheered by the gallery in the First Act, and you have a little daughter eight years old. Nobody would suspect *you*.

Fournal. But that was twenty years ago. She's twenty-three now.

Kurdmann. Well, anyhow, you're popular. The man who steals the diamonds in the First Act to keep his little daughter from starving is always popular. Now, can I leave it to you? She wants ten thousand pounds and we want her husband's sealed orders. All right? Good. (*To Lady Felicia*) Ah, dear lady, this is my friend Fournal. Perhaps he will help you. [*Exit.*

Lady Felicia (eagerly). It's only ten thousand. I'll pay you back—er—some time.

Fournal (impressively). Lady Felicia, I will give you the money on one condition; which is, that you seal your husband's stealed—I mean that you steal your husband's sealed orders.

Lady Felicia (indignantly). Betray my country? Never. (*Hear, hear.*)

Fournal. You don't understand. The fact is (*lying*) I am writing a melodrama for Drury Lane and I want to see what sealed orders look like. That's all.

Lady Felicia. Oh, well, if you promise . . . I don't know . . . perhaps . . . .

Enter her brother, Lieutenant Willoughby, R.N., *known in aquatic circles as* Breezy Bill.

Breezy Bill (out of sheer breeziness). Yo-heave-ho. Top-hole. What? (*To the rest of the cast*) Look here, everybody, we're giving a ball on our ship to-night. Of course you'll all come?

Everybody. Rather!

CURTAIN.

Scene 45. The battleship. A ball is in progress.

The Rt. Hon. Ronald Caversham (to Admiral Lord Hugh). Here are the sealed orders. If you lose them, England is destroyed. [*Exit* Caversham.

Lord Hugh. Right. I'll put them in my safe. (*Does so.*) Nobody would think of looking for them there.

Enter Lady Felicia.

Lady Felica. Hugh, my diamonds are in your safe. May I have the key?

Lord Hugh. Certainly, dear. Let me have it back. [*Exit.*

Lady Felicia (opening the safe). The sealed orders! (*She takes them.*) Now I can pay my "Snap" debts. [*Exit.*

Enter Lord Hugh. *He goes to the safe.*

Lord Hugh. Help! The sealed orders have been stolen. Stop the music!

[*The band stops, and he rushes on deck and addresses the guests.*

Lord Hugh. Ladies and gentlemen, the sealed orders have been stolen. I propose to search the thousand or so odd people on board. I shall begin with—er—who shall I begin with?

The Prompter. Lieut. Willoughby.

Lord Hugh (slightly nettled). I shall begin with Lieut. Willoughby.

Breezy Bill (to Lady Felicia). Oh lord! I've just remembered something.

Lady Felicia. What?

Breezy Bill. Why, that letter of Baron Kurdmann's that you showed me, asking you to meet him at the Zoo next Thursday. It's in my pocket. If your husband read it you would be seriously compromised.

Lady Felicia (anxiously). Can't you eat it?

Breezy Bill. He writes on such stiff paper. (*Thoughtfully*) I might *drown* it.

Lord Hugh. Well, Lieut. Willoughby, I am waiting for you to turn out your pockets.

Breezy Bill. Never, Sir!

Lord Hugh (annoyed). Arrest that man!

Breezy Bill. Wait a moment.

[*He climbs to the top of the mast and dives into the sea.*

CURTAIN.

Scene 119. On an Airship.

Ruth Fournal. Father, I wish you'd explain what we're doing here.

Fournal. Wait a moment, dear. (*Looking over the side*) Are there any boy-scouts hanging on behind?

Ruth. I can't see any. Why?

Fournal. They're always popular on the stage, and I thought perhaps one of them was saving England or something. Ah, now we're rising better. What were you saying, dear?

Ruth. I said, why are we here, and why did you give *me* the sealed orders, and why——

Fournal. Well, Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS insisted on an airship this year, and *somebody* had to go in it. Of course I'm escaping with the sealed orders, and you—well, you're the heroine, and Lieut. Willoughby is going to rescue you from the waves in the next scene, and—er—this is my new chauffeur who's driving the thing. That's all.

[*A searchlight plays upon his face.*

Chauffeur. Blimy, it's *'im!*

Fournal. The navy has seen us, but their guns can't reach us. We—— Well, my man, what is it?

Chauffeur (politely). I think we have met before. Do you remember stealing some diamonds in the First Act?

Fournal (alarmed). N-n-n-n-no.

Chauffeur. Oh yes, you do. And *I* got twenty years for it. (*Annoyed*) Beast!

Fournal (nervously). Here, go away.

[*The chauffeur leaps at him and they plunge over the side together.*

C. M. HALLARD (below the stage level). Steady; you got your foot in my eye that time.

CLIFTON ALDERSON. Awfully sorry. It went all right at the dress rehearsal.

[*A gun is heard, and the airship collapses and falls into the sea.*

Ruth. Help!

CURTAIN.

Epilogue.

CECIL RALEIGH. M'yes. I don't

think that *quite* does it justice. (*Lights cigarette.*)

Me. Still, it gives the idea.

Henry Hamilton (*plaintively*). You 've gone and left out *all* the funny part. [*Sits down.*

Me (*surprised*). Sorry; I thought I 'd put it in.

Henry Hamilton. I mean the humorous palmist and the beauty specialist and all that.

Me (*coldly*). Oh, I see.

Cecil Raleigh (*reproachfully*). You *know* you were thrilled and excited by the airship scene and the burglary in the First Act. (*Crosses to syphon.*) Weren't you?

Me. Rather—awfully.

Henry Hamilton (*stirring his coffee*). And you say nothing about the acting.

Me. Oh, that was splendid.

Cecil Raleigh. So you really did enjoy your evening?

Me. Most certainly I did.

Cecil Raleigh. / *Arthur Collins.* / *Henry Hamilton.* (*together*). Then *that* 's all right.

A. A. M.

AT THE PLAY.

The St. James Theatre.

Everybody knows the story of the little girl who complained that "one poor lion hadn't got any Christian;" I can remember how I laughed—("Ha, ha!")—when I heard it. There is another good story of Daniel in the lions' den, not quite so well known; to the effect that when the King came to see Daniel in the morning and asked him how he had got on, Daniel answered that he had been a little troubled by lions; to which the King replied indignantly, "Then you must have brought them with you." There are also current some excellent jokes about cannibals and missionaries, one of the most popular being the retort of the cannibal that, even if he wasn't a Christian, at any rate he had Christian blood in his veins. As I said above, "Ha, ha!" For a joke about anything so serious as death or religion begins to be funny even before one tells it; in the same way that the entrance of the Vicar's fox-terrier into church starts one giggling long before it joins its master in the pulpit.

Mr. Shaw is quite funny in *Androcles and the Lion*, but if he had any purpose other than this I did not see it. Certain passages in the play seemed to indicate a view that the early Christian martyrs were not necessarily brave or good, but merely proud. At least they died. Personally, I am quite sure that I should not have died . . . and I have a horrid feeling that if the Bernardus Shavius of the day had, before entering the arena himself, tried to persuade me that I was really the braver man and the better Christian of the two, I should not have believed him.

Mr. O. P. Heggie was remarkably good as *Androcles*, and Mr. Edward Sillward was a delightful lion. They had a particularly funny turn with the *Emperor* (perfectly played by Mr. Leon Quartermaine) in the last scene, which might have well been encored. This reminds me that Mr. Shaw has just announced again that he does not like the audience to indulge in rude laughter at his plays. I am sorry, but on this occasion I simply could not help it. If Mr. Shaw were to sit in front of me in church with his tie under his left ear I should always giggle.

Androcles and the Lion is preceded by *The Harlequinade*, "contrived by Dion Clayton Calthrop and Granville Barker." This was charming, but just not charming enough. With such a good idea to work upon, and with such pleasant people as Mr. Arthur Whitby and Miss Cathleen Nesbit to sit in front of the curtain and explain what was happening, the authors should have cast a greater spell over the audience. Perhaps the others were completely enthralled; I can only speak for myself. I wanted to be entirely captivated, and I was not. None the less *The Harlequinade* is very well worth seeing as an original entertainment, whimsical and pretty, and well acted by (among others) Mr. Nigel Playfair the *Clown*, and Mr. Donald Calthrop, the *Harlequin*.

M.



Binks (*viewing his pet production*). "You 've 'ad quassia chips, fertilizer, bone-dust, soot, and that 's the best you can do! After this you can take your chance with the rest!"



AGAINST THE WIND.



WITH THE WIND.

DISASTROUS INFLUENCE OF THE SEA-BREEZES ON THE MODERN "NUT" COIFFURE. RECENTLY WITNESSED BY OUR ARTIST AT A POPULAR WATERING-PLACE.

THE DEGENERATE.

(*A tale of the Duke of* WESTMINSTER'S *£100,000 fund.*)

It is befitting, is it not,
That I should tell you frankly what
Temptations of the baser sort
Beset the devotees of Sport?

Our hero, Herbert Henry Smith,
Was born with muscles, wind and pith
Enough to win the foremost place
With ease in any cycle race.
One object from his boyhood up
Fulfilled his soul—to hunt the cup,
And all the prizes which he won
(No idler he who rode for fun)
He'd realise, invest and lend
And flourish on the dividend.
Such was the man, as you'd expect,
Collectors hastened to collect.

Collecting sportsmen is a line
In which the most expert combine
Discernment, wits, persistence, dash,
With readiness to part with cash.
The early bird, who has in view
The worm it means to cotton to,
Must not rely for its success
Entirely on its earliness,
But, bluffing boldly once or twice,
Must ultimately pay the price
The victim asks for. Wily worms
Negotiate for stiffish terms.
Was Herbert *hired*, then? Not at all;
He was no low professional.
"I scorn," said he, "all sordid sums;
But posts in Sports Emporiums,
Remunerative sinecures
Which keep men rich but amateurs,
I might consider. *Verb. sap. sat.*"
He let the matter stand at that,
Nor later asked what money's worth
Was spent in getting him a berth...
And thus we find him at his prime
The leading sportsman of his time,
Secure, by his own competence,
In independent affluence.
Who could foresee for such a blend
Of perfect parts so bad an end?

So hard a bargain did he drive
And with such subtlety contrive
The business side of his affair,
That friends remarked, "You have the *flair*
For commerce in your soul, my lad,
If anybody ever had!"
A little pleased, himself, the fool
Began to find his office stool
A pleasant hobby. Bit by bit
He grew, alas, so fond of it
That more than hobby it became,
And stern ambition's nobler aim,
To concentrate upon the pot,
No more inspired him, was forgot.
Unseen, but strong, temptations lurk;
As some for Drink, so he for Work
Conceived an overwhelming lust,
And left his bicycle to rust!

A word of sympathy is due
For all those minor heroes who
Subscribed to put him on the Track
But never got a penny back.

Pride of Body.

From a cinematograph poster:—

"THE BLACK SNAKE
3000 FEET LONG
(Exclusive)."

So should we be.

"Hayati once had a job as a court-jester under Abdul Dammit."
East London Dispatch.

In fact, that was his first official joke. Unfortunately ABDUL HAMID never really appreciated it.

"The most important was a six round contest between Seaman Garman and Stoker Greenwood. . . . The match ended in a win for Garwood on points."—*Ceylon Observer.*

The referee seems to have hedged in a very cowardly way.

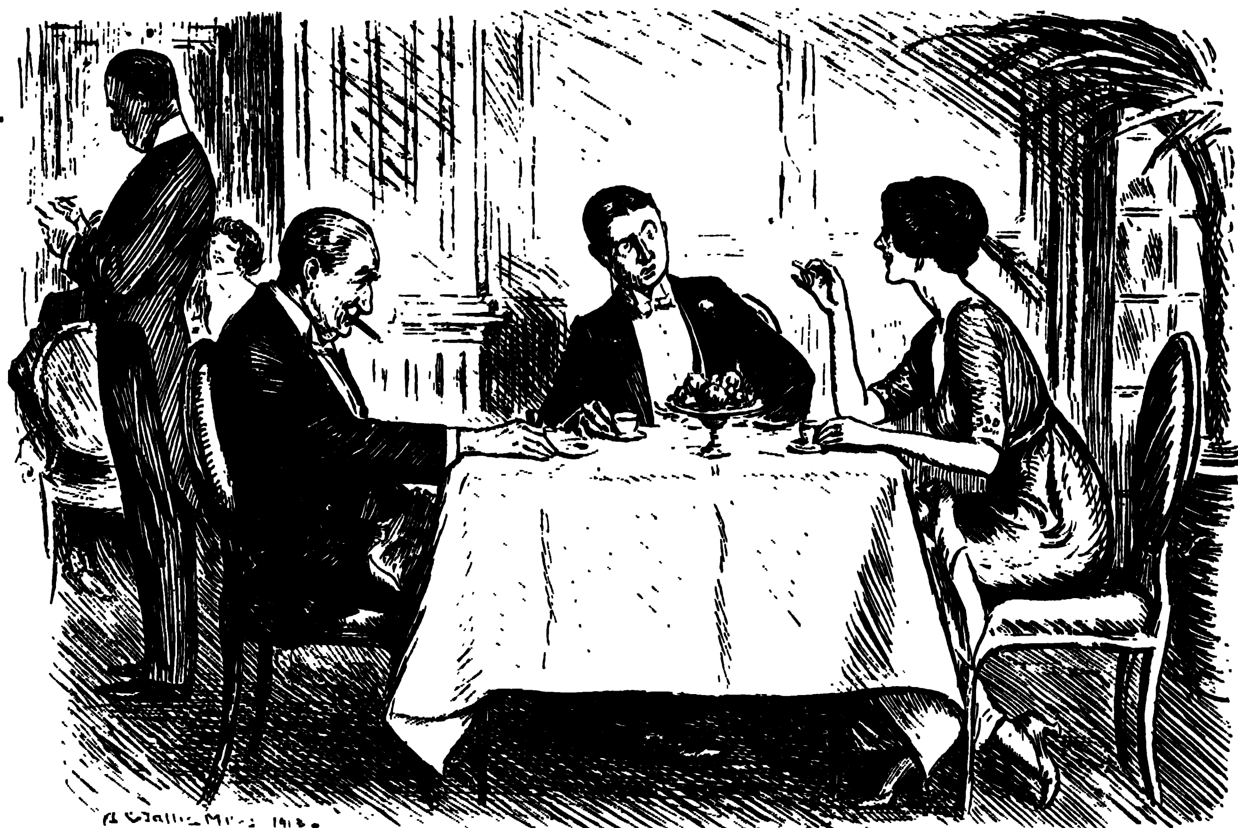


A DANGEROUS GAME.

Mr. Punch. "WHAT ARE YOU UP TO THERE?"

Chorus of Irresponsibles. "WE WANT TO GET AT THE CROWN AND PLAY PARTY POLITICS WITH IT."

Mr. Punch. "YOU TAKE MY ADVICE AND MOVE ALONG, OR THERE'LL BE TROUBLE."



The Youth (just returned from his holiday). "OH, I'M A GREAT BELIEVER IN HOLIDAYS. ONE COMES BACK SO FIT. BRAIN CLEAR, APPEARANCE IMPROVED AND ALTOGETHER MORE WIDE-AWAKE."

The Maid. "AND WHEN SHALL YOU TAKE YOUR HOLIDAY?"

THE DESCRIPTIVE THEATRE PROGRAMME.

MR. PUNCH cannot help feeling that the efforts of the serious school towards the Brightening of British Drama would be materially assisted if the depression induced by some of the more popular forms of production were dissipated by means of a descriptive programme, similar to that in use at concerts. He respectfully submits a sample of what he proposes, applied to a drawing-room comedy obsessed by an actor-manager with melodramatic tendencies:—

ACT I.

The play opens with a short prelude of minor characters, during which the main theme is stealthily introduced. Some light fluting is interspersed with a few heavy notes, which gradually assume the predominance. The *motif* is touched upon, and a few incidental explanations furnished.

This practically comprises the First Act (or movement); but a climax is provided by a gradual *agitato* of all the subordinate parts, whose tonic value we now perceive to be at the point of fullest expression, and the whole movement culminates (with a swift series of arpeggios) in the entrance of the actor-manager. The minor embellishments at once fade away as the actor-manager momentarily strikes the dominant. The curtain falls. The main theme is not developed.

ACT II.

This Act is full of movement and force. The dominant is resumed at the outset and never relinquished. The actor-manager takes up the burden of the heavy notes suggested at the beginning of Act I., and interpolates them into the main theme, which is now fully developed. He also imputes the *motif* with some vigour.

The strain is temporarily relaxed in favour of some warblings of a lighter character, there being no departure from traditional technique in this respect. Almost immediately, however, the main theme is again resumed by the actor-manager, who, working infinite variations upon it, leads it up to a strident climax full of subtle suggestion for the Third Act, the harmonic minors meanwhile providing a muted under-movement suitably subservient to the principal melody.

ACT III.

This opens with a brief *chorale* for mechanical instruments, an interlude which is quickly succeeded by a stormy *scena*, the sinister character of which finds the actor-manager quite at his best. There follows a long and tender passage, very sweet and contagious, which the actor-manager sustains on a lofty note to the running accompaniment of the principal lady. Interwoven with this is the main theme, and from it is gradually evolved the grand finale, heralded by the universal entrance of all the parts.

The grand finale, which is very effectively interrupted by a fine *aria* for the actor-manager, gathers together all the threads of the main theme, explains the *motif*, and finally resolves itself into an assortment of cumulative duets, on which the play closes.

"I hope that the gentlemen who worked so hard last season to put the League in working order will not be downhearted, but will have another try, and will keep in mind the old story of King Alfred and the spider."
Catholic Herald.

We prefer the story of how BRUCE let the bannock burn. [Joke.—ED.]

CONCERNING WILLIAM SMITH.

I like William Smith. I do not know him but I like him. What is more extraordinary perhaps is that he evidently knows me intimately and loves me. Romantic attachments are rare nowadays.

I met William in this way. On opening my letters one morning I saw at the head of a letter an engraving of a noble, if side-whiskered, face. It impressed me at once as that of a kindly, thoughtful gentleman, and I began to read his letter with interest. It ran—

My dear Sir,—As a fellow-sufferer from that intensely painful complaint, lumbago, I have pleasure in calling your attention to the William Smith Lumbago Discovery.

Then came a page describing William's agonizing attack of lumbago in Yucatan (which brought tears to my eyes), and an account of the miraculous herb with which a Mexican cacique cured him. William, with great and considerate kindness, offered me the complete course of lumbago cure at half-price—one guinea. He very thoughtfully enclosed a stamped, addressed envelope (with detachable stamp) for my reply.

I should have answered at once but for three reasons. I hate writing letters, the detachable stamp became detached, and I have never had lumbago.

So William's stamp vanished into the maw of the Post Office and I regret to say I forgot William.

But William did not forget me. Side-whiskers and fidelity go together. A month later I opened a letter and found William staring at me. I feared he had written about the little matter of the stamp, but I did not know the lofty-minded William. This time he was more intimate. He began—

Dear Mr. Jones,—From the description you give of your symptoms I have no doubt that you are suffering from lumbago of an aggravated type.

Then came a little more about Yucatan (William, like many other men, is a little lengthy in describing his travels), an offer to send me the complete course at half-price—fifteen shillings now—and another stamped envelope.

I used my dear friend's stamp, and then, such is the ingratitude of mankind, I forgot him.

Just a month afterwards who should turn up but dear old William again. "This time," I thought, "I have hurt the dear fellow. He will surely say something about that envelope."

Did he? Ah, how I misjudged him. His letter ran—

My dear Mr. Jones,—Lumbago is frequently the forerunner of Bright's disease and diabetes. It means pain, collapse, prostration, death. There is only one hope for the sufferer. (Here William once more wandered to Yucatan.) Consider your wife and family. Save yourself while there is time. I will send my great Lumbago Discovery post paid for 10*s.* 6*d.*—half-price.

He did not enclose a stamped envelope. I feared my friend had begun to doubt me. What was I to do? Either I must send 10*s.* 6*d.*, and I have a constitutional objection to parting with money, or else I must relieve William's agonizing anxiety about me. It seemed to me best to end the matter. Better one sharp shock than corroding care. So I wrote—

My dear Mr. Smith,—You will, I am sure, be grieved to hear that your old friend, Mr. Jones, expired in agonies of lumbago this morning. His last words were, "William Smith—Yucatan—half-price." I know that this will be a bitter blow to you. Still you have this consolation: you warned him faithfully of his danger.

Believe me, his sorrowing widow,

Emma Jones.

Would you believe that William Smith never replied? I did think he would at least have sent a wreath, or a few stamped envelopes for the widow. Perhaps he was too overcome to write.

And now that I am defunct (officially) I have a strange longing to meet William in the flesh. Suppose some day I see that thoughtful, side-whiskered face in the Tube I shall certainly introduce myself. Not, of course, as Jones. I shall whisper in his ear, "Are you William Smith?" When he says, "Yes, dear me, I ought to know you; your face is quite familiar," I shall reply, "William, I am the Mexican cacique from Yucatan. Do you happen to have any of your excellent stamped envelopes about you?"



["Pocket-clipper can be used for the beard or hair at back of neck."—*From a catalogue.*]

Portrait of gentleman using pocket-clipper to trim beard at back of neck.

Modern Potato Culture.

"I once got a circular from a man who grew potatoes containing his photograph, and, I think, an autobiography."—*Musical Standard.*

We have a giant gooseberry that reminds us of Mr. Chesterton, but that is not quite the same thing.

A correspondent writing to *Amateur Gardening* on his forthcoming flower show, says:—

"I like to set up cut flowers in twenty-four kinds, but find it difficult to get that number in anything like good condition. I prefer good perennials for cutting, but animals are allowed."

Answer. Trim your canary and send him up.

"The Bishop is unmarried, and has four brothers and two sisters. His brothers are . . . as widely extended as a Colonel of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, at Merut, India; a Vicar in Monmouthshire; the Rector of Standerton, and a barrister at Johannesburg."—*Sydney Church Standard.*

The stoutness of Monmouthshire vicars is of course proverbial.

"Mr. H. D. Parry-Mitchell has had erected a handsome clock on the turret of Merevale Church, with dials facing two ways. This is not only an ornamental addition to the exterior of the edifice, but will be found to be very useful to people wishing to know the time."—*Atherstone News.*

A most ingenious idea of Mr. Parry-Mitchell's.

"Between lunch and dinner take another tumbler of water cold. Take a glass of cold water half an hour after lunch, half an hour after tea, half an hour after dinner, and before going to bed at night. Never drink between meals."—*Woman's Life.*

One seems to be doing nothing else.



First Boy (returning from Sunday-school). "Going to have my hair cut in here to-morrow."
Second Boy. "Why don't your mother cut it for you?"
First Boy. "Me let a woman cut my hair? No fear! Look what happened to Samson!"

EXIT.

[In Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, to be produced at the Playhouse, the room in which the scene is set throughout is provided with only one door.]

Where are the dear traditions of my youth
That raised the worst concocted play
Above the things of every day?
Exterminated, in the name of Truth.

The villain who ejaculated "Ha!"
Gnawed his moustache and snarled and smiled;
The golden-haired, confiding child
Who said his prayers and saved his dear Mamma—

These and a many more were my delight;
And, when an icon-smashing age
Ordained that they must quit the stage,
My soul sustained an almost fatal blight.

And now the last attraction is no more;
The colourless, anæmic hordes
Who tread our "realistic" boards
Must come and vanish by a single door!

Gone is the agony that thrills and numbs.
How shall the heroine be drugged
If in a trice she can't be lugged
Into concealment ere the hero comes?

Gone, too, those comic scenes that split our sides,
In which Lothario meets his doom
As library and dining-room
Disgorge together both his would-be brides.

One thing remains ere we prepare the pall
To drape the drama, now effete:
Let's make reality complete
By adding on the fourth and final wall.

The Yorkshire Evening Post on Doncaster Week:—

"One firm alone, as the writer can state on authority, are in the habit of selling 60,000 tons of Butter Scotch during the four days."

Assuming a crowd of 300,000 on each day and all of them eating butter scotch bought from this particular firm—a moving spectacle—there would be an allowance of 112 lbs. of butter scotch per head, or rather per inside. It sounds almost too much.

A PROFESSIONAL COMPLIMENT.

I was very diffident about calling in the doctor in the first place. Simply because fourpence is being deducted, much against my wish, from my salary every week, it somehow seemed scarcely fair to expect him to devote all the resources of his skill and training to the business of making me well.

Still it had to be done, and when he came to visit me in an expensive motor car, and made a prolonged examination of me with the minutest care, I felt still more keenly that my fourpence a week did not justify it. As some salve to conscience, I determined to give him the least trouble possible, and so I carried out all his instructions to the letter, took my medicine punctually, and, indeed, did everything in my power to make his task light.

At last it was over. "I hope, doctor, I haven't been too much of a nuisance to you," I said apologetically to him at his last visit.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed brightly, "you've been positively an ideal patient! Why, you really *deserve* to be ill!"

THE CHILDREN'S GYMKHANA.

It was the man in the white suit who organised the Children's Gymkhana for us, as he organised nearly everything else that helped to make pleasant our stay in the Swiss valley. The project, once started, leapt and bounded towards success. There were no subscriptions. Nobody went round with a list and offered to make you a Vice-President for twenty francs or a member of the General Committee for ten francs, or a full member of the Association for five francs. Indeed, there was neither General Committee nor Association. The man in the white suit waved his wand, invited a friend or two to luncheon, and, lo, the Children's Gymkhana sprang into vigorous existence. Of course it was understood that there were to be prizes – prizes for both sexes and all ages of childhood liberally interpreted to include boys and girls of fifteen. When once this great fact of prizes had been grasped a tremendous excitement began to seethe throughout the valley, and all sorts of possible competitors set to work to train and practise. There was a sensible diminution in the receipts of the tea-shop. For several days cakes of all sorts lay under a dreadful ban. Cakes with cream in them were held up to special execration as being "bad for the wind." An incautious Swiss roll might easily take an inch or two off your high jump, and "three-eyed Dick" (our pet name for an agreeable sort of jam biscuit) would be sure to ruin anybody's chance for the girls' three-legged race. No sterner exhibition of the true athletic spirit has ever been seen.

At last the great, the wished-for day arrived in a gorgeous panoply of sunshine, and the nations began to gather together on the field of prowess. There were English children, American children, French children, Dutch children, Russian children, German children, Belgian children, a Babel of conflicting tongues and diversified animation, all held together and reduced to order by the man in the white suit and his select band of stewards. A jollier or a more eager crowd could not be met anywhere—this at least was the opinion of the proud and anxious parents who sat round the course in various positions of vantage and shouted polyglot encouragements to their young braves. Dimitri and Etienne, the sturdy sons of a Colonel in the TSAR's body-guard, were there; there, too, were Edgar, Arthur and Lewis, fresh-faced representatives of British boyhood, and John aged six and Billy aged five, who were to compete in the race (eighty yards' handicap) for children over five and under ten, and who now were eyeing one another with a jealous interest, each computing the athletic points of his sturdy rival. There were two Peggies and two Betties. Nancy and Rosie and Joyce and Helen had entered for most events. Nancy and Rosie are poetesses in their off moments, but now they were thinking of their feet rather than their rhymes, and indeed showed a most stubborn and pedestrian determination to excel in bodily effort. And, finally, there was our little French friend, "The Blob."

"The Blob" is a great character, a very round and sturdy little boy of twelve, in shorts and stockings. His face is plump and smiling, his body is thick-set, his legs are those of a conqueror. Good nature and friendliness shine from him as light shines from the sun, and his temper is imperturbable. His real name is Le Poix, but, when first he arrived at the tennis courts seeking a game, somebody, seeing him, said, "Who's that funny little jolly blob of a fellow?," and the name, taken up by the English boys, whose sworn friend he has become, stuck to him. Now it is, "Blob, will you make up a four?" or "Blob, will you lend me your racket?" and the little sportsman has accepted his name comfortably and without a shadow of protest. He too, as I say, was there to defend the honour of his nation and to show what *élan* really means. His efforts in the high jump were magnificent. He looked like a football flung gloriously at the bar—which, by the way, was a string weighted with a tennis ball at either end. "The Blob" did his best, but a tall youngster of fourteen from Haileybury proved too much for him and everybody else.

Splendid, too, was the race for girls over ten and under twelve. They got away to a capital start, but soon strung out. They tore round the course, their hair streaming in the wind, so many comets unpredicted by KEPLER or HALLEY, until at last the Peggy comet gleamed to the front in a panting spurt and won the desperate race. Other encounters, too, there were, and, for diversion, we had a three-legged race and an egg-and-spoon race. Never were beheld such complicated falls as the three-legged race provided. It is a marvel that any limbs survived unbroken. The two poetesses, securely bound together and thundering along like two young Clydesdales turned out to grass, came through their shattered rivals and carried off the double prize. As for the egg-and-spoon race, I need only say that the eggs were mercifully made of chalk. Otherwise the course must have been converted into an *omelette à l'herbe*, a Gargantuan omelette fifty yards long by ten wide!

All this time the organiser of victory, the CARNOT in the white suit, was, as it seemed, in every part of the field, planning, ordering and executing with a busy vigour that assured success. And near the middle of the course, at a table, sat a kind lady having at her feet a large box containing the prizes. These she allotted as the sports went on, selecting for each event the particular prize which she thought would be most acceptable to the winners. Thus every winner was delighted when at last the distribution came. Indeed it seemed to be a magic box, inexhaustible in appropriate prizes, so that, when all the firsts and seconds had been satisfied, there still remained consolation prizes for nearly all the rest. We wound up a memorable cosmopolitan day with cheers for everybody, including three of the best for the man in the white suit. R. C. L.

SPEYSIDE.

A LAND full of the lilt of running streams,
The Highland scents of peat and whin and fir,
The crested hills like giants in their dreams,
The light airs, heather-sweetened as of myrrh,
The golden sunshine flashing out in gleams
And all the clouds astir.

A place where many things may dwell and hide:—
The little Brownies, timorous of the din
Of mortal men; dead reiver-folk who ride
Abroad o' nights; a kelpie at the lynn;
Witches and warlocks—ay, and more beside,
May find a howff herein.

A land where faery fancies have their wills—
A gallant land besides, where you and I,
Calling a truce with books and briefs and bills,
Tarry a space to cast the luring fly,
Or walk in wariness upon the hills
That small red birds may die.

The Temptation.

"Grocer's Porter: wanted a strict T.T., who will be liberally treated."—*Freeman's Journal.*



Neighbour. "AND HOW'S YER GUID MAN THIS MORNIN', MRS. TAMSON?" *Mrs. Tamson.* "HE DEED LAST NICHT."
Neighbour. "I'M REAL SORRY TO HEAR THAT. YE'LL NO REMEMBER IF HE HAPPENED TO SAY ONYTHING ABOOT A POT O' GREEN PAINT BEFORE HE SLIPPIT AWA?"

HIGHER TRAINING FOR BUSINESS.

UNDER this heading *The Daily Telegraph* discusses the scheme of a well-known emporium for a course of special education, with scholarships, for shop-assistants. Heartily approving the idea, we give below some suggested points from the examination papers.

MATHEMATICAL.

(1) If one woman takes 2½ hours to match one piece of silk, how long will six men take to buy twelve ties?

(2) From two shillings subtract "one eleven three" giving the answer in terms of (*a*) actual money; (*b*) customer-traction.

(3) State the rules of reduction. How can an article whose usual price is *5s.* be reduced to *6s. 3d.*?

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL.

(1) Explain, with speaker and context "The remnant of an army."
"A sale, a sale, we are saved!"

(2) With what famous events is the Paris Louvre associated in your mind? At what period was the custom of presenting toy balloons first instituted?

(3) Write a short essay on "Counter-irritants."

GENERAL.

A customer enters a shop at 11.15 to buy a packet of pins, and leaves at 12.30 having purchased a sable coat. Trace her progress (with diagram if necessary).

ONCE UPON A TIME.

ADVANCE.

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who asked his father if NERO was a bad man.

"Thoroughly bad," said his father.

Once upon a time, many years later, there was another little boy who asked his father if NERO was a bad man.

"I don't know that one would exactly say that," replied his father; "but he certainly had his less felicitous moments."

"Car No. 1073 after colliding with the Maha Mudaliyar's car went against a lamp post smashing it and also the lamp. The Maha Mudaliyar, who was in his car at the time, escaped with a slight thanking."
The Ceylonese.

"Not at all," said the Maha. "Any time you're passing."

A PASSIONATE PROTEST.

DEAR SIR,—When I heard that *The Daily Mirror* had started a Woman's Olympic Games Fund, I naturally concluded it was for the use of competitors of *my own sex.* As soon as I realised the money was to be spent in training *our natural enemies*, my *indignation* was equalled only by my *scorn.*

From experience in militant encounters, I have found that men are *quite muscular enough*, and, while I have strength to lift my voice or my pen, *women's wages* shall never go to bolster *men's biceps.*

No, Sir, the whole proposition smacks (to use an appropriate expression) of *sheer insolence.* On the other hand, if you choose to show sufficient *foresight* as to open a fund, yourself, to train young Englishmen to darn their socks, make their beds and sweep their cigarette ash off their mothers' carpets, I shall be pleased not only to *contribute myself*, but to arrange for a collecting-box to be placed in the lobby of my club.

Yours faithfully,
SPINSTER
(and *proud* of it).

THE DIFFICULTIES OF BEING A MOTHER.

When Eustace and Adeline came to us, aged three months and very weak on their legs, they cost seventeen-and-sixpence, with a shilling extra for packing, and we thought them very dear at the price. That is a year ago. Now Adeline is an older and a sadder duck.

It happened this way. When the shiny days came of the opening year, Adeline made up her mind to have a family. She took to absenting herself mysteriously, and one day we found six greeny eggs in quite a nice place. The six became eight, and the eight ten, and the ten twelve, and we began to ask anxiously whether Adeline didn't consider it any part of her duty to sit on them. When she had made it thirteen, for luck, she made it clear that she didn't, by becoming quite regular for meals again; so we took away her eggs and gave them to a broody hen. The broody hen had the tomato-house to herself for three weeks and five days, during which she never moved except when we moved her to see how the eggs were getting on, and on the sixth day in the fourth week, towards evening, she was rather suddenly found to be sharing it with nine active ducklings, who didn't surprise her in the least. But what was our heroine doing all this time? Well, if you must know, our heroine had started all over again on another family, in a new place. I suppose she took a dislike to the first lot, or to the first place, or something. At least, those were the theories. But Eustace or somebody must have told her that she had left out the most important part, for this time she took her job much more seriously. She only came off it *once* a day, at five o'clock precisely, and then we always thought she would choke herself, because all the time she ate she fairly screamed with self-importance and anxiety to be off, or I suppose I should say to be on. I should also tell you that she had stopped at six this time; I suppose Eustace had suggested moderation.

And now for purposes of clearness I shall have to speak of Family Number Two and Family Number One. Even then it is as complicated as a novel by Arnold Bennett. For one morning, at breakfast time, at the end of the third week and the fifth day, Adeline came paddling down the river with a perfect little flotilla, all asking if breakfast was ready. It wasn't quite perfect, though, because there were only five in the squadron, and as there was nothing but cast-off egg-shells in the nest she must have lost one on the way down to breakfast. The armada suffered another loss directly after breakfast. It happened like this: obeying her instinct to take her family to the finest possible pastures, she set off down the river ever so far, and when she came back she had only four. I think she must have noticed something this time, because Eustace was sent off in a great hurry downstream, and he didn't come back until the evening, but he hadn't found anything.

And now, reader, we must go back a little and see for a moment what Family Number One is doing. (You remember—the nine.) It is being sat upon by its foster-mother. But what is this? How unaccountably has it dwindled! Yes, they all lived for a week, and then, whether it was that with years of discretion came questioning doubts as to whether the broody hen really was their mother or whether their house wasn't so good for little ducks as it was for little tomatoes, one by one they took to dying, quite regularly, one a day, almost as though someone had told them the story of the nigger-boys. On the day before the Second Family's arrival, Adeline's First Family was down to two. And she had never seen it! From her subsequent conduct I imagine, if she had seen it, she would have regarded the whole thing as a great mistake. She would have taken the line that she didn't ever mean that first lot to *be* a family, because she had thought of a better one.

It is time to say that this is going to be a tragedy. It is going to have a Recognition scene, just like Euripides, and then it is going to end in the most complete and utter tragedy. But before that comes there is going to be one happy scene, so you may read a little further. Adeline's Second Family arrived on a Saturday, and the next day was a Sunday the first of the real shiny Sundays. You should have seen her with that Second Family! Eustace took himself off for the whole day; I suppose he felt he had done as much the day before as could be reasonably expected of him. She was as happy with the four of them and as pleased with herself as though four was the perfect number and she had taken great pains to trim it down to four. She dived, and the four dived, she went ashore and cleaned herself, and the four went ashore and cleaned themselves, and then she sat and just looked at them in the sunshine while they chased the water-spiders who were enjoying their own little day. We prepared the scene of confrontation. There were two ducklings of her own flesh and blood, swimming about, in spite of their three weeks in the tomato house. But, bless you, Adeline gave one look at the bank, where a great clucking was coming from, and decided that it was no wonder a mother like that had such hideous little children. She wouldn't have anything to do with them. The recognition scene had been a failure.

All that day we said at intervals to one another that if their life was going to be a short one it had been merry anyhow. The next morning they were still four. They ate their breakfast as usual. In the evening three little bodies were high-and-dry in some thick scum where the fish-net is, and Adeline was looking surprised to have only one. I suppose she had obeyed those instincts of hers again and taken her family to a perfectly splendid pasture which had choked three of them. I don't think she noticed anything seriously wrong until the next morning. Eustace (who had turned up again, looking not quite sober), and she and it were taking breakfast together. Now I must introduce you to Jack Hearne. There is nothing irrelevant in this; he is not the Middlesex bowler; he is a heron, and that is his proper name in this county. Before this fatal Tuesday I should have introduced him to you as a tame heron. Now it is impossible. For Jack Hearne, walking past on the way to his own breakfast, finished off Adeline's Second Family at a mouthful. We think, we like to think, it was a mistake on his part. Herons will act so rashly. But that doesn't bring back Adeline's Second Family. She finished her breakfast and turned round and distinctly noticed it had gone. Her grief is terrible. We don't think she would have noticed anything wrong if Jack Hearne had left her with her one. But now she sits all day on the river-bank and refuses to be comforted.

You will notice that this is an almost perfect tragedy because there is the element of hope left at the end. Fortinbras and Horatio, of her First Family, still live. Will she ever recognise them, or will she go on mistaking them for chickens, until, taking heart, she begins her own task of motherhood all over again? We do not know; we only know that we do not any longer think seventeen-and-sixpence too dear for a pair of healthy ducklings raised successfully to the age of three months, even with the addition of a shilling extra for packing.

The Latest Continental Flight.

"Sunday. Morning service at Crosthwaite. Canon Rawnsley kindly pilots us to Shelley's grave."—*British Weekly.*

And they got back from Rome in time for the evening service.



INTENSIVE CULTURE.

Scientific Chicken Farmer. "Yes, you were right. The filtered and iced water, the electric fans and the hot-water pipe perches didn't seem to touch 'em; the French cooking, the gramophone during meals, and the cinema on wet days left 'em cold; but by George, old man, the hens *do* appreciate that moving staircase. Since its installation the egg output has increased 90 per cent."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

What I chiefly felt about *With Drums Unmuffled* (Mills and Boon) was that it was the work of an author with a considerable gift of expression, much charm of manner, and (here at least) insufficient matter upon which to employ it. L. A. Burgess gives upon the title-page no indication of sex, but I will make a bold shot for it that the writer is feminine. Her title itself—at first somewhat obscure—has reference to the military practice of marching back from a funeral to the accompaniment of some lively tune. There is indeed a pleasantly service atmosphere about the whole of the simple tale, which concerns the life and mild loves of a group of persons stationed at Gibraltar. There are two heroines, the young army nurse who tells the story, and *Susan Pickle*, the country-bred nursery-maid of *Major Tracey's* little daughter. Each has her romance, that of the former running so uneventfully smooth a course that the author has been forced to fret it with quite the thinnest and most artificial misunderstanding that I ever remember. *Susan's* is a different affair; she is indeed far the most clearly individualised character in the book, and her devotion to the unworthy cad whom she loves is told with a sympathy that makes me expect considerable things from L. A. Burgess in the future. For the present, however, she has written just a mildly pleasant tale, one that may be gently enjoyed both by those familiar with the life it describes and those to whom it is strange—the former for choice.

Mr. Nevinson's *Essays in Rebellion* (Nisbet) are concerned with all manner of vital things that divide serious folk, from war to the hunger of the poor. It is a gallant little book such as might be expected from one who has taken his life in his hands in sundry quixotries of the last twenty odd years. There are two keynotes. One from Goethe: "For myself, I am happy enough. Joy comes streaming in upon me from every side. Only, for others, I am not happy." The other is contained in the parable of "The Catfish," which serves as the first of the essays. Now the catfish used to be put in the tanks of the East Coast fishing boats in order that his lively and stimulating activities should keep the cod in health, which else were observed to fall torpid and arrive for market flabby and unwholesome. Mr. Nevinson is an excellent catfish, a genuine rebel radical with opinions cut to no mere party pattern. He pours out a fine scorn on the complacent type that welcomes rebellion—after the successful event. For himself he is content to be champion of all unpopular causes, of all subject peoples. This very consistency of his attitude is a defect of his generous qualities. He sees life too symmetrically, as a matter of sheep and goats in their divided pens. For instance: "Do the people call the tune of peace or war? Not at all. The ruling classes both call the tune and pocket the pay." Whatever of truth is here needs qualification. Mr. Nevinson never qualifies. He knows enough of war to hate it and has hope of some modification of present insanities along the lines of Mr. Angell's well-known thesis. "It will become either civil war—the most terrible but the

finest kind of war because some principle of the highest value must be at stake before civil war can arise—or it will become a combined war between the classes of various countries between whom there is a feeling of sympathy and common interest." And this sentence involves a good deal of what is most characteristic in the thought of this latter-day rebel. There are many good things in this book, grave and gay. It is really a compliment to the author to note that the grave are the more effective. Most of all I would commend "The Heroine," some extremely apposite thoughts concerning Florence Nightingale, to those who have the temperamental hatred of new things.

"The most dreadful and baffling of all the unsolved murder mysteries in English criminal annals," of which *The Lodger* (Methuen) is said to suggest a solution, is, I take it, the performance of the once notorious but now almost forgotten Jack the Ripper. Had the learned author thought of her ingenious explanation at the time, no doubt she would have expressed it in a letter to the Press; and some would have said it was probably right, others that it was certainly wrong, while all would have abused the Police for not thinking of it, and no one would have known how much truth was in it, except Jack himself. But correspondence on the subject being now closed, there was nothing for it but to revive the mystery in a fictitious parallel and to solve that. I wish the author had set about her business in this order, instead of bursting out with the solution in the first chapters and leaving the mystery to state itself subsequently. Myself, I am always ready to take part in a really good murder, but I have too much respect for crime to see it treated thus off-hand and by the way; and when the dastardly deed is being repeated at regular intervals throughout the book, I am more than reluctant to concentrate upon the private feelings of *Mrs. Bunting*, or any other lodging-house keeper, or upon the homely romance of the detective who should have been wholly occupied in tracking down the miscreant. Had *Daisy* been a victim I would gladly have assisted in her matrimonial affairs; but she was never within a mile of it. Instead, she merely gets in the way, and, every time there is a sudden loud knock at the lodging-house door, it is only her tiresome lover come for a purpose no more sinister than to pay his irrelevant respects. I was not allowed to be present at any of the murders; I was not even introduced to one of the murdered; how then can I be expected to say a kind word for a murderer who was not suspected or arrested and did not cause anyone else to be suspected or arrested in his stead? I regret to have to add that the author who has so trifled with my affection for the gruesome is no other than my admired Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes.

Whenever I read of a quest for gold—
The kind that happened in days of old,
When someone, finding a cryptic clue,
Chartered a ship with a cut-throat crew,
And sailed straight into a lurid squall
Of mutinous oaths and musket-ball—
You know the type? Whenever, I say,
A story of this kind comes my way
All else is abandoned, and down I sit
And then and there I am on to it.
People, period, place of the quest
The author may settle as he thinks best,
But, whatsoever the form it take,
One proviso I always make—
The find, when the questers do unearth it,
Must be something that's really worth it.

And that's where Hamilton Drummond's tale,
Winds of God (Paul), seems to fail.
It's told with charm; there are thrills enough;
The heroine's tender, the hero tough;
The brave ship's company lacks no brawn;
Most of their number are deftly drawn,
But the paltry sum that they fetch away's
A scandalous slur on the good old days.

Fifteen thousand! Good Lord! Why, I'm
Paid nearly that for this trifling rhyme!



UNRECORDED ACTS OF KINDNESS.

Julius Cæsar alleviates the sufferings of a wounded soldier by reading his *Commentaries* to him.

Humbly I bow the knee to Mr. Eden Phillpotts; at last I throw up the sponge and confess that, although he seems to find no difficulty in writing fresh tales about Dartmoor, I am on my beam ends to avoid repetition in criticising them. Fifteen short stories are contained in *The Old Time Before Them* (Murray), and with such ease does Mr. Phillpotts tell them, that it would not surprise me in the least to hear that he has several reserve fifteens ready to appear in the field. The tales are put into the mouth of *Johnny Rowland*, landlord of "The Plume of Feathers," who was both a publican and a bit of a sinner. For although *Johnny's* own beverage was "dry ginger," he practised various amusing devices to induce his customers to settle down to bibulous evenings. *The Old Time Before Them* neither harms nor improves its author's reputation, and doubtless it will provide a fund of amusement for those who are not weary of the shrewd sayings and rather grim humour of the Dartmoor natives.

"The Terriers' team won the toss, and elected to bat first, and the Reserves, captained by Sergeant Fawsitt, won the toss and elected to bat first."—*Orpington Times.*

Sergeant Fawsitt. Heads it is. We'll go in.

Terrier Captain (*indignantly*). I distinctly heard you say tails. (*Left arguing.*)

"Altogether he obtained four 6's and nineteen 4's, and his only mistake was when 52 Humphreys missed him in the deep field."
Glasgow Herald.

The luncheon interval sometimes has this effect. Though it may have seemed like fifty-two Humphreys to the reporter, it was actually only one.



Nervous Assistant (*to purchaser of grand piano*) "CAN WE SEND IT FOR YOU?"

CHARIVARIA.

THE visit of British M.P.'s to Australia does not appear to be arousing a great deal of enthusiasm there. According to *Reuter's* despatch from Sydney, "The British parliamentary visitors were accorded a civil reception at Newcastle." We fancy they expected something more than this.

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At the Russian Olympic meeting at Kieff the prize for the high jump was won by Mlle. POPOVA. With superb reticence we make no comment.

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The POET LAUREATE is said to be writing a poem on the approaching royal wedding. The fact that "Fife" rhymes so easily with "wife" renders the task more simple than usual.

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"Sir Herbert Tree," says *The Daily Sketch*, "is not what we would call a superstitious man. He has no mascot, for instance, like Mr. Cyril Maude." Possibly, however, he has one like a Teddy Bear?

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Professor DICKSON, in an address delivered at the meeting of the British Association, expressed the view that our food supply may only last for three centuries more. May we, in the circumstances, beg all little boys to be as sparing as possible in their diet?

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Suffragettes damaged the bowling-green of the South Croydon Club last week by burning the words "Votes for Women" into the turf. The rumour that this has produced many converts among the members lacks confirmation.

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The Durban correspondent of *The Standard* tells us that the performance of "Kismet" by Mr. OSCAR ASCHE's company there has been causing trouble. It is obviously not O K.

* *
*

"A Householder" writes us a word in favour of the cinematograph. For the second time in his life, he says, he has had to carry a drunken and struggling cook out of his house. On the first occasion, which happened about ten years ago, a huge and excited crowd collected. Last week, however, the incident attracted little attention, passers-by merely imagining that a cinematograph rehearsal of *L'Enlèvement d'Hélène* was taking place.

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Garters with flap pockets have, we read, been invented by an American hosiery manufacturer to aid women in carrying jewellery or money. We understand that, so long as slit skirts are the vogue, pick-pockets will not lodge a protest against this new contrivance.

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The Rev. BOYD MORISON, of Darlington, pleads for more comfort in churches, and suggests that the seating accommodation might be made more luxurious. Uncomfortable seats undoubtedly account for much of the insomnia from which many church-goers suffer during the sermon.

The Daily Express is taking the lead in the campaign against sensational head-lines. Consider, for instance, the following paragraph in a recent issue:—

"M. Coulon, who lives at Montluçon, wears a beard which is three yards thirty inches long."

Our contemporary heads, this quite simply "Five foot beard."

THE ORDER OF THE BATH.

"We must really do something about the bath," said Celia.

"We must," I agreed.

At present what we do is this. Punctually at six-thirty or nine or whenever it is, Celia goes in to make herself clean and beautiful for the new day, while I amuse myself with a razor. After a quarter-of-an-hour or so she gives a whistle to imply that the bath-room is now vacant, and I give another one to indicate that I have only cut myself once. I then go hopefully in and find that the bath is half-full of water; whereupon I go back to my room and engage in Dr. Hugh de Sélincourt's physical exercises for the middle-aged. After these are over I take another look at the bath, discover that it is now three-eighths full, and return to my room and busy myself with Dr. Archibald Marshall's mental drill for busy men. By the time I have committed three Odes of Horace to memory, it may be low tide or it may not; if not, I sit on the edge of the bath with the daily paper and read about the latest strike—my mind occupied equally with wondering when the water is going out and when the 'busmen are. And the thought that Celia is now in the dining-room eating more than her share of the toast does not console me in the least.

"Yes," I said, "it 's absurd to go on like this. You had better see about it to-day, Celia."

"I don't think—I mean, I think—you know, it's really *your* turn to do something for the bath-room."

"What do you mean, *my* turn? Didn't I buy the glass shelves for it? You'd never even heard of glass shelves."

"Well, who put them up after they'd been lying about for a month?" said Celia. "I did."

"And who bumped his head against them the next day? I did."

"Yes, but that wasn't really a *useful* thing to do. It 's your turn to be useful."

"Celia, this is mutiny. All household matters are supposed to be looked after by you. I do the brain-work; I earn the money; I cannot be bothered with these little domestic worries. I have said so before."

"I sort of thought you had."

You know, I am afraid that is true. We are, indeed, often having these little arguments as to whose turn it is to be useful. We had one about Jane's insurance card. Celia got it in the end, but only after I had been very firm about it.

"After all," she said, "the drinks are in your department."

"Hock, perhaps," I said; "soapy water, no. There is a difference."

"Not very much," said Celia.

By the end of another week I was getting seriously alarmed. I began to fear that unless I watched it very carefully I should be improving myself too much.

"While the water was running out this morning," I said to Celia, as I started my breakfast just about lunch-time, "I got *Paradise Lost* off by heart and made five hundred and ninety-six revolutions with the back paws. And then I had to shave myself again. What a life for a busy man!"

"I don't know if you know that it's no——"

"Begin again," I said.

"——that it's no good waiting for the last inch or two to go out by itself. Because it won't. You have to—to *hoosh* it out."

"I do. And I sit on the taps looking like a full moon and try to draw it out. But it's no good. We had a neap tide to-day and I had to hoosh four inches. Jolly."

Celia gave a sigh of resignation.

"All right," she said, "I'll go to the plumber to-day."

"Not the plumber," I begged. "On the contrary. The plumber is the man who *stops* the leaks. What we really want is an unplumber."

We fell into silence again.

"But how silly we are!" cried Celia suddenly. "Of course!"

"What 's the matter now?"

"The bath is the *landlord's* business! Write and tell him."

"But—but what shall I say?" Somehow I knew Celia would put it on to me.

"Why, just—*say*. When you 're paying the rent, you know."

"I—I see."

I retired to the library and thought it out. I hate writing business letters. The result is a mixture of formality and chattiness which seems to me all wrong.

My first letter to the landlord went like this:—

"Dear Sir,—I enclose cheque in payment of last quarter's rent. Our bath won't run out properly. Yours faithfully."

It is difficult to say just what is wrong with that letter, and yet it is obvious that something has happened to it. It isn't *right*. I tried again.

"Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find cheque in payment of enclosed account. I must ask you either to enlarge the exit to our bath or to supply an emergency door. At present my morning and evening baths are in serious danger of clashing. Yours faithfully."

My third attempt had more sting in it:—

"Dear Sir,—Unless you do something to our bath I cannot send you a cheque in payment of enclosed account. Otherwise I would have. Yours faithfully."

At this point I whistled to Celia and laid the letters before her.

"You see what it is," I said. "I'm not quite getting the note."

"But you 're so abrupt," she said. "You must remember that this is all coming quite as a surprise to him. You want to lead up to it more gradually."

"Ah, perhaps you 're right. Let 's try again."

I tried again, with this result—

"Dear Sir,—In sending you a cheque in payment of last quarter's rent I feel I must tell you how comfortable we are here. The only inconvenience—and it is indeed a trifling one, dear Sir—which we have experienced is in connection with the bath-room. Elegantly appointed and spacious as this room is, commodious as we find the actual bath itself, yet we feel that in the matter of the waste-pipe the high standard of efficiency so discernible elsewhere is sadly lacking. Were I alone I should not complain; but unfortunately there are two of us; and, for the second one, the weariness of waiting while the waters of the first bath exude drop by drop is almost more than can be borne. I speak with knowledge, for it is I who——"

I tore the letter up and turned to Celia.

"I'm a fool," I said. "I 've just thought of something which will save me all this rotten business every morning."

"I'm so glad. What is it?"

"Why, of course—in future *I* will go to the bath first."

And I do. It is a ridiculously simple solution, and I cannot think why it never occurred to me before.

A. A. M.

Entertaining made easy.

"At an Extremely Low Figure.
Splendid Facilities for Entertaining.
One of the most entertaining Adam Mansions in the West End for Sale."
Advt. in "The Morning Post."

"In view of the surplus of £20,000 shown in the municipal accounts, the 2,000 citizens of Klingenberg, Germany, were not only absolved of all taxation for the year, but were each presented with £20 from the town treasury."—*Tit-Bits.*

The Town Clerk is now adding up the figures again. He has a sort of feeling that a mistake has been made, and that the treasury has been too hasty.



SAVING HER FACE.

Turkey. "SORRY, MADAM, I COULDN'T OBLIGE YOU BY RETIRING."

Europa (*with great dignity*). "NOT AT ALL. YOU MAY REMEMBER THAT AT THE VERY START I STRONGLY INSISTED ON THE *STATUS QUO*."



THE REWARD OF VALOUR.

(*After a day's sea-fishing.*)

Mother. "I don't think we want to keep more than one or two, children?"
Tom. "Have that one, Mummy—have that one—he struggled most."

IN SELF-DEFENCE.

Great Violinist Speaks Out.

(*Special.*)

The prominence attached to a recent account of Signor Caruso's activities as an agriculturalist has elicited a dignified and striking letter of protest from Mr. Boldero-Bamborough (formerly Bamberger), the famous violinist, who has recently incorporated his father-in-law's name with his own and slightly modified the latter by deed poll. "I see it stated," observes Mr. Boldero-Bamborough, "that Caruso is the possessor of several large estates in Tuscany, including twenty farms at Bellosguardo; that he is building an art gallery in the eighteenth-century style to house his collection of statuary, and that another of his country houses is surrounded by sixteen farms, each containing a piano.

"The obvious inference to be drawn from this statement is that such prosperity is exceptional in a musician. This is nothing less than a slur upon the noble profession to which I am proud to belong. Loath as I am to obtrude my personal affairs on the public—not only from my own ingrained aversion from advertisement but in view of the fastidious self-suppression of my wife, *née* Polyxena Boldero, and my father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.S.L.—I have no choice but to make known the following facts:—

"My property includes an estate of 5,000 square miles in New Guinea, a rubber plantation in the Solomon Islands, a mine in Alaska, an elephant ranche in Central India, a deer forest in Sutherlandshire, a tobacco farm in Tipperary, and fifty farms in Norfolk. The management of the latter I keep under my own supervision, the produce including thousands of tons of tomatoes, turkeys, Bombay ducks, milk from the cocoa-nut plantations, broad beans from the Broads and many thousands of gallons of gooseberry wine. I think it only right to add that not only is there a cottage piano on every labourer's holding, but that every cow-byre is fitted with a pianola and every pig-sty with a gramophone.

"At my residence, Bamborough Towers, near Thetford, there are three butlers, fourteen footmen, thirty-six best bedrooms, and twenty bathrooms.

"My silver swimming-bath measures ninety by fifteen yards.

"My press-cutting room, which is decorated with porphyry columns, with a ceiling painted by Sigismund Goetze, is the largest in the world. My press-cutter is an M.A. and Litt.D.

"I feel it necessary to repeat, though it is most painful to me to do so, that my father-in-law is Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.S.L., whose name is a household word in the most fashionable salons of Mayfair.

"It remains to be added that I am the only violinist of world-wide distinction who is the father of triplets (Orpheus, Beethoven and Paganini), and has been kidnapped by Nihilists, serenaded by Amazons and partially eaten by cannibals."

THE WINGED VICTORY.

The question is, What becomes of the mosquito when you are hunting for him? (I say "he," although, of course, there are supporters of the theory that mosquitoes are Militants. But I know he is a he, and I know his name, too: it is, for obvious reasons, Macbeth.)

This is my procedure. I undress, then I put on a dressing-gown and slippers, and, lifting the mosquito curtains, I place the candle inside them on the bed. Then, with the closest scrutiny, I satisfy myself that there is no mosquito inside, as indeed Eleanora, the handmaid, had done some hours earlier, when she made the bed. "*Niente, niente,*" she had assured me, as she always does. None the less, again I go carefully round it, examining the net for any faulty hanging which might let in an insect ascending with malice from the floor.

This being done, I creep through, blow out the candle and go to sleep.

I have slept perhaps an hour when a shrill bugle call, which I conceive in my dreams to be the Last Trump, awakens me, and as I awake I realise once again the melancholy fact that it is no Last Trump at all but that there is, as there always is, a mosquito inside the curtains.

Already he has probably bitten me in several places; at any cost he must be prevented from biting me again. I sit up and feel my face all over to discover if my beauty has been assailed; for that is the thing I most dread. (Without beauty what are we?) I lie quite still while I do this, straining to catch his horrid song again; and suddenly there it is so near that I duck my head swiftly, nearly ricking my neck in doing so.

This confirming my worst fears, there is nothing for it now but to lift the curtains, slip out on to the cold stone floor, light the candle, and once again go through the futile but necessary movement of locating and expelling a mosquito.

That there will be none to expel, I know.

None the less I crawl about and peer into every corner. I shake the clothes, I do everything that can be done short of stripping the curtains, which I am too sleepy to do. And then I blow out the candle for the second time and endeavour to fall asleep again.

But this time it is more difficult: Macbeth has performed his pet trick too thoroughly. At last, however, I drowse away, again to be galvanised suddenly into intense vigilance of dread by the bugle shrilling an inch from my ear.

And so once again I get up and once again the pest vanishes into nothing....

The next time I don't care a soldo if he is there or not, I am so tired; and the rest of the night is passed in a half-sleep, in which real mosquitoes or imaginary mosquitoes equally do their worst, and I turn no hair. And then, some years later, the blessed day dawns and another Italian night of misery has passed; and, gradually recognising this bliss, I sit up in bed and begin to tear away at the fresh poison in my poor hands and wrists, which were like enough to a map of a volcanic island in the Pacific yesterday, but now are poignantly more so.

And suddenly, as I thus scratch, I am conscious of a motionless black speck on the curtain above me....

It is—yes—no—yes—it is Macbeth.

I agitate the gauze, but he takes no notice; I approach my hand, a movement which in his saner moments he would fly from with the agility of electricity; he remains still. He is either dead or dazed.

I examine him minutely and observe him to be alive, and the repugnant truth is forced upon me that he is not merely drunk but drunk with my blood. That purple tide is alcoholic; and his intemperance has been his ruin.

There is only one thing to be done. I have no paltry feelings of revenge; but his death is indicated. The future must be considered. And so I kill him. It is done with the greatest ease. He makes no resistance at all, but merely, while dying, salutes me with my own blood. It is odd to have it thus spread before one.

A good colour, I think, and get up, feeling no triumph.

Then, going to the glass, I discern a red lump on my aristocratic nose, hitherto my best feature....

P.S.—There is no cure for mosquito bites, all the chemists of the world to the contrary. There is not even a lenitive.



Our barber takes up gardening.

THE CURTAIN-RAISER.

Sir,—The discussion raised by the recent substitution at a West End theatre of variety turns for the usual first piece is being briskly maintained. One writer in the Press claims that it should surely be possible for the dramatist to invent some means by which the interest of his play can be so divided as to be enjoyed by late arrivals, no matter at what period of the action they take it up. May I, as a writer of many one-act plays, respectfully put forward my proposed solution of this problem? On a system of equable exchange it is frankly borrowed from the music halls. The essence of the idea is a time-table of the leading situations in the curtain-raiser. Thus on reaching his stall all that the fashionably tardy spectator has to do is to consult his watch, refer to the corresponding time on the programme, and be at once *en rapport* with the dramatic position. What could be more simple? I call my proposal the "You Can Start Now" system, and am confident that it only needs to be tried to be generally adopted. An example is enclosed.

Yours, etc.,

Practical Playwright.

"Half an Hour."

A Farce in One Act. Every evening at 8.15.

8.15.—Frank, a young dramatist, and Dora at home. They have no



REALISM.

Impressionable Visitor. "By Jove! The gas works! Now that really is top-hole! Do you know, I'll swear I smelt gas as I came in!"

money. They therefore live in a dilapidated and inconvenient flat, built close against the footlights, and furnished with any old rubbish from the property-room.

8.18.—Frank explains to Dora that he has an enormously wealthy uncle who imagines him to be still a bachelor, and so cannot be applied to for aid.

8.20.—Frank goes out to offer his play to managers.

8.22.—Dora, alone, explains to the furniture how sorry she is that Frank's enormously wealthy uncle imagines him to be still a bachelor and so cannot be applied to for aid.

8.25.—She finds a paper saying that many burglaries have been perpetrated in the neighbourhood, and gives way to comic alarm. [N.B. There is a scream somewhere here which will tell you where you are.]

8.30.—Enter the enormously wealthy uncle, who asks for Frank, and takes Dora for a house-maid.

8.32.—Dora takes him for a burglar. [N.B. The uncle has white hair and spats, so if you arrive at this point you will not confuse him with Frank.]

8.35.—The uncle kisses Dora, whom he greatly admires.

8.38.—Dora shuts uncle in the coal-cellar. [The door on your left out of the drawing-room is the coal-cellar. The one on the other side leads to the street.]

8.40.—Dora is frightened again. The uncle bangs on the door (L.).

8.41.—Frank [brown hair, no spats] enters by the right-hand door, and says that his play would be produced if only some rich patron would provide the money.

8.42.—Dora is pathetic. There is no more banging, so you will know when she is being pathetic. She again laments the obduracy of the uncle.

8.43.—The uncle resumes banging. Frank is startled. Dora explains that it is a burglar.

8.44.—Frank lets out the uncle, who enters with his coat inside out (because of the coal) and his face black.

8.44½.—Explanations prestissimo.

8.45.—The uncle promises to finance Frank's play. Dora joins their hands. *Curtain.*

8.46.—[Perhaps.] The curtain may go up and down again. Should you arrive at this point, you will see three persons bowing. But you needn't bother about them.

PEACE.

When the holidays are over,
And to Eastbourne, Westgate, Dover,
Mother's darlings by the trainful
(After partings rather painful)
Go to spend the autumn term in
Schools like "Cliff House" or "St. Ermin"—
When no longer we're appealed to
(For our sins) to bowl or field to
Little boys who think we play so
Very rottenly, and say so—
When the shouts which for a while lent
Horror to our home are silent,
And we realise it's true that
There's no need to say, "Don't do that"—
It is then that I confess you,
Are a blessing, and I bless you,
Folkestone, Eastbourne, Westgate, Dover!
Yes, the holidays are over.

THE AUTHORS' STRIKE.

The action of the libraries in placing a modified ban on the circulation of certain novels has led to an unexpected development. Yesterday morning the leaders of the Authors' Union, after a sitting which had lasted all through the night, decided by an overwhelming majority to advise their members to down tools. The advice was instantly followed. At 10 a.m. Mr. John Galsworthy threw his inkstand, his penholders and three boxes of "J" nibs out of the window into the street below, where they were picked up and secreted by an admirer of the novelist. At the same hour Sir Gilbert Parker publicly burnt his typewriting machines and dismissed his corps of typists, while Mr. Arnold Bennett, after having torn into twenty strips his relief map of the Five Towns, put on his fur coat, entered his motor-car, and set off to Hampstead to join a peaceful picket organised and commanded by Mr. W. B. Maxwell. Similar scenes were witnessed in most of the novel-factories of the Metropolis and the adjoining suburbs. The female section of the Union has been very busily employed in arranging processions and embroidering banners. Some of these are of a most tasteful design. One bears the words, "No more Mud from Mudie," surrounded by a laurel wreath. Another is emblazoned with an excellent and terror-striking portrait of Mr. Hall Caine set in the midst of a circle of realistic flashes of lightning. Below this is the appeal (red letters on a black ground), "Who would be Free must smash Class B."

The strike, it should be stated, is not primarily directed against the publishers, but it is difficult to see how these can remain neutral. Mr. John Murray, interviewed by our representative, declared that he sympathised warmly with the Libraries. The strikers, in his opinion, have committed a serious mistake and must fail for lack of funds. None of his own men, he says, has so far shown any intention of ceasing work, and he believes himself to be in a position to guarantee a regular supply of all sorts of books during the autumn. On the other hand Mr. John Lane, when interviewed in Vigo Street, expressed himself in severe terms in regard to the rash action of the Libraries. He ridiculed the idea that strike pay will not be forthcoming. Mr. Lane thought the public did not, perhaps, sufficiently appreciate the fact that there were two sexes in the world.

At 4 p.m. a mass meeting was held in Trafalgar Square, which was packed with a huge crowd of prosperous and well-fed strikers. On the outskirts a brisk business was done by the sellers of Mr. Hall Caine's autograph, countless specimens of which found purchasers at the starvation price of a guinea apiece. After Mr. A. C. Benson had been voted to the base of Nelson's column much enthusiasm was caused by the appearance of a contingent of sympathetic poets headed by Mr. John Masefield, who brought with him in a covered van a newly-arrived consignment of briny oaths and a sailor's glossary in ten volumes. It was stated that Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie and Mr. Ezra Pound had intended to be present, but a sudden attack of *afflatus*, a most distressing illness to which they are occasionally liable, had confined them to their homes. All three, however, sent a message expressing warm sympathy with the movement and pledging themselves to abstain from the publication of verse until the demands of the men were conceded. "We may not," they wrote, "be able to control the poetic impulse so far as to prevent ourselves from *thinking* in metre, but we shall certainly write nothing down." This declaration, when read to the meeting, was received with loud cries of "The battle's won" and "That finishes it."

When calm had been sufficiently restored Mr. A. C. Benson, standing on a platform constructed entirely out of books written by himself, opened the proceedings. It was not for him, he said, to pass any harsh judgment even on the proprietors of circulating libraries. What they had done spoke for itself. A wrong had been committed, and, as the Bishop of Kamschatka once observed to him, wrong must be righted before anything valuable could be undertaken. He (the speaker) had not read the books complained of, but that very fact made it possible for him to take an impartial view. Moderation was all very well, but even those whose lives were a round of limpid tranquillity could join with others who were moved to action by a sense of intolerable oppression. He had much pleasure in proposing a resolution pledging those present to support the strike by a voluntary royalty of fifteen per cent. on the selling price of their books, thirteen to count as twelve, together with ten per cent. on American and Colonial sales.

At this point Mr. Bernard Shaw drove up in a Roman chariot. He was closely guarded on one side by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, mounted on a Suffolk Punch, and on the other by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who rode a horse stated to have been purchased from a French battery of artillery. Mr. Shaw, having removed Mr. Benson from the chair, proceeded to describe himself as a martyr, but was himself immediately flung from the platform by Mr. Belloc, who danced on him, and Mr. Chesterton, who fell on him. Mr. Belloc then attempted to propose a resolution condemning Judaism in politics, while Mr. Chesterton denounced the Insurance Act, and the meeting broke up in indescribable confusion.

Later.—It is reported that some of the publishers, acting in concert with the Libraries, have decided to import three hundred American novelists of both sexes in order to break the strike. Pickets have been sent to all the ports to persuade these blacklegs to return to their own country, and the worst is feared.

"AND THEN THERE WAS NONE."

["Only one case has come to our notice," says a daily paper, "of a subscriber who was satisfied with his telephone service."]

I was that man, Sir, *I* was satisfied;
Alone in London, nay, alone in Britain,
I never growled about my 'phone, or sighed
("The office 'phone" I really should have written);
Dear heaven, how could there be the slightest hitch
While Claribel, my queen, was on the switch?

I got her every time in one, and then
What bliss was ours, what billing and what cooing!
In vain might uninitiated men
And maidens overhear our wire-borne wooing;
In sooth, it is not generally known
How kisses sound upon the telephone.

But late, upon a day of direst grief,
The darling rang me up and spake me sweetly;
The call was answered by my gouty chief—
Since when my love has cut me off completely.
Now, Sir, the "satisfied subscriber" groans
And vehemently swears at telephones!

Another Impending Apology.

"Mrs. Herbert Pullar, in blue, with a small black hat; Mrs. Mitchell, of Glassel, in black, with an ivory and blue hat; Mrs. Martin White, in a white suit and small black and white hat!"

The Queen.

Why this note of exclamation? A correspondent who saw the hat assures us that it was quite all right.

THE UNIVERSITY PROVIDER.

[Lady BOOT's declaration that she is prepared to take fifty college girls as assistants in Boot's Stores is likely to lead to the general development of a superior type of shopwoman.]



"MY LITTLE BOY HAS A COLD IN HIS NOSE. I WANT——"

"CERTAINLY, MADAM. MISS SMYTHE, PRODUCE THE NASO-PHARYNGEAL PAROLEINE ATOMISER FOR SPRAYING OLEAGINOUS AND AQUEOUS SOLUTIONS."



"SO THAT FUR'S WHAT YOU CALL MINK? WELL, I CALL IT JUST MISERABLE COMMON *CAT*."

"AH, MADAM. *DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM!*"



"I WANT CORSETS SUITABLE FOR GOLF."

"THE VERY THING, MADAM. THEY ALLOW FREE PLAY OF THE PECTORALIS MAJOR AND THE LATISSIMUS DORSI AND DON'T INTERFERE WITH THE DIGITATIONS OF THE SERRATUS MAGNUS."



"BUT IS IT A REALLY GOOD HAIR-RESTORER?"

"WELL, MADAM, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT MY OLD COLLEGE FRIENDS, LADY DUMPSHIRE AND LADY Di SPIFFINGTON, *ALWAYS* USE IT, AND YOU KNOW WHAT BEAUTIFUL HAIR *THEY* HAVE. A BIG BOTTLE, MADAM? THANK YOU."



CASTE.

The Lady (on a cheap week-end visit). "Where's yer manners, Brown—blowin' on yer tea? Anybody might take yer for a day-tripper."

ON SIMON'S STACK.

Hill shepherds, hard north-country men,
Bring down the baa'ing blackface droves
To market or to shearing-pen
From the high places and the groves—
High places of the fox and gled,
Groves of the stone-pine on the scree,
Lone sanctuaries where we have said,
"The gods have been; the gods may be!"

'Mid conifer and fern and whin
I sat; the turf was warm and dry;
A sailing speck, the peregrine
Wheeled in the waste of azure sky;
The blue-grey clouds of pinewoods clung,
Their vanguard climbed the heathery steep;
A terrier with lolling tongue
Blinked in my shadow, half asleep.

The Legion's Way shone far beneath;
A javelin white as Adria's foam,
It gleamed across dark leagues of heath
To Rome, to everlasting Rome;
Likewise from Rome to Simon's Stack
(That's logical, at least), and so
It may have brought a Huntress back
On trails She followed long ago!

I watched my drifting smoke-wreaths rise,
And pictured Pagans plumed and tense
Who climbed the hill to sacrifice
To great Diana's excellence;
And—"Just the sort of church for me,"
I said, and heard a fir-cone fall;
The puppy bristled at my knee—
And that was absolutely all.

A queer thing is a clump of fir;
But, if it's old and on a hill,
Free to that ancient trafficker,
The wind, it's ten times queerer still;
Sometimes it's filled with bag-pipe skirls,
Anon with heathen whispering;
Just then it seemed alive with girls
Who laughed, and let a bowstring sing!

Yes, funny things your firwoods do:
They fill with elemental sounds;
Hence, one has fancied feet that flew
And the high whimpering of hounds;
"A wind from down the corrie's cup—
Only the wind," said I to Tramp;
He heard—stern down and hackles up,
I—with a forehead strangely damp.

* * * * *

Wind? or the Woodland Chastity
Passing, as once, upon Her way,
That left a little dog and me
Confounded in the light of day?
A rabbit hopped across the track;
The pup pursued with shrill ki-yi;
I asked him which, when he came back;
He couldn't tell—no more can I.

"Hitherto the record year for the four months from May to August has been 1911, but this summer 75,000 people in excess of that number landed on the island."
Liverpool Evening Express.

Making 76,911 altogether.

"Stolen Post Office Safe."
Daily News.

We are glad that the missing post-office has been traced at last. We were really getting quite anxious.

"Wanted. — Good General Servant for Hampstead, London. Good home for willing girl with good charabanc."
Advt. in "Barmouth County Advertiser."

Useful during a 'bus strike.



THE DAWN OF HARMONY.

Mr. Redmond (*to Mr. Asquith*). "I 'LL DARE YE TO COMPROMISE!"

Sir Edward Carson (*to Mr. Bonar Law*). "D' YE HEAR HWAT THE GINTLEMAN SAYS? I 'M WID HIM ENTIRELY."

Lord Loreburn (*cherub*). "AH, HA! ALREADY THEY BEGIN TO AGREE."



Magistrate (to yokel visiting London and taken into custody for stealing bicycle). "I have a good mind to send you to prison for six months." *Yokel.* "Yer can't." *Magistrate.* "How is that?" *Yokel.* "Ah've nobbut coom for three days."

A TEST CASE.

At the Central Criminal Court, before Mr. Justice Darling and a Special Jury, George Duncan (thirty), who gave his address as Hanger Hill, Ealing, pled not guilty to the charge that, at Muckle Brigbrae, N.B., he had wickedly and feloniously broken a valuable record, the property of Alexander Sanders Elshioner Cattanach, commission agent in Glasgow. Owing to the exasperation of public sentiment in Muckle Brigbrae and adjacent parts of Scotland, it had been deemed expedient to remove this case to a calmer atmosphere, and Mr. Justice Darling consented to preside, on receiving a hearty and unanimous requisition signed by the Press Association and other eminent news agencies. The Special Jury was composed of six minor golf professionals, and the amateur champions of the South-West of Ireland, Bohemia, East Rutlandshire, Buganda, Bessarabia and St. Kilda.

Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., who prosecuted, had objected to James Braid, Thomas Ball and John Henry Taylor as jurors, on the ground that they had been accessories before, during, and after the alleged offence. They were accommodated in the well of the court, which was free from casual water. The court was crowded, and Mr. Justice Darling explained at the outset that if anybody laughed before he, the learned Judge, came to the point of a joke it would be necessary to have it—the court, not the joke (loud laughter) instantly cleared. Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., appeared for the accused. The Provost of Muckle Brigbrae held a watching brief for himself and the Publicity Committee of the Muckle Brigbrae Town Council.

Mr. Alexander Sanders Elshioner Cattanach said in evidence that he was the holder of the record which the accused had broken. He had acquired the record—a 72—six years ago, and with any ordinary luck it would have been a 70, two full brassie shots having stopped on the lip of the hole. Though he did not know the accused personally, he believed that Duncan had a grudge against him, for two years ago he had attempted to break complainer's record, but had failed to get under 72. Now Duncan had gone back to Muckle Brigbrae, and by going round in 67 had broken complainer's record and made it of absolutely no value as a family heirloom, and totally useless to complainer as an asset in the commission business. As a consequence of Duncan's conduct witness's orders had already fallen 35 per cent., and he was now seeing managing-clerks instead of principals. He would lose by Duncan's conduct socially as well as in his business. He had been known among his friends as Brigbrae Cattanach, but they used that name now in a jeering way. Men who used to take a third from him now wanted to play him level. This was a serious matter for any business man in the West of Scotland.

Mr. F. E. Smith (to witness). You say you made this record six years ago. Had you any witnesses?—Of course. It was a three-ball match.

Mr. Justice Darling. Played chiefly by pawnbrokers, Mr. Smith. (Laughter.)

Mr. Smith. Thank you, m'lud. So I have heard. Now, Mr. Cattanach, who were the other players?—My brother and the assistant green-keeper. I was playing their best ball.

Mr. Smith. Never mind about *their* best ball. It is your ball I want to know about. This appears to have been a Family Record.

Mr. Justice Darling. That sounds like a domestic magazine of an improving character. (Laughter.)

Mr. Smith. Very good, m' lud. (*To witness*) Do you admit that this was a Family Record?—It was our Family Record until the accused broke it.

Mr. Smith. Don't quibble with me, Sir. You say that the witnesses of this athletic triumph were your brother and an assistant green-keeper. Did you tip the green-keeper?

Mr. Marshall Hall. M' lud, I have never heard so foul an insinuation made in a Court of Justice in the whole course of my professional experience.

Mr. Justice Darling. Then you have been much more fortunate than I. (Laughter.)

Mr. Smith. I ask you again, Mr. Cattanach. Did you tip this assistant green-keeper?—Yes.

Mr. Smith. How much?—A shilling. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Smith. Was that before or after this alleged record?—After.

Mr. Smith. To purchase his silence, I suppose?—No.

Mr. Smith. Did you hole out on every green?—Yes, on every green.

Mr. Smith. You never lifted your ball?—Oh, yes. Twice.

Mr. Smith. Oh, you lifted your ball twice, did you? Why was that?—Because I had laid my brother a stymie.

Mr. Justice Darling. What is a stymie?

Mr. Smith. A stymie, m' lud, is the fortuitous juxtaposition of two balls on the putting green, so that the one nearer the hole is in line with and obstructs the path of the ball further from the hole, it being essential to the emergence of the condition of stymiefaction that the balls should lie more than six inches from each other, measured from the nearest protrusion or depression on the circumference of each ball.

[*At this point James Braid fainted and had to be carried out of court by Thomas Ball and John Henry Taylor, who both used the interlocking grip.*

Mr. Smith. I submit, m' lud, that there is no case to go to the jury. The alleged Cattanach record, upon which the charge against my client depends, itself depends upon evidence that is partly fraternal and partly venal and altogether untrustworthy.

The Provost of Muckle Brigbrae (*speaking under strong emotion*). And I submit, my loard, that Mr. Smith disna ken whit he 's talkin' aboot. This record has stood for sax year. It has been of the greatest public uteelity to Muckle Brigbrae. It has brocht hunderds of golfers doon every simmer to see if they couldna gang roond in seeventy-wan. An they 've aye come back, wi' their wives an' faimlies, to hae anither lick at it. An' noo this lad Duncan has come breengin' in wi' his saxty-seeven—fair ruination to the hoose-lettin' for next season.

[*At this point some commotion was caused by the return to court of John Henry Taylor and Thomas Ball, accompanied by Alexander Herd. During a whispered consultation, in which counsel and the accused joined them, the Provost of Muckle Brigbrae, producing a copy of "Funny Cuts" from his umbrella, was immediately invited to take a seat on the Bench, and at once consented to do so.*



"Wot I sez is, a man can drink as much as 'e likes so long as 'e don't hinterfere with me; but as soon as 'e hinterferes with me 'e 's a noosance to Society."

Mr. Marshall Hall. M' lud, I am pleased to say that the prisoner has consented, on the advice of his professional friends, to plead guilty to an error of judgment, and in these circumstances, and in view of the undertaking which I have obtained from himself and his friends, the Crown will not press for a conviction. (Loud applause.) I may say that I welcome this conclusion to proceedings which have been conducted, so far as the defence is concerned, with the scrupulous fairness and moderation in statement which are so characteristic of my friend.

Mr. Smith. I have to thank my friend for sentiments which I heartily reciprocate. My client is willing to admit that in going round the course of Muckle Brigbrae in 67 strokes he had no intention of treating Mr. Cattanach's record, a highly creditable one, so roughly as to cause a compound fracture.

Mr. Justice Darling. He meant to break it gently.

Mr. Smith. Quite so, m' lud. He meant to go round in 70 or 71, as his professional friends did. But in his own words, "The ball would not keep out of the hole." My client had no animus whatever against Mr. Cattanach or the Town Council of Muckle Brigbrae. He is willing to give an undertaking, and so are his professional friends, that in playing exhibition games they will in future refrain from knocking more than two strokes off the local amateur record, except in cases where they may obtain the previous consent in writing of the record-holder and the local authority to reduce the record by more than that number. I trust that this settlement will be approved by your lordship, and also by the Provost of Muckle Brigbrae.

The Provost. Weel, aweel, the mischeef is dune noo. We 'll jist need to tryst an oxtry baund o' peeryotts for next simmer.

Mr. Justice Darling (*to the jury*). As nothing humorous occurs to me at the moment, I suggest a formal acquittal, gentlemen.

The Foreman. Yes, my lord. And the jury desire to add a rider in the form of a recommendation that Mr. Duncan and his professional brethren should abstain from playing at all on the championship courses of South-West Ireland, Bohemia, East Rutlandshire, Buganda, Bessarabia and St. Kilda.

Mr. Justice Darling. I shall forward this recommendation to the proper quarter. The accused is discharged.

[*The prisoner was warmly congratulated on stepping down from the dock. Outside the court some excitement was aroused by the eccentric behaviour of an Aberdonian gentleman, who grasped his young fellow-townsman by the arm, and invited him to tea at an A.B.C. shop, explaining, in a burst of generosity, "You 'll can tak' twa cups, George, an it 'll no cost you a single bawbee."*]

"Now in a dispute of the kind which is threatened there are three parties to be considered, the employers, the men, and the public, and the last is certainly not entitled to the least consideration."—*Evening News.*

It certainly seldom gets it.

AN APPRECIATION.

I got a good idea to-day,
A hint that stuck and grew,
The very thing for verse, you 'd say—
Bright, topical, and new.

And, as I wrote, my jest maintained
A fine *crescendo* swell,
Until, the *grand finale* gained,
It wound up rather well.

Then to a neighbouring typist-maid,
Well pleased I took my lay,
And, being in a hurry, stayed
To bring the lines away.

And she my precious bantling bore
Where other maidens wrought,
And, through the half-closed inner door,
I watched her; till I thought—

"This must be quite a change for her
Whom dull MSS. irk,
Not often thus can wit confer
Such glamour on her work."

And so I stood, and looked to see
How, in this pleasant case,
My sparkling points should presently
Irradiate her face.

But not so; even when she came
Where they most brightly shone,
Just near the end, 'twas all the same—
Stolid she hammered on.

"Ah, wait," I thought, "that last line read,
She 'll loose her pent delight;"
But up she jumped, and all she said
Was, "Wish he 'd learn to write!"



Editor. "Did you say you evolved this joke yourself?" *Artist.* "I did, Sir."
Editor. "H'm, and yet you don't look more than thirty years of age."

SHOULD SHE HAVE DONE IT?

It is possible that the question whether *Leonora*, the heroine of one of Sir James Barrie's new plays, should have murdered the man who insisted on the railway carriage window being kept open, will be a topic for discussion for some time to come. *The Pall Mall Gazette* is emphatically of opinion that some other and less serious crime should have been committed, the capital charge being hardly suitable for comic treatment. And it is certainly the case that, had *Leonora* committed larceny or forgery, or even blackmail, instead of murder, there might have been a happier laughter inspired by the play.

At the same time, for another person to keep a railway carriage window open when one wants it closed is a serious offence and merits a severe punishment. It is only equalled by that of a person who closes the window when one particularly wants it open.

On the other hand a correspondent writes: "*Leonora* did a great wrong. This expression of affection for her little daughter, who was suffering from a severe cold, was an unhappy error. I have it on the authority of the medical press that for a cold, especially bronchial catarrh, fresh air is the only adequate specific. I do not know whether Sir James Barrie makes it clear that the child was suffering from bronchial catarrh, but, unless he definitely states that it was another kind of cold, I think that we may assume that the malady took that form. When the little girl got home she would have found that the open window had greatly benefited her. It was a pity, therefore, that *Leonora* pushed her child's would-be benefactor on to the line."

Another correspondent, whose views are different, writes: "Every morning I have the misfortune to travel to town with a man whose obstinacy causes me to suffer tortures from draught. I support *Leonora* heartily in her action. My only criticism is that a better victim might have been found."

A third writes: "But was it murder? The man wanted fresh air, and to that end he kept the window open. *Leonora*, being an intelligent woman (the author, I think, makes that fairly clear), argued that he would have still more fresh air if the door also were open, and for his good she opened the door. A little further contemplation (it was but the work of a moment) caused her to conclude that the lover of fresh air would find more outside the door than in the carriage. She, therefore, acted for his good."

"Mr. Frank Haskings, of Bathealton, was reserved in a young bull class at Dunster Show on Friday."—*Wellington Weekly News.*

No doubt the strange company made him shy.

"A ROGUE IN GRAIN."

I stood for some time outside the dealer's shop, displaying an altogether fictitious interest in its altogether fictitious antiques. At intervals of five minutes I swallowed a dose of tonic in tabloid form. Finally I pulled myself together and went in.

"I have come," I said to the proprietor, "about that chair which I bought."

If I had any romantic notion that he would behave like Macbeth at the sight of Banquo's ghost, I was promptly brought back to earth.

"That *Chippendale* chair," he amended briskly. "Yes, Sir. You sent it back. I have it in the yard if you want to look at it again."

I didn't ever want to look at it again. The thing was a fake. An expert had told me so. . . . But I wanted its former owner to be confronted with it, so I followed him into the yard, hating him immensely. He had what he himself might have described as a bow front and baroque features. Also, I knew that he knew that he knew far more about antiques than I did.

But I had been told quite positively that the chair was a fake. . . .

He looked at it tenderly.

"As nice a article o' furniture as any *gentleman* could wish to 'ave in his library," he apostrophized it.

I produced his invoice.

"Genuine eighteenth-century Chippendale arm-chair," I read tentatively.

"Certainly, Sir."

"I propose one of two amendments. Either 'genuine twentieth-century Chippendale chair,' or 'imaginary eighteenth-century chair with Chippendale and other features.'"

I had prepared this speech beforehand, together with the cold, acid tone which should have accompanied it. Which *should* have accompanied it. . . .

"In other words," said the dealer, with a deliberate straightforwardness, "—let us be plain about it, Sir, if *you* please—you mean that I've set my 'and to that invoice, thereby perpetuating a fraud?"

"Oh—er—I didn't mean that," I protested. "A—a mistake, perhaps." Dash it all! If it was I who was making the mistake, my attitude was an awkward one to get out of. I oughtn't to have condemned him unheard.

"A mistake!" he exclaimed scornfully. "Me! But I see what it is. You've been got at by one of these 'ere 'experts,' 'aven't you, Sir?"

"Well—er—a friend of mine," I said. "He knows quite a lot about antiques. At least . . . ."

"*I* know, *I* know! These 'ere amacher experts! Come now, sir, what did 'e tell you was wrong with this piece? Before I alter the invoice I 'ope you'll substantiate your statements asperative to its authenticity. Under English law even a antique's innocent until proved guilty."

He was rallying me in a humorous, indulgent sort of way, and I felt an awful worm. But I had to say something.

"The point is," I began, "Chippendale never made a chair like that—or—did he?"

"Perhaps not *another* like that, Sir," said the dealer gravely. "Of course, that chair's a rarity—and charged for according, I admit."

There was no doubt the man was honest, or he'd never have said a thing like that.

"I see," I said. "I *see* . . . . The fact is," I continued, by way of candid apology, "I thought—I mean I was told—it oughtn't to have an Adam vase in the back splat."

"No, it oughtn't!" agreed the dealer ecstatically. "By all the accepted ideas, it oughtn't! I tell you, that chair *proves* something. It proves," he continued enthusiastically, "that Adam got his inspiration not direct from the classic furniture periods, but *viâ* Chippendale. That chair's what I call a missing link. It'll come to be talked about."

"By Jove! will it really?" I cried. "Well, what about the Gothic work on the rest of the back? And the Chinese legs?"

These had been other counts in the expert's indictment. But I made it clear that I was only asking for information, I was perfectly satisfied.

"*Both* Chippendale features," said the dealer gravely.

"But—er—in the same chair?" I queried.

"It looks like it, don't it? I don't care for it myself—seems a mixture of styles to my mind—but you can't blame me for what Chippendale chose to do. *He* was a master cabinet-maker; *I*'m only a dealer."

"Of course!" I agreed. "I suppose it's the same with the feet. They're Louis Quinze, aren't they?"

"Now I ask you, Sir," he demanded, "did Louis Quinze come before Chippendale or after?"

I was unable to tell him, and anyway there was no need. It was perfectly obvious that in either case one of them had drawn his inspiration from the other. And the more incongruous the decoration seemed—by all the accepted ideas—of course the rarer it made the chair.

"Er—you'll send it back to-morrow then?" was all I said.

"Very good," he replied with dignity, and we returned to the shop.

Then he was so ill-advised—for it was what I dreaded, feeling that I deserved it—as to begin a sermon.

"'Aving, I 'ope, convinced you of my *bonâ fide*," he began, "I don't deny that I feel 'urt by your suspicions. Of course there *are* dishonest dealers, just as there's dishonest gentlemen. If I'd been one of them, I don't deny that there's other features about that chair, over and above what you noticed, that might 'ave give rise to doubt. I don't mind pointing them out. The lack of freedom in the curves, for instance—the modern look about the fretwork—the state of preservation."

Wasn't he carrying his candour rather beyond the bounds of reason?

"As a matter of fack the lack of freedom in the curves is a most useful indext in determining the date of the article. It shows that this chair was manufactured while Chippendale was in mourning for the death of his partner, 'Aig. I'm sorry about the fretwork. I touched it up here and there myself, because it *was* a bit dilapidated. I wouldn't have done it if I'd known my word was going to be doubted. I bought the chair off an old lady that 'ad just discovered it in an old cupboard in the panelling of 'er 'ouse. That's why it's preserved so well and kept its polish. She found Chippendale's original bill for it, too, and I wish more than ever now that she 'adn't burned it."

I had been convinced, perfectly convinced. But now . . . in the persistence of his endeavour to climb the very topmost pinnacle of virtue, I felt that he was toppling. . . toppling. . . .

"I see you 'ave nothing to say," he resumed. "I know I 'ave no remedy against these aspersions which 'ave been made. I'm only a dealer. But speaking to you as a gentleman, Sir, in a way which I 'ope you will understand, I make bold to say that your way of doing business is Not Cricket, Sir—*Not Cricket!*"

It was too much. On the instant he tumbled into the abyss of discredit. Again I pulled myself together, telling myself that I was an Englishman, whose sires had fought at Lewes, knowing that it was but for an instant, remembering that the door was close at hand.

"You needn't send the chair," I said quickly. "For, speaking to *you* in a way which I hope you will understand, I can only say that *your* way of doing business is Not Chippendale." I grasped the handle of the door. "*Not Chippendale*, Sir!"



Perfect Ass (*to coster*). "Excuse my asking, but when you meet a lady friend how do you manage to raise your hat? or do you simply bow?"

ENGLAND ON THE UP-GRADE.

It is truly gratifying to learn that something can already be written off the tale of national disaster recently recited by the Duke of Westminster. A great many championships, it is true, have still to be regained, but newspaper reports during the past week show that a splendid beginning has already been made. Not only has a new world's record for the 100 yards (Admirals') been set up, but a number of other competitions held at various centres afford convincing evidence that the charge of national decadence is to say the least premature.

At Tunbridge Wells last Friday the annual sports of the British Bathchairmen was held with resounding success. The great event of the day was the three-mile bath-chair slow race with octogenarian patients, in which regard is had not only for the time occupied but the comfort of the persons propelled. After an exciting race the prize was awarded to Jonah Gawmer, of Ryde, who completed the distance in 3 hours 27 minutes 33⅝ secs. without a single jolt. We understand that the Amalgamated Society of British Bathchairmen have forwarded an application to the Olympic Committee for a grant of £10,000.

The inter-county meeting of the National Wasp-Shooting Association passed off with great *éclat* at Yealmpton last Wednesday. The shield, presented by the Worshipful Company of Beekeepers, was won by the Devonshire team, who used the new cyanide of potassium pop-gun with deadly effect. The Olympic Fund Committee have unanimously decided to award a grant of £15,000 to the N.W.S.A.

The annual meeting of Merry-go-round proprietors took place at Clacton-on-Sea on Saturday. The competition for the most sonorous steam-organ was won by Messrs. Bolsover and Gedge, of Hull, whose organ, fitted with a Parsons auxetophone, was distinctly audible at Bishop's Stortford, Lowestoft and Beccles, while Messrs. Malling and Vamper's organ, driven by a French Gnome engine and fitted with a German saxophone, failed to carry further than Frinton and Thorpe-le-Soken. The endurance prize for passengers was carried off by Albert Snodland, of Turnham Green, who completed 7,300 revolutions before being removed in an ambulance to the Cottage Hospital. A special grant of £500 has been made to Mr. Snodland to enable him to continue his training.

"A daring robbery was discovered at the Bolton Art Gallery yesterday morning, a picture by H. Verman, entitled 'The Old 'Cellist,' having been cut from its frame and taken away. A second picture, 'The Evening Drink,' by Sidney Cooper, was found in a cellar."—*Daily Mirror.*

We should have expected to find the old 'cellist next to it.

"The island had dwindled to a mere perch for sea birds 200 yards long by perhaps 50 broad."
Mr. Basil Thomson in "The Times."

This perch is one of those rods, poles or perches, apparently, of which they told us in our youth.

AT THE PLAY.

"Interlopers."

If a young author wants something on which to flesh his satire-tooth he could hardly choose a safer subject than Eugenics. The public is not likely to have its most sacred feelings lacerated by ridicule of this latest religion. On the other hand, he must not expect that the fun to be got out of it is going to be uproarious. Indeed, the picture of *Jack Chisholm* protesting against his wife's absorption in the two healthy children he had given her, and her neglect of all further interest in him as lover and comrade, was quite a serious one. For he was bound to seek consolation in the love of some other woman whose "life he could fill"—a much more vital thing, in his eyes, than the mere begetting of sound children.

And it is with just such a companion that we (and his wife) find him in the Second Act against a background of Italian lake. The discovery—rather crudely constructed—is irksome to him, for he has an incurable taint of conjugality. Returning to London, he is made to confront his wife in full family conclave—a scene that recalled Mr. Stanley Houghton's *Hindle Wakes*, but with a change of *milieu* that made it hopelessly improbable. Here, in an eloquent tirade addressed to the secretary of a Eugenic society, a lady-friend of his wife's, he declares himself sick of all this enthusiasm for the younger generation and the future prospects of the race. What had posterity done to deserve his consideration? A civilised woman had higher duties to her husband and to society than the bringing of bouncing offspring into the world. If that was the sole end of her existence she might just as well—and even better—be a savage or a cow. He declines to return to his home, and settles in a bachelor's flat, keeping up his *liaison* with discretion.

But the atmosphere of London differs from that of an Italian lake and does not encourage irregularity in the life of a candidate for political honours. *Chisholm* lacks, too, the Bohemian spirit and a natural gift for impropriety. His mistress—*une vraie amoureuse*, who can easily replace him at a pinch—recognises that he still hankers after domestic felicity, and so, in the course of the usual interview between the two women, she surrenders him to his wife.

Unfortunately the interest of all this was largely academic. The author's theories might intrigue us, but not the personality of his puppets. I, for one, found so little attraction in the wife—and, of course I was not meant to find much—that I entertained no concern whatever about the issue.

Indeed there was only one brief interlude in which I felt that I was looking at life and not at the dramatisation of an idea. This was when Mr. Campbell Gullan introduced a delightful breath of reality into the very minor part of a Scotch election-agent who mistook the candidate's mistress for his wife.

The practical methods of Mr. Norman Trevor were well suited by the rather unromantic part of the husband. When a man has to explain to his mistress why he doesn't want to return home, and is made to express himself in these ponderous terms: "I shall have the daily irritation of living in an alien atmosphere," I would just as soon hear Mr. Trevor say it as anybody else.



A JOCUND LOVER.

Jack Chisholm (Mr. Norman Trevor) *to Iris Mahoney* (Miss Miriam Lewes). "I haven't felt as happy as this for years!"

To those who recalled Mr. Dennis Eadie's performances in Mr. Galsworthy's *Justice* and other strenuous plays, it was something of a shock to find him, as the wife's brother, in the *rôle* of a casual cynic, saying smart things with here and there a word of worldly wisdom. Indeed at first he seemed a little contemptuous of his part and had an air of insincerity; but this wore off and one grew to believe in him.

Miss Miriam Lewes, in the part of *Chisholm's* lover, showed strong natural gifts of gesture. She has learned something, I think, from Mrs. Patrick Campbell, but also, I fear, from lesser models. She might be a great actress if she could keep away from the stage.

Miss Weeden as *Mary*, had an uncongenial part, but that did not excuse her staccato manner. Of the rest, Miss Gwynne Herbert, as *Margaret Chisholm's* mother, was adorable, and Mr. Malleson gave a clever little sketch of a eupeptic crank.

I hinted that the fun to be got out of a satire on Eugenics was not likely to be uproarious. Yet the subject clearly lends itself to a certain salacity; and the suggestiveness of the dialogue in the Third Act, where the wife's sister, a brazen flapper on the eve of marriage (played with great gusto by Miss Risdon), discusses the relations of married people, vastly tickled the pit.

On the whole I should like to compliment Mr. Harwood on what I understand to be his first production. If his work improves as his play improved in the course of its progress, his success should be assured; for he has many wise and happy thoughts in his head, if he can only find the right excuse for their utterance.

"The House of Temperley."

I have just assisted at a most delightful Cinematograph Exhibition of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's popular drama. As a play of action (pugilistic) it is, of course, admirably suited to the new art which the London Film Company have brought almost to perfection. To those—and in moments of bitterness I have been of their company—who contend that the ideal play would be one in which the actors were not permitted to speak, this show should be a pure joy. Never was better acting done by Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. Charles Maude and the rest of the cast, excellent right down to the tip of its tail. For with no words to say they had to rely on gesture and facial expression—the true tests of the actor—and these they employed with the most commendable economy. O. S.

"There was a large attendance at the Holloway Institute, Stroud, on Tuesday evening, when Mr. H. Page Croft, M.P., gave an address under the auspices of the Imperial Mission. . . .

The Chairman referred to the objects and work of the Imperial Mission, and extended a cordial to Mr. Croft."—*Gloucestershire Echo.*

He should have waited till after the speech, when it might have been wanted.



Collector. "H'M—FAIRLY GOOD SPECIMEN. I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY POUNDS FOR IT."
Curio Dealer. "NO, SIR. I'VE JUST SOLD THAT FOR A HUNDRED GUINEAS."
Collector. "A *HUNDRED*——! GOOD HEAVENS, YOU'VE BEEN SWINDLED. IT'S WORTH *TWICE AS MUCH!*"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I think I should like *Thorley Weir* (Smith, Elder), if for no other reason, for the unique personality of its villain. As a matter of fact there are several other reasons, but *Craddock* remains the greatest. I question if Mr. E. F. Benson has ever done better character-drawing than this of the mean-souled, middle-aged egoist. The delightful thing about him is that even at his wickedest he is never wholly free from some quite human lapses into nice feeling. He is in short a real person and not a malevolent machine, as are so many of the naughty in fiction. I can't tell you all of what he does, because that would be to give away the whole interest of a somewhat slender plot. But his occupation in life, and the main source of his comfortable income, was speculating in genius. You take me? If there were new men with plays or pictures going unrecognised, *Craddock* would encourage them by taking an option on their future output at a figure that his business acumen told him would become exceedingly cheap. Amongst others for whom he did this was the painter, *Charles Lathan*, who was so grateful and lovable that, even while he swindled and slandered him, *Craddock* could not help a secret admiration for the boy. Another of *Craddock's* speculations was *Frank Armstrong*, the dramatist, whose fortune he made, and who wasn't in the least bit grateful, but detested him for it in a manner that was cordially returned. Perhaps you don't yet see where the villainy comes in? For that you must read the story itself; you will find it a simple tale of well-observed characters in a delightful riverside setting. And, if you also find, as I did, that your sympathies are not wholly on the side of wronged virtue, that will not perhaps lessen your enjoyment.

In the detective story the author's business is to make mystery and yours to unravel it if you can. You are being played with; but you know that it is a game of hide-and-seek in which you are invited to join. In *The Devil's Garden* (Hutchinson) Mr. W. B. Maxwell plays by himself; he has a secret and keeps it for over two hundred pages, and it is only when he shocks you by the sudden exposure of it that you become aware that there ever was a secret at all. You were given to understand that a certain man had died by accident, whereas he had really been murdered; but the murderer had found sufficient trouble in the infidelity of his wife (palliated after the murder which avenged it) to account for most of his subsequent heart-burnings and eccentricities of conduct; and so the reader harbours no suspicion. Now I should not complain of Mr. Maxwell's having his fun to himself—the prospect of making the reader jump with surprise; the joy of indefinitely delaying that surprise. But I do complain that in the meantime he should not have provided us with a little more entertainment to go on with, since we could have no share in his own sport, aloof and Olympian. For, to be candid, there are in the centre of the book vast tracts of dull country; trivialities that seem to contribute nothing of any purpose; chapter after chapter that begin with an ominous air of promise and lead you nowhere. The

excellent animation of the opening pages may have made me too sanguine of adventure; anyhow, I had to be content with a very masterly analysis of character, for nothing further happens till the very end. There is, it is true, a most dramatic account of the process of the murder and the paralysing terror that followed; but this is all merely retrospective. The author could not at the same time have the fun of keeping his murder a secret for years and years and also the satisfaction of thrilling us with suspense over the immediate action of it.

Mr. MAXWELL does not trouble himself much about his style, which is simple and inornate, he relies upon an unflinching realism, and seeks to create an atmosphere by insistence on details whose cumulative effect is more recognisable than the method of their selection. *The Devil's Garden* is a book to be read twice; once for the surprise and once for appreciation of the author's irony and his clever handling of circumstances now first seen in their true significance. And if this review is bound to spoil your surprise, well, you can omit the first reading and go straight on to the second.

Priscilla, the heroine of Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK's new novel, *Below Stairs* (METHUEN), is a delightful person, and it is pleasant to me to think that there are *Priscillas* to be found in almost every household; it is also aggravating to me to consider the number of *Priscillas* whom, in the past, I have stupidly omitted to observe. It is to be hoped that every head of every house in this country will read this book and that then it will be passed on to every cook and then to every housemaid. *Priscilla's* adventures are not, for the most part, at all, highly coloured (I am not sure about the German governess and the gentleman cook), and if anyone has ever considered that an explorer in the heart of Africa has less horrible adventures than a small ordinary scullery-maid he will, after his perusal of this book, be once and for ever undeceived. There is one picture, drawn for me by Mrs. SIDGWICK, that I shall never forget—*Priscilla* sitting, on a Sunday evening, terrified in a grim kitchen that swarms with black-beetles, knowing that there is no one in the wide world who desires her presence, expecting to hear anon the sounds of her drunken mistress's return: that chapter is a fine piece of realistic writing, and it is as dramatic as it is truthful. Especially admirable is the manner in which Mrs. SIDGWICK enables her heroine to experience every variety of service without straining coincidence or appearing hasty in her development of the story. Finally, one is left with the overwhelming conviction that Mrs. SIDGWICK's own servants must have the most delightful time. I hope that *Priscilla* realises her good fortune.

UNRECORDED ACTS OF KINDNESS.

ALFRED THE GREAT PRESENTS HIS MASTER OF THE BEDCHAMBER WITH AN ALARUM

Miss MARJORIE BOWEN has apparently been consorting with the Pirate Captain in *Peter Pan*. In her new historical romance, *The Governor of England* (METHUEN), she splits her infinitives in the most merciless fashion. "To [illegible]fully [illegible]ead them," "to any longer regard him," "to so limit the King's authority," "to always [illegible]," "to slowly continue their walk," "to very plainly urge," and "to now and then make some remarks," are the specimens that I have culled from its pages, and there may be others, though I think not, for I have read it with the care that it deserves. Apart from these instances of her feminine defiance of modern convention, her book is singularly free from blemishes. In writing the story of CROMWELL and CHARLES I. it would be very easy to adopt a partisan spirit. That danger she has successfully avoided. The failings and virtues of the two characters are plainly and fairly stated, without any tendency to over-much blame or praise. Another striking feature of her story is that, as far as I can see, every single character in it is historical; there is thus none of the contrast between real and imaginary persons which so often jars in books of this kind. Conversations and thoughts she has, of course, invented, but so skilfully and with such fine taste and such enlivening touches of sound, colour, movement, atmosphere, weather and even smell, that they always seem to be the real thing. I congratulate Miss BOWEN on having made a human and original story out of material so well-worn. At the same time I venture to very plainly urge her to now and then refrain from maltreating innocent little parts of speech.

A bewildering number of characters flutter, as it were, through the leaves of *The Watered Garden* (STANLEY PAUL) and the whole story is conducted by Mrs. STEPNEY RAWSON in an abrupt, jerky style which harmonises not at all well with my notions of a "green oblivion." Nor, unless it was the rather perennial theme that one ought to do some serious work in the world, am I at all sure what seed of purpose the authoress was supposed to be cultivating in her arboreal plot. Flirtation, political ambitions and the foundation of a quarterly review, entitled "The Amphitheatre," of advanced and "precious" tendencies, and costing a guinea a copy (I seem to see the gold pouring out upon the bookstalls), occupied for the most part the minds of the set in which *George* and *Ella Pardew* (he a rich retired manufacturer and she a beautiful butterfly) moved. The book purports to be the impressions of *Ella's* secretary, garden-mistress and confidante, and almost lady's maid, *Bettina Gale*, who finally, by one of those chances rare in actual life, inherits the place in whose garden she has been playing the hired Pomona, and marries a brisk young army aeroplanist with a desperately facetious turn of phrase. *Bettina* seems to have been a person of admirable tact, capacity and charm, but, somehow, I never got interested in her (I think the authoress took my sympathy too much for granted), and the whole novel left me feeling rather as if I had been in the maze at Hampton Court than on the spacious lawns of Kew.

"MISS [illegible]

EVERY PASSENGER'S [illegible]

"Now then, young [illegible]

CHARIVARIA.

We hear that it afforded some little consolation to Ray and Vardon for their failure to win the American Golf Championship to see the victorious Ouimet being kissed by excited American ladies.

* * *

"An anonymous gift of £5,000," says *The Daily Mail*, "has been sent to the Bishop of Winchester towards the Portsmouth Six Churches Fund. The total is now £42,000, and only £8,000 is required." It is, of course, no affair of ours, but we cannot help feeling a little bit curious as to what is going to be done with the balance.

* * *

"Are Women Clubable?" asks a contemporary. Will the Dublin police kindly reply?

* * *

Herr Bebel has left a fortune of about £47,000. Not bad this for a Socialist.

* * *

The fact that one of the light cruisers of this year's naval programme is to be called *Caroline* draws attention to the curious omission of the names Mary Ann and Jane from the Navy List.

* * *

In view of the fact that so many of our horses are now purchased for foreign armies it is, we hear, being considered whether it might not be possible to train these animals, before they leave the country, to desert to us in the course of hostilities.

* * *

A dear old lady, hearing that the Defender is to have sails made of silk for the race for the America Cup, has, it is said, offered to present Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht with a set of satin sails trimmed with plush, so that the British boat shall not look shabby by comparison.

* * *

The Standard has been publishing the views of authors and artists on the question of the value of illustrations in novels. The artists are in favour of them.

* * *

It is a nice question whether the translator of the play by King Nicholas of Montenegro, which has just been published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, was well advised to retain the original names of the characters, considering that one of the most prominent of these is called *Stanko*.

* * *

Once more—this time at Tiverton—a family has been saved by a cat's giving an alarm of fire. The dog world is, we hear, much exercised at the increasing tendency on the part of cats to usurp their functions, and a meeting is shortly to be held to consider the situation, which so closely resembles the invasion, among humans, of men's rights by women.

* * *

A strike on the part of publishers' bookbinders is threatened. Mr. Murray announces that he is issuing Miss Cholmondeley's new novel *Notwithstanding*.

* * *

The Express is offering a prize of £200 for a serial story. One of the conditions runs: "Competitors must enclose sufficient postage to ensure proper return of manuscript." It is said that a Scotch competitor has written to enquire whether the stamps would be returned in the event of his winning the prize.



A SUCCESSFUL TRIAL.

["Scientists are experimenting to discover whether plants can feel pain."—*Daily Paper.*]

Our Frustrated Feuilletons.

I. The Cosmopolitan.

Devereux knew Boulogne intimately. Three times had he been there on daily trips. In many respects he preferred it to Brighton.

[Won't some one—Mr. Arthur Applin or one of those fluent fellows in the halfpenny papers—go on with this?]

"As M——'s hook and line caught his eye—'What's the meaning of this?' he asked. 'Don't you know that your hook is illegal?'"

Daily Telegraph.

We should have said something much stronger.

THE SPORTING SPIRIT.

LIKE to the tar (in COLERIDGE) who
Contrived with glittering orbs to freeze on
The stranger at the wedding feast,
I love all sorts of bird and beast,
And cannot think what I should do
Without them—in the shooting season.

But first of things that fly or run
I love the hare to mere distraction;
I love him roast, I love him jugged,
But best I love him lying plugged,
When it has been my private gun
That put his trotters out of action.

Great is the partridge as he flies
(A natural gift) across the clover;
But often, brooking no delay,
He is a field or so away
Before you grasp the thought that lies
Beneath the simple phrase "Mark over!"

Good is the pheasant; fully fed,
He makes a most superb objective;
But so magnetic is his tail
That it attracts the deadly hail
Which should have hit him in the head,
Where blows are always more effective.

I like the bunny; but he lacks
A sense of sport: he swerves and dodges;
Seldom runs straight—the honest plan—
Nor keeps the open like a man,
But, even as your weapon cracks,
Enters the low haunts where he lodges.

But, oh the hare! In him I trace
A nature nobler than the rabbit's;
Big as his body (which is large
And gives the eye an ample marge)
He scorns, as something rather base,
The coney's too-secretive habits.

He nests beneath the open sky
Just where the larks compose their carols;
Sits up that you may have no doubts
Of his immediate whereabouts,
Then runs as straight as any die,
An obvious butt for both your barrels.

And that is why I love the hare
Better than all and praise him louder;
To me he represents the pure
And perfect type of amateur,
With whom I'd always gladly share
My last remaining pinch of powder. O. S.

A Welcome Change.

"The marriage arranged between Mr. Charles Bayley and Miss Violent Brett will take place quietly at Motihari."—*Statesman.*

Important Ruling by the House of Lords.

"The Chairman of Committees: Before the Motion to read the Bill a third time is taken, I would ask your Lordships to make three small Amendments, which I can assure you are practically nothing more, except in one case, than setting right misprints. In page 52, line 4, the words "to prevent effectually" should read "to effectually prevent."—*Hansard.*

After this official pronouncement we are wondering if it is legal to under any circumstances, and if so which, use an unsplit infinitive.

MINISTERIAL MISFITS.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, on the occasion of his recent visit to Buckingham, has elicited a stern rebuke in the current issue of *Men's Wear.* The evidence is unanswerable, being that of the camera, which shows him "wearing a square felt hat, stiff linen collar with large wings, a bow necktie, a lounge coat with flap to the outside breast pocket, kid gloves, and trousers which look like a cross between a pair of riding breeches and of woollen pants, the pants part having large creases at the lower part of the leg. To complete this extraordinary rig-out, the right hon. gentleman thought it a fit and proper thing to put on a pair of button boots. These boots are the worst iniquity in an iniquitous conglomeration of unsuitable clothing; they positively make one shudder."

We regret to say that Mr. CHURCHILL is not the only sartorial offender in the Cabinet. Paradoxical as it may appear, by far the greatest outrages against the laws of fashion are committed by one who as a rule is scrupulously particular in his attire—Mr. LULU HARCOURT. In him the old saying, *Corruptio optimi pessima,* receives a new, a painfully vivid, illustration. Clad as a rule with a meticulous correctitude, Mr. HARCOURT is subject to occasional fits of slovenly eccentricity, in which he "goes Fanti" in his dress. The last time he was seized in this way was when he was out grouse shooting on the Yorkshire moors. To the horror of the other members of the party he appeared in a pair of gray flannel trousers, a frock coat and a straw hat. Worse still, he had dispensed with a collar and wore a pair of white tennis boots. The Baron DE FOREST, who was one of the party, was so much upset that, although a strict teetotaler, he had to be revived with a stiff tumbler of sal volatile and ammoniated quinine, while Lord LONSDALE felt obliged to send a telegram of protest to the GERMAN EMPEROR. It is generally felt that the doom of the Cabinet cannot be long delayed when prominent Ministers behave in this way. Only last week Lord HALDANE was seen at a dinner-party wearing a white tie with a turn-down collar! And more than once Mr. SAMUEL has been suspected of wearing a dicky secured with a couple of postage stamps.

PICK OF THE LITTER.

BEAGLE puppy, a fortnight old,
Squirming sluggishly in the straw,
You're only conscious of warmth and cold
And the chastening pat of a parent paw.
Fat as butter, liver and white,
Stern and shoulder as black as jet—
Pick of the litter? Perhaps they're right.
Rather early to say as yet.

Well, you come of a worthy pair,
Punter and Priestess, two of the best—
Punter, who'll sing to the line of a hare
And hold it longer than all the rest;
Priestess, who collars the leading place
From find to finish, from cast to view—
If you've got your mother's manners and pace,
Her nose and her bone and her ribs, you'll do.

Mottled barrel of puppyhood,
Nuzzling muzzle cool and wet,
Next year's pride of the pack (touch wood)—
Rather early to say as yet.
Grim distemper may lurk ahead;
Deadly "yellows" may lay you low;
Perish the thought—we'll hope instead
For a possible pot at the Puppy Show.



THE LANDLORD'S NEMESIS.

Pheasant (*on the eve of the First*). "THEY 'RE GOING FOR ME TO-MORROW."

Mr. Lloyd George (*fully armed for future events*). "DIE HAPPY, BIRD! TEN DAYS LATER I 'M GOING FOR *THEM*."

[The opening of the Chancellor's Land Campaign is promised for October 11.]



Farmer (in position of absolute safety, at "square leg," to golfer who has just driven). "'Ere, young feller, yer didn't ought to 'it yer ball when I 'm as close as this!"

Golfer. "Do you know anything at all about the game of golf?"

Farmer. "Yes, I *do*. I was once 'it in the stomach!"

MY DAY'S PLEASURE.

I discovered the other day that one could hire a motor-'bus. I immediately took steps, and on the following morning a bright one drew up before the door of Charlemagne Palace Mansions, and I felt that I was going to have the time of my life. I was not mistaken.

I had attired myself appropriately, and my sister-in-law had promised to come with me as a passenger. But she is always late; so I drove round to her house.

I don't mean to imply that I sat at the wheel; there was a man for that who knew exactly what to do, and invariably did it—a most remarkable man, named Wilson. No, I simply mean I gave directions, and myself occupied the footboard. Hence the need for an appropriate costume. When I say appropriate, I am willing to admit that the hat was of rather a marked type.

The company, who was most obliging, had insisted on the 'bus's being marked *Private*; had insisted, in fact, with a firmness I was not prepared for in so urbane a personage. I, you know, had wanted all those nice boards, with names: Hampstead, Bethnal Green, and Hyde Park Corner. But the company was as firm as a rock on this point. It took me several minutes to realise how firm he was.

However, lots of people didn't notice *Private*, so no great harm was done. I flatter myself, if you'd heard me call out things like "Tottenham Court Road; a penny all the way," you'd have thought I'd been doing nothing else from infancy. My sister-in-law, at any rate, said it was as good as a circus. She may have been partial or she may not, but that was what she said.

The people wanted tickets; but I explained that I was running that 'bus as a private venture and that I was giving them excellent value for their money, and they were soon pacified.

Except a commercial traveller, who was in a hurry and wanted—really did want—to go to Tottenham Court Road. He said he had an appointment or something.

"Why didn't you mention you wanted to go to Tottenham Court Road, old top?" I asked him.

I admitted that I had suggested Tottenham Court Road, and I was quite prepared (I told him) to go to Tottenham Court Road, or much farther, provided I could get the right sort of passengers. But I put it to him:

"If the public won't support you, what are you to do?"

I called his attention to the fact that out of a load of eight or ten souls he was the only one who seemed inclined for Tottenham Court Road; and I asked him, was it fair, was it reasonable, was it even decent that his wishes should prevail over those of an overwhelming majority?

He asked me whether I went to Hanwell by any chance.

I knew what he meant.

However, I gave him back his fare; told him that no one regretted the incident more than I did; but with one passenger wanting to go to Tottenham Court Road, another to Richmond, and several to the Nag's Head, Holloway, what were you to do? "You can't please everybody in this world," I added as I helped him off the 'bus.

It was my prices that fetched 'em. My sister-in-law—I'd better call her Rosamund at once and have done with it—said I was putting 'em too low; said that no one would expect to travel from Hyde Park Corner to Richmond, *viâ* Ealing Broadway, for tuppence.

But, I said, you never knew what anyone would expect in this world; and wasn't it about time for lunch?

It was at this point that the old lady who had said she wanted to go to Richmond—who, in fact, had been the originator of the Richmond idea—got up violently and announced her intention of reporting me to the company.

"Don't do that," I said. "He's such a nice man, and he wouldn't take the least notice of you."

"Don't you *want* to go to Richmond?" inquired Rosamund.

But she would hold no parley with Rosamund; called her names, in fact, for talking to the conductor. Of course I had to interfere.

I can be firm myself when I choose, and I was firm with that old lady. I handed her off the vehicle.

We were not properly full up till we got to Hammersmith; then there wasn't room to move. You talk of strap-hangers! You should have seen my 'bus. And to make matters worse I kept on ringing the bell. I liked doing that, but I didn't always do it at the right time. The motor-man stopped once, right in the middle of the traffic, and got off his seat and came round to me and wanted to know what the so-and-so I thought I was playing at.

"It's all right, old thing," I said. "I only want a little practice. We'll have lunch at Ealing Broadway, so hurry up and get a move on you."

He went back and got such a move on him that he nearly ran over a policeman. It was partly the policeman's own fault. He stood in the road pointing out that there was something the matter with the 'bus; it was infringing some regulation or other. Worse than that (so he said), it was stopping all the trams. My man had brought the 'bus up with a jerk right across the tram-lines. With all the hurry and bustle around me I didn't notice the trams at first, but when my attention was called to them I saw that we were in their way, for they extended in a long line ever so far; and the conductors and drivers and people were all getting off and crowding round my 'bus, except those that stayed behind to sound their gongs. I soon saw what would happen if this sort of thing went on—I should get flurried.

My man was sitting stolidly at the wheel, just as though nothing was happening. I went round to him.

"Look here," I said to him, "I can see what you're trying to do—you're trying to spoil my day's pleasure."

The upshot of the matter was that Rosamund talked the policeman over and put all the blame on the chauffeur.



THE IRONIES OF LIFE.

THE QUEUE WAITING FOR THE OPENING OF THE PIT AND GALLERY DOORS, ALDWYCH THEATRE.

All the chauffeur said was:

"Never again!"

He kept on saying this till I asked him what he was pleased to mean by it, and then he relapsed into an unsociable silence.

"Look here, my man," I said; "I've got a bit of a temper myself, but I'm thankful to say it isn't a sulky one."

He was better after that.

But the policeman, you know, made himself very officious; said I mustn't carry passengers, hadn't got a licence or something. As if you wanted a licence for a sister-in-law!

However, I needn't go into that. Most of the passengers stuck by me like Britons. Of course I couldn't take any more money after what the Law had said, but we all went on to Richmond and had lunch at the "Roebuck." It was a jolly lunch, but rather mixed, of course. The landlady, at any rate, seemed to think so. She said the same as the motor-man had said:

"Never again!"

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A NEW venture of great interest and attractiveness has been planned by Mr. Goodleigh Chump, being nothing less than a series of Banworthy Books, in which the great elemental problems of life will be treated with a noble and fearless candour. The series will start with *The Confessions of a Super-Cad*, by Mr. Max Abel, in which the struggles, privations and ultimate triumph of a guttersnipe of genius will be traced with that ruthless realism for which Mr. Abel has long been celebrated.

The next volume will be *The Souvenirs of a Shyster*. In this wonderful work Mr. Condy O'Doll has incorporated his variegated experiences as a lift-boy, bootblack and sewage-farmer in Pittsburgh and other great industrial centres of the United States. Mr. Chump has himself written a vivid "Foreword," in which he asserts that in the whole course of his career as a publisher he has never been so thoroughly raked up as by Mr. O'Doll's recital. "I read the MS. at one sitting," he says, "disregarding meals and business engagements, and at the close I could not resume the thread of my ordinary existence until I had taken a Turkish bath."

Next we are promised *The Peregrinations of a Pip-squeak*, a picaresque romance by Mr. Brompton MacGregor. Mr. Chump again contributes a prefatory note, in which he tells us that his reader fainted twice during the perusal of the work in its original form. To guard against heart failure in the case of the public, Mr. Chump has generously undertaken to supply a small phial of digitalis with each copy sold.

The Land of Tosh is the gay and insouciant title of a volume of essays by the witty humourist who veils his identity under the pseudonym of "Sileas." Another volume of outstanding interest is the budget of reminiscences promised by Mr. Mack B. Lalor, under the title of *Horsewhippings I have earned*. Altogether, the series promises to be a thumping, or, as a witty friend of the publisher's puts it, a Chumping success.

"'YESTERDAY'S FOOL' BEGINS TO-DAY."
Daily Mail.

Some people never know when to stop.

A SYMPATHETIC STRIKE.

There was one little item of news in connection with the labour troubles in Dublin the gravity of which has, it appears, been entirely overlooked. It was communicated by *The Daily Mail's* correspondent, who, speaking of the spread of the strike to the farm labourers in the neighbourhood, foreshadowed in a stirring passage the coming of a period of agricultural chaos. All work was at a standstill, and not only that, but unthatched stacks were rotting (he announced) for want of thrashing and turnips were decaying in the fields. Our text, so to speak, will be found in these last striking words, and especially in the unprecedented behaviour of the turnips.

At first we were frankly incredulous. We found it hard to believe that turnips in the month of September (when they may generally be counted upon to make their greatest growth) should thus, in defiance of Nature's laws, have suddenly begun to waste away; and our own stacks, whenever we have had the good fortune to possess any, have usually endured for several weeks without much damage, even if they were unthatched. Still, the idea haunted us; we could not dismiss it from our mind. We felt that it should be looked into, and at last we despatched a Special Correspondent to investigate upon the spot. To-day we are able to give his report—a report, we may say, which has profoundly moved us.

"I have made my way [he writes] through many acres of decaying turnips, whose odour was almost insupportable, to a small farm-steading seventeen miles from Dublin, where I have found a remarkable state of affairs. I may say at once that the extent of the damage has been, if anything, underestimated. I set to work without delay upon a careful investigation. The first thing that attracted my notice was a heap of fire-wood near the back door. It was entirely covered by purple fungi, attributed by the farmer to the fact that it had not been dusted for several days. I next took a look at the supply of linseed cake in the barn, which I found in an advanced state of disintegration, much of it already having crumbled to dust. But perhaps the most surprising discovery that I made, and one that immediately banished my scepticism, was when I put my head into the hay-shed. After watching carefully for some minutes I came to the amazing conclusion that the hay was slowly evaporating, and the farmer assured me, with tears in his eyes, that he had lost nearly two tons since the beginning of last week. As I approached the pig-sty the poor fellow laid a hand on my arm.

"'Don't go in there,' he said. 'There's trouble among the pigs.'

"And indeed it was easy to see that something was the matter, for I came at once upon a large litter which appeared to be in a state of intoxication.

"'It was the fomented barley,' the farmer explained. 'We can't keep barley these days. Come this way; I want to show you the blight on the clover. . . .'"

With these grave words from our correspondent before us we can only say that we hope that long before this report appears in print the labour troubles in Ireland will have come to a satisfactory conclusion. Rumours have reached us that the sympathetic strike is not likely to be confined to the vegetable kingdom. Cows are already giving buttermilk in some places, while hens are persistently laying last week's eggs. We have not yet been able to corroborate the news to hand from the Wicklow Mountains that a flock of sheep has been discovered with fleeces of inferior cotton-wool. But there is no doubt that Trade Unionism has found a valuable ally and a new and most powerful weapon.



The Professor. "Boy, get me a fly."
New Page. "Yes, Sir. Dead or alive, Sir?"

CUBS.

The bees still haunt the garden border
Though nights come crisp and cold,
And berries ripen in their order
In hedgerows manifold;
The beech has stolen the summer's gold,
The gold of the summer sun,
And now comes in October
With skies soft and sober
And mornings full of melody and red cubs that run.

There's some that like an April coppice
So tender to behold;
There's some that like the pride of poppies
Among the barley bold;
But I, I like an autumn wold
And a wood where summer's done,
And white hounds and limber
To sing through its timber
The melody, the melody that makes the red fox run.

THE STUMBLING BLOCK.

HENRY was practising niblick shots when I looked in at his flat the other morning, and he had just made a clever recovery from the waste-paper basket as I came into the room.

"That settles it," I said. "I was going to offer to take a stroke a hole next Monday; now I shall want two. Henry, I've got a letter for you; the porter gave it to me as I came up."

Henry took the letter, glanced at the writing and threw it on the table.

"I don't think that's quite polite," I said. "You should read letters which I take the trouble to bring you. Besides, Williams and I—— That is Williams on the sofa, isn't it? How do you do, Williams? We are naturally eager to know who your correspondent is."

"It's from the solicitor to my landlord, if you want to know," said Henry.

"That sounds very depraved. An ordinary solicitor is bad enough; a solicitor to one's landlord——"

"You can read it if you like," said Henry, and he gave me the letter. "He's never very interesting. And you can pay the rent too if you like."

"Excuse me, Williams," I murmured, as I opened the letter. "Tut, tut, this is more than interesting, this is epoch-making."

"What's the matter?"

"Listen. It's from the solicitor to the Westminster Incorporated Building Society."

"My landlord, Wibs."

"Quite so. 'Dear Sir,—This is to inform you that, as from September 29th next, Shakspeare Mansions is the property of the Liverpool Estate Syndicate. Take notice that from that date all rents should be paid to the Liverpool Estate Syndicate, and not to the Westminster Incorporated Building Society. Yours faithfully, JOHN BATES.' Henry," I added solemnly, "Wibs is no longer your landlord."

"Well, what of it?" said Henry.

"Quite so," said Williams. Williams, I ought to have said before, lives below Henry. There is only one other flat in the building, and that has been empty for some time.

"What of it?" I cried. "Henry, Williams, my dear friends, don't you see what has happened?"

Williams tried to look as if he did, but obviously didn't.

"My brothers, this is what has happened. By a corrupt bargain between John Bates and the Liverpool Estate Syndicate you have been sold to Liverpool. For years you have been loyal to the Westminster Incorporated Building Society; you have lived at peace under the rule of Wibs; you have paid your rent cheerfully——"

"Not cheerfully," said Williams.

"You have paid your rent loyally to Wibs. Are you now to be robbed of your birthright? Are you to be handed over to the domination of Liverpool? All we ask," I went on with great emotion, "is to remain beneath the flag of Westminster; to continue to pay rent to the Westminster Incorporated Building Society; not to be placed under the heel of a Liverpool landlord. All we demand——"

"Why 'we'?" said Henry. "*You* don't live here."

"True. But there is a precedent for saying 'we.' Speaking as a barrister, I associate myself in this matter with my clients. And, gentlemen," I went on, "there is also a precedent for what we are about to do. We are about to form a Provisional Government."

"Hear, hear," said Williams.

"What we propose to do is this. We propose to keep Shakspeare Mansions in trust for the Westminster Incorporated Building Society until such time as Wibs is ready to take it over again. Meanwhile we will collect the rent for him, pay the rates, repair the crack in Henry's geysor and arm ourselves against any attack on our liberties. My friends, are you with me?"

Williams reflected for a moment.

"Suppose they send policemen against us?" he asked.

"They will never dare, and if they did would a Westminster policeman consent to arrest a fellow Westminster man? He would eat his truncheon rather. All we ask——"

"You're not going to say it all over again?" said Henry in alarm.

"You'll be very lucky if you only get it twice," I said stiffly. "As your leader in this revolution I do all the talking. When the Provisional Government is set up I shall be your president."

"Then I shall be the Finance Committee," said Henry.

"That only leaves the Army unfilled. Williams shall be our gallant army. I shall be photographed taking the salute from him. He has a bowler hat already; all he wants is a bandolier and an indemnity fund. If you are arrested, Williams, your family will be compensated—supposing they think it necessary. Meanwhile, what about lunch?"

"Whoever takes the rent we must eat," said Henry. "Come along."

The Provisional Government put on its hats and went out to lunch. It returned, somewhat torpid, two hours later. The Finance Committee sank into the sofa and the Army stretched itself on two arm-chairs. The President rested his elbow on the revolving bookcase.

"I will now," I said, "address my followers again." I waited until the Army had said "Hear, hear," and then went on:—

"Gentlemen, the time for talk is nearly over. I speak for all of us when I say that we are inflexibly resolved never to pay rent to Liverpool. We have, as you know, already signed a covenant to that effect, and none signed it more willingly than myself who do not live here and will never be asked to pay. Shakspeare Mansions is united in its resolution to remain loyal to Westminster, and so long as we are united our liberties cannot be assailed. We have this day formed our Provisional Government. I see before me our hard-headed Finance Committee—asleep; our gallant Army—with its tie all sideways. We send a message to John Bates that we denounce his corrupt bargain, and refuse to be bound by it. Shakspeare Mansions, I repeat, is united——"

There was a sudden surprising noise from the ceiling—a noise like "*Hitchy-Koo.*"

"What's that, Williams?" I asked quickly.

"The man above. He's got a pianola."

"I didn't know there was a man above. I thought the flat was empty."

"He hasn't been in long. He's come up from Liverpool, the porter says, to see life."

"Oh!" This altered matters a good deal. The President left the revolving bookcase and walked up and down in anxious thought. At last he came to his decision. "Williams," I said sorrowfully, "the revolution is off; the Provisional Government is dissolved; the Army is disbanded."

"Oh, I say! Why?"

"A revolutionary government must be whole-hearted, united. It can wage civil war against the enemy, but it cannot face a civil war within itself. I thought Shakspeare Mansions was united in its resistance to Liverpool and its loyalty to Wibs; but it seems now that one-third of it knows no Wibs and loves Liverpool. How can you go on in the face of that? You can withhold your rent from your alien landlord, but you cannot compel rent from this alien tenant. The revolution is over."

"Oh!" said Williams. "I'll tell Henry when he wakes."

I took my hat and prepared to go.

"By the way, Williams," I said, as I opened the door, "let me remind you that you are now an ordinary citizen again. In future, when you get into trouble with the police there will be *no* compensation."

A. A. M.



"Mother dear, will you sit perfectly still for a moment?" "Certainly, darling."



"Thanks awfully, Mother."

LAPSES OF TIME.

"When (if ever) you have finished your lunch," said Marjorie, "we have an important meeting to attend on the village green."

"If," I said, drawing to a conclusion, "if I am to address your feudal tenants on the Land Question I must have a liqueur with my coffee."

George, be it said, though he is at once Marjorie's husband and the local squire, was at the moment elsewhere. Behind my week-end invitation there now appeared to be this ulterior motive, that I should act as his understudy on this Saturday afternoon.

"We are due to take part in the village sports," explained Marjorie. "They don't really want us, but would be hurt if we didn't join in."

"But I have left my cycle and my egg and my spoon behind me in London," I protested.

Marjorie took a large silver watch from the mantelpiece and handed it to me graciously.

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," said I, with a rustic curtsey. "To receive the first prize before the race is run is to be relieved of all anxiety from the start."

Marjorie took me up quickly. "There are three things to remember about it. First, that it is a loan; second, that George, its owner, sets great value by it; third, that it is a stop-watch. Are you to be trusted with its manipulation?"

"Anybody can stop a watch," said I haughtily.

"But the difficulty is to start it," was Marjorie's significant reply.

Arrived later at the village green I at once associated myself with the Parson and the Publican, who held the tape between them. They had little to say to me, so I turned to Marjorie and discussed the political situation. "We have before us," I said, in an eloquent whisper, "the Church, the Licensed Trade and the Landed Interest united by a common bond. Is not this our opportunity to strengthen George's position against the assaults of the Single Taxer?" My flow of words was suddenly interrupted by a pistol shot, exactly a hundred yards away.

"Are you hurt?" I asked her anxiously.

She pointed to the onrush of some half-dozen natives. "Are *you* ready to stop the watch?" she asked breathlessly.

"Quite," said I, starting it.

The first heat of the hundred yards took four and three-fifth seconds; to the next I wouldn't swear; the third took even less. As to the Final there was some dispute as to who had won. When it was settled and I was free to resume my particular business, I discovered that the time for that was three minutes, forty-five and four-fifth seconds, an ample period which was rapidly increasing. Marjorie wasn't at all pleased about it. "But you mustn't expect too much of mere rustics," I told her.

Before they started the mile she took my watch off me, and the villagers, having lost confidence, also got another timekeeper of their own. Marjorie blamed me very much and explained, with illustrations, how simple it was to work. She was still explaining when they finished the first lap of the mile. On her attention being called to this fact she blushed and made a sudden movement, on which I commented as follows:—"Ah, yes," I said, "it's all very well starting to time it now, but you'll find yourself in difficulties when they get to the finish . . . unless you can get them to run an extra lap for you."

When the finish was achieved she went very straight to the other timekeeper. "What do you make it?" said she, looking confidently at her own



He. "And ah—when did you come out?"
Débutante. "Oh! but I was never in. I'm not a militant, you know."

watch, which, however, the other time-keeper was not allowed to see.

"Five minutes, five seconds and a fifth, lady," he said.

"Oh, well, you may be right," said she after the briefest pause. "I make it five minutes and five seconds exactly." And she set the watch back at once to zero. The villagers were obviously pleased. "There!" said Marjorie to me, "that's how it ought to be done!"

Feeling that the honour of London was at stake I determined to retrieve the position. But there was only the obstacle race left, and nobody seemed interested in the timing of that. Marjorie, being thoroughly pleased with herself, was easily induced to address the assembly in conclusion. Not till she was surrounded by a ring of expectant yokels did she realize that, when one rises to make a speech, one is without a single friend, that even one's nearest and dearest are against one. Having begun and ended in confusion she turned for support to me, who stood just behind her.

I held the stop-watch prominently in view. "Twelve seconds and a bittock," I announced in my most official voice, and for once the villagers' sympathies were with the Londoner.

HUMANER LETTERS.

The plays of the moment seem to be curiously provocative of public correspondence. Last week attention was drawn to the misgivings of certain members of Sir J. M. Barrie's audience (who, by the way, when next they visit *The Adored One*, will find all their troubles gone), and now we seem to be in for heated discussions on others.

Here, for example, is no less an epistolary warrior than the Hon. Stephen Coleridge (unless we are misled by our correspondent's style and attitude) on the track of *Androcles and the Lion*:—

"Sir, [he writes] it is incredible to me that such a notoriously humane person as Mr. Bernard Shaw should derive fun from the spectacle of a dumb animal in agony, as he does in the opening scene of his otherwise amusing trifle at the St. James's Theatre. To drag the King of Beasts into a piece of stage mummery at all is offensive; but to exhibit him in the throes of pain is unpardonable. What kind of effect can a cynical display such as this have on a house full (or partly full) of unthinking pleasure-seekers? Will it be believed that *Androcles*, in performing his operation on the poor creature's foot, never even dreams of an anæsthetic? Not that that would make it any better in reality, as all readers of my letters to the Press are aware; but, at any rate, earnest would be given of some hope of alleviating suffering. But no, and there is nothing for me but to give up also Mr. Shaw, who hitherto has been wholly on my side in my war against callousness. Now, alas, he too goes."

À propos of the new musical comedy at the Shaftesbury, the advent of which was made such a secret by the management and the Press, an anxious householder asks:—

"Is it not more than a little tactless, not to say unfortunate, that the title, *The Pearl Girl*, should be given to a new frivolous production at the moment when a great legal case involving a number (sixty-one, to be precise) of pearls of extraordinary value is *sub judice*? Surely any other stone would have done as well for the purposes of the stage—sardonyx, chrysoprase, opal, chalcedony, agate? I enclose my card and sign myself Fair Play."

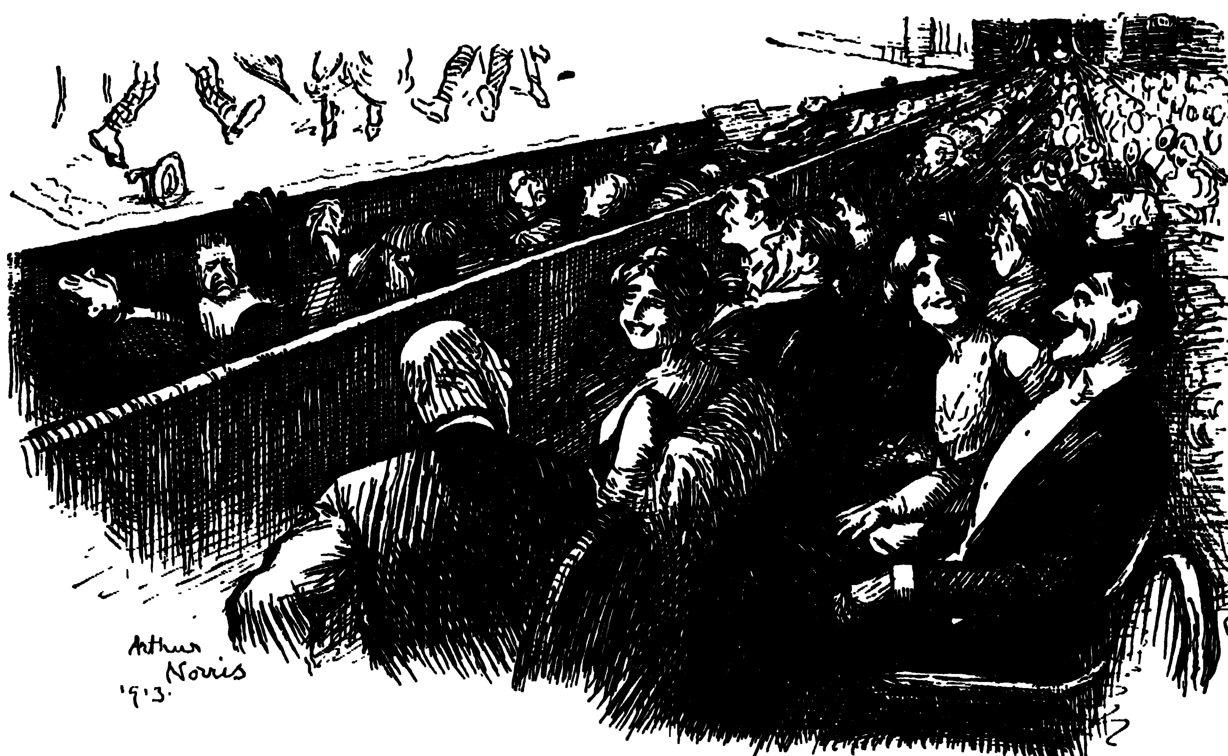
We hold over a number of letters from Tariff Reformers protesting against the title of "The Ever Open Door."



A POSTAL DISORDER.

John Bull. "I LIKE THE LOOK OF YOU, MY LAD—BUT YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH TOO WIDE."

[A strike of Post Office Employees has been threatened in the event of a refusal of their heavy demands for fresh concessions.]



Country Cousin (at popular musical comedy, which has had a very long run). "How can those orchestra-men sit there through it all without a *smile*?"

Town Cousin. "Can't say. But then I've never seen one of these things more than a couple of hundred times."

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OSTRICH.

My First Day.—I am successfully hatched.

While my shell was yet unbroken I had decided I would write my life history at the earliest opportunity; for I believe few ostriches follow a literary career. I am the youngest of my eight brothers and sisters; and, as my shell was a thick one, I was naturally rather exhausted when I had my first peep of my family and our home. It is a comfortable though unpretentious nest, merely a dent in the ground, and around it is a sort of fence made from the old shells we children came out of, and some eggs which haven't hatched. Mother always lays some extra eggs, so that Father may have something to play with when he takes his turn at sitting. Yes, in *our* family these things are properly divided. You see, an ostrich egg is so precious, it must be sat on for six weeks. Our mothers sit in the daytime because their feathers are a greyish brown, the colour of the ground, and thus they can't easily be seen by intruding humans. For the same reason, our fathers, being black, sit at night.

Mother says that we chicks had an exceptionally good father, for he would often take his place on the nest at four in the afternoon (three hours before his time) so that Mother should be able to slip over the hill and have a chat with the ostrich hen who lives there and who hasn't any eggs to look after.

Our Mother seems rather fond of society. She wears such lovely feathers and carries her neck at a perfect angle.

My Second Day.—I have a tragedy to write of to-day. How pitiful that my young life should be saddened almost at the outset! Early this morning, as soon as Mother had tidied up our broken shells, she and Father took us out walking in the long grass quite a distance from home. Mother was teaching us the right weeds to eat, and my eldest sister—the beauty of our family—was with Father a little way off. We heard Father say, with great delight, that he had found just the sort of rusty nail his gizzard had required lately. In fact, he came across to tell us about it. Mother, after listening for some time, her head thrown to one side and a curiously sleepy expression in her eye, which meant, I fancy, that she had heard quite enough about Father's digestive arrangements many times before, suddenly raised her head and, interrupting him in the middle of a sentence, shrieked, "Where's Prudence?"

Father, looking rather ashamed, hurried back to where he thought he had left her; but Prudence had disappeared. My parents spent some time hunting for her, but as they are both short-sighted and Father was continually discovering a different blade of grass beside which he would declare positively he had left her, it was hardly surprising that our dear Prudence's place was empty at lunch-time.

My Third Day.—Yes, I have decided this world is a disappointment. There seems so much discord. I feared this the moment I hatched, and now am certain. Still, one must worry through it somehow, I suppose.

Father and Mother can never agree whether china or old nails make the better digestive foods. They frequently spoil my sleep arguing about it at night.

Two more of my brothers are lost. They were having a kicking match just outside Father's feathers late last night, and we fear a jackal must have picked them off.

Our Farmer came this morning and said several very impolite things to Mother when he saw some of us were missing, just as though it was not *his* business to see we were properly protected! What a curious species these humans are! I suppose we can scarcely blame the poor things. They would

naturally have been ostriches if they could, but really the shortness of their necks—well, it strikes one as scarcely decent!

Three Weeks Later.—I have a terrible occurrence to chronicle to-day. Father and Mother have been plucked. This is one of the reasons we hate all humans. They take our beautiful feathers and give us the trouble of growing more, just so that their females—who apparently can't grow feathers themselves—may wear ours on their heads!

Our parents look so curious without their long wing and tail feathers; and we shall be shockingly short of bedclothes. I have registered a solemn vow never to allow anyone to cut my feathers off. By the way, they really are shaping very becomingly. I shall be a pretty figure of a cock.

Two Years Later.—To-day I met the dearest hen in the world. Curiously enough, we found on comparing notes that we were hatched in the same month. Her name is Nancy, and I found her extraordinarily companionable and exactly of my own opinion on the vital subject, namely, that *brass*-headed nails are really the most appetising. Strange that a hen should have discovered this!

One Day Later.—Two of my sworn enemies, the humans, came this morning, drove me into a corner of the fence, and put a pole across behind me. I did not object at first as much as I should have done at another time, for my meeting with Nancy yesterday had made me feel kindly disposed to all the world. But when I saw one of the creatures preparing to put a stocking over my head (for that is the ignominious way they treat us) I guessed at once they meant to attempt to take my feathers. What would Nancy say when we met? She would never gaze at me again with the admiration I had seen in her brilliant eyes yesterday. For one mad moment I saw red, and, lifting one powerful limb, while deftly retaining my balance on the other, I struck—but only air; for the stocking descended over my eyes at that moment.

Next Day.—I spent a fearful morning, sitting behind a bush. I felt so extremely undressed and quite unable to face Nancy, even though I wished very much to walk with her. About mid-day I saw her in the distance. Heavens! She had lost her feathers too. I rushed to meet her, and we spent the afternoon walking and comparing notes on our awful experiences of yesterday.

We passed a hollow which Nancy pointed out, saying it would be a good site for a nest. Queer how the minds of even intelligent hens always run on nests! She giggled rather, too.

A Few Weeks Later.—Nancy showed me an egg in the hollow. Said it was *hers!* Very curious.

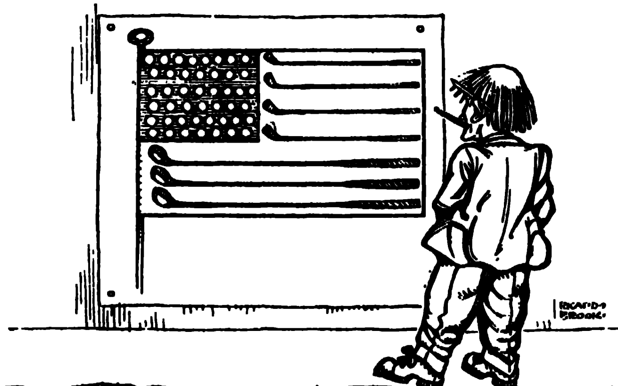
A Month Later.—The last few weeks have been a happy time. Nancy thinks with me in all things. Truly, she is a hen of exceptionally good taste.

The hollow is now full of eggs, and there is a ring of them outside, reminding me of my old home and making me vaguely uneasy. But still *I* could never be expected to sit on them. For one thing, my legs are too long.

A Few Hours Later.—Yes, it is as I feared. Nancy says I must sit on those wretched eggs all night. I find I *can* fold my legs; but the whole thing is a fearful bore and will interfere with my literary work.

However, every ostrich to his duty, and, at any rate, you don't catch me going on to the eggs at four o'clock, the way my old Father used to do.

(*Not to be continued.*)



Variation on the Stars and Stripes, designed by a Yankee golf enthusiast, gone mad over Mr. Ouimet's victory.

THE FINEST CITY.

How it was that Antonio came to forget himself so far as to allow a couple of complete strangers to take possession of half the table which, between the hours of six and eight, I have learnt to consider exclusively my own, still remains a mystery. His lapse from duty was quite inexcusable, I know. And yet I have forgiven him. For through his neglect I am able to give to the world one of the most remarkable narratives heard in modern times.

Both intruders bore the stamp of men about the world, and one, at least, as I hope to show, was a raconteur of no mean order.

As I took my seat the latter was saying:—

"Mind you—it seemed to be just talk. That's all. But the extraordinary part is this. Though it was quite a year ago in New York, I can remember practically every word that was said. When the Cockney strolled into the saloon and looked round like a lost sheep on a desert island, I got ready for something to happen. A man at the bar spotted him in two seconds.

"'Just out, sonny?' asked the American.

"'Yus,' said the Cockney. 'Come over on the *Mauritania* yesterday.'

"'That so? Well, what are ye goin' to have?'

"'I'll 'ave a pig's ear,' said the Cockney.

"'Come again. I didn't get you.'

"'A pig's ear. That's what we call beer in London. Rhymin' slang, yer know.'

"'Say, that's cute. But why not have a Martini Cocktail?'

"'I don't mind. You 'avin' one?'

"'Sure.'

"After a couple of sips the Cockney expressed his approval thus:—

"'Well, my ole China, they say there's no bad beer. But I'll lay six to four the man what drinks this for a fortnight 'll say all beer 's rotten.'

"'So. Glad you like it.'

"'Yus. And I like the 'ole town on the quiet. New York is the finest city 'artside 'eaven. And I ain't kiddin'.'

"'Oh, Gee! Not so faast,' said the American deprecatingly. 'I'll allow N'York is some village, but—the finest city outside heaven? No, Sir.'

"'But I'm tellin' yer. Why, look at yer sky scrapers! Look at that statue in the 'arbour! Look at yer streets all laid art so as you carn't make no mistakes! What do yer want better than Broadway by night, with all the beautiful lights and the signs goin' in and art, and what not? Thumbs up, New York, every time.'

"'Now go easy, son. Remember you're speakin' to a guy who was over in Europe and took in your London laast fall. Wa'al, I've seen *some*, but your Lei-cester Square and Piccadilly Coircus—Gee!'

"'Oh, I ain't sayin' nothink against the smoke,' remarked the Cockney tolerantly. 'Only as regards to bein' the first City when it comes to enterin' for the world 'andicap I say London is one of the also's.'



Huntsman (to irate farmer). "Never 'eard such language in my born days. I'm ashamed for the 'ounds to over'ear it."

"'But see here. You're not wise to your own City, or you wouldn't talk like that. We got nothin' over here to compare with your *Saint* Paul's, your houses of Congress, your parks. And, Sir, the way your traffic is regu-lated! And the civility of your trolley-car conductors! Above everything, the comfort of your rail-road system, and your rapid transit in all di-rections! Yes, Sir. You got us skinned to death. London is the finest city on this oirth. And anyone who says contrairy is not the wise guy I guessed you to be when you came through that openin'.'

"'What do yer mean abart bein' a wise guy? Can't I 'ave my opinions as well as you? And ain't they as good?' asked the Cockney, thoroughly roused.

"'Now cut that out, son. I don't want you to git me rattled. But see here. We can settle this right now. If the boys are agreeable, we'll take a ballot as to which is the finest city of the two.'

"'Right-o!' said the Cockney, 'I'll stand by that.'

"Well, to cut a long story short, they took the ballot. Whereupon every one of the twenty odd New Yorkers in the saloon gave London the palm. That's all."

A hush, almost of reverence, followed the speaker's abrupt finish. He had been talking in a fairly loud voice, and Panini's is a somewhat select little place. Diners of all descriptions had laid down their eating utensils and strained their ears to catch every word. The hush lasted only a few moments, and was succeeded by a low murmur of satisfaction, to the effect that "these Yankees aren't as bad as they're painted!"

One old gentleman, with unmistakable stars and stripes written over him, made no attempt to conceal his interest and astonishment, but stared open-mouthed at the occupants of our table. Antonio himself had been hovering round with a weird smile on his face from the beginning.

I held out my hand for the bill, and then groped in a dazed fashion for my hat.

The raconteur's companion had listened stonily to the whole recital. Now he took a sovereign from his pocket, and pushed it without enthusiasm across the table.

"You've won," he said sadly. "That was a stranger dream than mine."

THE "HAPPY MOMENTS" COMPETITION.

(A retrospect.)

A song of "happy moments." To pursue
The wraith of pleasure for a fortnight's span
Behind a lens and shutter will not do;
I leave the pictures to some other man;
Enough for me to chronicle in rhyme
The brighter memories of a tedious time.

A wasp and Aunt Eliza; Uncle John
Starting the motor; Alice and her swain
A-cooing; Maud with brassie; at mid-on
Her caddie, very nearly cut in twain;
Myself, with contributions to the Press
Rejected; Eve, in last year's bathing-dress.

A song of happy moments—very brief;
A single stanza has sufficed to state
Their details. Alfred, to his lasting grief,
Took all six portraits on a single plate,
And, smashing the result, provided what
I thought the happiest moment of the lot.

A GREAT REFORMER.

Miss Toovey has deserved well of the public in writing an authoritative Life of her maternal uncle, the late Mr. Emanuel Porpentine, whose demise a year ago at an almost over-ripe old age occasioned such widespread regret; for this is pre-eminently one of those Lives of Great Men which are sent to remind us that with a little luck we may all hope to pilot our own careers to a similarly sublime altitude. In five hundred and seventy-three well-printed pages, enlivened with a unique series of portraits of the great inventor from the age of two upwards, Miss Toovey has given us a fascinating narrative, and has at the same time raised a handsome monument to one whose name has been writ not in water but in indelible ink on the pages of his country's social annals.

The name of Porpentine is famous for all time as that of the original inventor of the moustache-cup. In millions of British homes to-day the solid (or rather liquid) comforts of the breakfast-table and the more elegant amenities of afternoon tea are strikingly enhanced by the employment of this beneficent device. But how many of those who possess what a gifted writer has picturesquely described as "mouth-frills," and who must be grateful every day of their lives for the protective ingenuity of Mr. Porpentine's invention, are aware of the vicissitudes and public obloquy it experienced before it attained to its present-day popularity? With deft fingers the curtain is lifted on the thrilling events connected with its birth, and we are given a lively presentment of the great struggle and of its heroic protagonist.

"A man without moustachios," says Miss Toovey in an arresting Foreword, "is like beef without mustard"; and this infectious enthusiasm for her hero's most distinguishing feature gives the book a peculiarly engrossing interest. Quite early in his adolescence Mr. Emanuel Porpentine boasted an unusually heavy and handsome pair of what his biographer calls "man's crowning glories." A native and a leading citizen of Mugshead, where his father had been one of the founders of the Postdiluvian Primitive Chapel, until his fortieth year he was absolutely unknown to the great mass of his countrymen, although his striking personality, combined with the possession of a fruity and full-bodied bass voice, had already made him a local celebrity. Miss Toovey draws a vivid word-portrait of Mr. Porpentine as he appeared at this time:—

He was a tall, handsome man, and of a rotundity that was no more than agreeable. He carried his weight well, and the habit he had of rising on his toes as he walked gave him an appearance of elasticity and perfect balance that removed all suspicion of heaviness. He was accounted a good, if deliberate, dancer. His eyes and what could be discerned of his initial chin betokened great determination of character, and he had a way of twice repeating everything he said that lent a wonderful force to his most commonplace utterances. His complexion, again, was rich; but it was his moustachios that singled him out as a man in a million. With their golden pride challenging the world, as it were, and almost completely veiling the lower part of his face from the public view, he seemed a veritable Viking returned to life. A contemporary statistician estimated that if each single hair were joined end to end they would reach from the Mugshead Infirmary to Temple Bar. But mere figures of this kind, however accurately calculated, can convey no idea of the brilliant and luxuriant growth of the virgin forest that flourished beneath Mr. Porpentine's well-modelled nose.

Like Archimedes, Newton, and other celebrated pioneers of research, Mr. Porpentine made his momentous discovery by accident. It should be mentioned that, after four decades of consistent celibacy, he had betrothed himself to the lady who subsequently became the partner of his triumph. Miss Euphemia Gussett—such was the name of his elect—was a woman of remarkable character, and, although she brought all the appreciation of her sex to bear upon the unique quality of her future husband's caresses, she took firm exception to salutations performed just after he had been partaking of liquid nourishment, portions of which had a way of adhering to the well-developed feature so effectively described above. In fact, she firmly refused to embrace him on these occasions at all until he had devised some method of preventing the contamination. "Evidently," observes Miss Toovey in one of those epigrammatic asides that make her volume one long surprise-packet, "the young lady was of opinion that kissing goes by flavour; and, when the consequences of her ultimatum are considered, few will censure her fastidiousness."

Mr. Porpentine, who was not of a disposition to brook such an abrogation of a *fiancé's* privileges, spent anxious days and sleepless nights in vain efforts to tackle the problem. The solution came suddenly one morning at breakfast. At this important meal he was in the habit of reading the local newspaper, and on the morning in question, being deeply engrossed in an article which contained the daring suggestion that Mugshead should be provided with a drainage system, he lifted his coffee-cup to his lips without removing his eyes from the paper. By accident the top of the cup became partly covered by the journal, leaving but a narrow opening for the passage of the fluid, while at the same time his moustache was amply protected from contact therewith. In a flash Mr. Porpentine's discerning mind grasped the possibilities of this fortuitous revelation, and the invention of the world-renowned appliance that was destined to bring him fame and fortune was practically accomplished there and then.

The appearance of the moustache-cup on the market was hailed at first with almost universal derision, and in scores of lampoons and vitriolic newspaper articles its inventor was held up to public ridicule. Even sermons were preached against it. But gradually Mr. Porpentine succeeded, by unlimited grit and pluck, in wearing down all opposition, and in a few years' time he had the satisfaction of reaping a rich material reward from his benevolent enterprise.

We cannot leave the volume without some reference to the intimate glimpses of domestic life with which Miss Toovey furnishes her readers. Besides being a chivalrous husband, a devoted father, and a striking figure of a man who left a deep impression wherever he moved, Mr. Porpentine was endowed with a fund of sterling wisdom that frequently rose to the level of wit. Some of his *obiter dicta* are well worth recording. "Poverty," he was fond of remarking, "is no disgrace; neither are the mumps. But both are ridiculous." He had a healthy contempt for all unproductive work. Once he was discussing poetry with a friend, who ventured the observation that "poets are not made." "And as a rule," rejoined Mr. Porpentine, "they make nothing." On another occasion a young and unknown writer who aspired to the hand of his only daughter was pulverised with the retort: "Sir, we Porpentines need no quills." To the end of his days he preserved the same unaffected *bonhomie* that had, as a young man, made him the darling of Mugshead Society, and his death caused a wide gap in the circle of his many acquaintances. As his biographer rightly observes, he has left footprints on the sands of time which it will be very difficult to obliterate.

A Sultry Autumn.

The summer of St. Luke is nice
Compared with rain and storm,
But when it makes me long for ice
I find it too Luke warm.

The Force of Example.

"Pegoud, at height of 2,500 feet gave two exhibitions of upside down flying, considerably startling spectators. He was in the air half-an-hour, and is to fly again later."

Liverpool Echo.



SMILKIN'S EMPORIUM.

Dear Sirs,—We are returning your design advertising our emporium, and will be glad if you will kindly instruct your artist to delete the solitary giant in the foreground and put in a number of people of the normal size.

We are, yours faithfully,
SMILKIN AND CO.

Block and Co.,
Colour Printers and Designers.



SMILKIN'S EMPORIUM.

Dear Sirs,—We thank you for your amended design advertising our emporium. It is now quite satisfactory. We return drawing and will be glad if you will kindly push on printing.

We are, yours truly,
SMILKIN AND CO.

Block and Co.,
Colour Printers and Designers.

PANSIES.

TUFTED and bunched and ranged with careless art
Here, where the paving-stones are set apart,
Alert and gay and innocent of guile,
The little pansies nod their heads and smile.

With what a whispering and a lulling sound
They watch the children sport about the ground,
Longing, it seems, to join the pretty play
That laughs and runs the light-winged hours away.

And other children long ago there were
Who shone and played and made the garden fair,
To whom the pansies in their robes of white
And gold and purple gave a welcome bright.

Gone are those voices, but the others came,
Joyous and free, whose spirit was the same;
And other pansies, robed as those of old,
Peeped up and smiled in purple, white and gold.

For pansies are, I think, the little gleams
Of children's visions from a world of dreams,
Jewels of innocence and joy and mirth,
Alight with laughter as they fall to earth.

Below, the ancient guardian, it may hap,
The kindly mother, takes them in her lap,
Decks them with glowing petals and replaces
In the glad air the friendly pansy-faces.

So tread not rashly, children, lest you crush
A part of childhood in a thoughtless rush.
Would you not treat them gently if you knew
Pansies are little bits of children too?

R. C. L.

THE REFERENDUM.

WISHING to be, if possible, more than ever on the safe side, one of our more popular dailies has recently called upon its readers to assist the editor in making up his columns. With every copy of the paper on a certain date was issued a stamped circular asking for criticism and help. It ran thus:—

"The Editor of the ——— would be greatly obliged by the speedy return of this slip with an answer to the question upon it; for only by obtaining the information thus desired can he confidently go to work to prepare a budget which shall really fulfil the best ideal of a daily paper—that is, to give the public what the public wants.

"What subjects of public interest do you consider are at the present time insufficiently treated in our columns?"

As an enormous number of replies was received—a number certainly six times as large as that of the circulation of any penny morning paper—the work of tabulation was necessarily arduous, but the figures were recently got out.

To the editor's question, 465,326 readers replied, Football; 235,473, Golf; 229,881, Flying, and 2, Foreign Politics.

"Clerk Wanted."

"Here on Christmas Eve, 1306, the Vicar murdered the clerk as he went to strike the bell early in the morning, as was his usual custom."—*The Ringing World.*

An unpleasant custom, particularly in a vicar.

From an article on "The Rector's Garden Party" in the *Northenden Parish Magazine*:—

"How that long procession of urn carriers reminded one of the cup-bearers at Belshazzar's feast!"

Having been to neither entertainment we are not in a position to comment upon this. But we fancy that the rector will think this comparison an unfortunate one.

AT THE PLAY.

"MARY GOES FIRST."

IT is just as well for Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES that Miss MARIE TEMPEST'S personality is so popular that it is of little consequence what she plays in. She has only to bunch her lips and blink her half-closed eyes and a rapturous public is content. Still she must have something to say, and so Mr. JONES has manufactured for her a four-act comedy on the rather thin theme of envy, spite and malice in the matter of the Honours List. Of course not every house in London was open to him, for the actor-manager who still belongs to the order of the Great Unknighted, and is therefore free to ridicule the methods by which titles are conferred, is a rare figure. But this is Miss TEMPEST'S season at The Playhouse and there he was safe.

For a play that is just meant to amuse, and makes no appeal to the intelligence, *Mary Goes First* began very heavily. In the two scenes of the First Act there was scarcely a smile. Later on, as it became more frankly farcical, there were moments that invited to laughter. But in the mutual jealousy of a pair of provincial female snobs there was never enough fresh stuff for a whole evening's work.

Still I learned something about local manners. In the best suburban circles of Warkinstall you introduce a medical guest as Dr. So-and-so *of Harley Street.* And you go in to dinner like this: your host gives his arm to the leading lady, and then pauses for a brief dialogue. At its conclusion the butler announces dinner, and you all move off. This is relatively simple. But things are complicated when the claims of the leading lady (wife of new knight) threaten to be usurped by those of Another (wife of new baronet). In the play the former is taken ill and has to undergo a rest cure in the cloak-room. Compelled at last by her husband to mount to the drawing-room, she bursts into a flood of tears, and, refusing consolation, rehearses her woes before an embarrassed company. The dinner grows colder every minute (and I, for one, colder still). No solution is at hand, and it looks as if we shouldn't even get away to supper, when the new queen of Warkinstall has an inspiration. She offers her own arm to the ex-queen (who is on the stout side), and, to evade the vexed question of precedence, they stick in the door together.

It is unusual for two dinners to be given in one play by the same host to the same guests. A pronounced variation in the procedure was therefore almost imperative, and Mr. JONES seems to have recognised this. Certainly no one who witnessed the remarkable preliminaries of the second of these two meals had any right to complain that the dramatist lacked invention. For my part, I am conscious of having done a great injustice to provincial society. I see now that its annals are not nearly so colourless as I supposed.

Most of the fun—a little antiquated, some of it—turned on *Lady Dodsworth's* wigs and complexions, which were made the object of libellous comment by *Mary Whichello*, who went so far as to say that her rival looked like an "impropriety." It was the concrete suggestion underlying this term that



MARY'S FIRST WRIT.

Mary Whichello .. Miss MARIE TEMPEST.
Felix Galpin .. .. Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE.

provoked the infuriated husband to issue a writ. But at the last moment the injured party declined to seek satisfaction in the courts, for fear that she might be required to exhibit to the jury the artificial aids to beauty which had provoked the alleged libel. All this was good matter for a brief farce, but nothing more.

MARIE, of course, was first past the judge's box (as I am confident she would have been if her case had come into court), and Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE was a good second. Of the rest it may be said that they "also ran." This was no fault of Mr. FRANCE (as *Whichello*) or Mr. MUSGRAVE (as *Sir Thomas Dodsworth, Knt.*). The behaviour demanded of the former was too extravagant for comedy, and the latter was a figure which might have come straight out of DICKENS in his worst mood of insistent overstatement.

It is right to add that Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S trifle seems to have taken the wilful fancy of the public, which is probably what he wanted; so that he can easily do without my best flattery. O. S.

THE LITTLE REVENGE.

TOM, when, your holiday ended, homeward you wended to town,
Flaunting a face that the breezes had bronzed to the orthodox brown;
Proudly you prattled of Plashville, almost as though you 'd alone
Called into being its mud-flats, blest them with bilgy ozone.

Choking my yawns with an effort, Tom, I allowed you to prate,
Merely remarking (inside me), "Just let the imbecile wait;
I too shall have a vacation, I 'll have a tale to reveal,
I too will show a proboscis brazenly starting to peel."

Well, I 've been wallowing lately far from the taxi-cab's roar,
Out where the rag-time was ringing down the salubrious shore;
Fishermen (splendid in oilskins) filched me my food from the sea;
Only last Monday your Herbert ate several winkles for tea.

Tom, did you roam among seaweed luscious and wondrous and rare,
Walk where the resolute shrimper bearded his prey in its lair?
I have done this, yea, and further, stalking the twain as they browsed,
Once I took two single-handed—I am a wonder when roused.

Tom, I have bathed in the briny, going right up to the waist,
Paddled for hours at a stretch, Tom, chartered a donkey and raced;
And, now that I 've told you about it, shall we agree to esteem
Honours are even between us? Friend, shall we alter the theme?

The Ever-Encroaching Sex.

"The 3,600 boys with their maters as contingent and company commanders were organised into a brigade of four battalions."
Madras Mail.

"The man who would invent a silk hat that would do really well for a suit lining would make a fortune."—*Sunday Times.*

At the Halls, of course, as a humorist.

"Somewhere in North London there is a pearl worth £2,000 literally asking to be found!"—*Daily Mirror.*

Scientists who have listened carefully outside oyster beds report that this is probably the only pearl in existence that talks literally.



Countryman (who has come to London by excursion with a party of villagers and got separated and lost his way). "'AVE YOU SEEN ANY OF OUR LADS ABOUT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

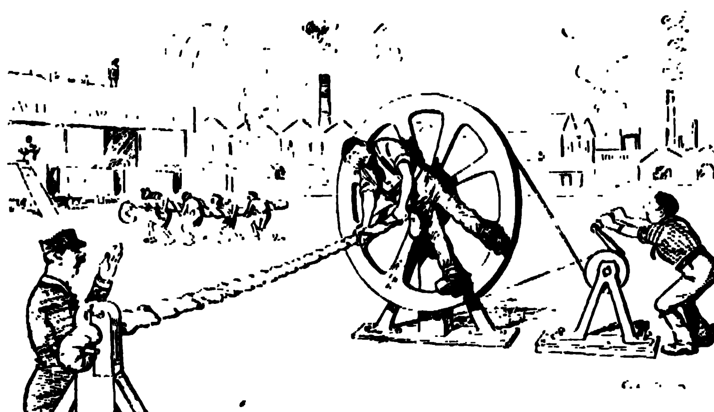
MR. WELLS, in his new novel, *The Passionate Friends* (MACMILLAN), has, I feel, complicated his difficulties by having his story told by an elderly father for the benefit of an extremely youthful son. I can see young *Stratton*, arrived at years of discretion, feeling that he must, alas, read all this heavy pile of manuscript, struggling through it, and then wondering how it applies to the exciting and entirely original passion that is colouring his own life at the moment. Mr. WELLS himself undoubtedly forgets, from time to time, the device that he has adopted, flings hurried "little sons" upon the paper and then hopes that the illusion is sufficiently maintained. Telling the story in the first person is a pleasant and easy method for a novelist, and permits him to enlarge upon his experiences of India, China and Lapland, his theories about art and education, and, if Mr. WELLS is the author in question, his ideals of government and social tolerance. I the more regret the haphazard inconsequence of some chapters in *The Passionate Friends*, because the love story of *Stratton* and *Mary Christian* is of fine quality. *Lady Mary* herself comes as a living person to the reader only at certain moments in the novel, and Mr. WELLS has been bewildered at times between the things that he wishes her to say on behalf of her sex and the things that she naturally, as an individual human being, would say spontaneously. Her long letter, towards the end of the book, is an admirable statement of the position of the modern woman, but it is the voice of Mr. WELLS and not of *Lady Mary*. I hope that, in his next book, Mr. WELLS will not allow himself the easy latitude of a narrative in the first person, and that he will restrain some persistent mannerisms. There are many pages in this book that are finer than anything that he has yet given us, but there are, here and there, signs of carelessness and hasty writing.

When we first meet *Amory Towers*, the heroine of *The Two Kisses* (METHUEN), by Mr. OLIVER ONIONS, she is, if not actually "wasting Christian kisses on a heathen idol's foot," doing something very like it. She is kissing the marble cheek of the Antinoüs in the Louvre. Shortly afterwards, at an artist's party, a young man "with restrained manners but a hardy eye" ventures to kiss her. From that moment she makes up her mind that she will devote the rest of her life to embracing Art and avoiding being embraced by Man. She is never going to marry. She is simply going to paint great pictures and have long conversations on the Soul, Art, Philistines, Eugenics, TOLSTOI and WEININGER with her platonic friend *Mr. Pratt*. Unfortunately, *Mr. Pratt* comes into money and an estate in Shropshire, cuts that beautiful hair of his that used to cling like tendrils over the back of his soft grey collar, replaces this article with one of the stiff up-and-down kind, and begins to suggest marriage like some ordinary conventional person who has never heard of PLATO. Finally he induces her to marry him; and there Mr. ONIONS leaves them, while the grim old gentleman who was painting-master to both of

them remarks to a friend, "Perhaps Pratt knows at least one little bit about Life by this time." If I know *Amory*, I feel that he does, poor fellow. It has taken Mr. Onions some time to tear himself away from the great *Jeffries* murder-case; but no one can say that he has done it half-heartedly. *The Two Kisses* is one long laugh from beginning to end. I have seldom read a book so crammed with quotable passages, so full of admirable thumb-nail sketches of character. I defy anyone with a sense of humour not to revel in *Mr. Wellcome*, *Mr. Edmondson*, and the other dwellers in the boarding-house, "Glenerne." Best of all, perhaps, though he comes into the book too late, is *Mr. Miller*, the American publicity expert of *Hallowell's Stores*—that "noo edifice" which he was determined to run on "noo methods." I hope Mr. Onions is going to make a practice of writing his books in threes. I want at least two more volumes about the people of *The Two Kisses*.

Tommy Johnson's name was not really *Tommy Johnson*, yet, for reasons not wholly intelligible but mostly connected with the pride of the lady he proposed to marry, he was loath to divulge himself to the world as the missing *Sir Theodore Champ*; on the other hand, he was not ready to allow the title and estate of that Baronet to remain even in temporary abeyance. Determined, then, upon a *locum tenens* while his retiring mood lasted, he gave the go-by to all his Bohemian friends, who, being impecunious actors, would have been glad of and competent for the *rôle*, and employed a genteel-looking wastrel whom he met on Southwark Bridge. The business of impersonation, never too arduous in novels, was less exacting in this instance even than usual; none of the people concerned had seen the proper Baronet since his earliest infancy or had any but the vaguest idea what he ought to look like. Moreover, they were astonishingly willing to accept the first claimant for the post without insisting on any substantial proof of identity, an attitude difficult to understand in the next-of-kin. Much point was indeed made by Mr. Edwin Pugh of the necessity of the understudy's possessing one brown eye and one blue, but none of the relatives and friends thought to observe the colour of either eye of either *Sir Theodore* until the so-called *Tommy*, at a later stage, insisted upon it. Even when they did look they do not seem to have been very much impressed. They accepted the impostor off-hand and refused to part with him when the genuine article, upon a second and wiser thought, asserted himself. In such circumstances it was not to be expected of the impostor that he should voluntarily sacrifice ease and affluence and return to Southwark Bridge. . . . Certainly there is little that is new and less that is true in *The Proof of the Pudding* (Chapman and Hall), but I am equally certain that there is no harm and plenty of fun in it.

It is not uncommon to speak of this or the other book as being "redolent of the soil," but I think I never met a story in which the soil played a more actual and conspicuous part than it does in *O Pioneers!* (Heinemann). It is a tale, as you may just possibly have guessed from the title, about the settlers in a new country, and a vigorous, earthy and altogether unusual tale it is. The name of the writer, Miss Willa Sibert Cather, is unfamiliar to me, but I daresay she has a transatlantic reputation, and, if so, it is certainly deserved. Her story is of a family of Swedish folk, pioneer settlers in Nebraska, and their early hardships; how, under the leadership of the girl *Alexandra*—left guardian and controller of her brothers by a far-seeing father—these troubles were overcome; and of the later prosperity that came to the little clan in consequence of her management. There is also thrown in a rather belated sensation in the latter pages—jealousy and a double murder; but somehow I could not be greatly moved by this. Nor could I reconcile the very attractive coloured illustration of a fashionably dressed young lady with my own conception of the practical and hard-working *Alexandra*. But these are minor matters. What really counts is the vivid sympathy with her scene that Miss Willa Sibert Cather (if I may say so with all respect, what remarkable names these American novelists do have!) clearly possesses; it has enabled her to convey an impression of the land, both wild and tamed, which alone would suffice to confer distinction on her work.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

The Barley-Sugar Twister.

Of *Mrs. Day's Daughters* (Hodder and Stoughton), *Deleah* was much too good, and *Bessie* much too bad, to be true. Mrs. Mann has made altogether too symmetrical a pattern. From the moment of *William Day's* disgrace and death, demure, delightful *Deleah* faces all misfortunes with courage, breaks, of course unconsciously, all adjacent male hearts, and is finally folded in the arms of the benevolent baronet, *Forcus*; while *Bessie*, bold and brazen, setting her cap at all and sundry, failing in every duty, is left with the dull, disastrous draper, *Boult*, for her portion. I can never bring myself to believe that in a given household there can long be any doubt as to which of the inmates is in love with which of the callers, but our author makes a liberal use of such mystifications. And, by the way, I wonder if *Mrs. Day* would have said, "Environment has told on Bessie," so many years before the popularising of the Darwinian jargon? And I also wonder whether the author, writing (on p. 193) *Reggie* for *Bernard*, is really visualising her scenes very keenly, or is just turning out so many thousand words of wholesome story, somewhat overweighted with gloom, rather arbitrarily or (one might put it) negatively dated, such as will ruffle no library censor's breast, will please many of Mrs. Mann's admirers and will disappoint a few who know her capable of better and less "phenomenally" facile stuff.

Modesty is at war with loyalty in *Mr. Punch's* breast when a book by one of his own family comes in for review. But no one, he hopes, will carp at him if he simply calls the attention of the many friends of Captain Kendall to a new collection of "Dum-Dum's" verses, published by Constable under the happy title of *Odd Numbers*.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. REDMOND says that his motto is, "Full steam ahead towards the mouth of the harbour." He seems to forget that ships are sometimes wrecked at the harbour bar. In this instance the Bar is represented by Sir EDWARD CARSON and Mr. F. E. SMITH.

* * *

Sir ALMROTH WRIGHT'S trenchant attack upon the militant suffragist movement comes from the house of CONSTABLE. It speaks well for the self-control of the Force that a Constable should not have hit back before this.

* * *

Sir ALMROTH declares that there are no good women. This is a bit rough on his mother—if the rumour that he had one be true.

* * *

Yet another millionaire has died, making the fifth who has done so during the present financial year. This willingness to help him out with his Budget is looked upon by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as valuable disproof of the statement that he is hated by the rich.

* * *

Mr. J. M. ROBERTSON'S threat of withdrawing all postal facilities from Ulster has, it is reported, caused trouble between him and the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. Mr. ROBERTSON is said to have received the following peremptory and somewhat pathetic cable from America: "Hands off my letters—SAMUEL."

* * *

The Socialist delegates assembled in conference at Stuttgart have rejected a proposal for the erection of a monument to their late leader, Herr BEBEL. History is certainly against a Tower of Bebel being practical politics.

* * *

"Russia turns out the best dancers to-day," says a contemporary. "And India to-morrow," says Miss MAUD ALLAN.

* * *

Sir EDWARD HENRY has decided that there are to be special police vans for ladies. It only remains now to hope that these will be sufficiently patronised to make the experiment worth while.

* * *

"As a train went out of Paddington Station the other day," we are told, "there were in a third-class compartment two women smoking cigarettes and a man knitting." Let us hope for the dignity of our sex that he was only knitting his brows at the sight of the brazen minxes.

* * *

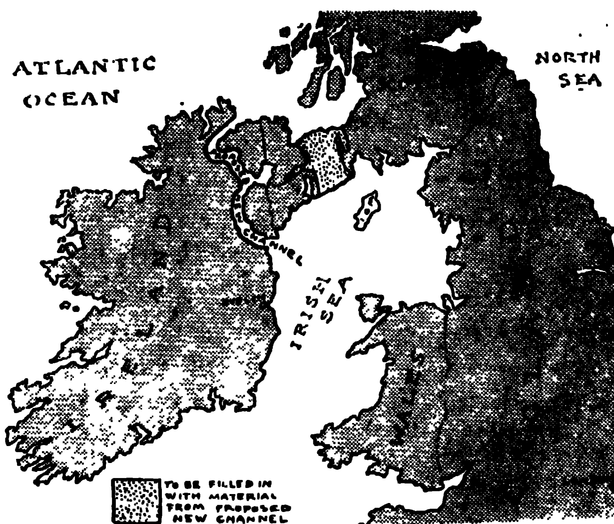
Mr. BOURCHIER has been complaining that English theatrical audiences are unintelligent. Mr. BOURCHIER is one of our most popular actors.

* * *

"NEW HARDY PLAY," announces *The Daily Mail*. This is what theatrical managers have been wanting for some time. So many recent plays have lacked durability.

* * *

A play by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON will be produced shortly at the Little Theatre. Mr. CHESTERTON should be able easily to fill this tiny house.



THE PROBLEM OF DIVIDED IRELAND SOLVED BY A SIMPLE FEAT OF ENGINEERING—IF SCOTLAND MAKE NO OBJECTIONS.

A valuable old English Bible, printed in 1603, which was left in a public-house near Victoria Station, is, it is announced, now in the possession of the Pimlico police, who are anxious to discover the owner. It is thought that it must have been left there by an absent-minded divine.

* * *

A report just issued shows that only thirty-eight elephants were shot in the Eastern African Protectorate during 1911-12. This is due to the fact that heavy licence-fees are charged for killing elephants, and the sport is thus confined to millionaires who can hit hay-stacks.

* * *

The same report tells us that during the year nearly two hundred rhinoceros were bagged. This is too many. We should be sorry if these pretty creatures were to become extinct.

* * *

Mr. LOGAN VILAS, a prominent Chicago aviator, has wooed and won a wealthy bride in his air-ship. It is unofficially reported that the words of the proposal were, "Will you be my airess?"

* * *

Two boys, who are described as being scarcely out of their teens, held up the New York to New Orleans express train last week, and escaped with £20,000. This happened near Bibville, Alabama. The taking ways of Alabama coons have long been recognised, and, if names mean anything, Bibville must be the babies' own town, and those evidently develop into precocious youngsters.

* * *

From an observation made at Greenwich it has been proved that the "new" comet discovered by an Argentine astronomer is Westphal's comet, which returns every sixty-one years. The faithful little beast! The homing instinct in some comets is wonderful.

* * *

A volume on Girton College is to be added by Messrs. BLACK to their "Beautiful Britain" series. The girl students, who are so frequently accused of cultivating their brains to the detriment of their personal appearance, must be pleased at this vindication.

"Evidence showed that the accused had left a basket at the cloakroom. Later he called and asked to be allowed to go into the basket."—*Scotsman.*

But he couldn't escape the police like that.

Another Baboo Letter.

"HELL!

MY KIND MASTER, MISTRESS, & MISS SAHIB,—I handfully beg in your kind feet Sirs If truth is something on a world for God sake beleve to me. I am in a great distriss so I dont want any sort of trouble to master except take a few minutes to write a word to any of these under-mentioned officer who coming out to India in next cold season weather any officer engage me on trial.

If I will get any job by masters kindness one doz hungry men will pray

Sir Excuse for bother

My humble salaam to all."

"MR. ILLINGWORTH PAYS.

Mr. Illingworth led through the turnstile and tabled the pier dues for the Chancellor."

Glasgow Evening Times.

If the reporter had been listening as well as watching, he would have heard the CHANCELLOR say, as they walked up the pier, "ILLINGWORTH, you know I am a comparatively poor man."

THE PAVED COURT.

"Francesca," I said, "you may as well save yourself further trouble. It is useless. You shall not interest me in the garden."

"But I *will* interest you in it," she said. "You must share with me the planning of these alterations."

"And that," I said vehemently, "is precisely what I refuse to do. I like the garden well enough as it is. It has flowers and shrubs and grass, and trees and beds and borders. There is a pond. There are lilies and gold fish in the pond. There is, I believe, a pergola; and there are vegetables. All these things are usual in a garden, and I have no personal objection to any of them; but when it comes to alterations——"

"And that is just what it *has* come to," she said.

"When it comes to changing things about I take no part in it; I let it flow over me, for I know it would be quite useless for me to say or do anything."

"And when it is all finished you suddenly become aware of it, though it's been going on under your very nose——"

"It is my best feature," I said.

"And then you ask wildly who has ruined your garden (*your* garden, indeed) by all these hideous changes. Oh, I know you, and I refuse to let you do it this time."

"Francesca," I said, "you are now uttering wild and whirling words. I cannot influence your determinations, but I can always say 'I told you so.' You could not think of robbing me of that poor privilege."

"I call it mere perversity," she said.

"Do you really, Francesca?" I said. "Surely that cannot be the right word. My mother and my Aunt Matilda have often told me that in early childhood I was bold, gentle, generous and affectionate. My fault, they said, if I had any, was an excessive softness of heart, but they never said a word about perversity."

"Your nature," she said, "must have altered."

"There you go again," I said. "You can think of nothing but alterations. Natures are not like gardens. They are not altered; they develop. Mine is still what it was, only more so."

"Heredity," she said in the vague tone of one addressing herself, "is a strange thing. It was only yesterday that I had to correct Frederick for being perverse and unmanageable."

"Not harshly, I hope, for remember Frederick has your high spirit. He would not brook much correction."

"On the contrary, he brooked it like an angel. I've always said that little boy——" She paused.

"'Is like his dear father.' You meant to say it, Francesca, I know you did. Oh, why that cruel pause?"

"We will leave Frederick out of the question," she said.

"No, we will not," I said. "I did not drag him in, but, now that he is there, I mean to use him for all he's worth. Frederick is like me——"

"He is not," she said.

"He is," I said. "He may be led, but he will not be driven. You should appeal to his reason."

"Let us," she said, "resume the subject of the garden."

"Yes," I said eagerly, "let us. Where were we? Yes, I remember. You want to move the pond from its present retired position to the centre of the lawn. Do it. I approve. Frederick and the girls will tumble into it more readily, but what of that?"

"I never said anything about the pond," she said. "I was asking you——"

"How foolish of me," I said. "Of course it wasn't you who mentioned the pond. It was Mrs. Baskerville. She was saying the other day what a wonderful gardener you were, and how beautiful the garden was, except for the position of the pond."

"The pond," said Francesca, "is going to remain where it is."

"Is that wise, do you think? I rather thought it would do the pond good to be moved; but, of course, if you really object I yield at once."

"No, no," she said, "I couldn't think of asking you to make such a sacrifice. It is for me to yield. We will move the pond."

"Francesca," I said, "I insist on yielding. The pond shall remain rooted to its rockery."

"Very well," she said; "I will let you yield about the pond, and I will yield about the little paved court."

"How so?" I said.

"I half thought of having it on the north side, but you said you didn't care for that. I give way at once. We will have it on the south side, where you thought the pond ought to be."

"But——" I said.

"I insist," she said. "Sometimes on wet days it will look like a pond."

"I am not sure," I said, "that a paved court is exactly what I wanted there."

"Now," she said, "you are going to be too generous. You are going to yield again."

"No," I said, "not quite that. I only want you to be quite sure about it."

"Oh, I'm that all right. It's the one place in the garden where a paved court ought to be."

"Aha," I said; "then you admit I was right in objecting to the north side?"

"Absolutely right," she said. "I can't think why I ever suggested it there."

"It's not a bad thing," I said, "to take advice now and then."

"An excellent thing," said Francesca. "I'll order the paving-stones at once and tell Macpherson to mark it out."

R. C. L.

THOUGHTS ON A GLITTERING BAUBLE.

(*Inscribed with undying gratitude to "The Daily Mail."*)

It filled me with a positive obsession
From merest infancy, this lust of fame;
A mewling cub, in moments of depression
I bawled my own, and not my nurse's name;
My conduct, sweet by turns and vitriolic,
Was ever aimed at rousing public bruit;
It was, indeed, of coroners and colic
I really thought when pouching stolen fruit.

And when I came to Culture's high academy
I carved my name on each conspicuous spot;
The Head observed it really was too bad o' me—
And oh, the handsome swishing that I got!
At length I bloomed in verse and gave some promise I'd
One day be famous by my Muse's dint;
Alas, I found, unless by wreaking homicide
On editors, I'd never bloom in print!

But now my woes are vanished, and the rigours
Of foiled ambition. Only yesternorn
Two million eyes (*cf.* official figures)
Perused my name in blazoned honour borne.
My long obscurity was lightning-riven,
My ears with fame were fairly thunder-stunned,
For I, by all the gods, had been and given
A penny to the High Olympic Fund!



ANOTHER PEACE CONFERENCE.

Turkey (*to Greece*). "AHA! MY YOUNG FRIEND, ALONE AT LAST! NOW WE CAN ARRANGE A REALLY NICE TREATY."



Husband. "'Erf, let's move on; it's getting late."
Wife. "Oh, let's stay an' watch the old geezer a little longer. It's John Albert's birfday."

ARE GOLFERS SNOBBISH?

The charge of snobbishness brought against golfers by Abe Mitchell (late Mr. Abe Mitchell) is one that has aroused quite as much interest as it deserves. Whatever grounds the eminent professional may have for his complaint, there appear to be reasons for both agreement and disagreement with his opinion.

One of our little band of special investigators has been making a few inquiries on a popular holiday course in the South of England. "Golfers snobbish?" exclaimed one breezy player with whom he discussed the question. "Bless my soul, not us! Why, only the other day—but you're not smoking. Have one of mine—half-a-crown for three, they cost, and worth it. Well, as I was saying, only the other day I played with a young chap down here, and what do you think he was? A bank clerk. Well, you know, I never said anything, not even when he beat me. And we had a drink together afterwards, just as if he was one of my own class. Here's another instance: last Tuesday I sent my caddie to ask a gentleman if he would play with me—a very ordinary-looking gentleman too. We got on very friendly until the ninth green. Then I asked him how many he had taken, and he said he thought it was five. Now I had been watching him closely, and knew it was six, and I told him so. I also told him to be careful how he counted. Well, he took it quite calmly; he even apologised for his mistake—and yet, after the game was over, I was informed that he was Lord Dormy. Of course, when I saw him next day I went up and apologised. Not a bit snobbish, you see. No, Mitchell's prejudiced. No use attaching any importance to these working men. *I* know them. Let me see, what paper did you say you represent? Oh, *do* you? Well, let me give you a lift in my car."

"Certainly, I consider golfers an intensely snobbish class," said a thoughtful-looking young man who was searching for a ball among the heather beyond the fourteenth. "For instance, those two men who have just gone through would have helped me look for my ball if they had been gentlemen, instead of shouting so rudely. I had an experience here three weeks ago which bears out Mitchell's complaint. I arrived late, and only one player was waiting. So we agreed to play together. My handicap will, I hope, soon be 24; his, I believe, was 6. After all, as I said to him, a difference of eighteen is not serious—it might be more. He was a most uncommunicative man; he could talk of nothing but golf, and when I tried him with Shaw, the principles of vegetarianism, eugenics and other topics upon which intellectual persons may converse, he was silent. I happened to mention that my father was a draper, and that, I believe, must have prejudiced him against me, for he has never offered to play with me since, and, indeed, appears to wish to avoid me. But one of the biggest snobs down here is a person with a woollen jacket. You may have seen him. I happened to get in a good brassie shot one day—better than I expected—and it fell rather near him. It may have even struck him. That is how I first noticed him. He is an offensively snobbish and uncompanionable person, in my opinion."

From the Rules of Winchester Football:—

"No player may back up a kick made by one of his own side or play the ball in any way, unless he was behind the ball at the time when it was kicked, or has afterwards gone back behind the point from which it was kicked, or has since been kicked by a player of his own side."

The most likely of these three saving conditions is that he will be kicked by a player of his own side for backing up too soon—thus automatically (as it were) becoming "onside" again.

THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

(An honest attempt to reduce the dangers of the pedestrian.)

Happening to look over the garden wall the other day, I was surprised to see my neighbour Gibbs busily engaged with something in the nature of a perambulator. The contents of the perambulator bore a resemblance to a baby. Gibbs is a bachelor. Hence my surprise. I hailed him.

"Hullo! Have you got relations staying with you?"

"No."

"Friends?"

"No."

"Where did you get the baby then?"

"This isn't a baby. At least it isn't a real baby."

He turned towards me, and I noticed that he was dressed in the shabbiest of garments. He approached the wall. There was a strange look in his eyes.

"You don't own a motor, do you?" he asked.

I did not, and said so.

"Do you like motors?" he went on.

"Not unless I'm in one. And then I don't like other motors."

"Well, I'll tell you about it," he said. "I'm tired of being chased about the roads and driven down subways like a scared rabbit. I've declared war on all motor traffic. I smashed one fellow's windscreen not long ago with my head."

"Didn't it hurt?" I asked.

"At the time, yes; but they managed to get my ear back into pretty much its old place, and after a while the pieces of my face came together again. It hardly shows—a nice piece of surgical work."

It was quite true. I could only just make out the scars.

"I've done a good deal to abate the cycle nuisance. But that was easier. A gentle push on the handle bar would be enough. But motor-cars are more difficult. There is no 'give' in a motor. 'Bus poles were bad enough, but motor-cars are worse. Horses didn't like treading on people, and the drivers were afraid of being put to a lot of expense through killing you. I have known the driver of a hansom use the most dreadful language when he nearly ran over me. But I was a human life then. Now I am merely a third party risk. Insurance companies have a good deal to answer for."

"But you haven't explained what you do with the baby?" I asked.

"I once had a great success by dropping my cricket bag under a cyclists' touring club that tried to frighten me. That's where I got my idea of leaving a perambulator under a motor."

"But it wouldn't upset a motor."

"It upsets the occupants. I make up the contents to look like a baby, and I choose a car with women in it. Women are queer about babies. They don't like running over them. The foundation is really old crockery, which isn't good for rubber tyres. A turnip or a piece of cheese at the top looks quite like a very young baby's head. Sometimes, too, I make a bit out of my smashed crockery. Business combined with pleasure.

"I thought once of using real babies. But they're difficult to come by for the purpose, so I gave up the idea. I asked my sister for the loan of one of hers, but she was nasty about it. If you borrow them without asking the owner's leave there's apt to be a fuss, and I hate notoriety. Besides, you can get compensation for crockery but not for babies.

"I never try for more than five pounds' compensation. The first five pounds is generally 'owner's risk.' You can often scare five pounds out of a motorist while he's still weak from the shock of thinking it was a real baby. Over five pounds you run on to insurance companies, and they're very inquisitive.

"You have to dress the part, of course. I don't work the same pitch twice. The policeman on that beat might recognise you and get suspicious, if he should happen to arrive before the thing was quite over.

"In any case you get exercise and good sport at a small outlay, and sometimes you make a profit. And at the worst there is always the inspiring thought that you are striking a blow for the down-trodden pedestrian."



Irishman (after ten years in the Colonies, arriving in Dublin during the recent riots). "Hooroo! Then they've got Home Rule at last."

Dutch Courage.

"Finally there is, I think, the finest 18th hole in all the world. The tee shot must first be hit straight and long between a vast bunker on the left which whispers 'slice' in the player's ear and a wilderness on the right which induces a hurried hook."—*Times.*

A quick pull at the whisky flask is more popular at St. Andrews.

The campaign against sensational headings recently illustrated in *Punch* does not find favour in the provincial Press. *The Bournemouth Daily Echo*, describing the illness of a member of the House of Commons, says:—

"A doctor was sent for, and the hon. gentleman was removed home. His condition is regarded as more or less serious."

This is headed:—

"M.P.'s SUDDEN DEATH."

A NASTY JAR.

[**"There is no surer way to make a girl beautiful than to make her happy."**—*Hall Caine.*]

I have known fairer maids. Nay, I'll be frank,
And own her void of all external graces.
Lack-lustre hair and freckles joined to rank
Hers with the unattractive brands of faces.
Her friends (in sorrow) said that "dearest Jane"
Was almost preternaturally plain.

But I—I had the sense to look within.
What though her features might be fashioned rumly,
Plainness is seldom deeper than the skin;
Her soul might be comparatively comely,
The sort of simple spirit that would see
How clever was her husband (meaning me).

And so I made the (very) old request,
Behaved myself in much the usual fashion,
Save that perhaps the words of my behest
Proclaimed a slightly patronising passion.
I spoke—there came a negative reply.
O strange event! O one in the eye!

Nor is that all. More painful to confess,
Far from repenting this egregious blunder,
Straightway she blossomed into loveliness,
Turning her fair companions green (with wonder).
And now each radiant feature bluntly mentions
Her joy at being rid of my attentions.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Nowadays, variety managers when in doubt go to America. No one objects to that, but unfortunately they do not stay there. They come back with "the goods," or what they consider the goods. Hence the recent race between three of these enterprising gentlemen to see which could reproduce first in London a stage staircase effect which they had all seen simultaneously on the other side. The obvious house for it, the Scala, did not compete.

The new *revue* at the Opprobrium, which has been called (very properly) *Cheese It!* is absolutely packed with novel features. Among these is of course the wonderful staircase, on which five hundred carpenters were at work night and day. Another feature is a procession of the smartest dressed men in London, wearing all the latest things in socks, ties and waistcoats, who walk through the house from stalls to gallery and then round the parapet of the dress circle singing "The Glad-rag Rag." All the company is American, but there are a few vacancies still for programme-sellers, for which English actors and actresses are invited to apply.

In addition to the very remarkable staircase effect which is offered at the Delirium, on which no fewer than eight hundred carpenters have been working, the new *revue*, called *Throw that Brick!* has a specially constructed slide from the gallery to the stage, by which the performers make their entry. There is also a Fur Chorus, consisting of the most beautiful women which a certain amount of money could tempt from the United States, all wearing different kinds of fur, the price of each being fixed to it in legible figures. Orders for similar articles are received in the box-office during each performance. The management wish it to be understood that the statement that no English performer is engaged in this theatre is a vile falsehood. One of the male chorus is English, as also is the call-boy.



Chief Officer. "A stowaway, eh?"
Bo'sun. "Well, not exactly, Sir; 'e 'ardly got that far. We found 'im wedged 'arf-way through a watertight door."

The clever gentlemen who have adapted from the French the sparkling farce entitled *Les 100,000 Chemises*, under the title *Sign, Please!* have not stopped there. They have also arranged that the theatre shall be open every morning at eight for Tango Breakfasts and remain open for Tango Luncheons and Tango Teas, together with a ceaseless exhibition of the best under-clothes that can be obtained. All true lovers of the British drama must rejoice at their efforts.

"SOCIETY'S DIARY.

The following list of engagements is published for general information and to assist Committees and others in arranging the dates of social functions so as to prevent inconvenient clashing:

September.

11 The Shanghai Cotton Manufacturing Co., Ld., annual general meeting, at 5 p.m.
12—The Sungei Duri Rubber Estate, Ld., annual general meeting at 4.30 p.m.
21 Annual meeting of The See Kee Rubber Estates, Ld. 4.30 p.m."
North China Daily News.

Really, life in China seems to be one constant whirl of gaiety.

"The horse shied and became unmanageable, struck a grass tree, and horse and rider came with great force to the ground. Mr. Coutts escaped with a broken neck, which he had given £25 for a short time previously and had to walk and carry his saddle and bridle."
Lauloit Times.

Mr. Coutts should get a cheaper neck next time.

"In M. Pegoud's first flight he rose to 3,000 feet, and flew with his wheels in the air a distance of over a mile." *Evening News.*

Six or seven years ago this would have sounded quite wonderful. Now it leaves us unmoved.

A TRUNK CALL.

Last Wednesday, being the anniversary of the Wednesday before, Celia gave me a present of a door-knocker. The knocker was in the shape of an elephant's head (not life-size), and by bumping the animal's trunk against his chin you could produce a small brass noise.

"It's for the library," she explained eagerly. "You're going to work there this morning, aren't you?"

"Yes, I shall be very busy," I said in my busy voice.

"Well, just put it up before you start, and then if I *have* to interrupt you for anything important, I can knock with it. *Do* say you love it."

"It's a dear, and so are you. Come along, let's put it up."

I got a small screwdriver, and with very little loss of blood managed to screw it into the door. Some people are born screwists, some are not. I am one of the nots.

"It's rather sideways," said Celia doubtfully.

"Osso erry," I said.

"What?"

I took my knuckle from my mouth.

"Not so very," I repeated.

"I wish it had been straight."

"So do I; but it's too late now. You have to leave those things very largely to the screwdriver. Besides elephants often do have their heads sideways; I've noticed it at the Zoo."

"Well, never mind. I think it's very clever of you to do it at all. Now then, you go in, and I'll knock and see if you hear."

I went in and shut the door, Celia remaining outside. After five seconds, having heard nothing, but not wishing to disappoint her, I said, "Come in," in the voice of one who has been suddenly disturbed by a loud "Rat-tat."

"I haven't knocked yet," said Celia from the other side of the door.

"Why not?"

"I was admiring him. He *is* jolly. Do come and look at him again."

I went out and looked at him again. He really gave an air to the library door.

"His face is rather dirty," said Celia. "I think he wants some brass polish and a—and a bun."

She ran off to the kitchen. I remained behind with Jumbo and had a little practice. The knock was not altogether convincing, owing to the fact that his chin was too receding for his trunk to get at it properly. I could hear it quite easily on my own side of the door, but I felt rather doubtful whether the sound would penetrate into the room. The natural noise of the elephant—roar, bark, whistle or whatever it is—I have never heard, but I am told it is very terrible to denizens of the jungle. Jumbo's cry would not have alarmed an ant.

Celia came back with flannels and things and washed Jumbo's face.

"There!" she said. "Now his mother would love him again." Very confidently she propelled his trunk against his chin and added, "Come in."

"You can hear it quite plainly," I said quickly.

"It doesn't re-rever-reverberate-is that the word?" said Celia, "but it's quite a distinctive noise. I'm sure you'd hear it."

"I'm sure I should. Let's try."

"Not now. I'll try later on, when you aren't expecting it. Besides, you must begin your work. Good-bye. Work hard." She pushed me in and shut the door.

I began to work.

I work best on the sofa; I think most clearly in what appears to the hasty observer to be an attitude of rest. But I am not sure that Celia really understands this yet. Accordingly, when a knock comes at the door I jump to my feet, ruffle my hair, and stride up and down the room with one hand on my brow. "Come in," I call impatiently, and Celia finds me absolutely in the throes. If there should chance to be a second knock later on, I make a sprint for the writing desk, seize pen and paper, upset the ink or not as it happens, and present to anyone coming in at the door the most thoroughly engrossed back in London.

But that was in the good old days of knuckle-knocking. On this particular morning I had hardly written more than a couple of thousand words—I mean I had hardly got the cushions at the back of my head comfortably settled when Celia came in.

"Well?" she said eagerly.

I struggled out of the sofa.

"What is it?" I asked sternly.

"Did you hear it all right?"

"I didn't hear anything."

"Oh!" she said in great disappointment. "But perhaps you were asleep," she went on hopefully.

"Certainly not. I was working."

"Did I interrupt you?"

"You did rather; but it doesn't matter."

"Oh, well, I won't do it again—unless I really have to. Good-bye, and good luck."

She went out and I returned to my sofa. After an hour or so my mind began to get to work, and I got up and walked slowly up and down the room. The gentle exercise seemed to stimulate me. Seeing my new putter in the corner of the room, I took it up (my brain full of other things) and, dropping a golf ball on the carpet, began to practise. After five or ten minutes, my ideas being now quite clear, I was just about to substitute the pen for the putter when Celia came in.

"Oh!" she said. "Are—are you busy?"

I turned round from a difficult putt with the club in my hand.

"Very," I said. "What is it?"

"I don't want to disturb you if you're working——"

"I am."

"But I just wondered if you—if you liked artichokes."

I looked at her coldly.

"I will fill in your confession book another time," I said stiffly, and I sat down with dignity at my desk and dipped the putter in the ink.

"It's for dinner to-night," said Celia persuasively. "Do say. Because I don't want to eat them all by myself."

I saw that I should have to humour her.

"If it's a Jerusalem artichoke you mean, yes," I said; "the other sort, no. J. Arthur Choke I love."

"Right-o. Sorry for interrupting." And then as she went to the door, "You *did* hear Jumbo this time, didn't you?"

"I believe that's the only reason you came in for."

"Well, one of them."

"Are you coming in again?"

"Don't know," she smiled. "Depends if I can think of an excuse."

"Right," I said. "In that case——"

There was nothing else for it; I took up my pen and began to work.

But I have a suggestion to make to Celia. At present, although Jumbo is really mine, *she* is having all the fun with him. And as long as Jumbo is on the outside of the door there can never rise an occasion when I should want to use him. My idea is that I should unscrew Jumbo and put him on the *inside* of the door, so that I can knock when I come out.

And when Celia wants to come in she will warn me in the old-fashioned way with her knuckles . . . and I shall have time to do something about it.

A. A. M.

"The members of the various committees appointed yesterday to administer the affairs of the North of Ireland in the event of Home Rule coming into operation, found on arrival in the hall that most business-like arrangements had been made for their accommodation. To each of these committees had been allotted a separate table, with writing materials and all facilities for preliminary work."

Liverpool Courier.

Surely *this* will bring Mr. Asquith to his senses.

THE COMMERCIAL DOUBLE-LIFERS.

["Curious stories come to light occasionally of men who are 'something in the City,' but who conceal from their wives and families the true nature of their humble occupations."—*Daily Paper.*]



Who would imagine that this apparently decrepit specimen of the submerged tenth



could be no other than Mr. ——, the most famous amateur on the Surbiton Links, whose week-end performances draw crowds from the remotest suburbs?



Mr. ——, of Streatham, had an anxious moment some days ago at his place of business.



A gentleman of East Sheen finds some difficulty in preventing his family from knowing that he acts as a porter at Billingsgate.



A secret chimney-sweep, who lives at Raynes Park, leaving his home at daybreak.



The wife and daughter of Mr. ——, of Golder's Green, know nothing of his employment but that he goes to the City daily to attend board meetings—



and, in a sense, this is true.



INVADERS OF DEBRETT.

Scene—*The drawing-room at Mercia Castle, where the Duke and Duchess of Mercia have a large family party for the shooting.*
Time—*After dinner.*

The Duchess (to her daughter). "How are we goin' to amuse ourselves to-night, dearest?"

Lady Edelfleda. "What d'you say to a performance of *The Girl from Nowhere*, Mamma? You've never seen it, you know, and"—(*with a glance round at her numerous and beauteous sisters-in-law*)—"we've the leading lady here—and half the chorus!"

IT'S THOROUGH AS DOES IT.

An American cablegram states that a wealthy citizen of Auburn, N.Y., has just entered the State penitentiary. "He has taken this method of becoming a convict in order to learn from actual experience just what goes on inside the penitentiary, and will afterwards use his experiences in his prosecution of reforms. In order to do the thing quite regularly he was committed by a judge who is an intimate friend of his. He will remain thirty days in the prison, and on his entrance to-day he was shaved and served out with the striped costume of a convict. During his sojourn he will fare precisely as the other prisoners do."

A convict in the same prison, on hearing of this experiment, expressed his desire to test for a few weeks the social and economic conditions of the life of a wealthy Auburn citizen; but so far he has been unable to begin. None the less his wish indicates how keen the American empirical mind can be.

Fired by the example, many of our own public men have been investigating up to the hilt. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, we learn, wishing to know exactly what were the feelings and aspirations of a limelight man, himself took a turn in the flies. The first time, by some curious chance, he seems to have held the lantern in such a way that all the rays fell on his own person; but, after some practice, he succeeded in occasionally illuminating part at least of the stage. Sir Herbert, however, in spite of this progress is disposed to continue as actor-manager.

With extraordinary self-abnegation one of our most widely-read novelists, whose books do not exactly steal on tip-toe and with finger on lip into the light of day, has been endeavouring to discover what it feels like to be both modest and unknown. He was discovered the other day by his publisher in the habit of a Carthusian monk committing to memory the poem which begins—

> Down in a sweet and shady bed
> A modest violet grew.

The publisher, in his astonishment, could only exclaim, "What is this that thou art giving us?"

The rumour that Mr. Rockefeller was found recently in a workhouse disguised as a very hairy old pauper still requires confirmation; but we should not be surprised.

Our Stylists.

"Drawing the Miller's plantation, they found a litter of cubs, dusting them well about, but did not kill. They next moved on the Dean, and found a good show, rattling them well about. One cub broke at the top end, and made for Timprim, which they killed in a small plantation, from which another fox came out, they hunted him, which went into a field of standing corn. The hounds being called off, then went home."—*Scotsman.*



SECOND THOUGHTS.

Mr. John Redmond. "FULL SHTEAM AHEAD! (*Aside*) I WONDHER WILL I LAVE THIS CONTRAIRY LITTLE DIVIL LOOSE, THE WAY HE 'D COME BACK BY HIMSELF AFTHERWARDS?"

MR. CARRUTHERS.

Picking up a paper a fortnight or so ago I read this: "Never find fault with or criticise your husband directly. If you dislike his ways, criticise the same thing in another person, and your husband will be likely to take the hint."

Let me say at once that this is not true. He is unlikely to take the hint, as I can prove. Nor is it wise counsel either. On the contrary, it is fraught with danger, and my advice to all wives is to have nothing to do with it, but, when they have fault to find, to find it in the good old-fashioned style - right out.

Listen.

For the moment I was taken with the idea, and decided to try it. Henry (my husband) has not a few vexatious ways that get on my nerves, one of which is rising from the table directly he has finished his meal, no matter at what stage I, who am a slower eater, happen to be. Having previously said nothing about this I chose it as my opening experiment.

"I lunched with Mrs. Carruthers to-day," I said casually at dinner.

"Did you?" Henry replied. "Is it a nice house?"

"Quite," I said.

"And what is Carruthers like?" he asked. (I may say that Mrs. Carruthers is a new acquaintance.)

Now, as a matter of fact, Mr. Carruthers was not there at all; but obviously this kind of corrective treatment demands inventive power in the corrector or it cannot go on; for how is one actually to find men with all one's husband's bad habits?

"Oh," I said, as non-committally as possible, "the ordinary kind of man. But he has one detestable mannerism."

"Only one?" Henry answered easily.

"One very noticeable one to-day," I replied. "He got up and left the table directly he had finished."

"While you were still eating?" Henry asked with interest.

"Yes."

"The low swine!" said Henry; and, even as he said it, he threw down his napkin and sauntered off, although I had but just begun a pear.

What was I to do? In the ordinary way I should have drawn attention to his own inconsistency, but the paper so particularly said that direct means were to be avoided; and I therefore sat on dumb and enraged.

A day or so later I tried again, and again I employed Mr. Carruthers as my terrible example.

Henry has a very annoying—more than annoying, exasperating—way of stealing my tunes. After a visit to the theatre or a *revue* I naturally find certain memories of the music in my head, and it amuses me to hum them over. This I can do accurately. Now whatever Henry may be doing when I begin, even perhaps humming something himself, he at once takes up my tune; and what fun is there in continuing with it then?

Very well. I decided to make a second attempt to cure him in the newspaper's way, and to attack this humming tendency.

Mrs. Carruthers had been to tea, and I mentioned this to Henry.

"I suppose you dissected your wretched husbands?" he said.

"She certainly talked a little about hers," I replied, with a terrible glibness that nearly frightened me. As a matter of fact she had not mentioned him.

"Complained, I suppose?" said Henry.

"Oh no, she's too loyal for that," I replied. "But she said that there is one thing he does harmless enough, no doubt, but irritating beyond words: no sooner does she begin to hum a tune than he hums it too, although he has no ear."

Henry whistled. "He does that, does he?" he exclaimed. "Then I quite agree with his wife. That sort of thing would make me just rabid. One's own humming is sacred. By jingo, yes. This Carruthers seems to be no end of a blighter," he added.

Again I was foiled, and I determined to have no more to do with the scheme, but in future to make any effort towards correction openly and honestly and forcibly. And no doubt I should be doing so but for an occurrence only this afternoon.

Henry, very unlike his custom, came in to tea, and a Mrs. Vyse was there, a new neighbour returning my call.

We talked the usual small talk, and



MORE TELEPHONE TROUBLES.

"What! ye can't hear what I'm sayin'? Well, thin, repeat what ye didn't hear an' I'll tell it ye again."

she was just going when she remarked, "You know my friend Mrs. Carruthers, I think?"

I said that I had recently made her acquaintance.

"You'll love her," said Mrs. Vyse. "Such a dear! And such a sad life! But she never mentions it - never complains."

I began to feel vaguely alarmed.

"Yes," Mrs. Vyse repeated, "you'll love her."

"But not her husband," Henry replied, with a laugh. "We shall never love him not with that deadly way he has of leaving the table directly he has finished gobbling his food and all his other little tricks. Oh no, not Carruthers!"

Mrs. Vyse looked suddenly both grave and perplexed. "You needn't worry," she said at last. "You are not likely to meet Mr. Carruthers. Mr. Carruthers has been separated from his wife for two years."

* * * * *

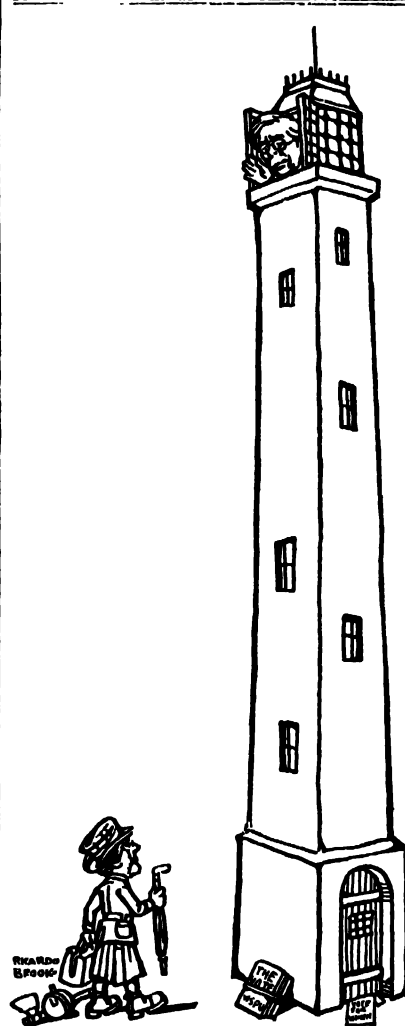
And now what chance have I to take any line at all about anything my husband does?

WASTED TALENT.

We dwellers in a provincial town like Brookmouth find much to excite our wonder in the enterprise of the London halfpenny papers. Every morning we are confronted with fresh evidence of it; every morning we are, so to speak, invited to take off our hats to *The Megaphone, The Daily Snap, The Watchman, The Morning Spout, The Roarer* and *The Wireless*. Only *The Trumpeter* lags behind in the competition for our respectful admiration.

It is all very flattering to Brookmouth. Great events are taking place in the busy world without. Day by day the problem of the Home Rule Bill grows more insistent and more serious; airmen fly on their heads; desperate battles are fought out on the football pitch; the investments of the Liberal Party Funds are fiercely discussed; new books are published and banned; new plays are produced and withdrawn; there are earthquakes, fires and fights in foreign parts. Yet yesterday *The Megaphone* announced on its placard, "Summer returns to Brookmouth"; *The Daily Snap* said, "Great Heat in Brookmouth"; *The Watchman*, "Brookmouth Revels in the Sun"; *The Morning Spout*, "The Brookmouth Thermometer Soars"; *The Roarer*, "Autumn or Summer in Brookmouth?"; *The Wireless*, "Sol favours Brookmouth." *The Trumpeter* merely said, "Home Rule Conference Development."

And what a *flair* they have for items of local interest! Some time ago there appeared in one of our Church magazines a jocose remark by the genial vicar of St. Aloysius with regard to the consumption of buns at Sunday-school treats. "The Ban on the Bun," announced *The Megaphone* next day.



HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

THE UNCHIVALROUS SIR ALMROTH DENYING HIS IDENTITY TO FAIR CALLER AT FIRE-PROOF RETREAT, WHERE HE IS RESTING AFTER NERVOUS STRAIN OF WRITING *THE UNEXPURGATED CASE AGAINST FEMALE SUFFRAGE.*

"Buns in Peril at Brookmouth," cried *The Daily Snap*. "The Bun-bursting Vicar," exclaimed *The Watchman*. "To Bun or not to Bun?" asked *The Morning Spout*. "A Hot and Cross Bun Outburst," facetiously said *The Roarer*. "Vicar's Maxim at Brookmouth," still more facetiously said *The Wireless*. "Renewed Fighting in the Balkans," said *The Trumpeter*.

And I could multiply examples indefinitely. As I have remarked, it is very flattering to Brookmouth and it reveals extraordinary enterprise on the part of *The Megaphone, The Daily Snap, The Watchman, The Morning Spout, The Roarer*, and *The Wireless*. All the same, it is a little curious that these clever young sub-editors, or whoever they are, do not realise that we should never dream of buying a London daily paper in order to read about Brookmouth. We can do that quite well in our local journals.

That is why I, for one, always take in *The Trumpeter*.

THE PLAINT OF PERCY ILLINGWORTH, Esq., M.P.

In a moment of expansion
I engaged a ducal mansion
On a most romantic island on the Clyde,
Where, remote from work and worry,
And the aftermath of MURRAY,
I intended in seclusion to reside.

But the attitude of Ulster
And the leaders who've convulsed her
With incentives to the wickedest of crimes,
Has dispelled the blissful vision
Of a holiday Elysian,
And prompted LOREBURN'S letter to *The Times*.

No more the strains melodic
Of the pipes are heard at Brodick;
No more I taste the pleasures of the chase;
But in sequence swift and sinister
Comes Minister on Minister
To mar the ancient magic of the place.

It's nuts for the snapshotters,
And the journalistic jotters
Who desecrate the glories of Goatfell,
And it's worth a small Bonanza
To the natives of Loch Ranza
And the people who the picture post-cards sell.

But JOHN REDMOND down in Kerry
Has been anything but merry,
And his prophecies are very far from smooth;
And the culpable omission
From our Island coalition
Of LARKIN stirs the ire of HANDEL BOOTH.

In the Session I am reely
Rather fond of GEORGE and SEELY
And the merits of young WINSTON can applaud;
But to have them here, all talking
When I want to go out stalking,
Turns my holiday into an Arrant fraud.

Mixed Farming.

"About 1803, an Officer named Macarthur started wheat-growing in Camden with a couple of Spanish Merino sheep given him by George III."



Mother (to Mabel, who has fallen over mat). "But how did you manage it, darling?"
Mabel. "I—I c-comed in before I c-comed."

THE HISTRION.

Observe, from Jasper Jones' ascent
To Fame, how art may circumvent
A natural impediment.

Designed in Nature's finest mould,
With eyes of blue and hair of gold,
With smile at once refined and bold,

A figure of compelling height,
A size of waist exactly right,
He was a most attractive sight,

And built to act the leading part,
The central Earl, the lime-lit Bart.,
Who wins or breaks the Prima's heart.

But mark the flaw: his twang was such
As irked his hearers very much,
Having the strongest Cockney touch.

In every line he had to say
His *h*'s always went astray
And gave his origin away.

It makes me shiver even now
When I, who know, remember how
He spoke that dreadful diphthong
"-ow."

But yet he got there all the same,
So that the Stage's scroll of fame
To-day is headed with his name.

And once a month, but never less,
His portraits fill the picture press,
In every pose, in every dress.

And high-born flappers, taught to ban
The coarse or vulgar, think him an
Ideal English gentleman;

Nay, murmur passionately, "Ah!"
When, taken by a kind papa,
They see him act . . . . in cinema.

R.S.V.P.

There can be little doubt that instruction in English literature could be made more interesting if presented in some fresh form, and the following examination paper is put forward as an attempt to direct the minds of examinees into new channels:

Question I.

"*Old Caspar's work was done.*"

What was old Caspar's work? Is there any reason other than the statement that it was done, for suggesting that it was not that of a Panel Doctor?

Question II.

"*Tears, idle tears.*"

Why were they unemployed? Suggest schemes for utilising their labour.

Question III.

"*I must learn Spanish one of these days.*"

What particular Conversation Course had the speaker in mind when making this resolve?

Question IV.

"*This is the place. Stand still, my steed.*"

Did it?

Question V.

"*Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!*"

By means of what newspaper Apartment List was the writer ultimately suited?

Question VI.

"*Survey mankind from China to Peru.*"

Was this instruction addressed to a properly qualified member of the Institute of Surveyors? If not, why not?

"An article in the *Engineering Supplement* examines the possibility of using existing telephone lines for telephonic purposes."—*Times.*

It is hoped that telephone subscribers will not be unduly elated by this possibility. The thing will probably fall through in the end.

LAST WORDS ON THE CLOTHING CONTROVERSY.

(An irresponsible protest.)

When Adam's wife was first advised
To study fashion, I should say
Her modest wardrobe advertised
That vanity had come to stay;
And vainer generations wore,
As time went on, a little more.

(To overclothe the human form
Makes men of morals rage and storm.)

But now, when modern Eve aspires
To alter this, and just to wear
The minimum our clime requires,
It seems, to say the least, unfair
That virtue's guardians should unite
In blaming her for doing right.

Such steps towards a simpler state
No moralist should deprecate.

Not such am I. But I protest
The world is brighter since the Fall,
And life would lose an interest
If people wore no clothes at all,
But stalked about with nothing on
Their most delightful foible gone.

How very dull to have a reign
Of perfect innocence again!

PRACTICAL HINTS ON GOLF.

(With full acknowledgments to our illuminating contemporaries.)

I.—The Art of Long Driving.

There is no doubt that the player who can drive a long ball from the tee gets further than his less fortunate *confrère* who is a short driver. Much has been, and will be, written on the art of long driving. How is this *desideratum* of all followers of the Royal and Ancient Game to be attained? That is what I am about to tell you.

Some men when going all out for a long one from the tee play their ball with a little pull on it; others merely drive a straight ball down the middle of the course. Anyway, as I have said, the player who hits a long ball gets further than the one who hits a short ball, and consequently he needs a shorter shot to reach the green with his second.

Speaking of reaching the green reminds me of two of the most remarkable shots I ever witnessed. I was playing for the Championship of Texas, U.S.A., in 19 -. My partner was Mr. "Slick" Samson, the celebrated professional amateur. At the 14th he pulled his drive into the rough. When we came up to the ball it was neatly cupped in a lark's nest which contained four eggs. Now I am betraying no secret when I say that, on the three previous greens, Samson had been put off by the incessant singing of a skylark, and had missed holing three 25 feet putts in succession: a most unusual thing for him. I therefore expected to see him take his revenge by lifting nest, eggs, and ball all on to the green together with his niblick. But I was disappointed. Instead, he took his mashie and played the ball with such nicety that it landed dead within 2 feet of the pin, and the eggs remained in the nest unbroken; not even cracked.

Strange to say, the other remarkable shot was made by the same player on the same course. The game was all square at the 17th. We both had good drives at the 18th; but Samson had the misfortune to find a rabbit-hole, his ball lying about 8½ inches inside the front entrance. Here was a quandary! It was the only rabbit-hole on the course, and had been constructed subsequent to the drafting of the local rules, so that no provision was made for this contingency. If he picked up, it meant losing the match. He walked forward, towards the green, with a worried look on his face. Then, returning, he took his niblick and hit with tremendous force. The ball disappeared down the rabbit-hole. Imagine, if you can, our undisguised amazement when it bolted out of Brer Rabbit's back-door, about 5 yards from the green, and came to rest within 2 feet of the pin. (If I recorded the exact distance - 6 inches many golfers might be tempted to doubt my veracity.) Needless to say, I lost the hole and the match.

But I am digressing. I merely mention these two shots because I am trying to get a good length with my article, which reminds me that "The art of long driving" is the subject under discussion. Well, I hope that, after a careful perusal of these few practical hints, you will find that you are consistently getting a longer ball from the tee than you did formerly. If you succeed in doing this you will experience a feeling of true satisfaction.

Next week I hope to publish [*in another journal.* —Ed.] a few hints on "The art of approaching."

"Promoters of all kinds of public meetings and entertainments should assimilate the lesson contained in the appended extract from an appreciative letter addressed to the Editor of this Journal. The writer, a consistent and persistent advertiser, evidently knows a good thing when found, and, quite unsolicited by us, has written as follows:—

'I write because I find that a good make a difference to the size of the notice in your excellent paper DOES audience.' "—*Enfield Gazette.*

Another time he should be asked *not* to write.

THE COMMON ROUND.

John looked important and mysterious. "The fact is," he announced, "Eva and I are going to get married."

"Ah!" said I, "so *that* is why you got engaged, is it?"

"Yes. Three weeks to-morrow. We shall want a parson, a bridesmaid or two and a best man. There is work for all. Will you help?"

"What will it cost me?" I asked. "You know, you have omitted to mention the other things you want and, I have no doubt, mean to have. Look here—will you take five shillings in cash and the rest by monthly instalments?"

John protested that he would be quite content with my mere blessing, so fine a fellow was I (as I am).

"Good," I said. "But then there is always Eva's point of view. Hadn't we better get straight to business? What about a sugar-sifter?"

"It's awfully kind of you, old boy, and there is nothing we should have liked better. But Eva and I intend to live quite simply, and we feel that the six sugar-sifters we have already received will see us through."

"Has anybody suggested giving you the wedding-ring? You'll probably find you want one when you get to the church . . . Or what about half-a-dozen novels, with Presentation Copy neatly stamped on the inside cover?"

"Wouldn't the publishers be hurt if they found out?" he asked. "Give us any old thing, if you insist. We don't mind what."

"I simply don't believe you," I said. "I am quite certain that you have put your two heads together and made out a list. Produce it."

He produced it and began to read aloud. "We shall want a house and some furniture to put inside it. Cheques will be accepted in payment or part-payment. Tantali are strictly prohibited, but we are open to salvers, cutlery, entrée dishes . . ."

"Start at the other end," I suggested.

"Ash-tray, blotting-pad, *Bradshaw* cover, ink-pot . . ."

"Times are bad, but not quite so bad as all that. Try the middle."

"Breakfast-service, tea-service, dinner-service."

"Don't you intend taking lunch?" I asked.

"Apparently not, but we make up with an extra dinner-service, called the dessert-service. The nut-crackers, nut-pickers, nut-scrapers have already been supplied."

"Then," I declared, "I will give you the nuts."

"Or," said John, "what about the Jubilee port?"

* * * * *

The function was a complete success, and I filled my part to the last item. I can never be too grateful to Eva for choosing so charming a Chief Bridesmaid as Gladys, for I take it that, whatever she had been like, it was my duty (as Best Man) to fall in love with her. I opened the subject by complimenting her on her choice of a First-Thing-in-the-Morning Tea-service, which I considered much superior to the other three samples of the same convenience appearing among the numerous and costly presents.

"Let's go and look for yours," she said, but I felt that what I had to say could best be said in a more private corner.

"Probably they couldn't hold back and drank it last night," I said, as I led her apart. . . . The result of our conversation was such that I foresaw that a schedule of our own would become necessary at a later stage. So I felt I could not do better than make a list of the presents that John and Eva had received.

* * * * *

When John had recovered from his wedding, I thought that it was high time to be getting on with my own. So I called upon him.

"I have here," I said, "a list . . ."

"Splendid," he answered, with a great show of enthusiasm. "If you will forgive an experienced man advising you, I may say that the whole question of conjugal happiness depends entirely upon what you drink and when. Have you, for instance, a First-Thing-in-the-Morning Tea-service on your list?"

"We have," said I.

John was inclined to be jubilant, but Eva, who was standing by and has a better memory for detail, checked him. "We have never ceased to be grateful for Gladys's delightful gift," said she. "I don't know what we should do without it."

I think that perhaps John did know, but he had learnt wisdom in this short time and said nothing.

"Have you a sugar-sifter on the list?" asked Eva, tentatively.

"Six," said I. "But perhaps I ought to tell you that it is in some ways a peculiar list and contains only the things we can do without."

"Does it even include," asked Eva in desperation, "the handsome marble timepiece John's Uncle Frank gave us?"

"Underlined in red ink," I stated, "and marked with an asterisk by way of special caution."

John tumbled to it at last. "It looks to me," he said, "as if we shall have to buy you something."

I deprecated this extreme measure. "No, no. Our list doesn't include everything you had given you."

Eva brightened visibly. I think she had the foolish hope of getting rid of the antimacassars of the faithful retainer.

"We haven't included the cheques," I explained. "If you're pressed for room, we could take over a couple or so of those."

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.



Old Style.



New Style: inspired by American tailoring.

From a list of wedding presents in *The Oxford Chronicle*:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Ashbee, 'Prometheus' (unbound)."

How mean!

"Dorothy Forster's New Song: Dearest, I bring thee Daffodils (in the press.)"

Advt.

Pressed flowers are all very well, but we fancy Dearest would prefer them fresh.

"Always use rain-water for the face if you want to keep your complexion. If you live in a town, strain the rain-water through the leg of an old stocking. This removes the black."

Home Chat.

From the stocking.

Directions for use of ——'s Tonic Lotion:—

"Unscrew the cap on top, and apply to the roots of the Hair, and then well brush."

We always brush our cap *before* putting it on the hair.

THE SORCERESS.

There are two outside doors to our offices, one to the waiting-room for our clients, and the other to our sanctum (marked "Private") to let my partner or myself out by when the typist announces the arrival of a tradesman's emissary on a matter of an "Account rendered."

On Tuesday last my partner and I were earnestly discussing the latest phases of the Insurance Act when there occurred a gentle tapping at the door marked "Private." My partner went deathly pale, but having paid my tailor the previous week and sent a post-dated cheque to the Gas Company, I rose with an easy grace, opened the door and closed it behind me. I found myself in the passage—I usually do on these occasions, so was not particularly surprised at the scenery and facing a charming girl of about twenty-two, as near as I could judge. She smiled sweetly; I bowed. In her hand was one of those small yellow leather cases that people of either sex so often carry, big enough to hold night-gear and a tooth-brush, or possibly a couple of small bombs.

As my fair visitor continued to smile and say nothing, I mentally ran over the list of people I ought to know and don't always recognise, but I couldn't place her.

"It's no good," I said. "I'm sorry. I ought to remember you, but frankly I don't!"

Still she smiled.

"I say, you know," I said, "you might let me into the secret."

At last she made an effort to speak but failed; so, fearing that she was very nervous, I said cheerfully—

"Do you mind coming round to the outer office; there's no one there, and we can have a heart to heart talk about this little matter?

"Now," I said, when she was seated, "are you a niece who has grown out of all recognition? If so, I will fall on your neck. I adore my relations, especially those who are strangers to me. Can I say more?"

At last her voice managed to force its way through the pearly portals, and she spoke.

"Do you wear—er—neckties?"

As I happened to be wearing my tennis-club tie—and the Ealing Ramblers' tie is universally execrated by jealous outsiders for its obtrusiveness—the question seemed unnecessary.

"Well, yes," I said, "funnily enough I do, when I don't forget to put one on."

Almost unconsciously I put my hand to the tie enclosure.

"I haven't forgotten it to-day, you see," I said with one of my most brilliant smiles.

Her eyes followed the direction of my hand and she smiled again, rather broadly I thought.

Then she began to fumble with the clasp of the leather case. Her hand shook. Clearly she was a beginner.

"Allow me," I said. "If you have a tie to pit against mine I will accept the challenge."

"What I want to show you," she said, "is not so er—striking, but much more wonderful."

She opened the case, exposing two or three dozen neatly-folded neckties, and, running her finger lightly over an octave or so, selected a black silk one with a purple *leit motif*.

"There," she said, holding it poised lightly in her left hand.

"Well, what about it?" I said. "Very nice design, certainly, but ——"

"Wait," she said, making a swift movement with her left hand and gently stroking the tie with her right.

I thought I must be suffering from myopia; in place of the purple spots were white triangles, parallelograms and other geometric shapes dotted about on the black silk. Before I had time to express my astonishment the sorceress executed two more feats of legerdemain, the colour and shape of the pattern changing with each feat.

"Look here," I said, trying to suppress my excitement, "if you can teach me to perform these mysteries and your terms are not too high, I will have one of your conjuring outfits."

"Eighteenpence," she said briefly, laying the tie on the table.

I turned it over and over. Each end had a different pattern on each side or face of it—four neckties for eighteenpence!

"This," I said, "is the greatest thing that has happened. I'll have two ties, that is to say eight, making one for each day of the week and one over for Saturday *matinées*. "I can see myself," I said, weighing out my three shillings, "being soon spoken of as the best dressed man in Ealing."

"Thank you so much," she said. "This is my first attempt at selling things. Wouldn't your partner like to have some?"

I had no intention of letting William into this good thing. I brook no rivals. "Come, come," I said; "you are a woman. Let me appeal to your sense of human nature. Do you give away the name of your dressmaker to your best friend?"

"No," she said, with a sigh. "I suppose you are right."

I wished her good luck and good morning and, after studiously seeing her off the premises, re-entered the sanctum.

"There, my lad," I said, spreading out my purchases. "A complete necktie outfit, except for evening wear and funerals."

William turned them over contemplatively. "You ass," he said, "what about the part that goes round your silly neck? There will be a different pattern showing on each side. You can only wear these baubles with double collars."

I simply loathe double collars.

LITTLE COW HAY.

Stephen Culpepper
 Of Little Cow Hay
Farmed four hundred acres—
 As Audit-book say;
An' he rode on a flea-bitten
 Fiddle-faced grey;

There's the house—in the hollow,
 With gable an' eave,
But they've altered it so
 That you wouldn't believe;
Wouldn't know the old place
 If he saw it—old Steve;

His dads an' his gran'dads
 Had lived there before;—
Born, married an' died there—
 At least half a score;
Big men the Culpeppers—
 As high as the door!

His wife was a Makepeace—
 An' none likelier,
For she'd five hundred pounds
 When he married o' her;
An' a grey eye as kindly
 As grey lavender;

He'd sweetest o' roses,
 He'd soundest o' wheat;
Six sons—an' a daughter
 To make 'em complete,
An' he always said Grace
 When they sat down to meat!

He'd the Blessin' o' Heaven
 On barnyard an' byre,
For he made the best prices
 Of all in the shire;
An' he always shook hands
 With the Parson an' Squire!

An' whether his markets
 Had downs or had ups,
He walked 'em three couple
 O' blue-mottle pups—
As clumsy as ducklings—
 As crazy as tups!

But that must be nigh
 Sixty seasons away,
When things was all diff'rent
 D'ye see—an' to-day
There ain't no Culpeppers
 At Little Cow Hay!



PEEPS INTO BIBLICAL THEATRICAL LIFE.

Arrival of Actor-Manager, Leading Lady, and other Members of the Cast.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If I am not mistaken a good many people besides old Anglo-Indians will delight in Miss S. Macnaughtan's *Snow upon the Desert* (Hodder and Stoughton). At the end of the story the young married woman who is its chief character—

> Like snow upon the desert's dusky face,
> Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

But before she goes to meet old Charon, in spite of her occasionally sharp or rather reckless tongue, in spite of her carelessness about public opinion and the damning fact that a brilliant young V.C. had first sent in his papers and then shot himself because his love for her had broken his career and his heart, she had done far more than ninety-and-nine just persons to make life happier and smoother and more amusing for her fellow countrymen and countrywomen. "She came out here," says the author, "when she was very youthful, very full of courage, and with her beauty and her great charm to refresh us, and we loved her and blamed her, found fault with her, and could not do without her. We were not always merciful to her, but perhaps that need not be remembered now. At one time she was perhaps one of the most prominent figures in India, and certainly the most admired." And yet her life was a tragedy. To me she stands as a type of English womanhood in India, of the courage and sadness and self-sacrifice that so often accompany the apparently selfish pursuit of pleasure of that glittering exile. I speak of her as if she were a real person, which perhaps is the case. That, at any rate, is the effect that Miss Macnaughtan has produced upon my mind. All her characters are wonderfully alive, as if indeed they were not only types but realities. Some of them are very lovable, some, like their author, are distinctly humorous, and their story makes a clean, wholesome and refreshing book.

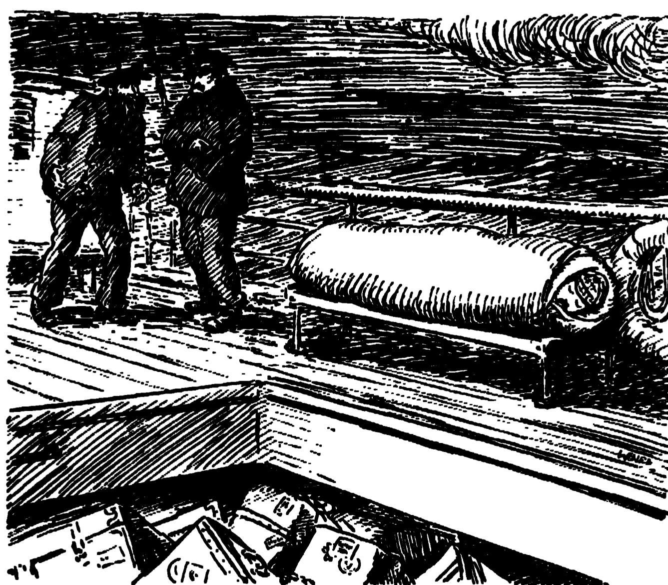
I used to revel in a tale
  Of mediæval schemes and plottings,
Daggers averted by chain-mail,
  Love philtres, poisons and garrottings;
So when *The House of Eyes* turned up,
  A yarn of Milan in its glory
(Hancock and Gay) I rushed to sup
  Once more on horrors weird and gory.

But no such luck! I 'm bound to state
  This book of Mr. Arthur George's
Recalled but did not recreate
  My old-time literary orgies.
Either he lacks the vivid touch,
  The skill, and other points that matter,
Or else, grown old, I ask too much;
  And I 'm afraid it 's not the latter.

Mr. George Ade, in one of his Fables in Slang, giving a list of the various types of novels of the present day, mentions the "careful study of American life," in which nothing happens till the last chapter, when the hero decides to sell his cow. With the difference that, instead of selling the cow, the hero resolves to commit suicide, *The Bankrupt* (Martin Secker) may be said to be the English equivalent of this kind of book. Mr. Horace Horsnell has given us, in his story of the life of *Oliver Clay*, as grey and depressing

a novel as I have ever read. *Oliver* "desired a permanent base on which to build his life," and, after several unsuccessful attempts to find it, gave up the struggle and, following the advice of MARCUS AURELIUS, "walked gravely and handsomely into the other world." Nothing of any moment brightened his life, and nothing of any moment brightens the story of it. He is so constituted that women do not interest him, nor religion, nor art, nor even the intellectual atmosphere of Hampstead. He tries them all in turn and they fail to grip him. The experiment of thinking for an instant of anybody except himself he omits to try. It is a pity, for it might have made all the difference. The question whether it was worth while to write a three hundred and sixteen page novel about this extraordinarily futile young man, is one that need not be discussed. Mr. HORSNELL has done it, and done it so well that it is only occasionally that he allows the reader to be irritated. The irritation comes in the retrospect, when one wonders why the author should have concentrated his attention upon *Oliver* when, with his gift for character and his minute observation, he could have dealt equally well with some more stimulating hero.

Suppose we were playing a game in which I told you the characters and setting of a book, and you guessed the author. Well, with regard to *Watersprings* (SMITH, ELDER), I should say that the scene was partly laid in a country village and partly in Cambridge, and that the chief character was a don, a man charming, cultured, verging upon middle age, but still full of lively sympathies, surveying the world as from a college window, who ——. But before I got any further you would probably exclaim, "A. C. BENSON," and win. If, however, I had not been interrupted I might have gone on to tell you much more about the book: for example, that it is not a volume of meditations, but a real story, with several admirably studied characters, and a hero and heroine who marry. To be sure the action is less physical than emotional, but that you would expect; and I suppose there are few writers who can convey thoughts with a surer and more delicate touch than Mr. A. C. BENSON. Throughout I was fascinated by two things—his sense of atmosphere, and the skill with which he has presented the point of view of "forty and a bittock" when confronted with youth. *Howard Kennedy*, the central figure, is drawn with an extraordinary sympathy and minuteness; in his amiable but lonely college existence, his courtship, and the sorrow and consolations of his married life, the man is wonderfully human. There are other characters, too, which I should like to praise in detail—a most actual undergraduate for one, and his father, whose loquacious enthusiasm on every possible topic is a thing of pure joy. *Watersprings*, in short, is exactly the story, tender, introspective and lovable, that Mr. A. C. BENSON'S countless admirers will most thank him for having written. I do so now.



["Buy one of our sleeping-bags and have a good night's rest when travelling."—ADVT.]

Second Mate. "WHO LEFT THAT SACK ON DECK? JUST HEAVE IT IN THE HOLD, WILL YER."

I have just enjoyed a most pleasant and very inexpensive holiday in Venice and St. Petersburgh with Mr. ROTHAY REYNOLDS as my guide, and only wish the story of *The Gondola* (MILLS AND BOON) were as fascinating as its atmosphere. The author of *My Russian Year* has used his knowledge to such good purpose that the setting of his tale is quite excellent, and I fear to seem a little insensible of benefits bestowed if I suggest that the only reason I can find for the laying of the opening scenes in Venice is that Mr. REYNOLDS wanted some excuse for his title. He would have done better for the construction of his book if he had laid them in St. Petersburgh. But, even so, *The Gondola* remains an attractive love-story of the old-fashioned type. For one thing it has done me the rare service of an introduction to a charming Polish countess, for whose acquaintance I am peculiarly grateful. So accustomed have I grown to the abnormally wicked Polish countesses of modern fiction that it was difficult at first to believe in *Wanda's* goodness; but as soon as I was convinced that she meditated no appalling crimes I fell quietly in love with her. *The Gondola* is a "first" novel, and its freshness and unpretentiousness ought to assure it a most cordial welcome.

Those who would really like to have their wholesome flesh made to creep—a form of occasional exercise which has much to commend it—should plunge forthwith into *Undergrowth* (SECKER), wherein F. and E. BRETT-YOUNG have essayed to follow Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD in his none too easy *genre*, and have by no means failed. Matter-of-fact *Forsyth*, engineer in charge of the completion of a reservoir dam in a wild Welsh valley, finds unaccountable sinister influences at work; strange accidents happen to men and machines, and a despairing depression of spirits settles over him. The mountains, the river, and the trees seem to him to have a threatening life, and the visionary Welsh shepherd, *Morgan*, "of the blood of Morgan Ap Owaino," quite simply accepting the fact that they have, drives home the stark reality to the terrified consciousness of this prosaic Glasgow man. He finds the diary of his predecessor, who, more in harmony with the spirit that moves in the undergrowth, has found the peace of death. With *Forsyth* the thing brings a decline to intemperance and despair, Destiny, like *Caliban upon Setebos*, choosing to act in this arbitrary way. Perhaps the authors had no strict right, as story-tellers, to leave suspended and unexplained the episode of wild *Meredith's* sacrifice of a sheep in the circle of stones on Pen Savaddan. But they have woven a convincing tissue of eeriness with the plausible suggestion of an esoteric knowledge which an unlearned reader may not challenge.

From an account of a wedding in *The B. E. Africa Leader*:—

"The parents were many and varied, there being 98 in all."

A motley collection, well repaying inspection.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is said that there are now twenty-four candidates for the throne of Albania, and it is proposed shortly to hold a Review of them.

* *
*

A recruit named LESPAGNOL, weighing eighteen stone, and over seven feet in height, has been enrolled at Tours, and a further increase in the German army may become necessary.

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*

The 2nd Battalion of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry has been camping on the playing fields of Eton. Someone has evidently just remembered that it was there that the Battle of Waterloo was won.

The interest taken in to-day's royal marriage is so great that it is thought that it may become necessary to restrict the number of reporters who wish to accompany the royal couple on their honeymoon to one hundred.

It is not surprising that Mr. CHESTERTON should always be ready to scoff at Eugenics. Mr. CHESTERTON, we understand, was born under the old-fashioned conditions and brought up in the old-fashioned way, and yet he has developed into one of the finest children in the country.

The road to advancement! Signalman KERRY, who was dismissed by the Great Eastern Railway Company after the Cromer express collision at Colchester, has been adopted as a Labour candidate for the Colchester Town Council.

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Attention has been drawn to the exceptionally large number of marriages which, according to recent announcements, will not take place. It would be well if people recognised at an earlier stage that the great danger of engagements is that they may lead to matrimony.

* *
*

It is rumoured that Miss MARIE LLOYD's language, when pointing out to the immigration authorities at New York that she was a lady, was exceedingly interesting.

* *
*

A theatrical forecast has come true. "Is *The Laughing Husband* likely to pay?" asked an investor before its production. "There's POUNDS in it," came the answer.

* *
*

The author of *Mary Goes First* has been getting into trouble because the name Whichello, which occurs in the play is in actual use off the stage. In spite of this the author of the new play at the Strand Theatre pluckily persists in calling his comedy *The Joneses*.

* *
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The musical play, *Are You There?* which will shortly make its appearance at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, will, we are told, consist in part of a satire on the London telephone system. If the General Post Office possesses an ounce of spirit there will, we should say, be some little difficulty in booking seats by telephone.

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In the first number of *The Thespian*, Mr. F. R. BENSON urges upon actors the importance of athletics. We believe it to be a fact that, owing to their neglect of athletics, many of our leading actors are prevented from performing on the staircases now in vogue, and are consequently faced by ruin.

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The Last Days of Pompeii is announced at one of our cinematograph theatres. Positively The Last Days. Hurry up!

* *
*

"Saints have a bad record as statesmen," says Dean HENSON. This is evidently realised by some of our politicians, who are palpably steering clear of the danger.

* *
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A new Insect House was opened at the Zoo last week. A visit to the Monkey House, however, proves that not all the insects have yet been segregated.



MODES FOR MEN.

From a weekly *causerie* by "A Bath Club Chap" we gather that ladies are not alone in being catered for in the matter of "Tango" wear. All the smart men's tailors are busy evolving creations suitable for the ball-room. No better could be approached than W. E. Spiffin, of Conduit Street, whose "Tango" suits (ten guineas, with extra waistcoat in white, cream or mole) are a joy to the modern dancing-man.

THE BADGER.

LAST of the night's quaint clan
He goes his way—
A simple gentleman
In sober grey;
To match lone paths of his
In woodlands dim,
The moons of centuries
Have silvered him.

Deep in the damp, fresh earth
He roots and rolls,
And builds his winter girth
Of sylvan tolls:
When seek the husbandmen
The furrow brown,
He hies him to his den
And lays him down.

There may he rest for me,
Nor ever stir
For clamorous obloquy
Of terrier;
Last of the night's quaint clan
He curls in peace—
A friendly gentleman
In grey pelisse!

"Serpent, I say!"

"If we were to take Mr. McKenna's speech as representing the considered resolve of his colleagues we should be obliged to conclude that the Government are marching 'à plat ventre' to civil war."—*The Globe.*

Our sportive contemporary must not say these hard things of the Government, or the worm may turn.

"The two suffragists who are to be charged at next High Court in Glasgow with having purposed setting fire to a house in the West End refused to plead at the preliminary diet."
Scotsman.

Another hunger-strike.

"Responsions. Mr. Maclure, M.A., Author of Greek Accents, prepares exclusively for above."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

A committee of public school boys is to meet without delay to decide upon the fate of the self-confessed inventor of these horrors.

HOW THE LIBERALS GOT THERE.

["Liberalism has been successful because in all its quarrels it tries patiently to understand and make allowances for the sincere point of view of the other side."—*Mr. Winston Churchill's speech at Dundee.*]

Men of the City of Marmalade,
Stern by nature and sweet by trade,
Every morning you hear new tales
How Victory sits on the Party's sails;
Has it ever occurred to you to guess
What is the secret of our success?

Here are the facts: we have always tried
To get at the sense of the other side;
We have made allowances all along
For what is sincere, though plainly wrong;
Ever we say, as we fight like hell,
"They don't know better, but may mean well!"

A typical case. My old friend George,
When he went, all out, for the ducal gorge—
What was the burning thought that lay
At the back of his head down Limehouse way?
He was taking the landlord's point of view;
He was making allowance for blood that's blue.

So with his great Insurance Act,
Marked by the most amazing tact.
Counsel he took with the Tory camp
On the vital question of licking the stamp,
And constantly racked his fertile brains
To appease the Unionist Mary Janes.

Similar care we have freely spent
In the matter of Disestablishment.
Before we fully arranged to wrest
To secular use the Church's chest,
We took incredible pains to find
Whether the Clergy would really mind.

The Chamber of Peers is another case
Where we sought to save the enemy's face.
We might have prescribed a deadly cure
For the scandal of primogeniture,
But we simply suspended its doom in air
By a brief Preamble—*and left it there.*

So it has been with the Home Rule Bill:
We have patiently sought, and are seeking still,
Though Ulster's wrongs are the merest myth,
To make allowance for F. E. Smith,
And pleaded for grace (from yonder skies)
To see the picture with Carson's eyes.

Enough! To assume a kindly tone
With those who honestly err; to own
That even a Tory's heart may be
Just possibly human—there you see
The methods that made us what we are,
And how we have climbed so fast and far.

So now I have told you all about
A thing you'd never have guessed without:
It's my own idea, and I don't suppose
That anyone else in the Party knows;
Certainly Asquith hasn't yet
Mentioned it to the Cabinet.

O. S.

"Wanted—A Eurasian or Baboo who thoroughly understands the working of an Auto-knitter. Will pay one anna per pair."

Eurasians are cheap to-day.

MRS. BAXTER.

"Francesca," I said, "you look weary."

"And so would you or anybody else," she said, "if you had to endure all those worries."

"Worries," I said, "are sent to us for our good. If life were always placid——"

"I should like it much better; but it never is."

"No, it is never *always* placid; but it is occasionally *sometimes* placid, and——"

"You are getting mixed," she said; "men ought never to get mixed."

"Oh, do you think so?" I said. "Don't you feel that a little mixing now and then adds a spice of unexpected variety to conversation—something better than the plain No and the solid Yes? The man who never got mixed never got anything."

"Anyhow," she said, "it won't help us just now."

"Is this," I asked, "one of those moments in which strong practical commonsense could be of any help?"

"It might be," she said; "but where am I to find it?"

"Or what do you say to the sympathy of a good man? Not an obtrusive fussy sympathy, you know, but a quiet soothing sympathy not so much expressed in words as — You know the sort I mean; you have often experienced it, haven't you?"

"Do you," she said, "mean the sympathy that smokes a pipe and sits in an armchair reading *The Times* while I'm busy about the house?"

"And why not?" I said. "Besides, you know perfectly well that I have offered to do your work over and over again."

"I should like to see you dare," she said.

"Francesca, I feel absolutely reckless. I am off this very moment to order dinner. Fish, meat and groceries shall all yield their mysteries to me. I could interview a thousand cooks and never flinch. I——"

"You'll find it difficult enough to interview one," she said.

"One!" I cried enthusiastically. "In my hands she will be as clay to the potter. I shall mould her to my special taste in *entrées* and savouries. Oh, Francesca, what dinners we shall have!" I half rose from my chair and prepared to make a dash for the kitchen. She checked me with an imperious wave of her hand and I fell back again.

"It's no good," she said. "You would not find her in a humour to receive you."

"Oh, but I should soon get her into a receiving humour. We should become great friends. There would be no orders. I should make a few tactful suggestions. I should say, 'Mrs. ——' By the way, what is her eminent name?"

"Baxter."

"Thank you. I should say, 'Mrs. Baxter, how does a sweet omelette strike you?' or 'Mrs. Baxter, what are your views on cutlets *à la Soubise*?' and then I should tell her who Soubise was and why the cutlets were called after him, and she would be deeply interested, and the whole thing would go off splendidly. Do let me try."

"I tell you," she repeated, "it's no good. She has just told me she wants to go at the end of her month."

"WHAT!!" I said convulsively.

"Shouting," said Francesca, "won't alter it."

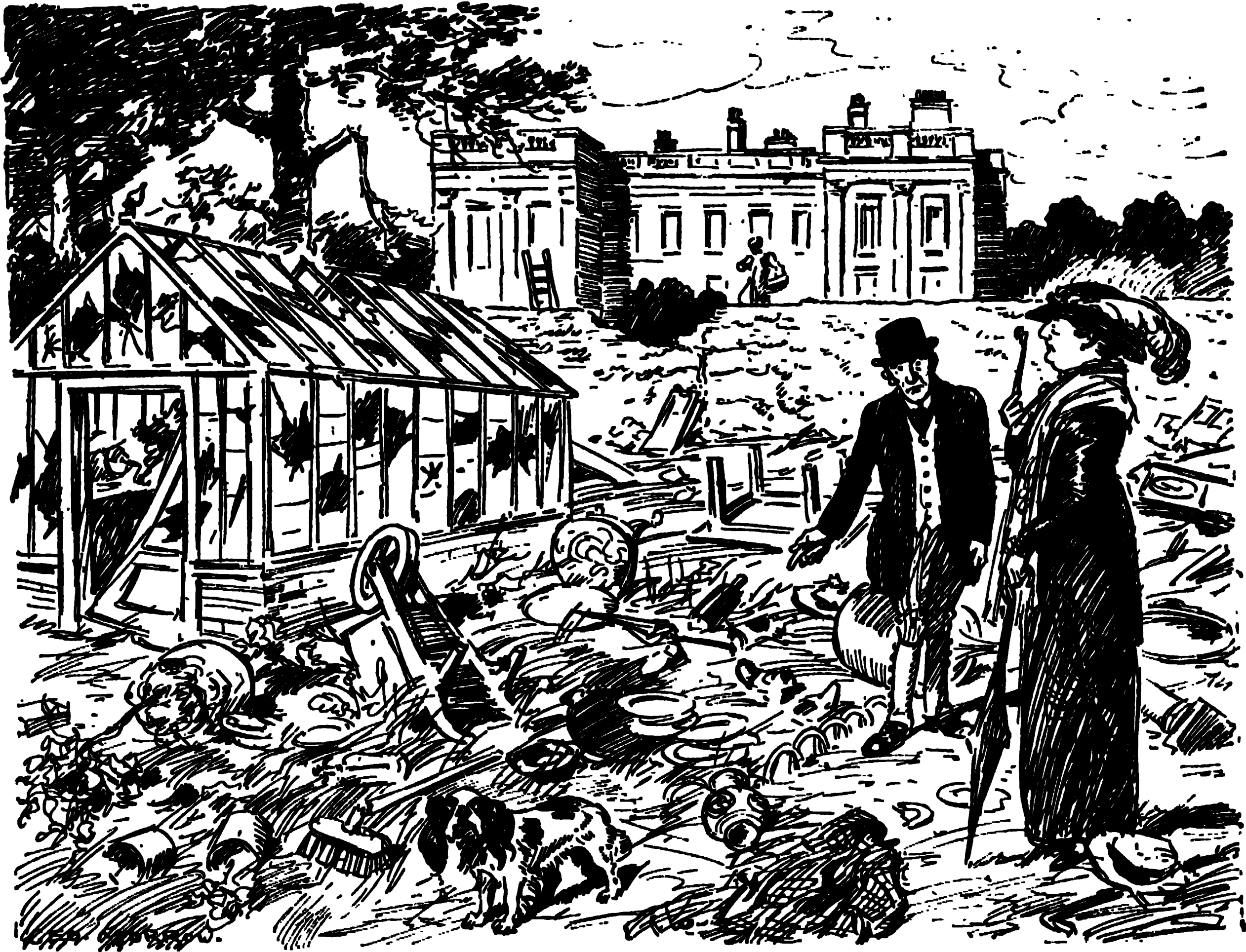
"Another dream shattered," I said. "Who wouldn't shout at the disappearance of so fair a vision? Why, oh why must she go?"

"I said something about butter, and she seemed to resent it."

"But you are ready to apologise for your buttery imputations—I know you are. Surely genius must not be hampered by hard words about such a thing as butter. Let her have tons of butter."



THE IDEAL HOME (RULE) EXHIBITION.



Bailiff. "Oh no, your ladyship, I don't mind the battle pictures—they don't do much damage, but it's these *comic* ones that mess the place up the way you see it."

["Several owners of large estates are allowing the use of their grounds for the production of cinema pictures."]

"You'd be the first to resent having to pay for it."

"Not I," I said. "Think of her vegetables."

"I admit," said Francesca, "that her vegetables are good."

"And her soup," I continued. "Have you ever tasted better?"

"Her soup is excellent, but——"

"There must be no 'buts,'" I said. "We cannot let such vegetables and such soup leave us for ever without a struggle. Did you try to persuade her?"

"Well, I didn't fall on my knees, you know. You wouldn't have liked me to do that."

"Oh yes, I should," I said. "Surely it was the one thing to do. Your high spirit and your pride are admirable qualities, Francesca, but I have noticed, with regret, that they sometimes lead you astray. They make you do things you are afterwards sorry for."

"Well, this time, you see, I did nothing. I just said, 'Oh, very well,' and asked her what she had to complain of."

"Then I suppose she broke into tears and you mocked at her grief?"

"Not a bit of it. She went off into a long rigmarole, and, amongst other things, she complained very much of you."

"Of *me*?" I said. "Impossible."

"Yes, of you. She said Mr. Carlyon didn't seem to fancy her way of cooking, and sometimes the dishes wasn't more than tasted, and sukkastic messages come out of the dining-room, and that led to disagreeable back-talk from the other servants. Altogether, she didn't seem to approve of you."

"You ought not to have listened to her, Francesca," I said.

"I couldn't help listening to her. Besides, she's entitled to give her reasons."

"I consider it," I said, "a great impertinence in her to talk like that of me before you."

"Yes, and the kitchenmaid was listening, too."

"Indeed. And how did it strike the kitchenmaid?"

"The kitchenmaid," said Francesca, "seemed to think it was a joke. She sniggered."

"Francesca," I said, "I have been thinking this matter over. I am afraid there is nothing for it. Mrs. Baxter must go."

"I was sure you would agree with me," she said.

"And the kitchenmaid?"

"Oh, she's young," said Francesca.

"She must be warned not to repeat her behaviour. It was not respectful to you. You ought to have displayed a proper spirit."

"Oh, no," said Francesca. "I have too much pride for that. Proper spirits make all the mischief in the world."

R. C. L.

AUTHORS DISCUSS CHINA.

Turks Discuss Authors' Illuminating Utterances.

As a result of the clarifying effect on public opinion of the recent discussion of the *ethos* of the Turk at the Authors' Club, a debate of authors on the Chinaman was held at Caxton Hall last Friday, Mr. Charles Garvice again presiding. In his introductory remarks the Chairman observed that although he had never personally visited China, he had attended a performance of *The Yellow Jacket* and preferred Mandarin to Seville oranges. Men of letters, he continued, would always regard China with sympathy in view of the stimulating effect of opium on the genius of De Quincey and Coleridge, though personally he preferred barley-water.

Mr. John Galsworthy was not present, but he wrote a letter, which the Chairman read, to the effect that, if it could be authoritatively ascertained that most Chinamen married the wrong woman first, he would extend his patronage to the race. Otherwise China was no place for a conscientious English novelist.

Mr. Arnold Bennett also wrote stating that he had not as yet gone very deeply into the matter of China, but when next he had half-an-hour to spare he would devote it to the composition of an article instructing the Chinese in all the duties of life.

Mr. Banister Fletcher, F.R.I.B.A., who apologised for the lateness of his arrival, explaining that he had been detained by a dress-rehearsal at the Gas Congress, delivered an exhaustive address on the architecture of the Chinese Wall, a knowledge of which, he maintained, was absolutely essential to all journalists and novelists. Whether one looked at its length, its height or its breadth, it impressed the imagination and furnished food for thought.

Mr. Silas K. Hocking, who followed, said that it was a commonplace of European criticism to speak of the immobility of China. Yet they had abandoned the pig-tail, and the Deputies at their new Parliament all wore top-hats. The revival of the silk-hat trade in England was a direct result of this enlightened policy.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in an eloquent speech, expressed the indebtedness of the Irish people to China. The Irish were notoriously the "tea-drinkingest" race in existence, and since they had taken to China instead of Indian tea the cause of Home Rule had progressed by leaps and bounds. Again, Ireland was famous for its ginger-ale, the raw material for which was principally imported from Canton. Speaking for himself, it was one of the greatest disappointments of his journalistic life when the late Dowager Empress of China declined to contribute an account of her early life to the columns of P.A.P.

The Mayor of Westminster paid a handsome tribute to the efficiency of the municipal administration of Pekin. That city was far ahead of Kensington, where the pavements in High Street were often so congested with perambulators that foot-passengers were driven into the roadway, to the imminent peril of motorists. Such a thing would not be tolerated in Pekin.



Secretary of Village Entertainment. "Now, don't give them anything too high-class; they won't understand it."

Mr. W. B. Maxwell said that China was the ideal country for a novelist because there was no Library censorship. You could publish just what you liked there; but the melancholy result was that very little was published. Why this should be so he could not imagine.

Mr. Filson Young observed that he was glad that Mr. T. P. O'Connor had raised the question of the hygienic quality of China tea, as it enabled him to call attention to an extraordinary lack of consideration shown by English *châtelaines* for their guests. Quite recently, while staying in a well-appointed country house, he was brought his early morning tea, which turned out to be of the most inferior Indian quality. At breakfast the tea provided was the best Soochong. But his appetite had been entirely destroyed. (Cries of "Shame!") Was this economy necessary? Was it not rather an insult to the 450 millions of patient Orientals now ruled by Yuan Shih-Kai? He was no scaremonger, but if ever we were confronted by a Yellow Peril it would be largely due to such acts as these.

By way of supplement to this interesting debate we may give a brief summary of the speeches made at a meeting held in Constantinople last week to discuss the tone and tendencies of British authors, with Talaat Bey in the chair.

Talaat said that the time had come to decide whether the importation of English novels should be allowed to continue. For his own part, he had no hesitation in declaring his conviction that a wholesale prohibition would be in the best interests of the Ottoman Empire.

Ahmed Riza said that what was wrong with the British authors was their lack of idealism. There were exceptions, of course, but the worst of it was that the few idealists were pessimists to the core. Take Galsworthy, for instance, who had given such a fine picture of the English aristocracy in *The Patrician*, but whose later works gave him (Ahmed Riza) the pure pip.

Enver Bey, while admitting his indebtedness to Herbert Spencer, deplored the decadent spirit which animated most English novelists, with the exception of the Brothers Hocking and the Baroness Orczy.

Hilmic Pasha followed on similar lines. The censorship in Turkey was purely political; from the moral point of view Turkish romances were above reproach, whereas in England the great majority of novelists were engaged in a carnival of competitive impropriety.

Djavid Pasha noted the extraordinary inconsistency of British authors, who, while criticising the domestic morals of the Turks, yet encouraged them in their writings. He understood that one of the most popular works recently published in England was entitled, *Some Experiences of an Irish Harem.*

Ultimately a resolution was unanimously passed, expressing sympathy with the Libraries Association in London in their noble effort to restrict the circulation of poisonous novels.

"Already the Premier, Hsung-Hsi-Ling, has begun applying for sick leave, showing that internal difficulties are rampant."

Daily Telegraph.

A good doctor would soon cure them.

DEFINITIONS.

As soon as we had joined the ladies after dinner Gerald took up a position in front of the fire.

"Now that the long winter evenings are upon us," he began——

"Anyhow, it's always dark at half-past nine," said Norah.

"Not in the morning," said Dennis, who has to be excused for anything foolish he says since he became obsessed with golf.

"Please don't interrupt," I begged. "Gerald is making a speech."

"I was only going to say that we might have a little game of some sort. Norah, what's the latest parlour game from London?"

"Tell your uncle," I urged, "how you amuse yourselves at the Lyceum."

"Do you know 'Hunt the Pencil'?"

"No. What do you do?"

"You collect five pencils; when you've got them, I'll tell you another game."

"Bother these pencil games," said Dennis, taking an imaginary swing with a paper-knife. "I hope it isn't too brainy."

"You'll want to know how to spell," said Norah severely, and she went to the writing desk for some paper.

In a little while—say, half-an-hour—we had each a sheet of paper and a pencil, and Norah was ready to explain.

"It's called Definitions. I expect you all know it."

We assured her we didn't.

"Well, you begin by writing down five or six letters, one underneath the other. We might each suggest one. 'E.'"

We weighed in with ours, and the result was E P A D U.

"Now you write them backwards."

There was a moment's consternation.

"Like 'bath-mat'?" said Dennis. "An 'e' backwards looks so silly."

"Stupid—like this," explained Norah. She showed us her paper.

E	U
P	D
A	A
D	P
U	E

"This is thrilling," said Mrs. Gerald, pencilling hard.

"Then everybody has to fill in words all the way down, your first word beginning with 'e' and ending with 'u,' and so on. See?"

Gerald leant over Dennis and explained carefully to him, and in a little while we all saw.

"Then, when everybody's finished, we define our words in turn, and the person who guesses the word fi[illegible] a mark. That's all."



Genial Idiot. "Hullo, White, old man. Not seen you for centuries; scarcely recognised you; moustache and all that's altered you so much."

Perfect Stranger. "Pardon me, Sir, my name is *not* White."

Genial Idiot. "That's bad! Altered your name, too!"

"And a very good game too," I said, and I rubbed my head and began to think.

"Of course," said Norah, after a quarter of an hour's silence, "you want to make the words difficult and define them as subtly as possible."

"Of course," I said, wrestling with 'E—U.' I could only think of one word, and it was the one everybody else was certain to have.

"Are we all ready? Then somebody begin."

"You'd better begin, Norah, as you know the game," said Mrs. Gerald.

We prepared to begin.

"Mine," said Norah, "is a bird."

"Emu," we all shouted; but I swear I was first.

"Yes."

"I don't think that's a very subtle definition," said Dennis. "You promised to be as subtle as possible."

"Go on, dear," said Gerald to his wife.

"Well, this is rather awkward. Mine is——"

"Emu," I suggested.

"You must wait till she has defined it," said Norah sternly.

"Mine is a sort of feathered animal."

"Emu," I said again. In fact, we all said it.

Gerald coughed. "Mine," he said, "isn't exactly a—a fish, because it——"

"Emu," said everybody.

"That was subtler," said Dennis, "but it didn't deceive us."

"Your turn," said Norah to me. And they all leant forward ready to say "Emu."

"Mine," I said, "is--all right, Dennis, you needn't look so excited—is a word I once heard a man say at the Zoo."

There was a shriek of "Emu!"

"Wrong," I said.

Everybody was silent.

"Where did he say it?" asked Nora at last. "What was he doing?"

"He was standing outside the Emu's cage."

"It must have been Emu."

"It wasn't."

"Perhaps there's another animal beginning with 'e' and ending with 'u'," suggested Dennis. "He might have said, 'Look here, I'm tired of this old Emu, let's go and see the E-doesn't-mu,' or whatever it's called."

"We shall have to give it up," said Norah at last. "What is it?"

"Ebu," I announced. "My man had a bad cold, and he said, 'Look, Baria, there's ad Ebu.' Er--what do I get for that?"

"Nothing," said Norah coldly. "It isn't fair. Now, Mr. Dennis."

"Mine is *not* Emu, and it couldn't be mistaken for Emu; not even if you had a sore throat and a sprained ankle. And it has nothing to do with the Zoo, and——"

"Well, what is it?"

"It's what you say at golf when you miss a short putt."

"I doubt it," I said.

"Not what Gerald says," said his wife.

"Well, it's what you might say. What Horace would have said."

"'Eheu'—good," said Gerald, while his wife was asking "Horace who?"

We moved on to the next word, P--D.

"Mine," said Norah, "is what you might do to a man whom you didn't like, but it's a delightful thing to have and at the same time you would hate to be in it."

"Are you sure you know what you are talking about, dear?" said Mrs. Gerald gently.

"Quite," said Norah with the confidence of extreme youth.

"Could you say it again very slowly?" asked Dennis, "indicating by changes in the voice which character is speaking?"

She said it again.

"'Pound,'" said Gerald. "Good - one to me."

Mrs. Gerald had "pod," Gerald had "pond;" but they didn't define them very cleverly and they were soon guessed. Mine, unfortunately, was also guessed at once.

"It is what Dennis's golf is," I said.

"'Putrid,'" said Gerald correctly.

"Mine," said Dennis, "is what everybody has two of."

"Then it's not 'pound,'" I said, "because I've only got one-and-ninepence."

"At least, it's best to have two. Sometimes you lose one. They're very useful at golf. In fact, absolutely necessary."

"Have you got two?"

"Yes."

I looked at Dennis's enormous hands spread out on his knees.

"Is it 'pud'?" I asked. "It is? Are those the two? Good heavens!" and I gave myself a mark.

A--A was the next, and we had the old Emu trouble.

"Mine," said Norah--"mine is rather a meaningless word."

"'Abracadabra,'" shouted everybody.

"Mine," said Miss Gerald, "is a very strange word, which——"

"'Abracadabra,'" shouted everybody.

"Mine," said Gerald, "is a word which used to be——"

"'Abracadabra,'" shouted everybody.

"Mine," I said to save trouble, "is 'Abracadabra.'"

"Mine," said Dennis, "isn't. It's what you say at golf when——"

"Oh lor!" I groaned. "Not again."

"When you hole a long putt for a half."

"You'd probably say, 'What about *that* for a good putt, old thing? Thirty yards at least,'" suggested Gerald.

"No."

"Is it--is it 'Alleluia'?" suggested Mrs. Gerald timidly.

"Yes."

"Dennis," I said, "you're an ass."

* * * * *

"And now," said Norah at the end of the game, "who's won?"

They counted up their marks.

"Ten," said Norah.

"Fifteen," said Gerald.

"Three," said his wife.

"Fourteen," said Dennis.

They looked at me.

"I'm afraid I forgot to put all mine down," I said, "but I can easily work it out. There were five words, and five definitions of each word. Twenty-five marks to be gained altogether. You four have got--er—let's see—forty-two between you. That leaves me——"

"That leaves you *minus* seventeen," said Dennis. "I'm afraid you've lost, old man." He took up the shovel and practised a few approach shots. "It's rather a good game."

I think so too. It's a good game, but, like all paper games, its scoring wants watching. A. A. M.

"He, in brief, was a fine example of the saying, 'Suarter in modo seo forther in re.'"
Clonmel Chronicle.

Gaelic always leaves us cold.

NIGHT AND MORNING THOUGHTS.

Think, when you sleep
And slip alone into a world of dream,
That fairies creep
Up to the darkling house by glow-worm gleam;
And then kind-eyed
They cast delicious spells at your bedside,
And take you in their keeping
When you are sleeping.

In and out and round about, while moonshine is peeping
Through the dimity curtains on the floor and counterpane,
Puck with his fairy broom is furbishing and sweeping,
And all the rest in the dimpsey light are dancing, ring and chain,
Cross hands and down the middle and cross hands again.

Think, when you wake
And blink your eyelids at the morning's blue,
That fairies slake
Their dainty thirst upon the garden dew,
And tell the flowers
To dress and give them breakfast in their bowers,
And set the sunbeams shaking
When you are waking.

Here and there and everywhere, when broad day is breaking
They troop into the garden, very eager to be fed.
If the dew is not delivered, what a fuss they will be making!
But at last they wander back into the wood and go to bed,
With yawns of gapy gossamer, each fairy sleepy-head.

Mr. Birrell, in acknowledging the receipt of the freedom of Glasgow, spoke in praise of great cities, and is reported to have referred to the "magic names of Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, Paris, London, Glasgow and Edinburgh." Dublin seems for the moment to have escaped his memory.

"The great cathedral of Gloucester was filled to overflowing, so that the acoustic properties were excellent. The nave is usually too snorous."—*Evening Standard.*

Of course it depends to a large extent on the preacher.

"Having confessed to stealing ten motor cycles from different owners by riding off on a pretence of testing the machines, a carpenter was sentenced to three months' hard labour at the Old Bailey yesterday, Judge Rentoul stating that he should use extraordinary leniency in order to give him another chance."
Standard.

Making the eleventh.



Beginner. "I wonder what the club 's like I *ought* to have used here? None of these seem quite right!"

SPEEDING THE LINGERING GUEST.

Some remarks which appeared in a leading provincial newspaper the other day upon the "concentrated essence of hospitality" which is extended at modern week-end shooting parties may perhaps have been received with resentment by certain society hostesses concerned. "Modern hospitality," it was explained, "is quite shameless in fixing the hour of arrival and departure for guests; in some country houses the hint is conveyed by the tiny cake of "visitor's soap" in the bedrooms, symbolical of the brief time guests are expected to stay." One has always had a feeling that that is the sort of thing that ought not to be given away in the press, but as our contemporary has made a start in this direction we may perhaps take the opportunity of discussing the subject more fully.

The system of the symbolical soap does not always work quite so smoothly as one might think. There is a story now going the rounds of an old gentleman, quite incapable of consciously committing a *faux pas*, who nevertheless made himself extremely unpopular at a well-known country house in the Midlands by grossly outstaying his welcome. It is only fair to add that, as soon as the whole truth was known, he was completely exonerated. It happened that the housemaid, in preparing his room, had carelessly left behind her a large slab of household soap, on which the old gentleman worked away for several weeks, never dreaming that he would be expected to leave before he reached the end of it. One cannot, however, so easily excuse a certain Army officer, who now finds all doors in society closed to him. For it is said that he had committed the unpardonable *gaucherie* of ringing for more soap.

But symbolical soap as a means of getting rid of one's friends is rapidly going out. Involving as it does the personal habits and tastes of the various guests it has been found altogether too rigid in its operations. Some hostesses, too, prefer a more direct hint and simply cut off the food supply; but this is not done at the best houses. It is considered more delicate to disturb the even tenor of the guest's tranquillity by a series of slight but cumulative impediments.

Thus he will find that his morning tea is stone cold; that the fire in his bedroom is allowed to go out at 9 P.M.; that only one of his boots has been blacked. If these fail there are other and more drastic means, for the modern hostess is a marvel of ingenuity when it is a question of speeding the lingering guest. He will find a *Bradshaw* beneath his pillow, or, if he has brought his motor, his chauffeur will be instructed to hang about in unexpected places waiting for orders. Sometimes the car is even brought round and kept waiting at the front door.

In the case of extreme obtuseness, further steps may sometimes have to be taken. The delinquent will find that he has to unpack his bag several times a day and to be continually retrieving his golf-clubs from the front hall, where they are lying in conspicuous readiness for his departure. And at last, when he goes up to his room to make ready for luncheon, he will be shocked to discover that the blinds are down and the carpet up, while a couple of workmen are busy with the electric light. Then it will come home to him. The game is up and he must go.

But it must not be supposed that he will be made to suffer any embarrassment in his farewells. The modern hostess is the very impersonation of tact.

"The curtain rises on a splendidly-set hunting scene. Nothing is left out at all. Even the setters are there."

Sydney Morning Herald.

And, of course, the landing net.



Rosamund (at the words, "This is for the second time of asking"). "Oh, Mother, then she's a widow!"

WHY YOU YELL.

(*Written, for the benefit of the neighbourhood in general, to a phenomenon who is still too youthful to make coherent explanations for himself.*)

I do not think you have a pain inside;
Not hunger nor a sad satiety
Makes you screw up your face like that, and hide
Those optics where celestial stars abide,
And bellow like the D.

Some there may be of Calvinistic view,
Nursing the notion of primeval sins,
Would say old Adam 's still alive in you;
Others would hoist you to a posture new
And readjust your pins.

These are in error. So is your mamma,
Who seeks to soothe you down with wordy sham
And deems you weary from your long *ta ta*.
(*Editor*: "What on earth is that?" *Papa*:
"Why, driving in his pram.")

That could not cause such poignancy of woe,
But sorrow for a place where sordid pelf
And lies rule everything—this spectre show
Where all is hollowness. Poor child! I know;
I felt the same myself.

I howled, they tell me, also; I could make
Sufficient noise for two when I was hurled
Into this vale of mourning: "Life 's a fake"
(That was the line which I proposed to take);
"Crikey! Is this your world?"

I came, like you, from Paradise; I slid
Down by the rainbow stairs, and, when I saw
The meanness that enshrouds a mortal kid,
I told them what I thought of it—I did.
I nearly burst my jaw.

Well, you 'll get used to it. You 'll learn to veil
The heartfelt anguish underneath a smile,
Accept life's tinsel, and forget to wail
For that dim land beyond terrestrial hail
Where things are done in style.

Meantime, what wonder that your days are flat?
Contemptuous of the women's idle talk,
What wonder that you spurn the dorsal pat?
Your father's sympathy 's too deep for that;
He 's going for a walk.

Evoe.

"FAT-BABY MISTAKES.
Strapping Infants on Wrong Diet."
Daily Mail.

It is very wrong to strap them whatever you may have been eating.

A Farmyard Imitation?

"It was heard under excellent conditions. Miss Edyth Walker and Mr. John Coates were obviously at home and in complete sympathy with their parts, the mooing duet being sung with the deepest feeling and dramatic fervour."—*Yorkshire Evening News.*

"Among the wedding presents to Prince Arthur of Connaught are a pair of socks, knitted by an octogenarian shepherd and a collie."
Standard.

Probably they did a sock each.



A UNION OF HEARTS.

The Royal Wedding, October 15th.

Mr. Punch. "Good luck to you both, Sir! We may differ about Ulster, but we're all solid for Connaught!"



"Well, this is the first time I remember to have derived any real benefit from these pills."

THE NEW WAY OF ADVERTISING PLAYS.

The observer of contemporary journalism can hardly fail to have been struck with the change that is coming over theatrical advertising. Should the present tendency continue, this is what we are coming to:—

Why suffer from Autumnal Depression when for a price within the reach of all you can forget your woes by witnessing the enormously successful farcical comedy

"Well, really, I mean——"

Every evening at 9. Drytearian Theatre.

Just the thing for the chilly weather. Try it before you go to bed to-night.

The Descriptive Touch.

How glorious is the crisp morning air up on this mountain side! How the waters of the burn sing with gladness as they go splashing and flashing towards the tarn in the valley below. The cottagers sing also, for blitheness of heart, as they stand at their doors to watch the passing of the Duke of Shaftesbury-Avenue and his high-born house-party on their way to stalk the stag. See! There goes a golden eagle; it has carried off a little child to its eyrie amongst the mountains, but no one seems to mind. The day is too sparkling and fresh for repining. Now the stag runs away, and all the house-party follow. "Tally-ho! Tally-ho!" they cry, tumbling over one another in their light-hearted eagerness to secure the quarry. But, swift as they are, there is one amongst them, a tall and beautiful English maid, who is faster than any. Her name is——

Ah! For that you must witness Act I. of

"The Twirl Girl."

Arcadian Theatre. Every evening at 8.30.

More Testimony from the Midlands.

Perhaps you remember what the critics said about *The Powder Puff*? (Anyhow, we are not going to repeat it.) Now let us hear what the Public, those who really know, think.

Mrs. Harris, Charwoman, of 225, Bath Brick Cottages, Rugby, writes:—

"In the summer of this year my health had become very low. My husband and all my friends noticed it. I was unable to rouse myself, and even the exertion of attending a picture-palace was frequently too much for me. One day a friend, who had seen your advertisement, advised me to try a visit to the World Theatre. At first I resisted the suggestion, but ultimately allowed myself to be persuaded to take advantage of a cheap excursion to attend your Saturday *matinée*. The result was *well-nigh incredible*. After the First Act I was able to sit up and take nourishment. Before the end of the Second my lassitude and general apathy had entirely disappeared; and I left the theatre a different woman. I consider your piece is nothing short of marvellous, and I am directing all similar sufferers to at once visit

'The Powder Puff.'"

World Theatre. Evenings, 9. Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.

"Braid was only a couple of yards from the tee in two, but his putt went past the hole."
The Globe.

"Nonsense," said Braid to his caddie, who offered him a brassie, "I always use a putter for my third shot," and proceeded to make the longest putt on record.

"Navy blue pram, white, washable, kid lined; good condition, 30s. or near offer."
Advt. in "Portsmouth Evening News."

We don't know what the kid was lined with ("good capon," perhaps), but we hope he will be taken out before the pram is sold.

PROPER PRIDE.

George Fallon ran into me as I turned the corner.

"You're just the man I want to see," he said. "I want your advice."

"You won't take it," I replied. "No one ever does. But come in here any way." I drew him into a doorway.

"It's like this," he said. "I want to know how to reply to a letter I've had from the Earl of Frocester."

"An earl!" I exclaimed. "Things are looking up."

"Well, it's not exactly quite so good as you think," he said. "But I've got it here. I'll show it to you."

George, I may say, is a baritone—one of the best we have in our town. An amateur strictly. By day he is engaged in land agency pursuits.

He brought out packet after packet of envelopes and went through them. From their appearance I guessed that they represented the mails of some weeks.

"I know it's here somewhere," he said.

He went through them again and opened one or two without success.

"I'm sure I put it in my pocket," he said. "Well, never mind, I can tell you what it said." He put the bundles back.

"As far as I can remember," he said, "it went like this: 'Dear Sir'—either 'Dear Sir' or 'Dear Mr. Fallon,' I'm not sure which. 'Dear Mr. Fallon,' I think. Yes, I feel sure it was 'Dear Mr. Fallon.' That made it the more interesting, of course. How I wish you could read it! I'll look for it again. It must be here somewhere."

He was again extracting his bundles when I stopped him.

"It doesn't matter," I said. "You have the sense of it."

"But I'd like you to read it," he said. "Do let me look again."

"No," I said.

"Very well," he replied. "It went on like this:—'As chairman of the committee who are arranging the benefit performance on the 19th for the Cottage Hospital, it gives me much pleasure to ask if you will be so very good as to figure in our programme and favour the audience with one of your charming solos? An early answer will oblige. Yours faithfully'—I'm sure it was 'faithfully,'" George interpolated—"'Frocester.'"

"Well," I said, "that's simple enough. Of course you replied that you would?"

"No," said George, "I didn't."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "there were reasons. You know I'm not exactly a nobody here, am I?"

I assured him he was not—very much somebody, in fact.

"And you would have said that my name would occur as quickly as any one's to the mind of a person getting up a concert?" he continued.

"I should think so," I said.

"Well," he said, "other people had had letters of invitation like this a full week before mine." His look challenged me to counter that.



THE CAMERA IN THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

(Five well-known players snapped at Bromleigh by a rising young artist who should go far in photographic journalism.)

Reading from left to right—Bert Scroggins, "Bull-dog" Jenkins, Alf Booth, Jim Bilker and Chris Montgomerie.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Quite," he said. "I've seen them."

"But perhaps London people were asked first," I suggested.

"No, these were local artists—like me," he said.

"Then what are you going to do?" I asked him.

"That's what I want to know," he said. "Of course I should like to oblige his grace."

"His lordship," I corrected, but he missed it.

"I should like to oblige his grace," he repeated, "who, after all, does call me 'Dear Mr. Fallon'—at least, I believe so. I wish I had the letter here to show you. But I have got it, I'm certain; I'll look again."

Again he went right through his bundles of correspondence, again he nearly had it, but had it not.

"Oh, well," he said, "never mind; but I'd like you to see it. I could have sworn I put it in my pocket after lunch. Still, I've given you the substance right enough. The point now is, should I be fair to myself—and, after all, that's of some importance in the world, isn't it?"

"Most certainly," I said.

"Should I be just to myself if at my time of life I overlooked the deliberate passing over of me by this committee until they had had a lot of refusals? For that's what it comes to."

"Do you really feel as strongly as that?" I said.

"I do," he replied.

"But think of the muddle there always is in this kind of thing," I said. "It may have been his lordship's fault. He may have forgotten to write to you for a week."

"I wish I could think so," he said.

"And the object," I continued, "the charity. Surely you would like to do something for that?"

"Why don't they want more than one song?" George asked evasively.

"It's a very full programme," I suggested, "and you're sure to get an encore. You'll take more than one with you, of course."

"If I go," he said.

"Oh, you'll go," I replied. "His lordship has never asked you for anything before, and to refuse would be a bad start. He did call you 'Dear Mr. Fallon,' too!"

"I wonder if he did," said George. "I wish I had the letter here. I'll look again. I'd so like you to see it."

"Oh no," I said quickly. "That's all right."

"No," he replied; "I may as well look once more. I must have it somewhere."

Again he went through his bundles, and this time the letter actually appeared.

He was overjoyed.

"Now," he said, "you shall see for yourself," and he spread it out.

As he did so his face fell. It began, "Dear Sir."

"Well, I'm hanged!" he said. "To think I should have got that wrong! But that settles it," he added, as he drew himself up proudly and replaced the packets. "Nothing shall induce me to sing there now."



Dear Old Lady (to celebrated Professor who is showing her some chicken-houses he has made in his spare time). "But I had no idea you were such a handy man. You're simply wasted in England; you ought to have gone out to the Colonies."

THE IMPERIAL LYONS.

The Kaiser becomes more and more like Sir Joseph Lyons every day. We all know that he paints pictures; so does Sir Joseph. The Kaiser can do deadly work with the pen; and Sir Joseph also is a writer. The Kaiser preaches; and even Sir Joseph has been known to hold forth. Now we are informed by *The Daily News* that the Kaiser owns a café; and still more so does Sir Joseph Lyons. His Imperial Majesty, we understand, occasionally drops into his own restaurant for a little light refreshment; and here again, if our information is correct, he follows the great English restaurateur's example.

"If Kaiser Wilhelm is going seriously into the business, however," Sir Joseph is alleged to have said to a representative of the Press the other day, "I am sorry for him. Forty to fifty per cent. profit is not so easy to make in these days."

"But supposing he employed good musicians and gave orders for his own compositions to be played?"

"No," said Sir Joseph, looking thoughtfully out of the window, as if the pools of memory had been stirred, —"no, even then he might fail." And he sighed. We did not know before that Sir Joseph was a composer also.

Whilst on his tour of enquiry, the representative of the Press was authoritatively informed that there was no truth in the rumour that Appenrodt was only an *alias* of the German Emperor.

An incident which might have been attended by alarming results took place in the Imperial establishment a few days ago (writes our Berlin Correspondent). A gentleman entered and sat at a table. The waitresses were gathered together by the coffee-urn busily putting each other's brooches straight. After waiting ten or fifteen minutes, the customer rang the bell on his table, whereupon a young waitress, who had only recently joined the staff, approached him slowly. She stood by his table looking at the reflection of herself in a mirror. "A small cup of coffee and some biscuits, please," said the customer. Without a word she returned to the coffee urn, convulsed her colleagues with some playful remark, and presently came back to the customer to fling before him half a pork pie and a glass of ginger beer. "No, my child," he said kindly, "I want coffee and biscuits." "Then why couldn't you say so?" asked the waitress crossly. At this juncture a young cavalry officer sitting at another table, who had with difficulty restrained his feelings during the incident, sprang to his feet, drew his sword, and would have felled the unhappy attendant to the linoleum. But the neglected customer rose and with an imperious gesture stayed him. "Sheath your sword, my gallant one," he said; "you mean well, but we must not have bloodshed here. This is a respectable establishment. Do you hear, Sir? Put up your sword—I, your Emperor, command you!"

For it was he!

"Before that thing happens blood would flow, and once blood had flown that thing would never happen."—*Observer.*

Funny how this craze for aviation gets into the blood.

PRE-NATAL INFLUENCE.

The publicity given by *The Daily Express* to the life-history of Eugenette, the super-baby of Hampstead, whose parents prepared for her arrival by undergoing a careful course of mental and spiritual exercise, has brought us a host of letters from correspondents who give the results of their own essays in this branch of Eugenics. We select a few of the most interesting cases that have been brought under our notice:—

Burble Cottage, Bilgewater.

Sir,—Before our darling Egregia was born my wife and I made a complete study of the works of Mr. Hall Caine. The result is that now, at the age of eleven months, Egregia has begun to express her thoughts with fluency and distinction, while her sense of morality is wonderfully developed. Her favourite plaything is a pen, and, while displaying a healthy contempt for teddy-bears and dolls, she invariably refuses to go to bed unless accompanied by the bust of Shakspeare, which during the daytime reposes on the principal bookcase. I may mention that she has converted the library into her nursery, and it is a significant fact that on entering that apartment yesterday I found her absorbed in *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, over parts of which she was busily engaged in pouring the contents of the inkpot.

Yours faithfully,
Theophrastus Knibbs.

The Acorns, Flowery Way,
Crankley Garden Suburb.

Dear Sir,—Believing as I do that the perfect life is only attainable by a strict adherence to vegetarian principles, I spent the months preceding my son's birth in daily communion with the products of Mr. Eustace Miles, Mr. G. B. Shaw, and other leaders of the same school of thought. Carrots (as we call him, though his baptismal name is Bernard) is now seven months old, and whenever he has been put to the test he has refused meat in the most uncompromising fashion. He is a strong, healthy lad, and takes an unaffected delight in the physical and breathing exercises which he is set to perform every morning. Intellectually he shows the greatest promise, and from certain expressions, as yet indistinct, which I have heard him let fall, I believe he will develop into an accomplished linguist. This I attribute to my own customary diet of French beans, Brussels sprouts, and Spanish nuts. Yours sincerely,

Semolina Simpkins.

365, Contango Terrace,
West Hampstead.

Sir,—I am willing to wager that my firstborn, Montagu, is the most business-like baby in the kingdom. His mother and I took care of that. Before he arrived she used to come down to my office every day and go through the books, and when I mention that I am a financial agent in the West-end of London you will appreciate what this means. Montagu already knows what's what. I recently gave him some coins to play with, in order that early in life he should become familiar with the value of money. The other day I handed him a shilling and asked him to change it for me. He solemnly counted out eleven pennies and pushed them towards me; the other penny, of course, he had kept for himself as commission. He can already do sums in simple interest (from sixty per cent.). I enclose my business card in case you or any of your friends should wish to consult me, and remain,

Yours obediently,
Ephraim Montmorency.

Belfast.

Dear Sir,—The wife and I are both staunch Unionists, and have thrown ourselves heart and soul into the Anti-Home Rule movement. A few weeks after the opening of the present campaign, during which we attended scores of meetings, our baby girl, whom we have named Effie Carsonia, made her appearance. She is of a fierce fighting disposition, and from the moment of her birth has never ceased to declaim day and night. The light that comes into her eyes when she is shown a Union Jack is beautiful to see. I regret to say, however, that she is now suffering from an ulsterated throat.

Yours faithfully,
Pater and Patriot.

Portland.

Sir,—Unfortunately for myself, I happened to be born shortly after the discovery of the great Bank Swindle of '64. Doubtless my parents, who took a deep interest in current affairs, were full of it at the time, and this explains certain defects in my character which have always caused me great pain, and which I have never been able to eradicate. Perhaps now that attention has been drawn to this important subject my case will be investigated scientifically, and steps will be taken to have me removed from my present uncongenial surroundings. Thanking you in anticipation,

Yours hopefully,
A. Crook.

MUSICAL OMENS.

Miss Lilian Granfelt, interviewed by *The Pall Mall Gazette* on the subject of her forthcoming appearance in Mr. Raymond Rôze's *Joan of Arc*, tells an interesting story of an incident which befell her in her student days at Paris:—

"One day I was riding on horseback with some Scandinavian students when my horse shied and bolted. My hat flew off, my hair came undone and fell round me in streams, but still I held fast and would not let go. The people who saw me shouted, 'Bravo, Jeanne d'Arc!' and it was, I think, a sort of sign that I should one day be the creator of the Maid of Orleans in this opera."

Inquiries made of various luminaries of the musical world show that these premonitions are of comparatively frequent occurrence.

Mr. Boldero-Bamborough (*né* Bamberger), the famous Scoto-Semitic violinist, writes from Boldero Towers to point out that in his early infancy the nursery rhyme to which he was always lulled to sleep by Madame Bamberger was "Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle." It should be mentioned that Mr. Boldero-Bamborough possesses a very fine Persian cat called Beethoven, because of its addiction to Moonlight Sonatas.

M. Jean de Reszke, in a recent interview with a Polish journalist, describes the curious omen which befell him when attending a public elementary school in Podolia. "One day," remarked the great tenor, "I was playing tipcat with some of my schoolmates on the banks of a small lake, when, in the ardour of the game, I lost my balance, fell into the water, and being unable to swim would probably have been drowned but for the timely assistance of an old swan, which seized my waistband with its bill and brought me to the shore. The schoolmaster, who had been summoned by the cries of the boys, shouted out, 'Buck up, Lohengrin!' and for the rest of my schooldays I went by the name of the *rôle* in which I was subsequently destined to win some of my most resounding triumphs."

Madame Melba is fond of telling a curious story of her schooldays at the High School at Mazawattee, which foreshadowed her success on the lyric stage. On her arrival at the school with several other new-comers, the head-mistress asked, "Which of you is Nellie Mitchell?" and the future *prima donna* replied with ungrammatical emphasis, "Me, me." As a result she was at once nicknamed "Mimi," in accurate anticipation of her ultimate identification with the heroine of Puccini's opera.

LAMENT FOR THE BUTLER.

[It has recently been stated that, owing principally to the increasing charges on land, the butler is vanishing from the social system.]

Attend, ye peers, to this my painful coil;
  Ye squires and high manorial lords, attend,
Whom the harsh taxes on your native soil
  Compel to stint, and rudely recommend
  A stern frugality that sees no end,
While I, with dirges due and measures low,
Deplore your butler, who has got to go.

For he was wonderful. His matchless mien,
  So calm, ineffable and full of rest,
Would have done honour to the purest dean.
  Unsmiling, at the board the noblest jest
  Awoke no echo in that stoic breast;
Nay, frequently 'twas not without a qualm
Of daring that one tipped his ample palm.

And in that rite how well he would compare
  With the awed donor. Not for him the spell
Of fluttering coyness, but a wavy air
  Of one who, from his loftier height, would quell
  All doubts with "Peace upon you, it is well."
Gold only was his metal; that full port
Forbad all coinage of the baser sort.

He was a thing of ornament, a sun
  With satellites in his reflected ray;
These worked that he might see that it was done;
  Only with pious hands he would convey
  The wine from the deep cellar where it lay,
And tend, and serve it with full care, and beam
Forth on the board, immobile and supreme.

A sun. And whence he rose none ever knew.
  We think he was not made of common earth;
Surely that classic presence never grew
  (Save to its full convexity of girth);
  Fully equipped, he must have sprung at birth
Like Pallas; for in truth 'twould half destroy
His wonders had he been a human boy.

Haply—we may not know—he did but come
  From some dim far isle in mysterious seas
Where dwell the favoured race of butlerdom,
  And little baby butlers bloom at ease,
  Austere, grey-whiskered, with small cellar-keys;
Till in a faery bark they seek the shore
Of gilded Mammon and return no more.

But times wax hard. And he, the stay and prop
  Of many a proud demesne, must disappear.
His lord will mourn him; guests who come to stop
  Will to his memory drop a kindly tear.
  Pert maids, of undeniably trim cheer,
Will ply his gentle task and save expense,
Yet never reach his storied eminence.

Then, butler, pass; tho' not without regret,
  Thy nest, no doubt, is feathered, and I see
Those chambers in the West, which thou wilt let,
  And prosper, and from every care be free
  Save one, which may be safely left to me:
Thou shalt not be forgotten, for all time
Being made famous by this deathless rhyme.

Dum-Dum.

"They started side by side at the fall of a flag, and flew neck and neck to York, where the Lancashire pilot (Mr. F. R. Raynham) arrived something like forty minutes in front of his opponent."—*Daily News.*

Either he had a very long neck, or they flew very slowly.



The Mother. "Now, young Llewellyn, I've only got a penny left, so you'll 'ave to run along of the 'bus an' I'll meet yer at the other end."

SPARING OUR FEELINGS.

The recent softening action of Sir James Barrie has led to still more developments of the new "Drama without Fears." A new Act is to be added to the enormously successful drama *Sealed Orders*, in which it will be explained that all the horrid happenings of battle and bloodshed, airships and assassination, are in reality but the disordered imaginings of the (supposed) burglar who drinks the drugged wine (not poisoned) in Act I. What actually took place was that a party of high-spirited young people had arranged a mock burglary, with no felonious intent whatever, through the roof. One of them, overcome by huskiness, drinks the wine that has been treated with a soporific but quite innocuous powder, and dreams the rest of the play. It is to be hoped that the new Act, which shows him wakening none the worse, and the restoration of the dismissed clerk, will go far to dissipate any doubts that might have been formed concerning the perfect niceness of everybody concerned.

Actuated by a kindly anxiety lest the feelings of the audience should be unduly harrowed by the spectacle of a too-realistic lion, the management of the St. James's Theatre have now made arrangements by which the beast shall appear before the curtain and address the spectators, saying that he is no such thing, but a man as other men are, and indeed telling them plainly that he is Mr. Sillward, the actor. It is reported that Mr. Bernard Shaw has been induced to take this suggestion from a fellow dramatist (the author of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and other plays).

AT THE PLAY.

"The Grand Seigneur."

One has had the opportunity of admiring on many a stage the lofty and contemptuous detachment of the French aristocrat in face of the Revolution; the heroism, too, of his devotion and self-sacrifice. But about the *Marquis de la Vallière's* indifference to death there was something original. With the guillotine waiting for him round the corner he could still find time to be a private villain. Indeed, though faithful to his caste and prepared to die gamely with the best of them, he has the effrontery to adopt the insignia of the common enemy in order to compass a personal revenge against a member of his own class. During the process he finds himself in a position to effect several gallant rescues, and altogether his villainy has a rather attractive flavour. His very name, *Desiré*, though for some reason it had discarded its first accent and anyhow was singularly inappropriate to his character, tended to dispose one in his favour, and his graceful cynicism always found a foil in the brutality of the *sansculottes* who might at any moment have his blood. His candour, too, was very disarming; he was not satisfied that his villainous designs should be known to the audience; his victim must share them. "I have decoyed you to my bedroom on a false report," he tells the innocent *Adèle*, in his gentle voice, "in order that you may be compromised, and then you will have to marry me." You can't expect the gallery to hiss a villain like that.

It was just a simple melodrama of action with no play of character and frankly free of all intellectual subtlety. From the moment in the First Act when the *Marquis* says, in effect, to his menial, *Captain Taberteau*, "You may have forgotten a certain detail in your past career which it is convenient that the audience should know; I will therefore recall it to you"—we saw that we were not to be worried by any defiance of dramatic tradition. Nor could the ingenuous remark, "Let's have no more of your histrionics"—an old ruse, this, by which an actor is made to refer to the stage as if he weren't on it—deceive us into supposing that we had to do with anything else but histrionics all through. But there was a momentary lapse at the end. A pathetic scene between the villain's victim and her little sister, which very nearly touched my own hard heart, should by all the rules have easily broken down the villain himself who overheard it. On the contrary, he took it unmoved, and it was only when the mob got wind of his identity, and he saw his game was up, that he assumed repentance and made admission of his evil life in a speech of studied rhetoric.

Due credit must be given to the authors of the play for its unpretentiousness. But there was one very pretentious scene where promise far outran performance. A certain dancer, *Odette*, of the Parisian stage, had renounced frivolity in exchange for the love of a good honest fellow, the *Vicomte de St. Croix*. An accident to her coach—she is on her way to Paris—brings her to the Château of Rennes, occupied by a few intoxicated Sons of Liberty. A miniature trunk that accompanies her is understood to contain her répertoire of dancing apparel; and she is invited to perform before these ruffians in the costume of *Phryne*, a part in which she has won much esteem in the metropolis. I have my own ideas as to the costume appropriate to this historical character, and the one assumed by *Odette*, though sketchy, bore no resemblance to it in point of impropriety. Nevertheless, and though it was concealed by a voluminous cloak, she chose, by an incredible kink of modesty, to risk her husband's life rather than escape with him in a costume in which he must have seen her a hundred times on the stage. So she insists that the young *Duchesse de Rennes* (object of the wicked *Marquis's* loathsome addresses) should change garments with her. After a very improbable scene, in which he affects to mistake her for *Odette*, the *Duchesse* is compelled to dance a minuet with him in this alleged costume of *Phryne*.



The Grand Seigneur (greatly bored and making conversation). "Been to many Minuet Teas this season, Duchesse?"

Marquis de la Vallière .. .. .. Mr. H. B. Irving.
Duchesse de Rennes .. .. Miss Marie Löhr.

I have so seldom had the experience of seeing Miss Marie Löhr in a play where she has not been asked to appear in pyjamas or other undress that I suffered no appreciable shock. And anyhow the performance was of the most perfunctory and respectable. The *Marquis*, who was justified in expecting something a little more *troublant*, didn't attempt to conceal his boredom, but just walked through the dance, keeping up a continuous flow of conversation.

Mr. Harry Irving was content to play his villainy in a low key, and made no very strong bid for unpopularity. He acted with an easy skill worthy of a much better setting. Miss Marie Löhr, in the distressful part of the *Duchesse*, which allowed little scope for her lightness of touch, was most moving in the scene with the tiny *Annette*, prettily played by Miss Sybil José. The rest of the cast, including a revolutionary with a strong Cockney accent, do not call for much remark, though Miss May Whitty played well as a Comtesse who could talk scandal or step to the guillotine with equal aplomb. Mr. Ben Field afforded a little relief as a Maire in liquor; and Miss Gladys ffolliott, impersonally described as "A Virago," showed great spirit. It was not her fault that she suddenly decided to have no more taste for blood on the strength of a remark made by the *Duchesse de Rennes* about a lady who had just lost her head on the guillotine: "I pray God she had no children!" I thought these *tricoteuses* were made of sterner stuff.

Mr. Harry Irving is very welcome back amongst us, and I wish his new enterprise a great success. But he must not mind if I also wish that he would be a shade more ambitious, and allow his fine gifts a better chance than they can find in a play which offers so little exercise for the intelligence of actors and audience. I would very gladly share the strain. O. S.

"The last edition was obviously a great improvement. It contains 352 pages, besides 58 pages of Introduction; say 600 pages in round numbers."—*Freethinker.*

Of course, if they ask us to, we will say it, but we don't believe it.



Disgusted Sportsman. "Missed again! I can't hit a thing. I'll have to give it up!"
Stalker. "Oh, I wadna dae that. Ye canna hit them, but ye hae a fine style, whatever."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

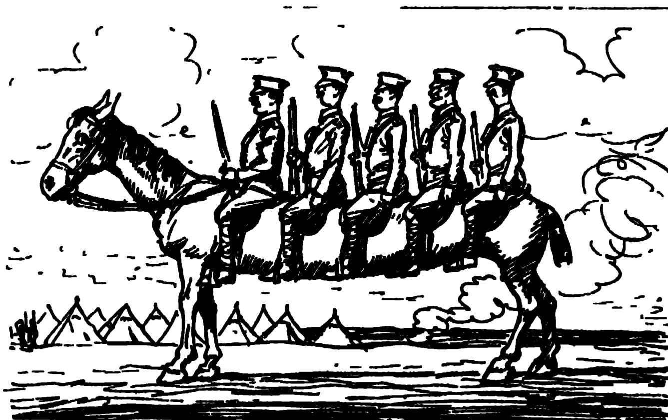
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I have long suspected that there are two Miss Mary Cholmondeleys, and the publication of her new novel, *Notwithstanding* (Murray), confirms my suspicion. One Miss Cholmondeley is an entirely delightful person. She rejoices in country scenes - some village with its parson, its old maids, its rectory and its rooks, its school and green, its manor house with the squire, and its inn with the gossips. Such scenes she describes supremely well, and I enjoy immensely her own enjoyment in the doing of it. There is in her new novel a chapter that contains the very best description of a village choir-practice that I have ever read, and indeed all the homely humorous scenes in *Notwithstanding* are pictures of quiet English life that neither Miss Mitford nor Mrs. Gaskell have excelled. But, alas, there is also the other Miss Cholmondeley. This is the lady who gave us the melodrama of *Red Pottage* and of *Prisoners*. In those books she had herself to some extent under control, but in *Notwithstanding* she revels gloriously. Her story depends upon at least a dozen most elaborate coincidences; upon conversations either just overheard or just missed; upon four characters who are either paralytic or insane; upon a wicked nurse who marries the idiot son in order to obtain the property; upon a will which is lost and found with a quite bewildering iteration; and finally upon the most convenient fire in all fiction—a fire that burns, with great precision, the exact corner of the will that the hero and heroine desire it to burn. How hopelessly are the quiet realistic scenes of country life upset by these extravagances! Why is Miss Cholmondeley so determined upon a manufactured and incredible plot? No one wishes for melodrama when so many real and convincing delights are offered. I beg of her to dismiss once and for ever her Surrey-side collaborator.

It was happily inevitable that Mr. G. F. Bradby (whose *Dick* contained one of the most delightful studies of boyhood in modern fiction) should sooner or later write an exclusively school story. *The Lanchester Tradition* (Smith, Elder) is however unexpected in that its protagonists are not schoolboys but schoolmasters. I must say that the relative novelty of this is welcome; and it may at once be added that it proves Mr. Bradby well qualified to deal shrewdly with his own kind. One feels on every page that the book is the work of one who knows thoroughly what he is writing about -not to say one who has taken an unholy and impish joy in a good deal of it. Certainly the peculiar atmosphere of a public school community, that strange blend of idealism and pettiness, courage and futility, could not have been conveyed with more truth than in this story of the new headmaster of Chiltern and his difficulties. Many of the characters are clearly portraits, though, I suspect, composite ones; they are certainly all very much alive, from *Mr. Flaggon*, the head, down to *Tipham*, whom he imports as the latest product of Cambridge culture—with results somewhat devastating to the senior staff. Mr. Bradby, has a gift of phrase that I have admired before (there is, for example, a definition of English oratory that is alone worth the sum charged for the book) and an ironic humour none the less biting for its placidity. He has in short written a

book that, though its chief appeal will be to the specialist, provides the general public with a sufficiently entertaining story, and some valuable instruction. The expert will read it with emotion—of various kinds.

I believe that the worth of a novel could be at once discovered from a glance at the handwriting in which it was originally composed. I do not, however, anticipate that the publishers, even for the purpose of testing my theory, will take to reproducing authors' works in facsimile, for what is most readable in print would probably prove least legible in manuscript. Mr. A. Scott Craven writes, I suspect, in a diminutive and scholarly hand, giving a pleasing effect from a distance but proving undecipherable on closer inspection. Further, his written page must, I think, be noticeably darkened with frequent erasures, many a word having been altered many a time. There is that in *The Fool's Tragedy* (Secker) which makes me wish that he had dictated it to an impatient and bullying stenographer, insistent on speed, regardless of diction and intolerant of any later revision; in which case a meticulous sense of style would not have been allowed to interfere with the flow of a ready inspiration. He has a fine type of fool, the brilliant thinker, the restless, sparkling theorist, detached from and incapable of all worldly considerations, and the tragedy is developed in the most cogent circumstances, those politely known as "reduced." The situation is acutely felt and acutely impressed, and the relations of the magnificent pauper with the world in general and his wife in particular are vivid and real. All that is wanting to make the book great is the spontaneity which I feel has been suppressed. Over-elaborate descriptions I could forgive as an amiable diversion, but it is a more serious flaw that the dialogue should be stilted. One conversation, as a result of which the chief speaker incurred suspicion of practical immorality, was so much edited that it was rendered and still remains (to me, at any rate) meaningless.



HOW TO OVERCOME THE DIFFICULTY OF THE SHORTAGE OF HORSES IN THE ARMY.

A new breed on the lines of the Dachshund.

Mr. Blake of *The Bab Ballads* was, as no doubt you remember, a regular out-and-out hardened sinner, and

"quite indifferent as to the particular kinds of dresses
That the clergyman wore at the church where he used to go to pray."

His latitudinarianism, however, obtained a measure of toleration from his biographer which is not extended to *Horace Blake* (Hutchinson) by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. That gentleman, a dramatist of unsurpassed genius, but a militant atheist and by all standards a thorough bad lot, is introduced to us when under sentence of death from an incurable disease, and at the zenith of his career as an iconoclastic but popular playwright. Leaving at home his wife, who worships his intellect though she understands his character, he goes to St. Jean des Pluies in Brittany with his daughter in order to take what must be his last holiday, and falls under the spell of the religion which had been his in childhood, so that he dies shriven and in the arms of the Church of Rome. He had previously given orders that the last act of his cleverest and most provocative play should be destroyed. From the beginning of the second part of the book, which goes on to narrate the happy ending of the love affair between his daughter and the rather ingenuous young man who has been chosen to chronicle his life, my enthusiasm, I fear, gradually dwindled, since none of these people evoked in me sufficient interest to drive away the overshadowing memory of the dead man. This is perhaps what the authoress intended, and yet I cannot help feeling that a dead sinner, even though he is expiating his evilness in another world, does not make a wholly satisfactory character for romance. As with all books that I have read written by Roman Catholics the trail of the tract is everywhere clear in this one; but in fairness it must be added that, like nearly all novels that are the work of Roman Catholics, it is written exceedingly well.

It is an odd paradox that stories about real persons and events should always be harder to believe than those that are entirely imaginary. But the fact remains, and I was conscious of it just now when reading *The Rescue of Martha* (Hutchinson). Everybody knows what good rousing romances Mr. F. Frankfort Moore can make up out of his own head. Here, however, he has gone to actual happenings; the theme of the book is a reconstitution and an explanation of the shooting of Martha Reay by James Hackman. It is a sufficiently sordid story; and the reader, who will rejoice to find Mr. Moore again in that eighteenth-century period that he knows and handles so well, may be excused for wishing that he had chosen a more fragrant episode. Of its three chief personages indeed—*Martha* herself, the elderly *Lord Sandwich*, whose light o' love she was, and *Hackman*, who intrigued with her under the roof of her noble protector—there is none for whom very much sympathy can be claimed. I am not sure that I didn't find my lord the best of the trio—he was at least free from cant. Still, such as it is, the story is told with an engaging bustle; and the eighteenth-century atmosphere is excellently preserved. The scenes move before one like a series of contemporary prints—more delicate in treatment than in subject. But, after all, this is only another way of praising Mr. Moore's mastery of his medium, a task happily superfluous. So I will let it go at that.

"'Mr. Claude Grahame-White is now making a flight with a passenger,' shouted the megaphone man as 'Claudie' banked gaily overhead with a rather stout young man wearing a monocle behind him."

We always wear ours in front.

"Vienna, Thursday.

The King of Greece had intended to visit the Emperor on his way back to Greece, as his father used to do nearly every year. His Majesty was compelled, however, to accelerate his return to Athens, but he sent a telegram to the Emperor expressing his great regret at the fact that his intended visit could not take place.—*Reuter.*

[King Gustave V. was born in 1858, and ascended the throne of Sweden in 1907, in succession to his father, Oscar II. He married in 1881 Princess Victoria of Baden, and has by her three sons. The eldest, the heir to the throne, Gustaf Adolf, was born in 1882, and married in 1905 Princess Margaret of Connaught, by whom he has four children.]"—*Daily News.*

"Good!" said the Editor. "I'm glad you've been able to get rid of that stuff about King Gustave at last."

CHARIVARIA.

All attempts to secure Mr. Lloyd George for the forthcoming Welsh comedy at the Strand Theatre have failed.

* * *

With reference to the Chancellor's promise of a Bill to settle the Land Question, a correspondent writes from Gotham pointing out that we already have a Settled Land Act, and protesting against more legislation.

* * *

"Father," asked the boy, "did Mr. Lloyd George make the Panama Canal? Because I read somewhere that he had gone in for land-bursting."

* * *

The desire for local self-government is spreading in Ireland. Not only does Ulster wish to be ruled by Sir E. Carson, but in Dublin there is now a large party in favour of that city being controlled by Mr. Larkin, and Mr. Redmond is asking what will there be left for him.

* * *

It really is astonishing the number of people who take Larkin seriously.

* * *

Mr. Ure has been made Lord President of the Court of Session. What a change from political life to a sphere where the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth must be told!

* * *

The conversion of the building behind the Victoria Memorial, St. James's Park, into a palace is now rapidly approaching completion.

* * *

Mme. Lydia Yavorska, who, in *I love you*, played the part of a duck, has changed her bill at The Ambassadors.

* * *

Satisfaction is being freely expressed in juvenile circles at the settlement of the trouble in the spinning trade which threatened to interfere seriously with the peg-top season.

* * *

There is no pleasing some people. The Suffragettes disliked the Cat and Mouse Act, yet no sooner does the Home Secretary agree to suspend it in favour of two of their number convicted of arson than those ladies are more annoyed than ever.

* * *

It may afford some poor solace to Suffragettes to know that it is not only women who are treated as chattels. The management of the New York Hippodrome have agreed to lend their little clown, Marceline, to Mr. Charles Cochran for his Christmas season.

* * *

The Mayor of Guildford, it is announced, is departing from the usual custom of inviting only male guests to the Mayoral banquet. The ladies protest that they have never had any desire to shirk such functions.

* * *

"DRESS AND THE MAN
COLLARS AND SHIRTS FOR THE EVENING."
Evening Standard.

There is no doubt that they smarten a man up. Try them.



PASTIMES OF THE GREAT.
Prima donna curbing voice so as to rely entirely on dramatic gesture in view of pending *début* in cinematograph play.

Drink, it is evident, still retains some of its old attractive power. Messrs. Allsopp and Sons offered two vacancies on their staff to University men. They received seventy applications.

* * *

It is announced that it has been decided that the new battleship provisionally ordered of Messrs. Vickers Ltd. is to be named *Revenge*, and not *Renown*. The Mad Mullah declares, however, that he is not to be intimidated.

* * *

The huge building Olympia is now labelled:—

"OLYMPIA
IDEAL HOME."

A countryman gazed up at it. "A size too big for me," he remarked.

* * *

Two women fought a duel at Naples last week, and one of them was wounded. We trust that this may prove a salutary lesson to them as to the danger of this method of settling a dispute.

THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

[The bargees of the Swale assert that they have now finally renounced the use of strong language.]

I poled my punt on Thames' silver tide,
And there, by dint of faulty navigation,
I struck a barge, and gave her shabby side
A barely palpable excoriation;
The bargee's words were positively rank:
"Dash blanky dash," he yelled, "blank dashy blank!"

On Kentish Swale I met a like mishap,
And, motor-launched and furiously driving,
I made the bargeman execute, poor chap,
An unrehearsed and sudden feat of diving.
When, grampus-like, he rose from that assault,
He smiled and said, "*So sorry, Sir; my fault!*"

Legal Intelligence.

On Monday, October 11, the Michaelmas Law Sittings were opened. Having attended the service at the Abbey and sung, without hesitation, the anthem ("Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity"), the Bench and Bar proceeded to the Law Courts to start on the 1,817 actions awaiting trial.

"Her whole aspect was altered, she was staring round in utter surprise, like a shop-walker suddenly awakened."—*The Pictures.*

"Shopwalker" would appear to be a misprint for "Post Office Clerk."

Mr. Lloyd George as reported in *The Liverpool Courier*: -

"If that if fair for a property which is the creation of a man's brain, why should it be unfair for another blonopoly, not created by the landlords a commodity which is more vital to the whole conditions of life?"

This is a question which every thoughtful citizen should answer for himself.

A new book has been announced in America as follows:—

"Roosevelt. Theodore Roosevelt. An autobiography. By Theodore Roosevelt. Col. Roosevelt's own story of his life."

Those who are in the know tell us that there will be a lot about ex-President Roosevelt in it.

TO THE CURSE OF MY COUNTRY.

(After reading Mr. Lloyd George's views on the predatory habits of the pheasant.)

Gay fowl that in my more ethereal moods
I count too fair, too innocent, to perish!
When men have talked about the plague that broods
Over the rustic lives we ought to cherish,
Little I dreamt that you were at its root,
Voracious brute!

Under those radiant plumes I hear you hide
A constitution which would shame a vulture;
The ruin of our ravaged countryside,
Our blighted homesteads, and our agriculture
Reduced to pulp all this, I'm told, is due
Largely to you.

Like to a monstrous army on the sack
You plunge our teeming tilths in desolation;
Like to a swarm of locusts, in your track
You spread the germs of rural emigration;
The scene reminds one of the Halls of Tara,
Or, say, Sahara.

Your natural food is worms and fallen grain;
You have no fancy for the mangold-wurzel;
And yet your wanton beak, for joy of bane,
When in a leisure hour the chance occurs, 'll
Puncture the last-named, causing more distress
Than one would guess.

For now the truth comes out: a searching light
Thrown on our blasted land reveals my error
Who thought of you as something quite all right,
Not as a bird of prey, a ravening terror,
That makes the bowers where once the turnip smiled
Perfectly wild.

Well have you kept your secret till to-day;
But Lloyd has probed it with his Land Enquiry;
Relentlessly he plucks the veil away,
Promising vengeance and a *Dies Iræ*
When you and other things that he has cursed
Are to be burst.

For Hodge and England! Yes, your day is dead;
And I, for one, shall do my best endeavour
To take, when next you rocket o'er my head,
A deadlier aim (if possible) than ever,
As though behind me George's voice I heard
Say, "Kill that Bird!"

O. S.

HOW CAN THEY AT THE PRICE?

Have you tried the shilling *table d'hôte* luncheons? I only discovered them last week. And ever since I have been wondering whether it's some kind of philanthropic institution or a business move.

This morning I treated my friend Grumpson to a shillings-worth, and I believe he has come very near to solving the problem for me.

I will briefly describe the lunch and its effect on Grumpson. Picture him sitting there contentedly after demolishing the first course. I watch him furtively, and marvel at the cheapness of it all. I know Grumpson of old. He is an epicure of the first water. Nothing but the best satisfies him. I myself have not quite sunk to the inclusion of gastronomy amongst the fine arts, but I can at least appreciate good cooking and edible food. The management is most considerate, and refrains from blazoning the absurd price of this feast upon its menu cards. I do nothing to defeat this tactful reticence, for I think that a knowledge of the facts might tend to mar Grumpson's enjoyment. Besides, he is rather fond of twitting me about what he politely terms my excessive economy.

I sit, as I said, furtively watching him, wondering the while how on earth they can do it at the price. Mind you, this is an anxious time for me. The whole adventure is an experiment on my part, for I owe Grumpson a luncheon, and a restaurant of this kind may be rather a handy thing to have up one's sleeve for these occasions. Yet apparently I need have no fear. The fish proves just as excellent as the *hors d'œuvre*, and the *entrée* is simply delicious. Grumpson usually talks through an indifferent meal, treating the act of mastication as a mere bodily necessity. Now he says nothing, but his facial mirror reflects the satisfaction within.

The service, again, is nothing short of perfection. Our waiter is the essence of competence, and though the place is full we suffer no inconvenient delay between the courses. We arrive at the cheese and biscuits after a sweet that I know happens to be one of Grumpson's particular weaknesses. He attacks his Stilton with undiminished gusto. Finally coffee is served—of so fine a quality that the aroma of it might well cause the mouth of a Sultan to water.

It really is a wonderful meal.

Carelessly, yet with a note of triumph in my voice, I remark: "Well, what do you think of it, Grumpson?" He drains his cup and beams upon me. "Excellent, old chap! By Jove! They must pay their chef a pretty penny. It's one of the best lunches I've ever tasted." He glances at his watch. "Yes. We've just time. Have another with me!"

THE SINGLE BLOT.

Lilac Cottage, Bilberry Green.

Sir,—In an age when the setting aside of convention and time-honoured British custom is all too popular (due, in my opinion, in great measure to the present so-called Government), it has been delightful to read of the incidents attending the wedding of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught last week. I was so glad to see in the pictures that (all unknown to the happy pair, I am given to understand) a slipper was fastened to the back of the motor in which they started for their honeymoon. This is as it should be. It has given equal pleasure to read that both rice and confetti were thrown over the royal bride and bridegroom. Even the King himself, they tell me, threw some rice; and we may be sure that one who bears the reputation of being among the best shots in Europe did good service in that direction.

But, Sir, it was with something akin to pain that I discovered the absence from this occasion of a detail which, to my mind, custom has made a hallowed necessity to a truly British marriage. Let me say at once that in no way can blame be attached to the newly-married pair for the omission to which I refer; their domestic happiness must suffer, alas, through no fault of their own. Upon their friends must lie the responsibility for the fact that, among the multitude of wedding gifts, not one single silver cruet for the centre of the table was included. My own dear parents had no fewer than seven, several of which I still possess. Still, I do hope that the dear Prince and Princess may be truly happy.

Yours, etc.,
Lavinia Lavender.



"S. O. S."

Punch (*to Mr. Marconi*). "MANY HEARTS BLESS YOU TO-DAY, SIR. THE WORLD'S DEBT TO YOU GROWS FAST."

CHAMBER MUSIC.

[At the Ideal Home Exhibition is a room whose colour scheme "interprets" BEETHOVEN's Moonlight Sonata.]

MY dear, when your chamber I duly admired
As a marvel of up-to-date art,
You told me its colouring scheme was inspired
By a choice little bit of MOZART;
And, humbly supposing that you would know best,
No word of derision I said,
Although such a notion, it must be confessed,
Is totally over my head.

But now that you carp at this study of mine,
Its newspapers hoarded for weeks,
Its knick-knacks devoid of coherent design,
The way that its wall-paper shrieks,
The bats and the clubs in disordered array,
The litter on table and chair,
I think of your words, and, rebuking you, say
"This room is a ragtime affair."

THE PREVENTION OF CRIME.

The Holophote, Sidcup.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Convinced by long experience that prevention is always better than cure, I venture to lay before you the following simple but absolutely efficacious scheme for checking the manufacture of criminals.

It is based on the evidence invariably given by the police as to the articles found on offenders when being searched after their arrest.

These articles are always as under—

(1) A silver English half-hunter with Albert.
(2) Two pawntickets.
(3) 4½*d.* in bronze.

The fact that these articles are always discovered in the pockets of law-breakers points irresistibly to the conclusion that they exercise a malign influence on the possessor. Eliminate them and you will eliminate crime.

I accordingly suggest that a short Bill be introduced into Parliament rendering it a penal offence for any jeweller to sell a silver English half-hunter together with an Albert. A gun-metal watch with a gold chain, if you like, or a half-hunter with a leather strap, or any other combination of metals and design than the one proscribed.

Secondly, the Bill should forbid pawnbrokers ever to issue two tickets to the same client—one or three or more; but never two.

Thirdly, it should either suppress the bronze penny and halfpenny, or substitute some other amalgam or metal.

If Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had only arranged to give ninepence for fourpence-halfpenny, instead of fourpence, this clause might have been unnecessary, but as matters stand it is indispensable to the efficacy of the Bill.

I have other schemes for the amelioration of humanity which I hope to lay before you on a future occasion. For the moment I confine myself to the suggestion outlined above, and am

Yours faithfully, EVANDER KNIBBS.



Mabel (reciting hymn at bed-time). "LET MY FRIENDS BE ALL FORGIVEN; BLESS THE SINS I LOVE SO WELL."

"Banking hard, the flying detective whirled the aeroplane round. Answering to its rudder like a well-trained steed, it seemed to revolve upon an invisible axis in mid-air."—*Chips.*

Well-trained steeds are generally steered from the other end.

"At the Southern Police Court, Glasgow, yesterday, J—— S—— was charged with having wrongfully and without proper cause set on and urged a dog to attack and kill a cat and put it in a state of fear."

Daily Sketch.

Of fear, that is, for its other eight lives. Still, there was no "proper cause" for such conduct.

HOW TO APPEASE ULSTER.

Sir,—May I, through you, bring before your Radical contemporaries of the daily and weekly press a perfectly infallible method of making Ulster and Ulstermen happy and reconciling them to Home Rule?

I have noticed that no true Ulsterman has the least objection to being called a traitor, a bigot, a sedition-monger, a potential rebel, or anything of that kind. Indeed, he seems to revel in it. But if you laugh at him or ridicule his plans, his armies or his leaders he becomes purple and all but inarticulate with passion, and any attempt at argument is thenceforth wasted on him.

That being so—you must have noticed it yourself—I suggest that Radicals should change their tactics. In future, when Sir Edward Carson, with F. E. Smith in attendance, reviews his forces, instead of belittling the attitude of the leader and depreciating the character and number of the army, they should write of them after this fashion:-

"These men are traitors of the very worst and most traitorous description. They are massing their fighting men (and, whatever else we may think of them, we know that Ulstermen can and will fight to the very last gasp); they have an inexhaustible store of arms and ammunition; they have appointed their leaders. Their chieftain is Sir Edward Carson, and none has greater skill than he in appealing to the basest and most seditious passions of mankind. Their fighting commander, General Richardson, a scarred veteran of a hundred campaigns, is noted not merely for his genius as a strategist and a tactician, but also for the iron discipline which he ruthlessly enforces upon his men. He is, perhaps, the greatest soldier who has ever worn the British uniform. We shudder to think what the issue of the war will be when such a captain commands the hosts of the zealots and bigots who have rallied to the standard of the revolution in Ulster. Moreover, it must be remembered that Mr. F. E. Smith is on the side of Ulster. We have never agreed with those who are inclined to make light of this man. On the contrary, we believe him to be a good rider and the possessor of a venomous tongue. He is an iron embodiment of unalterable devotion to principle, and, when fighting begins, he is sure to be found wherever the bullets are thickest. The presence of such a leader in the field is worth 10,000 men.

"Yesterday there was another review of militant traitors before King Carson. It is said that there were 12,000 men (including Mr. F. E. Smith) on parade. This is obviously an understatement put forth with the view of lulling the Government of the country into a false security. Our own information is that as many as 50,000 men in the flower of strength and manhood marched past the saluting point. We have reason to believe that throughout Ulster Sir Edward can reckon on the support of no fewer than half a million warlike men.

"We have stated the facts as calmly as we can. The danger is overwhelming. Why does the Government give no sign? Let them look to it before it is too late. Their plain duty is to arrest and imprison the rebellious leaders of this dreadful movement. Otherwise we see no alternative except a prompt submission to traitors who are prepared to drench the land with blood."

There, Sir, what do you think of the idea? On reading such an article *The Pall Mall Gazette* will, I am sure, say that at last a ray of light has begun to pierce the miasma of Radical blindness. Yours, etc.,

Anti-Democritus.



GARDEN SUBURB IDYLLS.

The breadwinner's goodbye to his children.

THE VILE CORPUS.

[A provincial schoolmistress recently applied for the loan of a baby from the local workhouse for several hours weekly to enable her to give practical lessons in the washing and dressing of infants. It is to be hoped, however, that there will not be a repetition of the grim tragedy described in the following lines.]

He was only a workhouse baby,
A poor little creature, left
In a railway cloak-room, or, may be,
From natural causes bereft;
But his fame shall for ever be written
In letters of purest gold,
For he lived and died like a Briton,
And thus is his story told:—

On Monday to school he was taken
And shamelessly stripped of his clothes—
An insult designed to awaken
A fury of infantile oaths.
On Tuesday, with heartless exertion,
They plied him with water and soap,
And at the eleventh immersion
He ceded his remnant of hope.

On Wednesday and Thursday the victim
By amateur fingers was clad;
With wandering "safeties" they pricked him
And drove him incurably mad.
They put him to bed on the Friday,
With physic next day he was dosed,
And, looking a little untidy,
On Sunday he gave up the ghost.

There are tears for his fate, which was rotten,
But he suffered in order to save,
And babies as yet unbegotten
With garlands shall honour his grave;
For, if there's exemption for others
From exquisite torment of limb,
'Twill be due to the fact that their mothers
Once experimented on him.

An esteemed contemporary publishes a photograph of a gentleman smoking a pipe "outside the High Court buildings, where his wife was sentenced to eight months imprisonment for attempted fire raising." The headline

"THE PIPE OF PEACE"

seems to lack the finer sense of chivalry.



Father (angry). "THAT APPOINTMENT YOU *FORGOT* TO KEEP TO-DAY WAS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME, AND WOULD PROBABLY HAVE MADE YOUR CAREER. BUT YOU PREFER TO WASTE YOUR TIME PLAYING GOLF ——"

Son (hurt). "NOT *WASTE*, FATHER—I WON THIS CRUET."

FICTION ON THE FILM.

(A reflection on the enormous educational value of the cinematograph, suggested by a happy hour at one of our suburban palaces.)

I HAVE seen the pick and flower of the world's romances,
Not mirrored in mental images faint and slow;
Too long I had moved in the midst of boyhood's fancies,
But now I know;
I have seen how the bioscope stages the story of *Ivanhoe*.

I have seen the Templer* himself, the great *Bois Guilbert*,
With a waxed moustache on his lip like the KAISER'S own,
And *Front de Bœuf*, who was also a bit of a filbert
And crowned with a cone,
Half-drunk in a Norman castle with arches of Gothic stone.

I have seen the scutcheonless knight oppose *Sir Brian*
To the sound of an old tin tea-tray beaten "off";
I have seen the charger that carried *Richard the Lion*;
I have marked the trough
That stared between every rib—I could almost hear him cough.

I have seen the rout of the mail-clad Norman troopers
By *Robin Hood's* men with never a bow to hand,
All running about like musical comedy supers
In time with the band;
I have seen the mysterious *Palmer* returned from the Wholy* Land.

A podgy young man, the *Palmer*, and soft the quilting
Of tavern beds, I wis, on his homeward way.

* *Sic* (in the explanatory notes projected on the screen).

Ah, well! he was never obliged to do any tilting;
The champion's fray
Was a duel, it seems, on foot, and no doubt it was cheaper in hay.

These things have I seen. I have seen old *Isaac* chivied,
Rebecca a-top of a ruinous castle stair,
Her hands to her fluttering breast, her face all livid:
"Young man, you dare!
Hands off! or I fling myself down on the courtyard stones, so there!"

What need to tell you the rest? How, lifting his visor,
The *Disinherited Knight* confronts his foe
With a huge sardonic wink; I say I am wiser
Than long ago.
I have learnt more things than I dreamed of the drama of *Ivanhoe*.

But why stop there? Shall only adventurous novels
And stories of doughty deeds with an old-time plot
Be filmed for the sake of a mind that halts and grovels,
And *The Egoist* not?
I want GEORGE MEREDITH "cined!" as well as Sir WALTER SCOTT.

I want to see *Richard Feverel* made immortal
With pearls from the Pilgrim's scrip in a print of flames;
I want JANE AUSTEN starred on the cinema's portal,
And, name of all names,
I want to see Albert and 'Liza enjoying their 'ENERY JAMES.

EVOE.

† American.

"UNDER ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT."

I know a fool of a dog who pretends that he is a Cocker Spaniel, and is convinced that the world revolves round him wonderingly. The sun rises so it may shine on his glossy morning coat; it sets so his master may know that it is time for the evening biscuit; if the rain falls it is that a fool of a dog may wipe on his mistress's skirt his muddy boots. His day is always exciting, always full of the same good things; his night a repetition of his day, more gloriously developed. If there be a sacred moment before the dawn when he lies awake and ponders on life, he tells himself confidently that it will go on for ever like this—a life planned nobly for himself, but one in which the master and mistress whom he protects must always find a place. And I think perhaps he would want a place for me too in that life, who am not his real master but yet one of the house. I hope he would.

What Chum doesn't know is this: his master and mistress are leaving him. They are going to a part of the world where a fool of a dog with no manners is a nuisance. If Chum could see all the good little London dogs, who at home sit languidly on their mistress's lap, and abroad take their view of life through a muff much bigger than themselves; if he could see the big obedient dogs, who walk solemnly through the Park carrying their master's stick, never pausing in their impressive march unless it be to plunge into the Serpentine and rescue a drowning child, he would know what I mean. He would admit that a dog who cannot answer to his own name and pays but little more attention to "Down, idiot," and "Come here, fool," is not every place's dog. He would admit it, if he had time. But before I could have called his attention to half the good dogs I had marked out he would have sat down beaming in front of a motor-car . . . and then he would never have known what now he will know so soon—that his master and mistress are leaving him.

It has been my business to find a new home for him. It is harder than you think. I can make him sound lovable, but I cannot make him sound good. Of course I might leave out his doubtful qualities, and describe him merely as beautiful and affectionate; I might . . . . but I couldn't. I think Chum's habitual smile would get larger, he would wriggle the end of himself more ecstatically than ever if he heard himself summed up as beautiful and affectionate. Anyway, I couldn't do it, for I get carried away when I speak of him and I reveal all his bad qualities.

"I am afraid he is a snob," I confessed to one woman of whom I had hopes. "He doesn't much care for what he calls the lower classes."

"Oh?" she said.

"Yes, he hates badly dressed people. Corduroy trousers tied up at the knee always excite him. I don't know if any of your family—no, I suppose not. But if he ever sees a man with his trousers tied up at the knee he goes for him. And he can't bear tradespeople; at least not the men. Washerwomen he loves. He rather likes the washing-basket too. Once, when he was left alone with it for a moment, he appeared shortly afterwards on the lawn with a pair of—well, I mean he had no business with them at all. We got them away after a bit of a chase, and then they had to go to the wash again. It seemed rather a pity when they'd only just come back. Of course, I smacked his head for him; but he looks so surprised and reproachful when he's done wrong that you never feel it's quite his fault."

"I doubt if I shall be able to take him after all," she said. "I've just remembered——"

I forgot what it was she remembered, but it meant that I was still without a new house for Chum.

"What does he eat?" somebody else asked me. It seemed hopeful; I could see Chum already installed.

"Officially," I said, "he lives on puppy biscuits; he also has the toast-crusts after breakfast and an occasional bone. Privately, he is fond of bees. I have seen him eat as many as six bees in an afternoon. Sometimes he wanders down to the kitchen-garden and picks the gooseberries; he likes all fruit, but gooseberries are the things he can reach best. When there aren't any gooseberries about, he has to be content with the hips and haws from the rose-trees. But really you needn't bother, he can eat anything. The only thing he doesn't like is whitening. We were just going to mark the lawn one day, and while we were busy pegging it out he wandered up and drank the whitening out of the marker. It is practically the only disappointment he has ever had. He looked at us, and you could see that his opinion of us had gone down. 'What did you *put* it there for, if you didn't mean me to drink it?' he said reproachfully. Then he turned and walked slowly and thoughtfully back to his kennel. He never came out till next morning."

"Really?" said my man. "Well, I shall have to think about it. I'll let you know."

Of course I knew what that meant.

With a third dog-lover to whom I spoke the negotiations came to grief, not apparently because of any faults of Chum's, but because, if you will believe it, of my own shortcomings. At least I can suppose nothing else. For this man had been enthusiastic about him. He had revelled in the tale of Chum's wickedness; he had adored him for being so conceited. He had practically said that he would take him.

"Do," I begged. "I'm sure he'd be happy with you. You see, he's not everybody's dog; I mean, I don't want any odd man whom I don't know to take him. It must be a friend of mine, so that I shall often be able to see Chum afterwards."

"So that—what?" he asked anxiously.

"So that I shall often be able to see Chum afterwards. Week-ends, you know, and so on. I couldn't bear to lose the silly old ass altogether."

He looked thoughtful; and, when I went on to speak about Chum's fondness for chickens, and his other lovable ways, he changed the subject altogether. He wrote afterwards that he was sorry he couldn't manage with a third dog. And I like to think he was not afraid of Chum—but only of me.

But I have found the right man at last. A day will come soon when I shall take Chum from his present home to his new one. That will be a great day for him. I can see him in the train, wiping his boots effusively on every new passenger, wriggling under the seat and out again from sheer joy of life; I can see him in the taxi, taking his one brief impression of a world that means nothing to him; I can see him in another train, joyous, eager, putting his paws on my collar from time to time and saying excitedly, "*What* a day this is!" And if he survives the journey; if I can keep him on the way from all the delightful deaths he longs to try; if I can get him safely to his new house, then I can see him——

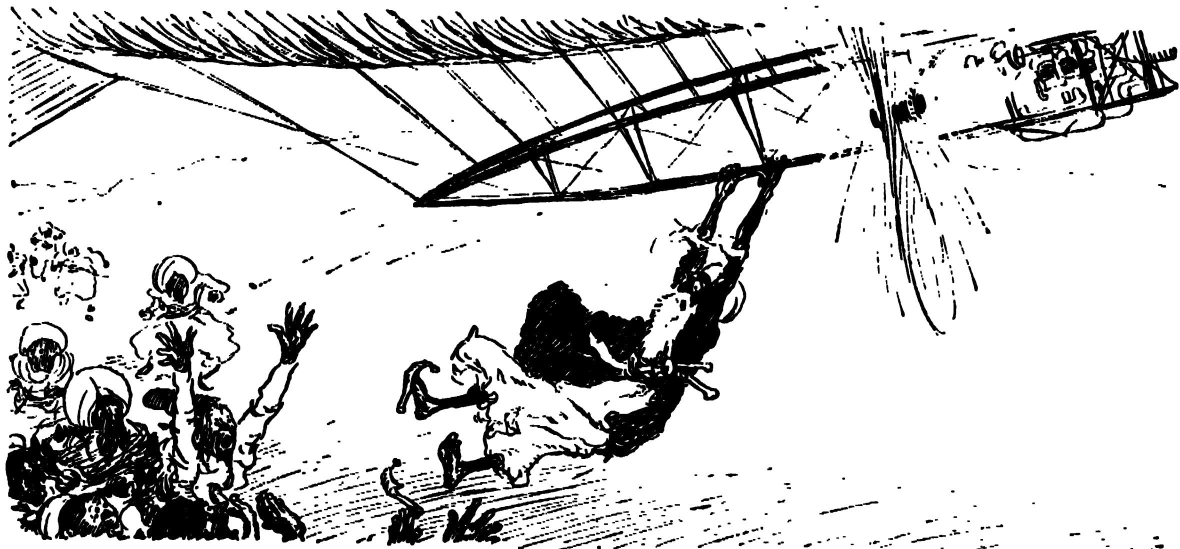
Well, I wonder. What will they do to him? When I see him again, will he be a sober little dog, answering to his name, careful to keep his muddy feet off the visitor's trousers, grown up, obedient, following to heel round the garden, the faithful servant of his master? Or will he be the same old silly ass, no use to anybody, always dirty, always smiling, always in the way, a clumsy, blundering fool of a dog who knows you can't help loving him? I wonder . . .

Between ourselves, I don't think they *can* alter him now . . . Oh, I hope they can't.

A. A. M.

THE RACE FOR ARMAMENTS.

The fact that the Republic of San Marino is about to add four guns to its artillery, bringing the total up to five, is causing a stir among the minor powers. We learn with apprehension—



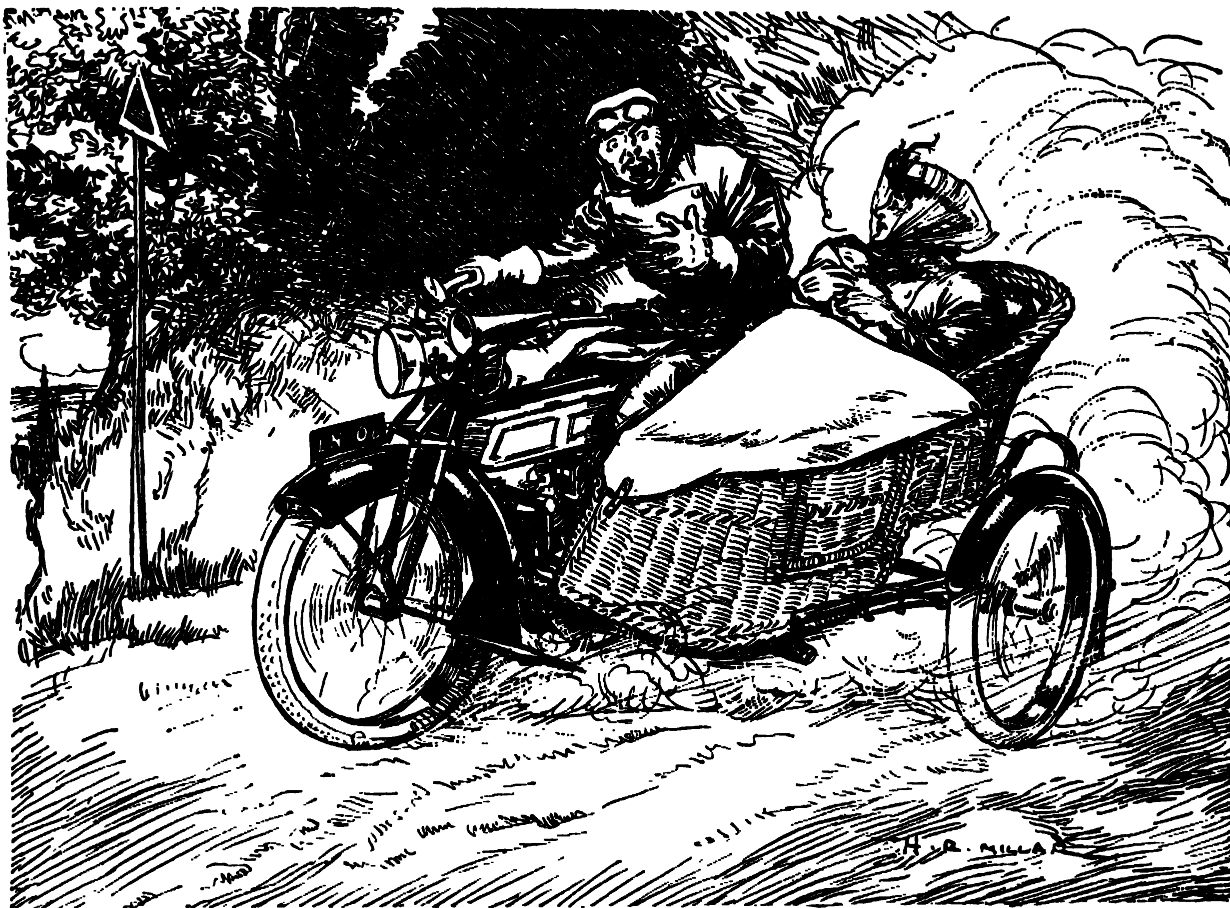
That the Maharajah of Chokum Bhotal has been testing a dirigible with a view to purchase.



That the navy of Borioboola is shortly to be strengthened by the addition of a submarine.



That the defences of Baffin Land are being brought up to date.



RESOURCE.

Motor Cyclist. "Quick! Evangeline—*pinch baby*; the horn won't work!"

THE PROFESSOR.

In one of the Greek manuscripts which recently came to light in the cellar of the Armenian monastery of San Lazzaro, and are now being patiently deciphered and translated by the learned Father Mechidas, there is a story of Diogenes which has not yet seen the light. The venerable scholar (who recently related it to a visitor to Venice) permits *Mr. Punch* to print this interesting legend.

On one of the Cynic's infrequent visits to Athens curiosity induced him to make the round of the theatres to see how public taste was tending and to what lengths the leniency of audiences (which had long been on the stretch) could go. He passed silently and grimly from one play to another, in each finding more triviality and folly than the last. How many theatres there were the chronicler does not say, but certainly no fewer than five-and-twenty, in not one of which, at that unfortunate period, was any sign of pure tragedy. Nothing but farce, comedy and the *tertium quid* melodrama. In not one theatre was a classical author being played.

Diogenes passed on to the very numerous singing and acrobatic houses, and there he found chiefly performers from other countries in trumpery medleys of dialogue, music and dancing which purported to be satirical commentaries on the times but were nothing of the kind. He was prepared for a certain amount of second-rate foolishness here and there; but what struck him as the most curious change that had come over the city was the fact that not only was every place of entertainment crowded, but everyone seemed delighted with the fare that was offered. No murmur of surprise was heard; no dissentient voice. The Athenians, in short, had relinquished, under the influence of some strange passion for beguilement, their ancient right of criticism.

The next day Diogenes was observed walking slowly through the streets of Athens leading a goose. Hither and thither he wandered, through all the principal thoroughfares, and even up the steep rock to the Parthenon itself, attended always by his grotesque companion. For a while no one dared venture to question the illustrious curmudgeon. At last one bolder than the rest put the question. "What is the goose for?" he asked. "He is an excellent and most useful fellow," replied the Cynic, "and I want to find him some pupils. He gives lessons in hissing."

IN OCTOBER.

In Richmond Park
 The leaf was thinned,
The dusk grew dark,
 Loud piped the wind;
The blown West yellowed
 A cloud's torn cloak,
An old stag bellowed
 Beneath an oak.

Now here's delight
 To think I've stood
And met the night
 In a lone wood,
Where great stags thunder
 And antlers toss,
Eight miles—or under—
 From Charing Cross.



THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

HODGE IN THE LIMELIGHT.

"LABBY."

By Toby, M.P.

In writing the Life of his uncle, Henry Labouchere, Mr. Algar Thorold enjoyed the advantage of having for his subject one of the most interesting men of the nineteenth century. He has lived up to rare opportunity. The portly volume presents a vivid portrait of the man and an enlightening record of his work. In discriminating study of the character and genius of his old chief, Mr. Bennett, who in succession keeps the sacred lamp of *Truth* burning in Cartaret Street, arrives at the conclusion that "the best work of Labouchere's life was done as a journalist." That life was so varied in its course, so starred by conspicuous success in divers walks, that it is difficult to decide wherein it reached its highest excellence. A scholar at Eton, a student at Cambridge, a gambler, a *roué;* contemplating avoidance of starvation by accepting a proffered place as croupier at a Monte bank in Mexico; doorkeeper in a circus; promoted to a line in the bill in the character of "The Bounding Buck of Babylon," wearing pink tights with a filet round his head, extorting admiration by the springiness of his standing jumps; companion of Chippeway Indians hunting buffalo; *attaché* at several Embassies in both hemispheres; editor, newspaper proprietor, lessee of a theatre, friend of Bismarck, Member of the House of Commons, on conversational terms with Paddy Green in the palmy days of Evans's, later admitted to the intimacy of Mr. Gladstone—here is a career more nearly recalling chapters of *Monte Cristo* than the annals of a rate-paying resident in Old Palace Yard, Westminster.

The universality of Labouchere's character was testified to by the range of his correspondents. The bursting over political parties of the thunderbolt of Home Rule, directed by the hand of Mr. Gladstone in 1886, created profound, in many places irreparable, rents in ancient friendships. Absolutely devoid of feeling of resentment (save in one case) "Labby" preserved all his old intimacies. Not the least interesting chapters of a book of high historical value are those devoted to reproduction of his correspondence in 1885–6. He was a sort of friendly, convenient, pillar-box into which men taking a hand in a critical game of politics dropped their missives. A strange conglomeration it was. Amongst the contributors were Lord Rosebery, Randolph Churchill, Herbert Gladstone (on behalf of his father), Charles Dilke, John Morley, Parnell, Tim Healy, Davitt, and, above all, Mr. Chamberlain.

The only notable exception to the confidences bestowed upon Labouchere throughout the manœuvring that ended in the rejection of the Home Rule Bill, the rout of Mr. Gladstone and the rending in pieces of the party he had long been accustomed to lead to triumph, was Lord Hartington. He did not seem to take to "Labby's" playful way of dealing with Imperial politics.

Up to the Spring of 1886 the relations between Labouchere and Mr. Chamberlain were of the closest intimacy. Confidential letters daily passed between them, sometimes twice a day. Labouchere set himself the task of avoiding disaster to the Liberal Party, to his clear political insight a result inevitable if Mr. Chamberlain were permitted to withdraw from its councils. He was within an ace of succeeding. Through the medium of letters chiefly passing between Labouchere and Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Thorold sets forth the story up to the fateful day appointed for the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill. Possibly because the narrative was earlier continued elsewhere he stops there. It was Labouchere himself who completed it in a letter addressed to me dated from Old Palace Yard, 5th April, 1898.

Mr. Chamberlain's main objection to the Bill of 1886 was the proposed



ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR THE SEX.

Indignant Wife (whose repeated assurances as to her husband's sobriety and general respectability have been totally ignored by the police, comforting herself with a parting shot). "Mind yer purse, Bill!"

exclusion of Irish Members from Westminster. Had this been dropped he would have refrained from joining the Conservative party and the history of England for the next thirty years would have been written in altered characters.

On the Saturday night preceding GLADSTONE's speech winding up debate on the Second Reading, "LABBY," a little fatigued by his patriotic efforts, withdrew for a brief period of well-earned rest, comforted by assurance that Monday night would see his labours crowned with success. When Monday came Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, CAINE and others in the secret, sat expectant whilst GLADSTONE spoke, waiting for the words that would re-establish unity. For reasons never understood, certainly never publicly explained, they were not spoken. LABOUCHERE, dismayed and despairing, turned round to CAINE seated on a bench behind and said, "What a thimble-rigger the Old Man is!"

Having at this epoch been dragged into the vortex of Parliamentary conflict, "LABBY" thereafter for some years devoted himself to the game with enthusiasm equal to that with which in early manhood he gave himself up to gambling at Homburg and elsewhere. At the outset, content to amuse the House of Commons with persiflage casually introduced into debate, he became constant in attendance, frequent in speech-making. An incentive to this new departure was the bitterness of his resentment against his old friend and companion dear, now a pillar of strength in a Cabinet presided over by Lord SALISBURY. As a rule, he had no personal resentments. Sublimely imperturbable, he lived in a serene atmosphere undisturbed by what anybody said, did, or thought about his actions or his motives. He made up for this indifference by concentrated hostility to the statesman he in 1886 was accustomed to address as "My dear Chamberlain," whom he now invariably alluded to as "Joe," importing into the monosyllable an indescribable note of half-amused scorn and reprobation. Since Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was a member of the Conservative Government the more urgent was the call to wreck it.

No one more effectively than "the Christian Member for Northampton" contributed to the end brought about by the General Election of 1892. The spoils to the victor. It was anticipated, by none more surely than by LABOUCHERE, that he would receive at Mr. GLADSTONE's hands Cabinet office. For personal reasons in high quarters, about which "LABBY's" own testimony, cited by Mr. THOROLD, leaves no doubt, his claims were overlooked. Another disappointment not less bitter befell him, a few years later, when, a vacancy occurring in Ministerial post at Washington, he turned his eyes wistfully towards the appointment. Its withholding was the final blow to his Parliamentary ambition. Some men thus treated would have taken their revenge by turning and biting the hand that repulsed them. "LABBY" would have been welcomed on the Conservative side in the familiar character of the Candid Friend. He had in fullest possession the qualities that would have made him a dangerous enemy on the flanks of the Leaders of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons. That however was not his way. Towards the end of a long life's labour he was growing tired. His indomitable spirit was a little soured by repeated disappointments. But he was faithful to the end, voting steadily with his Party and, when necessary, coming to their help with still sparkling speech.

Unexpectedly abandoning his throne in the Smoking-Room of the Reform Club, round which would gather a rapt circle of listeners, quitting his cherished companionship with the House of Commons, he retired to Florence, where for a few years he lived surrounded by "that which should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

In the touching language of his biographer, "as simply as a child tired with play he took to his bed on the 11th January and did not get up again. He died peacefully at midnight on January 15th, 1912."

"LABBY" never fussed about anything, not even about dying.



HOW TO UTILISE A POOR RELATION.

Make him work the table fountain.

THE PEPPER POTS.

ONE of the most ingenious of the many labour-saving appliances which are now on the market is the little set of pepper-boxes for sub-editors which an astute watcher of the literary skies has invented.

Like all the great inventions—as the *cliché* has it—it is very simple. But he shall describe it in his own words as spoken to one of our representatives a day or so ago.

"My invention," said Mr. Travis, who is a bright-looking young man with a bald head and a faint American accent, "you want to know about that? Well, I'll tell you. I have always been a great newspaper reader, and I noticed, as every one else must have done, that there is a deadly monotony about the reviews of new novels, or, to put it another way, there is a deadly monotony about the output of old novelists. It is the same with playwrights and public speakers: after a while they are, with very few exceptions, all true to type. It follows then that any description of their latest efforts must bear similarity to the description of their previous efforts. Yet these descriptions—or criticisms if you like—must always be written afresh and the writers paid. My idea was at one blow to do away with much of the expense of the newspaper and at the same time provide the reader with authentic impressions. How do I do it? With my pepper-pots.

"I'll give you an example. A new play by Mr. GALSWORTHY comes out. The statement that it was produced last night can be prepared by any one in the office, or I am ready to supply a flexible framework of this kind to fit any play or any book or any speech by anybody on the list. Certain spaces for adjectives are left blank. It is then that the pepper-box comes in. If it is a GALSWORTHY play the sub-editor takes the pepper-pot bearing his name and sprinkles the paper with it, and straightway the gaps are filled up with

such words as 'sincere,' 'restrained,' 'characteristic,' 'dignified,' 'thoughtful,' 'restrained,' 'thoughtful,' 'dignified,' 'sincere'; and the criticism is complete.

"Or Mr. Shaw. Then the G. B. S. pepper-pot is employed, and out tumble 'Shavian,' 'audacious,' 'Shavian,' 'startling,' 'characteristic,' 'witty,' 'incisive,' 'Shavian' and all the rest of it.

"A book by Mr. Chesterton puts the G. K. C. pepper-pot into action, and we have 'paradoxical,' 'good-humoured,' 'Falstaffian,' 'characteristic,' 'paradoxical,' 'paradoxical,' 'topsy-turvy,' 'wrong-headed but genial,' 'paradoxical,' 'topsy-turvy,' 'paradoxical,' 'paradoxical.' You see the idea?"

Our representative said he saw it perfectly, but he could not admire any scheme which substituted a mechanical device for good Fleet Street brains.

"But what's the use of setting brains to such tasks as this," Mr. Travis asked, "when all that they have to do is to provide paraphrases of what was written before? Why waste a man's time on re-re-re-writing about a re-re-re-written book or play?"

"We won't argue about it," said our representative. "Give me some more examples."

"Well," said Mr. Travis, "here's the Mrs. Humphry Ward pepper-pot," and he shook over the table "calm," "measured," "studious," "understanding," "characteristic," "sympathetic," "calm," "studious," "measured," "serene," "calm."

"Here's another—you must guess the author;" and "melodramatic," "strident," "passionate," "melodramatic," "characteristic," "noisy," "theatrical," "chromo-lithographic," "strident" were scattered out.

"You can't deny it's a clever notion?" he asked.

"No," our representative replied, "it's certainly clever, confound you. But have you a pepper-pot for every one?"

"No," he said, "there are one or two I can't fix up for certain. There's one literary man and several politicians. It wouldn't be safe to have a pepper-pot for them. At least not yet."

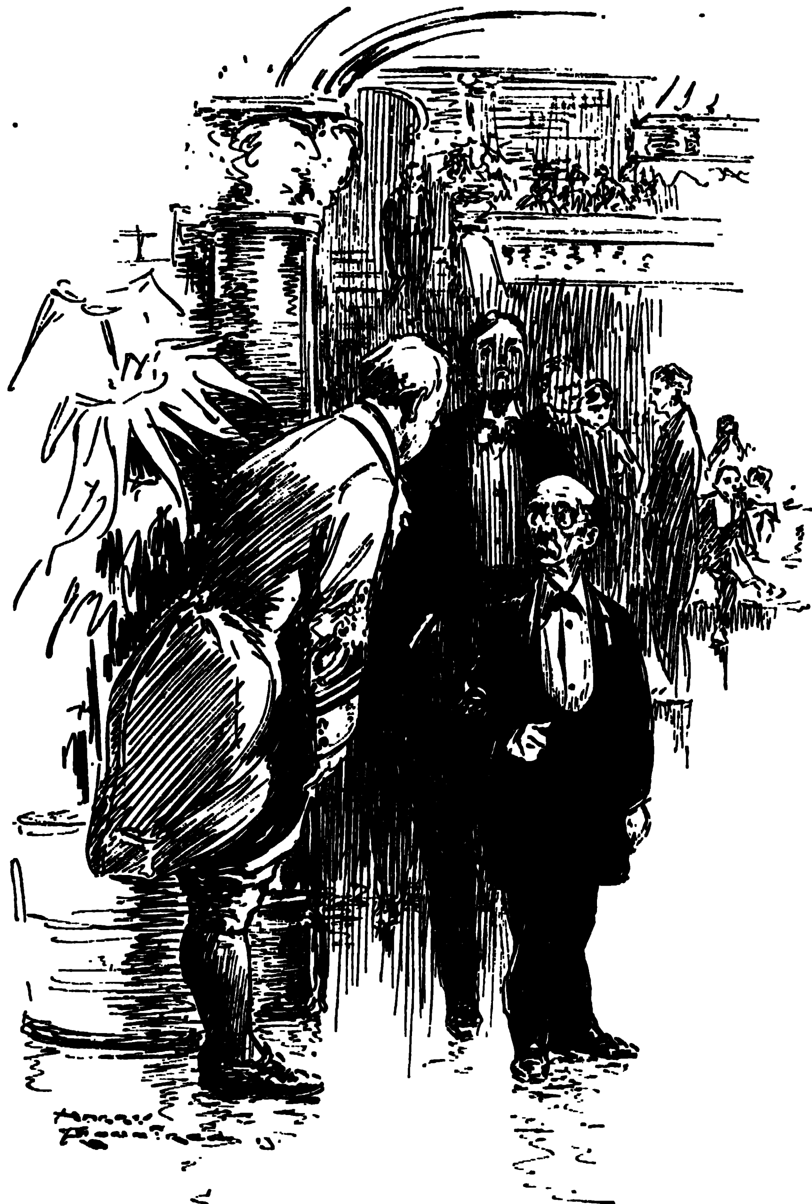
"Mayn't I know their names?" our representative asked.

"Not from me," said Mr. Travis, closing the interview. "You must guess."

"Mr. George Yates, who has been secretary of the Bury Central Conservative Club for 20 years, has resigned owing to advancing years. Mr. Yates has been a member of the club since his formation 34 years ago."

Daily Dispatch.

Mr. Yates's appointment to the secretaryship at the age of 14 must have caused surprise.



THE TWO DINNERS.

Scene—*The Majestic Hotel.*

"Dragoon Guards or Peace Society, Sir?"

FINIS.

Last month I thought that we had said
  Goodbye
For ever and a day, nor dreamed that I,
October come, should hold you in my
  grip,
Still doting on our sweet companion-
  ship;
That May-day walk—our first; that
  Devon lane;
That riverside in June with just us
  twain;
That Scenic Railway where one July
  night
I was obliged to squeeze you rather
  tight;
Those lazy August mornings when you
  lay
Upon the sands beside me; that sad day
When, bathed in mid-September's
  mellow sheen,
I fell a-wondering whether you would
  clean.
Goodbye again; for such the fears
  whereat
Love flutters off—like you, my dear
  Straw Hat.

"SHILLINGS WANTED.

REMARKABLE APPEAL TO BURY FOOTBALL FOLLOWERS."

Daily Mail.

We would sooner bury football writers.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Dear Mr. Punch,—As to the clerks of the Inland Revenue, or whatever it may be, with whom all of us have been in correspondence at one time or another, they are not what they are supposed to be. You know the sort of correspondence I mean: the righteously indignant on the one side and the coldly pedantic on the other - the sort of letter-writing in which you score all the points at first but the clerk gets his postal order in the end. It is not generally known that these clerks are by nature men and not machines, and it will be scarcely believed that they, ruthlessly oppressive as they are in their demands, have their off-moments when they are positively human. Such has been my recent discovery.

The controversy, a lengthy one, concerned itself with the matter of a dog that had everything a dog could want except a licence. I will not trouble you with the details, since you had a dog-licence case in your pages a little while ago and may be tired of the subject, but will admit to you at once, what I admitted to the clerk bit by bit, that the law was undoubtedly on his side, and I was prepared to obey it eventually, when I had had my fill of heated dialectics. You will readily believe that I got the best of all the repartee from start to finish, and that I thought of some unanswerable arguments for the abolition of clerks in general and Revenue clerks in particular; in short, that I succeeded, as all of us do succeed, in making the fellow sit up before I climbed down. So long as the battle was waged in his territory I won all the way (except as to the booty), but when he came out of his defences and took me on in my own country he showed an entirely unsuspected humanity which, I must confess, defeated me utterly.

My country is Edgbaston, where I, together with many others whose work lies in Birmingham, live. If we spend the most of our day in that city we prefer in our late evenings and early mornings to forget its existence; whatever we may be when at work, in our leisure we are of Edgbaston and by no means of Brummagem. Yet that clerk would persist in addressing me at "Edgbaston, Birmingham." Having suffered several envelopes so addressed there came a time when I could bear it no longer, and I demanded that the offence should be withdrawn, failing which I should instruct my solicitors to take proceedings. To describe Edgbaston as Birmingham, as I pointed out, was a cruel and calculated lie. He responded with a "Yours to hand of the 10th inst. and your observations *re* Edgbaston noted," and addressed that envelope to "Edgbaston, *near* Birmingham." Though I resented the "*near*" almost as much as the original sin he refused to budge from his attitude, and up to the very end so addressed me.

When the correspondence was drawing to a close and the time had come to pay I enclosed my cheque, and in a covering letter spoke more frankly to that clerk than he or any colleague of his had ever, I am sure, been spoken to before. Which done, I commanded him to send me merely a formal receipt for the money and never to address a word to me again. In due course the receipt arrived, accompanied by no letter in reply to mine, and the envelope it came in was addressed, "Horatius Johnson, Esq., 'The Pines,' Edgbaston, *very near* Birmingham."

Following a lengthy period of frigid politeness, that one touch of red-hot temper, Sir, wrought such a change in my feelings to the man that I wrote forthwith, begging permission to call on him when next I came to London, and asking him meanwhile to accept as a small present from an admiring friend the dog in dispute, which I was forwarding under separate cover.

Yours faithfully,
H. Johnson.

A BRILLIANT PHANTASY.

It often happens that I am asked out for the evening - music or what not—and accept "with pleasure," because it is so much easier than refusing. Very well then. When the day comes, I wish I hadn't. I arrive home to dinner on the night and feel I don't want to turn out at all. By the time dinner is over I am really angry. I leave the house in a bad temper; reach the house of my hosts in that condition, and pass a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

This has occurred not once, not twice, but several times.

Last Monday I made a casual arrangement to drop in at the Penbys on Wednesday after dinner.

On the morning I arose with a weight on my mind.

"What is it?" I thought.

With the cold bath, my brain cleared, and I remembered; we had to go to the Penbys.

"Dash!" I said.

The rest of the day calls for no comment. It passed.

On my way home I suddenly had an idea. Once at the Penbys I should probably enjoy myself. It was the fact of having to go that was worrying me. So I reasoned with myself.

At dinner I confided it to Edith.

"What we must do," I said, "is to imagine we're not going out. After dinner we sit quietly by the fire. Then I suddenly decide to take a stroll. You join me, and we happen to pass the Penbys. 'Let us turn in here,' I say; and there we are."

Edith looked at me compassionately. "If it amuses you, I don't mind," she said; "but in the first place the drawing-room fire isn't being kept in, and in the second place I'm not doing any strolling; I've ordered a taxi."

That, as I explained, was mere quibbling. As long as we maintained the right spirit all would be well.

As a matter of fact, Edith made things very difficult for me. She gave the maids audible instructions not to wait up for us, and enquired twice about the latchkey.

I set my teeth and acted magnificently.

When the taxi drove up I was reading.

"Hello! what's this?" I exclaimed. "A taxi ride?"

"Don't be silly," said Edith; "have you got the key?"

Half-way down the drive I sat up quickly.

"By George," I said, "why not call on the Penbys? They're often asking us to drop in."

I seized the speaking-tube and whispered the address to the driver. He nodded rather brusquely.

As we drove up to the house I surpassed myself. "I wonder if they'll be in," I said.

Curiously enough they were not. Somehow I had misunderstood Penby; the invitation was for quite a different evening.

The Crimes of the Pheasant.

To the Editor of "Punch."

Sir,—Is Mr. Lloyd George sure that the outrages perpetrated by this voracious bird are confined to attacks upon mangold-wurzels and the wholesale destruction of all kinds of crops?

There may be possibly some ground for the recent report that this rascally creature is now emulating the infamous exploits of the eagle in carrying off lambs and even young children.

In the latter case, might not this account to some extent for the growing depopulation of the countryside?

Yours, &c., Bedfordian.

Hond. Zur,—I catched a feasant t'other noight in rabbert gin, and he was smellin' that strong of turmits thet I was only jest in toime to stop our cow from aitin' of 'en.

Yours respectful,
Dartmoor Shepherd.



"Another broken plate, Mrs. Biggs?"
"Yes, Sir. It seems to me that so much washing makes the china brittle like."

A SPASM OF GRATITUDE.

He was reading the paper while crossing Fleet Street. He had got to a paragraph about the Lion Sermon, which had been preached on the previous day in a City church in memory of a 17th century Lord Mayor who was saved from a lion in the Arabian desert. There was a hoarse shout, a hand grabbed him and dragged him back, a motor-bus thundered by, and a policeman said, "Another inch, Sir, and you'd have been under it." "Near go," said a postman. After similar remarks from the crowd, he began to realise that he had narrowly escaped a nasty death.

He walked very solemnly along the pavement near to the wall. "I will," he said—"I will institute a Motor-bus Sermon." It seemed to be the least he could do.

It did occur to him a little later that sermons are not so popular nowadays as they used to be; and it was while waiting for his train that the idea of an organ recital instead occurred to him. It would be the more suitable because he, the founder, was fond of music. Yes, it should be a musical event that he would endow. One had to remember, of course, that organ recitals appeal to rather a restricted class; that point required consideration. By the time the train reached St. James's Park he was beginning to feel that a combination of a kind of Morality play with good music would be just the thing.

Such a play might be more expensive, perhaps, than an organ recital; he would not like to begin any memorial that would be too costly to continue. He must remember that he was not really wealthy. Another idea that came to him, after leaving Earl's Court, was that a refined literary-musical recital, by a really capable performer, would present less difficulties.

Anything he decided upon must necessarily cost money. He did not mind that so very much; but there would be legal formalities to be observed, so that the thing should be on a proper footing, and every year there would be the difficulty of choosing the right person to do whatever thing he decided upon (if he should decide) to mark his gratitude.

Then again, if one faced the thing squarely and without sentimentality, this endowment business was not without objections. Would it not be better, he wondered, to give a donation to some charitable object instead of saddling posterity with an annual event whose interest, if pious, would be remote? In any case, he would think it over and decide in a few days.

Humming a little tune, he was leaving the station when he hesitated. He had been thinking of music; an idea struck him. He had nothing particular to do that night, and he knew his wife had no engagement. He stepped lightly into a telephone call-box. "Hullo! That the Gaiety? Have you two good stalls for to-night?" he asked.

"After somewhat unguarded language used by Mr. Churchill in an otherwise admirable speech in Scotland, we are glad to have the assurance of our Parliamentary Correspondent that the Cabinet are firmly resolved to treat Ireland as one and indivisible."

Daily Chronicle.

The real authority.

"A Soul building other worlds seeks correspondents."—*Advt. in "T.P.'s Weekly."*

Extract from the first letter: "Dear Sir,—In answer to your advertisement I beg to say that I am now in a position to lend sums from £10 to £10,000 on note of hand alone, no further security being required . . ."

AT THE PLAY.

"People like Ourselves."

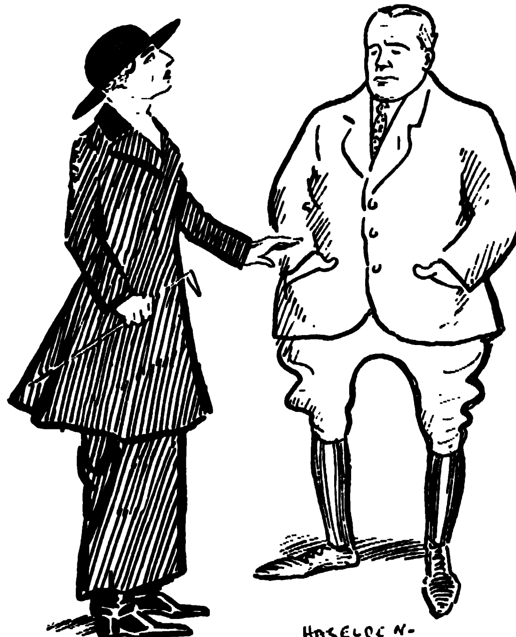
It is perhaps a little late in the day to represent the Chorus Girl as a pattern of all the virtues. But her latest champion, Mr. Vansittart, is not to be put off by the fact that his damsel was never in less distress. His methods are of the most guileless. He places her among a second-rate set of people, and then invites you to observe how star-like she shines among these lower creatures. He is careful not to admit a single excellence among the whole menagerie. You have a self-made knight with his lady, climbers both; you have their son, in a "crack cavalry regiment," with a record of dirty work to his name; you have a guardsman (Old Etonian) with the manners of a hog; you have a South American adventurer with no morals; a noisy politician with an eye for the party funds; and, for the rest, an unspeakable crew of snobs who condescend to take the hospitality of the *parvenus* for the sake of the chorus girl's society or anything else they can get. You will guess that she doesn't need to be very noble to stand out in pretty sharp relief against such a background.

Indeed, she is almost superfluously admirable. For love of the shady soldier she forces her way into the heart of his mother (a dear, vulgar, old soul) by introducing a few titled undesirables into her very domestic *ménage*; she gets her man into Parliament against his will; she secures for his father (sadly prejudiced against the stage) a contract for armaments from the South American adventurer; and from the same villain she abstracts (by threatening him with a bottle of smelling-salts which he takes for vitriol) certain compromising documents which might have landed her lover in gaol; and finally she gets permission to marry this hopeless object. Well might she say to his parents, as she does with the utmost candour, "I'm the only live person you've ever met."

There was a moment in the play when it looked as if a red herring was to be drawn across the trail of the chorus girl's career. *Sir Joseph* and *Lady Juttle* had arranged to give a dance for their Queen's Gate circle, and when *Miss Vivienne Vavasour* proposed to convert this entertainment into a dinner for her Society friends, some excuse had to be found for Kensington. So it was agreed that they should send out a cancelling note, alleging the death of a young relative in Australia.

This gave promise of a rich vein of farce, for nothing could be more certain than that the Colonial would give them away by turning up. He did; but the diversion was very brief and we were soon back on the old trail.

But there were other distractions—notably some rather pleasant *mots* distributed impartially among the company. Perhaps the best remark fell to *Lady Juttle*, whose motherly instincts were more concerned for her boy's comfort than for his loyalty to Radical principles. "I don't care," she said, "on which side of the House he sits so long as he isn't in a draught!" The son's own attitude towards parliamentary life was also very fresh. He loathed the idea of being shot into what he regarded as a monkey-house, and did his best to lose the election by telling his supporters just what he thought of them. Unfortunately this only gave him a name for original candour, which followed him into the House. Waking up, dazed with the sleep of boredom, he would often wander into the wrong Lobby, and thus confirm his reputation as a free-lance who would have to be reckoned with. This was very pleasant fooling, and altogether Mr. Vansittart's humour was rather refreshing, though now and then we may have felt that we had been there before.



A CAVALRY ENGAGEMENT.

Vivienne Vavasour .. .. Miss Ethel Warwick.
Mervyn Juttle .. .. .. Mr. Kenneth Douglas.

You would have said that Mr. Kenneth Douglas was just the man for this part of a politician *malgré lui*. But he did not quite do himself justice. He had many difficulties to face and they seemed to force him back into his old habit of jerkiness. Mr. Frederick Kerr, older than his wont, was very perfect as *Sir Joseph Juttle*, but the part lacked variety and the good things did not come his way. I make exception however of one bright thought that occurred to the Radical Knight. He stipulated that his contribution to the party funds should be invested in his own firm. Miss Lottie Venne was his lady, and I have never seen her in better form. She played with exceptional restraint, steadily refusing to slip into farce. There was something very human in her vulgarity, and at times she was almost pathetic in the loneliness of her widening sphere.

My acquaintance with the emissaries of South American Republics is so limited that I cannot say whether Mr. Gerald Lawrence's oiled and curled *Laguera* was true to type. But the voluptuous pink-puce dressing-suit, with the generous chest-protector, leads me to infer that fantasy had been at work in this exotic picture.

Miss Ethel Warwick as *Vivienne Vavasour* found, at last, a part to suit her. As the "one live person" in the play she had so much managing to do that she found less time than usual for letting her voice go wrong. Yet I had often to agree with *Lady Juttle* where she says of her, "How oddly she talks!" not, of course, meaning what I mean. She was still too hard and sudden; but one seemed now and then to catch a note of sincerity, and, anyhow, she held her own with great coolness.

Her part, and indeed the whole play, should be popular, not necessarily for its good qualities, but because the public dearly loves to see the virtues of the stage vindicated in a *milieu* where opinion is most likely to be judicious—namely, on the stage itself. O. S.

Commercial Candour.

"Motor and Aviation Exchange. Insure with us before the accident. Afterwards we can do nothing for you."
Advt. in "The Cyclecar."

"Lost, between Victoria and Norbury on tram, Sunday, between 4 and 5 p.m., Minx Fur."—*Advt. in "Times."*

Bad-tempered little minx; she's lost her fur again.

"To clean white kid gloves, rub gently with a piece of rubber, and shoes will look like new."—*Star.*

Then you can go out in them and take the gloves to the cleaner.



Amateur Archæologist (in search of flint implements). "I hope you don't mind my looking for these on your land?"
Farmer. "What be doin'? Pickin' up stoans?" *Amateur.* "Yes."
Farmer (sympathising with a harmless case). "That's right; thou fill thy pockets wi'h 'em and take 'em wome to mother."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mrs. Humphry Ward shows in *The Coryston Family* (Smith, Elder) that she has not lost the art of diverting us with the intelligent marionettes which she manipulates so adroitly from the wings of her decorous little stage. *Lady Coryston*, having tyrannised her husband into an earlier grave than was strictly necessary, chiefly because he had once dared to vote against her convictions, is left to perfect the disintegrating process upon her family and dependents. She meets with a fine sporting opposition from her eccentric first-born, who develops ideas of his own distinctly out of harmony with the smoother traditions of his class. The truculent dowager promptly disinherits him, a proceeding which is condemned as distinctly bad form in the distinguished circles in which the *Coryston* family moves. And when *Arthur*, her second and favourite, elects to fall obstinately in love with *Enid Glenwilliam*, daughter of the deplorable Chancellor of the Exchequer who had begun life as a colliery check-weigher, all *Lady Coryston's* heavy guns are trained on the impossible position. *Enid*, however, an attractive, clever, but, as you would guess, not quite satisfactory person, routs the ridiculous great woman —this concession to the forces that are ruining the country being no doubt made in the interests of an enlightened impartiality. The fourth member of the family, *Marcia*, falls in and out of love with an unusual variety of high churchman, in whom the struggle between common humanity and a highly developed ecclesiasticism is cleverly portrayed, and more convincingly than would at first sight seem possible. One cannot readily absolve Mrs. Ward of the charge of writing with some excellent purpose. Could it in this instance possibly have been to show by the horrid example of *Lady Coryston* the terrible condition to which voteless political women are reduced?

Everyone knows the strange way in which the characters and pictures of childish books, read when one was very young, remain for ever in a kind of dim borderland between fact and fancy, affecting imagination and our inmost ideas of life. I sometimes wonder whether the modern child, for whose delight such exquisite work is turned out in yearly increasing quantity, takes any greater pleasure in it than did his predecessors in their small and comparatively crude library. These profound reflections have been evoked by certain beautiful volumes now issued by Messrs. Heinemann, and more immediately by one of them, *The Adventures of Akbar*, written by Flora Annie Steel and illustrated by Byam Shaw. I fancy I am right in supposing that *King Akbar* has before now served as hero to one of Mrs. Steel's Indian stories; here, of course, she tells only of his childhood, and tells it in a style modulated to a youthful audience. So far as a grown-up reviewer can judge, its appeal should be certain in the quarter to which it is addressed, for it provides plenty of adventures and escapes; two jolly animals who again and again preserve their young master; and *Akbar* himself invariably comes off victorious over his

enemies. For an added excellence there is a slave boy named *Roy*, who is obviously and delightfully destined to "turn out to be somebody" before the final chapter. All this has been illustrated by Mr. BYAM SHAW with pictures of the right Oriental magnificence in crimsons and gold, just such pictures as the youthful eye (which appreciates liberality in such matters) will most enjoy. Altogether this experiment in "STEEL without tears," if I may call it so, is a distinct success, and should make a host of new friends for its author among the Empire-builders of the future.

News from the Duchy (ARROWSMITH) is very good news, and appropriately enough I received it in the same week in which the old charter was restored to Fowey. If I know my Q, it is not too much to hope that in the near future we shall hear his version of the proceedings which have been taking place in "Troy Town." Novelists imported from "up along" may invade the Duchy and persecute it with floods of ink, but however fatigued some of us may be by Cornish novels there will always be a welcome for Q and his delicately attractive work. "I hate," he says, "to hear the Duchy miscalled 'the Riviera of England,'" and at this I laid down his book, and thought of writing to tell him how cordially I shared his hatred. But I was in the middle of a most good-humoured account of an election, and decided that what he had got to tell me was far more interesting than anything I could tell him. Here he gives us one long short-story, several short short-stories, and some sketches, and without exception they are to be recommended for their humour, tone and style. "Pipes in Arcady" would screw a smile out of the morosest of misanthropes, and will remain in the memory of normal people as a perpetual provocation to laughter. Taking the volume as a whole I cannot remember to have found Q in better form.



The Man on the Street. "YOU NEED NOT TROUBLE TO SEND FOR THE AMBULANCE, CONSTABLE. I'M EMPLOYED BY THE 'BUS COMPANIES TO GIVE PUBLIC DEMONSTRATIONS OF HOW *NOT* TO GET OFF A 'BUS WHEN IT IS GOING."

There are two ways of writing a short story. The first, the recognised method of the popular magazines, is to start with an arresting incident, give the reader a fillip with another arresting incident at about the half-way mark, and to dismiss him, content, with yet another incident which brings the story to a full stop. The second, and more artistic—though the other method has produced some good work—is to treat the short story as a novel in little, and go about your business soberly and without "curtains." Mr. W. L. COURTNEY favours the second method in his new book, *The Soul of a Suffragette* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). It is possible that you may find the alliterative title jar upon you, as I did, but I do not think that you can fail to enjoy the contents of the book. Mr. COURTNEY's restraint is admirable. He never takes a hundred pages to say what he can say in ten; and that seems to be almost a lost art nowadays. A good instance is to be found in his story, "A Priest in Israel," of which the theme is the gradual decay, mental and physical, of the vicar of a small village in the wilds, dead and deadening as such villages are. The *Reverend Herbert Binstone* had been forced into holy orders by a masterful mother with the view of succeeding to a family living. It takes Mr. COURTNEY just two pages to present the reader with a complete picture of the victim's attitude towards life during the years of his early manhood. In one sentence, "He accepted his fate with a certain nonchalance, varied at times with signs of repugnance and revolt," he gives us the equivalent of a dozen chapters of the ordinary novelist. I seem to see some of our leading Marathon performers at work on those "signs of repugnance and revolt." To my mind "A Priest in Israel" is the gem of the collection; but each of the others, from the story which gives the book its title to the little sketch, "Herodias' Daughter," is distinguished by the same masterly sureness of touch.

Anyone can quote you tags from "Montrose's Love-Song" (since it became popular as a drawing-room ballad), but how many people know that the "dear and only love" of the soldier-poet was not a woman but a country? And, if they do, are they sure what the country was, or could they give the name of any of the battles that he fought? I suspect that there are one or two other things about this great soldier and most gallant and loyal gentleman that the general reader has either never learnt or has forgotten. For that reason, amongst others, I commend to his notice Mr. JOHN BUCHAN's story of *The Marquis of Montrose* (NELSON). But Mr. BUCHAN is no schoolmaster. His history is right enough, but his way of telling it gives his book the fascination of a romance. It is a stirring tale of tremendously plucky fighting, generally against heavy odds, and always, save once, triumphant. Also it makes you feel that you understand the man and his contemporaries—ARGYLL, HUNTLY, and the rest—even without the aid of the excellent portraits reproduced in the volume. I congratulate Mr. BUCHAN on the way in which he has made these men live, even though one of the vilest of them all happens to be my own ancestor. But most of all I am grateful to him for his picture of MONTROSE, in his way, I suppose, as fine a Scotsman as ever lived.

The Landburster's Lament.

Without rebuke I freely claimed as mine
Virtues the wide world owns to be divine.
Who then shall make me adequate amends
For wounds inflicted in the house of friends
When MASTERMAN—unkindest cut of all—
Degrades me to the level of ST. PAUL?

"Mr. Rogers' fine steam yacht spent the week end in the harbour and enjoyed some excellent grouse shooting."—*Cowichan Leader.*

Meanwhile we dare say that Mr. ROGERS was being re-painted.

CHARIVARIA.

Persons of artistic perception who have seen the huge memorial erected to commemorate the Battle of Leipzig describe it as a powerful reminder of the horrors of war.

* * *

The Peace Movement day by day. "Over £2,000,000 Chinese Treasury bonds have been taken over by Austrian State banks on condition that China orders a large cruiser in Austria."

* * *

Fortunately the United States gave way and admitted Mrs. Pankhurst on her undertaking to be of good behaviour while in that country. It is said, however, that the militant leader almost broke her word upon meeting Mr. Herbert Samuel over there The sight of a Cabinet Minister nearly proved too much for her, but, mastering herself with superb self-control, she simply said, "Quite like home, isn't it?"

* * *

Mrs. Lloyd George says that the motto of the Liberal Party ought to be, "Go on!" So long as its schemes do not come off the other Party has no objection to raise.

* * *

"One portion of Ireland," says an unconscious humourist in *The Daily Chronicle*, "already enjoys complete Home Rule. The inhabitants of Innishmurry, an island off the coast of Sligo, have for many years defied collectors of both rates and taxes." Those who know the Irish peasant will tell you that this is just about what he imagines Home Rule to mean.

* * *

Referring in his Manchester speech to the Land question Mr. Churchill said, "The policy of the Government will be laid before the people step by step." The staircase craze is apparently spreading from the Music Halls to Politics.

* * *

It is said that the enterprising proprietors of the Ideal Home Exhibition offered Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught the use of the Ideal Cottage at Olympia for their honeymoon, but the royal couple found it impossible to change plans already made.

* * *

"The Prince," says *The Dublin Evening Mail*, in an account of a shopping expedition by our heir apparent, "wore sprats and carried an umbrella." It does credit to the Prince's kind heart to have carried an umbrella, but sprats, as a matter of fact, are quite used to getting wet.

* * *

With reference to the Exhibition, at the Grosvenor Gallery, of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, a correspondent, whose ignorance makes us blush for him, asks, "What is a Graver? Is he the same as a Monumental Mason?"

* * *

"Harrow Finds a Lost Diamond Ring."
—*Daily Express.*

Buck up, Eton!

"Small wonder," writes a gentleman from Notting Dale, "if our modern young men are slack, seeing the reward that is meted out to the strenuous ones," and he encloses with his letter a newspaper-cutting showing that Mr. Percy Francis Howe, aged twenty, who was stated to have broken into no fewer than fifteen houses in the Balham district in one night, has been sent to prison for three years.

* * *

It is satisfactory to know that the convict who recently escaped from Dartmoor does not blame the warders for his recapture, but attributes it to our wretched climate.

* * *

Funeral plumes for horses have been condemned by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and it has been notified that their use after January 1st will be punishable by fine. As a matter of fact we understand that female horses, at any rate, do not at all mind the discomfort of the feathers, holding that they improve a lady's appearance.

* * *

"The town crier of Devizes," we read, "has grown a parsnip 44½ inches long and of excellent shape." We hope now that he will stop crying.



Countryman (seeing cyclist carrying motor tyre). "We'd better get home along at once, Martha, it looks as though they're expectin' big floods in Lunnon. That's the third chap I've seen to-day wi' a life belt on."

"It is as a fearless sportsman that the Prince has won his most cherished laurels. He has . . . led his own horse past the winning post."—*Daily Mail.*

It sounds like a walk-over.

From an advertisement in *The Liverpool Daily Post*.—

"Repertory Theatre
THE MOTHER,
By Eden Phillpotts.
Press Opinions.
'*Daily Post*'—'One regrets the misfortune of having to criticise it at all'"

We have not seen Mr. Eden Phillpotts' play and therefore cannot say whether we should share *The Daily Post's* regrets; but we know the feeling well.

GAME AND GOLF.

To the Editor of "Punch."

Dear Sir,—"Supposing," says the Chancellor, "you turned the whole of a Highland deer forest into a golf course." (He got mixed in the next sentence and talked of people shooting over it; but that is quite excusable when you think how an audience gets into his head.) Now, I should like him to know that not only did we convert an uncultivated deer park at Richmond into a golf course, but we added features which cannot fail to be of the greatest moral benefit to our members. Many of them are so devoted to duty that they can seldom find time to go abroad and see an Alp; year after year they used to miss the unique spiritual advantages which accrue from contemplation of nature in its more sublime and uplifting aspects. So we provided for this defect by the creation of mountainous scenery, range upon range, in the neighbourhood of every hole. The effect of this has been appreciably to raise the moral tone and culture of our members.

Yours faithfully, Mid-Surrey.

Dear Sir,—What is all this talk of Lloyd George's about golf as a natural attraction for brain-workers from the Stock Exchange? Is it implied that no intelligence is required of those who shoot game? Let me tell this political bagman that it takes more brains to pick off a couple of brace out of a covey of driven partridges, or to get within shooting distance of a stag (let alone hitting him), than to push a little rubber ball into a hole with nobody to stop you. Yours indignantly,

Sportsman.

Honour'd Sir,—I was makin a bit extry the other day doin a turn of beatin for Squire, when down the road comes one of these luksyoorious motor-cars. As a rule I ain't got much use for your rich Lunnon folk as comes messin up the place with their dust and smell, but this time I sees who it is, knowing him from his carrykaturs. I touches my cap to him, bein Mr. Lloyd George, who as my interests at eart. I'd hev given a lot to be lowed to stop him and arst him a question or two. Frinstance, what's this here forestation he talks about? Would it be the same as wot Squire does,—takin a bit of useless land and puttin in a plantation for his birds? Our Radical Member he says that it can't be the same, coz anything to do with pheasants must be wrong. Anyways, it's difficult for country folk to unnerstand these things same as the Lunnon folk; and I might hev picked up a thing or two if I could hev ad an eart to eart talk with Mr. George in his motor. Yours respekful, Hodge.

Dear Sir,—The Chancellor has spoken in praise of golf, but has he realised the drain that it makes upon the resources of the brain-worker? I refer to the iniquitous charge for golf-balls, which still stands at the same figure—two shillings and sixpence—at which it stood when rubber was four or five times its present cost. Ninety-six millions of golf-balls are purchased every year, at an expenditure of twelve million pounds, yielding a profit of eight to ten million pounds to the bloated capitalists who manufacture them. This sum would go far to replace the damage done to crops by pheasants.

Yours, on the verge of ruin,

A Poor Man.

P.S.—I have no means of checking the above figures, which came out of my head, but I give them for what they are worth.

Sir,—I once had a job as a market gardener near a big town. I liked the pay all right, but the work was on the heavy side. Well, a syndicate come along and buys up all the market gardens and acres and acres of cultivated land and turns them into a golf course. I lost my job, but I sees my chance of chippin in as a caddie. I gets a decent wage what with tips and that, and me and my mates has the best part of every day for lyin about and doin a bit of gamblin in a sort of a cow-shed. There ain't many softer jobs goin, and the life suits me nicely. I wouldn't change with a brother of mine who's got a stiff billet as a game-keeper. His pay's good, and he's got a kind master and a nice cottage, but he has to do more work than I should fancy, and no picture palaces of an evening. And now that Mr. George tells me what a dirty business this game-keepin is, compared with the noble sport of golf, I pities my brother from my heart. Give me my blind-alley, I says, and a good conscience.

Yours obedient, Casual Caddie.

Dear Sir,—Has Mr. Lloyd George, I wonder, ever heard of the deer forest owned (or rented) by the Municipality of Glasgow? I don't ask if he has ever seen it, for he admits that he has never seen one of these deer forests that he knows so much about; but has he ever heard of it? I have. I have often stalked in the neighbourhood, and many a time I have shuddered to picture the scenes of desolation that must have occurred at its making—hundreds of gallant peasants driven from their happy homes where they had previously earned an honest competence by the sale of white heather; their desolate hearths laid waste by flame; their sporrans flung to the winds; the music of their bag-pipes rendered dumb. But let that pass. It is for the future prospects of the sturdy race that I tremble when I think of the possible realisation of Mr. Lloyd George's dream; of "six hundred thousand" subscribers let loose on the hill with lethal weapons—not counting his "eighteen thousand workmen who would shoot regularly over the deer forest on payment of half-a-crown a year." The carnage would be awful. Ulster would be nothing to it. I speak of human lives, not of stags. Indeed, my only solace is the thought that these serried battalions of sportsmen would be certain to push the astonished deer across the march into the forest of my host.

Yours, with mixed feelings,

O. S.

OUT OF SEASON.

(*One of the remarkable effects of the recent exceptional weather.*)

In Autumn, when the woods are wet
And mournfully the breezes moan,
Love fades away without regret
From bosoms like my own.
Nature is tired, the grey skies weep,
The dormouse lulls himself to sleep,
The lamb, that used to frisk and leap,
Becomes a staid and stolid sheep,
And I leave girls alone.

Such is the normal course of things.
To-day the frenzy still remains,
The magic of a hundred Springs
Riots in all my veins.
Love masters me; his ardent flame
Quivers through my exhausted frame;
Friends, you have doubtless felt the same
When some rare April glamour came
To turn your sober brains.

September wrought this mood in me;
Her gleaming sun, her joyous air
Had all Spring's potent wizardry
(Which really wasn't fair);
October, faithless, joins the pact
And leaves my amorous fire intact.
Well, anyhow, I won't extract
A mean advantage from the fact—
Girls, you are warned. Beware.

One Party, anyhow, in Keighley, doesn't seem in very close touch with the Feminists.

"KEIGHLEY DIVISION
HE UNIONIST CANDIDATE"

announces *The Daily Telegraph.*



THE WUNDERKIND.

Admiral von Tirpitz. "I HAVE THROWN COLD WATER, MAJESTY, ON MR. CHURCHILL'S HOLIDAY SCHEME. I TRUST THAT I HAVE RIGHTLY INTERPRETED THE VIEW OF THE CROWN PRINCE."



Passenger (suddenly to conductor). "I WISH--YOU'D--TELL--YOUR DRIVER NOT TO--JERK--THE 'BUS--WHEN PEOPLE ARE--GOING UPSTAIRS. HE 'LL CAUSE--AN ACCIDENT--ONE OF THESE DAYS!"

THE IDEAL HOME.

(*With apologies to the progressive organisers of the recent Exhibition at Olympia.*)

"BEFORE the thing ends," I observed to my Lilian,
"Let's hasten and see if it's true
That the Fortunate Isles and the Vale of Avilion
Are dumped at Olympia. Do."
And Lilian said, "Thos,
Happy thought!" and it was;
But that very same day it occurred to a million
Intelligent Londoners too.

There were hangings and curtains and carpets and ranges
For kitchens, and cauldrons and pots,
And vacuum-cleaners and servant-exchanges,
And toys for the infantile tots.
There were homes of the Russ
Which would not do for us;
There was furniture taken from futurist granges
At Hanwell and similar spots.

There were baths with gold taps and a malachite stopper,
And one with a card that explained
It was open to all who expended a copper
To fill it and try it. But, trained
As we were in the rules
Of Victorian schools,
Neither Lilian nor I thought that that would be proper,
And so we severely refrained.

There were rooms which suggested the time when the slattern
Should trouble no longer, and all
Should be comfort and peace in the empire of Saturn,
But oh, it was hot in that hall!
And "Lilian," said I,
"I could drop. Let us buy
That brace of armchairs of a willowy pattern,
And rest by the side of this stall."

But Lilian said "No." The implacable faces
Of constables frowned. With a sob
We turned us away from that palmy oasis
And went and had tea for a bob.
That was helpful, no doubt,
But before we got out
Through the ranks of the ravenous, squealing for places,
We all but expired in the mob.

"This is closer," said Lil, "than the bell of a diver."
"It's awful," I answered, "my sweet;
Any room in this show would be dear at a fiver,
Compared with our worst. Let us fleet."
So I hastened to nab
A well-oiled taxicab,
And "The Ideal Home," I remarked to the driver,
And mentioned our number and street.

EVOE.

Our learned contemporary, *Nature*, writing of the recent work of Lord RAYLEIGH, O.M., says that it is "no slight record for a man during the seventieth decade of his life." One would think that "O.M." stood for Old Methuselah.

"In the interval Watson had his best run of the afternoon, but, after rounding two or three opponents, he was brought low by Wilson."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

We ourselves once scored a try in the interval—everybody else being busy sucking lemons. After all, one must distinguish oneself somehow.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Latest Fashions in Weddings, Dances and Photographs.

Park Lane.

Dearest Daphne,—There's quite a little feeling just now for being married in the *City*, especially if one's forebears have had anything to do with trade, or the old City Companies and so on. The power and prestige of the City, Norty tells me, are being threatened in a most *odious* way by *certain persons*, and the least we can do, to stem the tide and all that sort of thing, is to take some notice of the City, and be married there sometimes.

The best done City wedding, so far, has been Evangeline Merewether's (the Exshires' second girl) to Billy Flummery. The founder of the Exshire family was a City pickle merchant and Worshipful Master of the old Picklemakers' Company, and he founded the family by inventing a pickle of which Queen Elizabeth said: "Marry come up, Master Merewether, thou hast given us a new joy with our victuals!"

The wedding was at St. Anne's-Picklebury, where the old picklemakers always went on Sunday, a wonderful old church, built by Wren or somebody. It had been brightened up a bit inside, and was all done with capsicums, and jerkins, and doubloons, and those other wonderful old vegetables they used to pickle. "Olga" had very cleverly hinted at City interests, royal approval, and successful picklemaking in the cut, hang and trimmings of Evangeline's bridal gown. Instead of posies, the bridesmaids carried little gilt baskets of small red pickling-cabbages. The wedding-breakfast was at a City hotel and we drank the dear old City toast, "All friends round St. Paul's," and when we got back into civilised regions again we all felt we'd done great things for the City at whatever cost to ourselves!

Nowadays, you know, at every possible function one must dance oneself or be the cause of dancing in others, as Shakspeare says. The sweet Peruvian dance, the Inca Shuffle, and the equally lovely Bolivian Bollyooma are the dances of the moment, and, as the Inca Shuffle has 500 steps and the Bollyooma 700, and people who mean to be there or thereabouts must know them both, one's time is pretty full. Special shoes have to be worn, of course. For the Inca shuffle one wears them with collapsible heels, as some of the steps are done without heels and others with, while for the Bollyooma the heels are placed right in the middle of the soles, so that one can do those delicious teetotum twirls. Part of the Bollyooma is done on all-fours, and for this one has the dearest little hand-shoes, which, of course, must match the other ones.

When Peggy Sandys and Lolly ffollyott were married last week at St. Hilary's, the Ramsgates sent out cards for a Bollyooma wedding, and Popsy Lady Ramsgate has been giving a series of Bollyooma dinners, a different step for each course, and the all-fours step for the dessert; and now the poor old dear has such a frightful attack of indy that she's forbidden to go anywhere or do anything!

A quite funny little thing happened yesterday. I was in my rest-room, having a cigarette and watching Yvonne dress my new doll (made to my order and just arrived from Paris) in all the correct things for a Bollyooma lunch, when Josiah came in. "Let me present you to Blanchette, my new pet," I said. "Isn't she a darling? She's being got ready to go to a Bollyooma lunch with me." My dear, he actually made quite a scene, sent Yvonne out of the room, threw Blanchette on the floor, and almost shouted, "What does it all mean? Has the world gone mad?" "My dear man," I answered, laughing, "the world went mad ages and ages ago. As for my poor dear doll, everybody has a doll now, and who am I that I should be different from the others? Dolls make the most ideal companions; they don't howl, they don't bother, and, best of all, they don't grow up and make one seem old!" And he said some immensely fearful things of all the people I know, and banged out of the room; and, though the poor dear doll's Bollyooma lunch frock was a ruin, I don't know when I've liked Josiah so well. Perhaps if he'd stormed at me oftener we should have been what old-fashioned people call a more united couple.

There's a small rage just now for having one's photo done *crying*. Your Blanche set the fashion. I'm one of those lucky people, as you know, who can shed tears without looking absolutely ricky, and my new photo, my eyes cast down on a letter in my hand, and the tears just falling gently down my cheeks, has had a *succès fou*. It's been in ever so many of the weeklies, and people have been simply awfully sweet about it. Babs and Beryl and quite several more have had weeping photos done since mine. Beryl's are pretty good, but Babs can't cry without making a face.

The letter I'm holding in the photo (this is for your own *own* ear only) was *really* the cause of my shedding some tears, and on that occasion, seeing myself in the mirror *tout éplorée*, I thought I'd have a weeping photo done. The letter was from Beryl, asking me down to Clarges Park, where she'd a large party to meet Kloppa, the little forest-man who's been said to be the Missing Link between *us* and *creatures*, and I was so entirely wretched to think that *I* hadn't secured him first for my party at Broadacres that I cried!

When I felt better I asked Professor Dimsdale if Kloppa is *really* the Missing Link between us and creatures. "Certainly not," said the dear Professor; and then he asked me if I took an interest in anthro-something. I said, No, it wasn't that, but if he *wasn't* the Missing Link I shouldn't so much mind Beryl's having had him down at Clarges Park; and the Professor said Kloppa was certainly not the Missing Link, because there wasn't *any* Missing Link; so I suppose we go straight on. I thanked him for taking quite a load off my mind, and now I tell everyone who's been staying at Clarges that they *haven't* met the Missing Link, because there isn't one, and we go straight on. Ever thine, Blanche.



Wife of his Bosom. "George, come orf of them seats, d'y' 'ear? Thet's the worst o' bringin' you ait, y' no sooner get a look at the swells than y' start swankin' it on the penny chairs!"

A FALLEN STAR.

I met him in Hyde Park. He was alone, sitting on one of the penny seats. I subsided into the next, wondering how soon his people would join him. Meanwhile I glanced at the paper.

Sitting there idly reading, and now and then stealing a glance at him, I was conscious of two things: one that he was asthmatic, and the other that he was profoundly unhappy. That he should be asthmatic was, of course, to be expected, but I did not like his melancholy.

Time passed, and no one arrived to look after him, and my paper was finished, and then, as I folded it up, he spoke. "Good afternoon," he said.

Why I was not astonished to be thus addressed by a pug dog I cannot say, but it seemed perfectly natural. "Good afternoon," I replied.

"It's a long time," he said, "since you saw any of my kind, I expect?"

"Now I come to think of it," I replied, "it is. How is that?"

"There's a reason," he said. "Put in a nutshell it's this: Peeks and Poms, or, if you like, Poms and Peeks." He wheezed horribly.

I asked him to be more explicit, and he amplified his epigram into Pekinese and Pomeranians.

"They're all the rage now," he explained; "and we're out in the cold. If you throw your memory back a dozen years or so," he went on, "you will recall our popularity."

As he spoke I did so. In the mind's eye I saw a sumptuous carriage and pair. The former was on C-springs, and a coachman and footman were on the box. They wore claret livery and cockades. The footman's arms were folded. His gloves were of a dazzling whiteness. The horses flung out their forelegs as though they lived on golden oats and champagne. In the carriage was an elderly commanding lady with an aristocratic nose; and in her lap was a pug dog of plethoric habit and a face as black as your hat.

My poor friend was watching me with streaming eyes. "What do you see?" he asked.

I told him.

"There you are," he said; "and what do you see to-day? There, look!"

I glanced up at his bidding, and a costly motor was gliding smoothly by. It weighed several tons, and its tyres were like circular pillows. On its shining door was a crest. The chauffeur was kept warm by Russian sables. Inside was another elderly lady, and in her arms was a russet Pekinese.

"And the next'll have a Pom," said the pug dismally, and wheezed again.

"So you see what I took away with me," he continued after a noisy pause. "It wasn't only pugs that went, you see. It was carriages and pairs, and the noise of eight hoofs all at once, and footmen with folded arms. We passed together. Peeks, Poms and Petrol took our place."

I sympathised with him. "You must transfer your affection to another class, that's all," I said. "If the nobs have gone back on you, there are still a great many pug-lovers left."

"No," he said, "that's no good; we want chicken. No, we had better become extinct." He wept like a number of syphons all leaking together.

"But that's not what worries me most," he resumed. "The thing that's on my mind is the loss to literature. The novelists of our time—and we had a long innings—knew our worth. When they drew a duchess with her ebony crutch-stick and all the rest of it, they saw that her constant ally, her Grand Vizier, so to speak, was properly drawn too. They made us too fat very often, but they did not forget us. We shall never find our way into novels any more. We are back numbers."

At this moment the man who has charge of the chairs came up for my penny, and when I looked round the dog had gone. I gave the penny.

"I'm afraid I must charge you twopence," the man said.

I asked him why.

"For the dog," he said.

"But it wasn't mine," I assured him. "It was a total stranger."

"Come now," he said; and to save trouble I paid him.

But how like a pug!



Country Doctor's Housemaid. "If you please, Sir, Mrs. Jones has sent to say Mr. Jones is dead, and she's bearin' up *wonderful.*"

From "Thoughts for To-day" in *The Dublin Evening Mail*:—

"The cow cannot possibly stand always bent, nor can human nature subsist without recreation.—Cervantes."

Advice to Farmers: Do not bend your cows.

UNCLE EDWARD.

Celia has more relations than would seem possible. I am gradually getting to know some of them by sight and a few more by name, but I still make mistakes. The other day, for instance, she happened to mention Uncle Godfrey.

"Godfrey," I said, "Godfrey. No, don't tell me—I shall get it in a moment. Godfrey . . . Yes, that's it; he's the architect. He lives at Liverpool, has five children and sent us the asparagus-cooler as a wedding present."

"No marks," said Celia.

"Then he's the unmarried one in Scotland who breeds terriers. I knew I should get it."

"As a matter of fact he lives in London and composes oratorios."

"It's the same idea. That was the one I meant. The great point is that I placed him. Now give me another one." I leant forward eagerly.

"Well, I was just going to ask you—have you arranged anything about Monday?"

"Monday," I said, "Monday. No don't tell me—I shall get it in a moment. Monday . . . He's the one who—— Oh, you mean the day of the week?"

"Who's a funny?" asked Celia of the teapot.

"Sorry, I really thought you meant another relation. What am I doing? I'm playing golf if I can find somebody to play with."

"Well, ask Edward."

I could place Edward at once. Edward, I need hardly say, is Celia's uncle; one of the ones I have not yet met. He married a very young aunt of hers, not much older than Celia.

"But I don't know him," I said.

"It doesn't matter. Write and ask him to meet you at the golf club. I'm sure he'd love to."

"Wouldn't he think it rather cool, this sudden attack from a perfectly unknown nephew? I fancy the first step ought to come from uncle."

"But you're older than he is."

"True. It's rather a tricky point in etiquette. Well, I'll risk it."

This was the letter I sent to him:—

"My dear Uncle Edward,—Why haven't you written to me this term? I have spent the five shillings you gave me when I came back; it was awfully ripping of you to give it me, but I have spent it now. Are you coming down to see me this term? If you aren't you might write to me, there is a post-office here where you can change postal orders.

"What I really meant to say was, can you play golf with me on Monday at Mudbury Hill? I am your new and favourite nephew, and it is quite time we met. Be at the club-house at 2.30, if you can. I don't quite know how we shall recognise each other, but the well-dressed man in the nut-brown suit will probably be me. My features are plain but good, except where I fell against the bath-taps yesterday. If you have fallen against anything which would give me a clue to your face you might let me know. Also you might let me know if you are a professor at golf; if you are, I will read some more books on the subject between now and Monday. Just at the moment my game is putrid.

"Your niece and my wife sends her love. Good-bye. I was top of my class in Latin last week. I must now stop, as it is my bath-night.

"I am, Your loving Nephew."

The next day I had a letter from my uncle:—

"My dear Nephew,—I was so glad to get your nice little letter and to hear that you were working hard. Let me know when it is your bath-night again; these things always interest me. I shall be delighted to play golf with you on Monday. You will have no difficulty in recognizing me. I should describe myself roughly as something like Apollo and something like Edmund Payne, if you know what I mean. It depends how you come up to me. I am an excellent golfer and never take more than two putts in a bunker.

"Till 2.30 then. I enclose a postal-order for sixpence, to see you through the rest of the term.

"Your favourite Uncle, Edward."

I showed it to Celia.

"Perhaps you could describe him more minutely," I said. "I hate wandering about vaguely and asking everybody I see if he's my uncle. It seems so odd."

"You're sure to meet all right," said Celia confidently. "He's—well, he's nice-looking and—and clean-shaven—and, oh, *you'll* recognize him."

At 2.30 on Monday I arrived at the club-house and waited for my uncle. Various people appeared, but none seemed in want of a nephew. When 2.45 came there was still no available uncle. True, there was one unattached man reading in a corner of the smoke-room, but he had a moustache—the sort of heavy moustache one associates with a Major.

At three o'clock I became desperate. After all, Celia had not seen Edward for some time. Perhaps he had grown a moustache lately; perhaps he had grown one specially for to-day. At any rate there would be no harm in asking this Major man if he was my uncle. Even if he wasn't he might give me a game of golf.

"Excuse me," I said politely, "but are you by any chance my Uncle Edward?"

"I don't *think* so," he said with an air of apology.

"I was almost certain you weren't, but I thought I'd just ask. I'm sorry."

"Not at all. Naturally one wants to find one's uncle. Have you—er—lost him long?"

"Years," I said sadly. "Er—I wonder if you would care to adopt me—I mean, give me a game this afternoon. My man hasn't turned up."

"By all means. I'm not very good."

"Neither am I. Shall we start now? Good."

I was sorry to miss Edward, but I wasn't going to miss a game of golf on such a lovely day. My spirits rose. Not even the fact that there were no caddies left, and I had to carry my own clubs, could depress me.

The Major drove. I am not going to describe the whole game; though my cleek shot at the fifth hole, from a hanging lie to within two feet of the—— However, I mustn't go into that now. But it surprised the Major a good deal. And when at the next hole I laid my brassie absolutely dead, he—— But I can tell you about that some other time. It is sufficient to say now that, when we reached the seventeenth tee, I was one up.

We both played the seventeenth well. He was a foot from the hole in four. I played my third from the edge of the green, and was ridiculously short, giving myself a twenty-foot putt for the hole. Leaving my clubs I went forward with the putter, and by the absurdest luck pushed the ball in.

"Good," said the Major. "Your game."

I went back for my clubs. When I turned round the Major was walking carelessly off to the next tee, leaving the flag lying on the green and my ball still in the tin.

"Slacker," I said to myself, and walked up to the hole.

And then I had a terrible shock. I saw in the tin, not my ball, but a—a moustache!

"Am I going mad?" I said. "I could have sworn that I drove off with a 'Colonel,' and yet I seem to have holed out with a Major's moustache!" I picked it up and hurried after him.

"Major," I said, "excuse me, you've dropped your moustache. It fell off at the critical stage of the match; the shock of losing was too much for you; the strain of——"

He turned his clean-shaven face round and grinned at me.

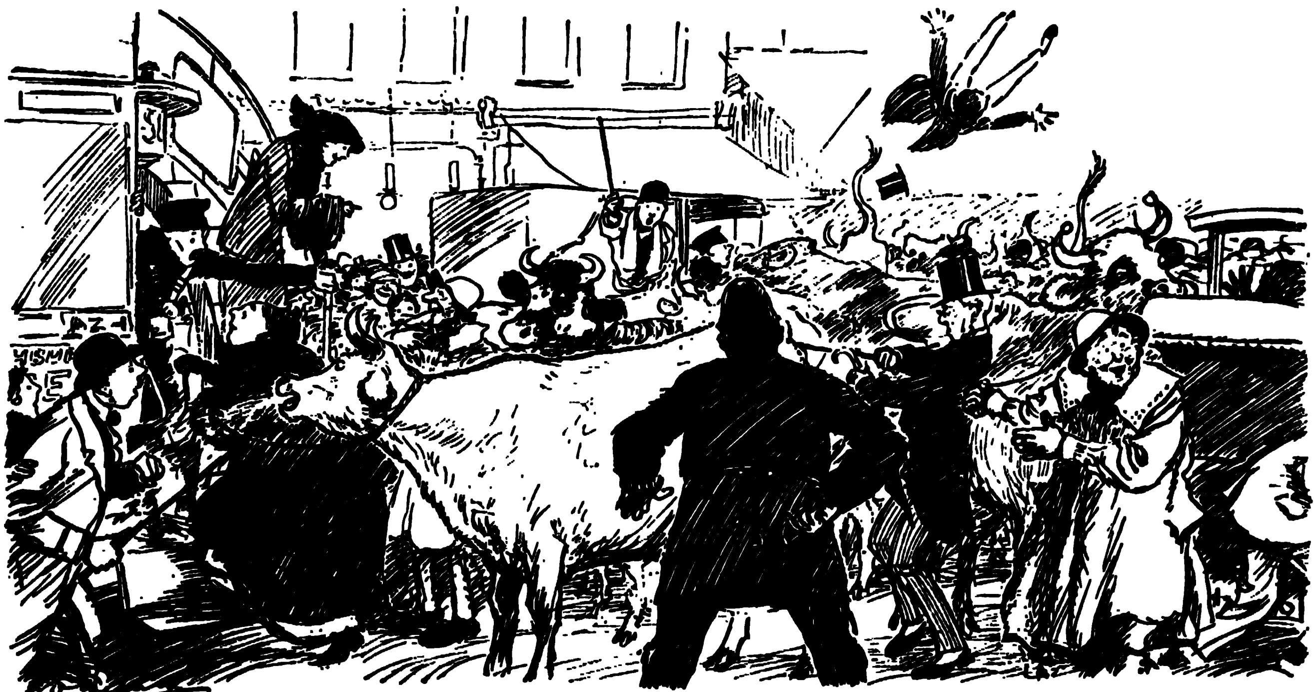
"I *am* your long-lost uncle."

A. A. M.

THE FREAK ADVERTISEMENT—WHAT IT MAY COME TO.



Good news for users of Simpkin's Scalp Invigorator. On November 5th *Free Barbering* in Ludgate Circus. Don't miss "Simpkin's-Day" in the City.



4·7 Concentrated Syrup of Beef-Eaters' Day, Saturday next. Real cows given away to *bona fide* consumers. Wear the syrup smile and win a cow.



THE CHOICE.

Sportsman. "Well, I *believe* I've got a bird down about half-a-mile back, and I *know* there's an excellent lunch ready in the barn there."

THE INFINITUDE OF COMMONPLACE.

By a Wilcox-worshipper.

["The charm of her verse is in itself a sufficient refutation of the ridiculous assumption that the appeal of poetry has passed. There may have been poets who have essayed to sing in a more sublime strain. But the very fact that Mrs. Wilcox points us to the infinitude of the commonplace proves how completely she has identified herself with what must be the mission of all art, and especially poetry, in the future."—R. Dimsdale Stocker.]

(*The gifted authoress speaks.*)

I will be kind. Though idiots often madly
Rush in where expert angels never tread,
I will endure their wild incursions gladly
And cheerfully bind up each broken head.
There is no vital use in being bitter;
There is no joy in acrimonious jeers;
There is more virtue in a simple titter
Than in a wilderness of clever sneers.

I will be strong. There is no room for weakness.
The feeble folk go to the wall at length;
And I should never have achieved uniqueness
But for a brain of quite colossal strength.
Yet must I never use it as a tyrant,
Or trample on the unobtrusive toad,
But rather stimulate the young aspirant
To tread with fearless feet the upward road.

I will be sane. Although a bard has written
Great wits to madness closely are allied,
Madmen at large, or men by mad dogs bitten,
Are deleterious to the countryside.
But short of madness there are many mortals
Who frequently betray a mental twist,
And, if they entered an asylum's portals,
Indubitably never would be missed.

I will be sweet. Though salt is sometimes tonic
There is no balsam in the boundless brine,
And in a soil where saline streaks are chronic
The kindly fruits of nature peak and pine.
Mine be the noble task to chant and chirrup
In numbers honey-sweet for man's relief,
To ease the cosmic ill with soothing syrup
And sugar-coat the acrid pill of grief.

I will be good. The high-born and the haughty
By sin are whelmed in dark, untimely doom;
Napoleon, though magnificent, was naughty,
And closed his life in exile and in gloom.
Great prelates, too, unworthy of the mitre,
Have smirched their fame by deeds of ill report;
And Sappho, though a meritorious writer,
Would not, I think, have been received at Court.

I will be great. Some lives are all sedateness,
And some like sabres in their scabbards rust,
And some tremendous souls are born to greatness,
And some again have greatness on them thrust.
My place is with the third; sent as a healer,
To mitigate mankind's momentous lot,
I shall endure, the only Ella Wheeler,
When even Martin Tupper is forgot.

A testimonial from the catalogue of a Live Fish Company:—

"Dear Sir,—We are so delighted with the delicious fish of this morning and we are very much obliged to you for same. Kindly send in bill as often as you like."

This is just the line we have often taken ourselves with regard to our own commodities, but it has never been popular.



THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

Mr. Asquith (*waiting for the "patter" to finish*). "THIS IS THE PART THAT MAKES ME NERVOUS!"



A WANT OF TACT.

"Oh—er—I want this photograph framed. I want it done very nicely, with a cream mount and a gold——"

"Yes, Miss; I understand, Miss; exactly similar to the last, Miss."

ONCE UPON A TIME.

Waste.

Once upon a time there were three toadstools. They were not the fat brown ones like buns with custard underneath, or the rich crimson ones with white spots, or the delicate purple ones. They were merely small white ones, a good deal more like mushrooms than it was quite fair to make them.

They sprang up within a few inches of each other, and with every moment added to their stature, and, as they grew, they discussed life in all its branches and planned for themselves distinguished careers . . .

The eldest was not more than eighteen hours old, which is a good age for a toadstool, when an angry boy on his way home from the village school kicked him into smithereens for not being a mushroom — which is the toadstool's unpardonable sin.

The younger brothers, watching the tragedy, vowed to fulfil their destiny with better success than that and forthwith they prepared a placard that ran as follows (in a form of words which was not perhaps strictly original, but, like most of the jokes at which audiences laugh, was none the worse for that):—

> To the Nobility and Gentry of Toadland.
>
> YOU WANT THE BEST SEATS.
> WE HAVE THEM.

Having placed this notice in a prominent position they waited.

For some time nothing happened, and then an extremely portly and aristocratic toad, with eyes of burning amber and one of the most decorative waistcoats out of Bond Street, waddled towards the expectant brothers, read the advertisement, and sat heavily down on the nearer of them. I need hardly say that the stool was crushed to pieces beneath his weight, while the toad himself sustained, as the papers say, more than a few contusions, and was in a disgusting temper.

It was not long afterwards that a small girl, who had been sent out by her mother to pick mushrooms, added the surviving brother to her basket with a little cry of triumph. "What a beauty!" she said, and hurried home with the prize.

But her mother was very sharp about it. "Do you want us all in our graves?" she said as she picked the toadstool up and flung it into the ashbin.

"And not even the satisfaction of poisoning any one!" he murmured as life left him.

From the report of a lecture in *The Birkenhead News*:—

> "The modern tongue is capable, in competent hands, of rendering the subtlest distinctions of thought, feeling, and imagination."

Hence the expression to "hold the tongue."

> "Ex-shakphoknominology.
> Second Edition enlarged."
> "*Times*" *Literary Supplement.*

Yet pessimists continue to complain that it is a frivolous age.

MR. PUNCH'S FOOTBALL EXPERTS.

Although *Mr. Punch* has watched with sympathy the spirited policy of one of his contemporaries in employing such authorities on the winter game as Lady Helen Forbes and Mr. Pett Ridge to report football matches, he feels that the scheme is capable of development. There are others able and willing to let the public have pen-pictures of the game they love so well. Graphic accounts of last Saturday's matches by some of his own corps of special reporters are appended:—

Bermondsey Hornets
v.
Hanley Wolves.
By
D-v-d Ll-yd G--rge.
Hornets 2. Wolves 0.

I am a comparatively poor man, but, if I were half as poor as the work in front of goal of the Hanley Wolves, I should be tempted to give up the Stock Exchange altogether as too risky. It was this, combined with the spectacle of that great track of uncultivated land (land which might have been congested with happy and prosperous agriculturists), that spoiled my Saturday afternoon. And this is going on all over the country, while British labourers emigrate to America. I spoke to a Bermondsey farmer after the match, and he gave me some figures which appalled me. Every footballer destroys twenty turnips a day. You cannot have half-backs and agricultural prosperity. You must choose between outside rights and inside wrongs. I looked into the housing of the spectators. In many cases whole families were packed into a space which a sardine would have considered inadequate. I saw ten reporters huddled together in a single room. I have no remedy to suggest. I merely mention the facts.

Plymouth Tigers
v.
Newcastle Corporals.
By
W-nst-n Ch-rch-ll.
Tigers 2. Newcastle 2.

The pointless struggle between these two great teams, the third in three successive matches, encourages me to think that the time is now ripe for some sane arrangement for the reduction of excessive armaments. For years team-building has gone on between these two football-centres with ever-increasing activity. In 1909, the Tigers spent £3,501 19*s.* 3*d.* on their front line. Newcastle replied by purchasing Scotsmen to the value of £4,002 18*s.* 5*d.* In 1910, Newcastle paid over six thousand pounds for backs of the Dreadnought class. The Tigers responded by laying down a new goal-keeper at a cost of well into the seventh thousand. And so it has gone on ever since. Now, the proposal which I put forward in the name of His Majesty's Government is simply this. Let Plymouth say to Newcastle: "If you will put off buying centre-forwards for twelve months from the ordinary date when you would have opened negotiations with the slave-dealers, we will put off buying half-backs in absolutely good faith for exactly the same period." That would mean that there would be a complete holiday for one year between Plymouth and Newcastle. The relative strength of the two teams would be absolutely unchanged.

Sheffield Tuesday Afternoon
v.
Leytonstone Hotstuffs.
By
S-lv-a P-nkh-rst.
Tuesday Afternoons 0. Hotstuffs 0.

The crude exhibition of masculine fatuity which attracted 30,000 prejudiced males to Leytonstone on Saturday ended, as one might have foreseen, in a result which was no result—a result as negative and fruitless as the Government's opposition to the Cause. A pointless draw, I heard it called by one man. Another, a moment later, stated that each side had secured a point. Can anything better illustrate the futilities and contradictions of this man-made sport? As long as football is confined to one sex, as long as Man guards it jealously as his special preserve, so long will this inane state of things continue. Women are not permitted to become members of First League teams. What is the result? Idiotic and ineffectual struggles like Saturday's at Leytonstone. These footballers do not know the rudiments of warfare. Not a single member of either eleven carried with him on to the field a bomb, a horse-whip or even a hat-pin. There was an autocratic official who, I believe, is known as the referee. I saw this man blow his whistle and refuse to allow one burly player a goal which he had scored. What did the player, the craven, do? Did he hunger-strike, like a man of spirit? No, he took it lying down. For the rest, the Hotstuffs wear rather sweet shirts, pink relieved with a green insertion; and the Tuesday Afternoons' goal-keeper has a nice face.



HINTS TO MILLIONAIRES.

Have a taximeter fitted to your private car for the benefit of some charitable object and send the total registered each day to the charity.

"THINGS I CANNOT FORGET."

(*Published to-day.*)

This charming and brilliant volume of reminiscences, issued by Mr. Goodleigh Chump, is the work of that universal favourite, Mr. "Hobby" Binns, the brother of that distinguished American publicist, Senator Binns, and forms an agreeable pendant to the volume which recently emanated from the cultured pen of Mr. Frederick Martin. Wealthy, cultivated, and accomplished, Mr. Binns has travelled everywhere and met everybody—at least everybody who is also somebody. His recollections range from Mr. Gladstone to Lola Montez, and they have the merit of being expressed in an admirably vivid style, as the following extracts will abundantly prove. For example, when Mr. Binns asked Mr. Gladstone whether he was an Anti-Semite, the G.O.M. replied, "How could I be when my name is a translation of Gluckstein and my favourite fish is salmon?" And yet there are those who say that Mr. Gladstone had no sense of humour!

Mr. Binns, staunch republican though he is, is never happier than when he is discussing royal or imperial personages. There is nothing more charming in the book than the following touching anecdote of the venerable Emperor of Austria:—

"The Emperor of Austria-Hungary was at Biarritz in the 'nineties, and I can just remember once receiving a despairing note from Mrs. Hunter Tufton,



CHRONIQUE SCANDALEUSE.

Gossip (*at top of her voice as tube train rushes along*). "'WHY DO I STOP TALKING AT THE STATIONS'? MY GOOD GIRL, DO YOU SUPPOSE I WANT EVERYBODY TO HEAR ALL ABOUT AUNT SOPHIE AND THE CHAUFFEUR?"

bidding me come to her villa at once. 'Dear old Hobby,' she wrote, 'I am in the deuce of a fix. The EMP. proposes to dine with me to-morrow night, and I've only fourteen footmen. For the love of goodness send me a few of your men.' I sent back word at once that I should be delighted to send six of my men, who were all much pleased at the idea of serving the EMPEROR. On the evening all went well until the *sorbet* was served, when my head valet lost his nerve and upset the *sorbet* down the back of the EMPEROR'S neck. My man began to sob and cry, saying, 'For Heaven's sake forgive me, Sire; I have a wife and five small children.' FRANZ JOSEF then, as always, behaved like a perfect gentleman. He turned to the man, who was ashen-grey with fright, and said, '*Nunquam mens*, old cocky; it wasn't your fault. I leaned back just at the wrong moment. Say no more about it;' and in ten minutes he had changed into another uniform and was back again at the dinner-table as if nothing had happened. My man's comment to me afterwards was thoroughly characteristic: 'Oh! Sir, fancy an Emperor being so considerate. Why, he might have cut my head off on the spot!'"

OUR TAINTED EDUCATION.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "Paterfamilias," but whom we believe to be nothing of the sort, writes to protest against the introduction of politics into the school teaching of the present day. "The English History lesson," he very truly says, "has long been a medium for disseminating the particular political opinions of the teacher; and, in arithmetic, sums involving a mental struggle with exports and imports are, in my opinion, to be gravely suspected. I need hardly add that a vast amount of criticism of the War Office can be introduced into half-an-hour's lesson in geography. And the evil continues to spread.

"Not very long ago I discovered my youngest child in the bathroom moistening a postage stamp with a bath-sponge, because she had been instructed at school that microbes lurk in the gum of stamps and that to lick them imperils the health. I wrote at once a strong letter to her schoolmistress, objecting to the unloading of this pernicious political nonsense on to the immature intelligence of a child of tender years, and a somewhat curt reply came back to the effect that it was not politics at all, but hygiene!

"Yesterday my son came home from school full of new facts about what his schoolmaster is pleased to call natural history. But, Sir, only a brief questioning sufficed to reveal that under the guise of nature-study my child is learning some of the most dangerous political doctrines of the day, especially those relating to the foodstuffs in favour among the feathered dwellers in our woods and copses.

"Hygiene and natural history, forsooth! Ten minutes in almost any railway compartment in the country are surely enough to convince anybody with a pair of ears that such matters, far from being merely associated with hygiene and natural history, have become the very life-blood of the politics of our time."

THE PATIENT.

"No, Francesca," I said, "I will not."

"What, you won't take your medicine?"

"No, nothing shall induce me even to look at it."

"But is that wise?"

"No, it is probably the height of folly, but I am beyond caring for that. I have a gnawing pain in my—Ow-ow, there it is again—in my right big toe, and you choose that moment to talk to me about medicine. Is that tactful? Francesca, I had expected better things of you."

"But Dr. Willett said it would relieve you."

"How can he know?" I said. "I have had one dose of his hateful fluid, and I'm sure it has thrown me back a whole week."

"Oh, my dear," said Francesca, "how can you possibly tell?"

"And, if I can't tell, who can? Dr. Willett can't. I, at any rate, can *feel* what it does to me. It gives me cold shudders up and down my back and makes me want to cry. Can that be a good result?"

"Did you really want to cry?" she said with some interest.

"I did," I said. "I often do want to, but I restrain myself. I have one of those stern and unbending natures—— Ow-ow, it's got me again. Francesca, can't you do something? Must you stand there and smile?"

"I will banish my smile," she said, "since it seems to distress you; but I was thinking of your stern and unbending nature."

"And now," I said bitterly, "you are—how shall I express it?—you are quoting me against myself. You are chopping straws with a miserable invalid who is nailed to his bed and cannot lift a foot to defend himself. Is that generous? Is it even just? Great Heavens, Francesca, how do you suppose a big toe like mine can endure to have straws chopped at it? Oh, oh."

"There," she said, "I knew you'd do yourself harm if you got excited."

"I was never calmer in my life," I said.

"Then this is the moment for smoothing your pillow and helping you to put on your flannel jacket."

"You shall smooth my pillow, if you like; but you shall not speak of my old rowing coat as a flannel jacket."

"Certainly not," she said, "if you object. We women have no sense of the dignity of things, have we?"

"Now you are getting peevish," I said. "I cannot bear people to be peevish. And, as to my old rowing coat, I simply couldn't face it in this condition. It would be a mockery."

"But it will keep you warm," she said; and with a few deft movements she robed me in it.

"There," she said, "you'll be more comfortable now."

"If you think so, Francesca, you deceive yourself. I have not been at all comfortable, and therefore I cannot be *more* comfortable. That stands to reason."

"I know," she said. "It *is* a shame."

"Yes, it is. I wonder why I of all men should have the gout."

"Oh," she said cheerfully, "that's easily answered. Dinners, you know, and champagne and port. I'm told they're all deadly."

"And that," I said, "shows how you misjudge me."

"But you have had some dinners, you know."

"Only one a day, and that a meagre one."

"And you have drunk some port and champagne."

"A thimbleful here and there," I said. "How can that matter?"

"But Dr. Willett——"

"I will not have Dr. Willett thrown in my teeth."

"Well, he has to examine your tongue, you know."

"Francesca, your jests are ill-timed. I want you to realize that my gout is not rich man's gout, due to excess in eating and drinking. It is poor man's gout, due to under-feeding and over-working and worry."

"They all say that," said Francesca. "Sir William Bowles is most emphatic about his gout, and Charlie Carter always tells me he can't make out why he should have it, living such a simple life as he does."

"There you are, you see. The men who ought to know best all agree with me."

"Not a bit of it," she said. "They both said they quite understood why *you* had the gout, with your City dinners and all that."

"I despise them and their opinions."

"That's right. It'll do you good. And now I must go out. I've got to see Mrs. Hollister."

"Francesca," I said, "you are going to desert me for a Hollister?"

"Well," she said, "I'm sure you ought to rest. You've been talking a great deal."

"I have scarcely," I said, "opened my mouth. However, if you must go, go at once."

"Shall I send Frederick in to entertain you?"

"No," I said, "I am not up to Frederick, though he is only six years old."

"He is a very intelligent boy."

"That's just it," I said. "He's too intelligent. He has suddenly developed a passion for the multiplication table. He would ask me eleven times eleven, or eleven times twelve, and I should not be able to answer. I am afraid he would cease to respect me."

"Very well," she said, "I will withdraw Frederick, but only on condition that you take your medicine."

"Bah!" I said.

"Just one good gulp will do it . . . There, it wasn't so bad after all, was it?"

"Francesca," I said, "it was simply execrable."

R. C. L.

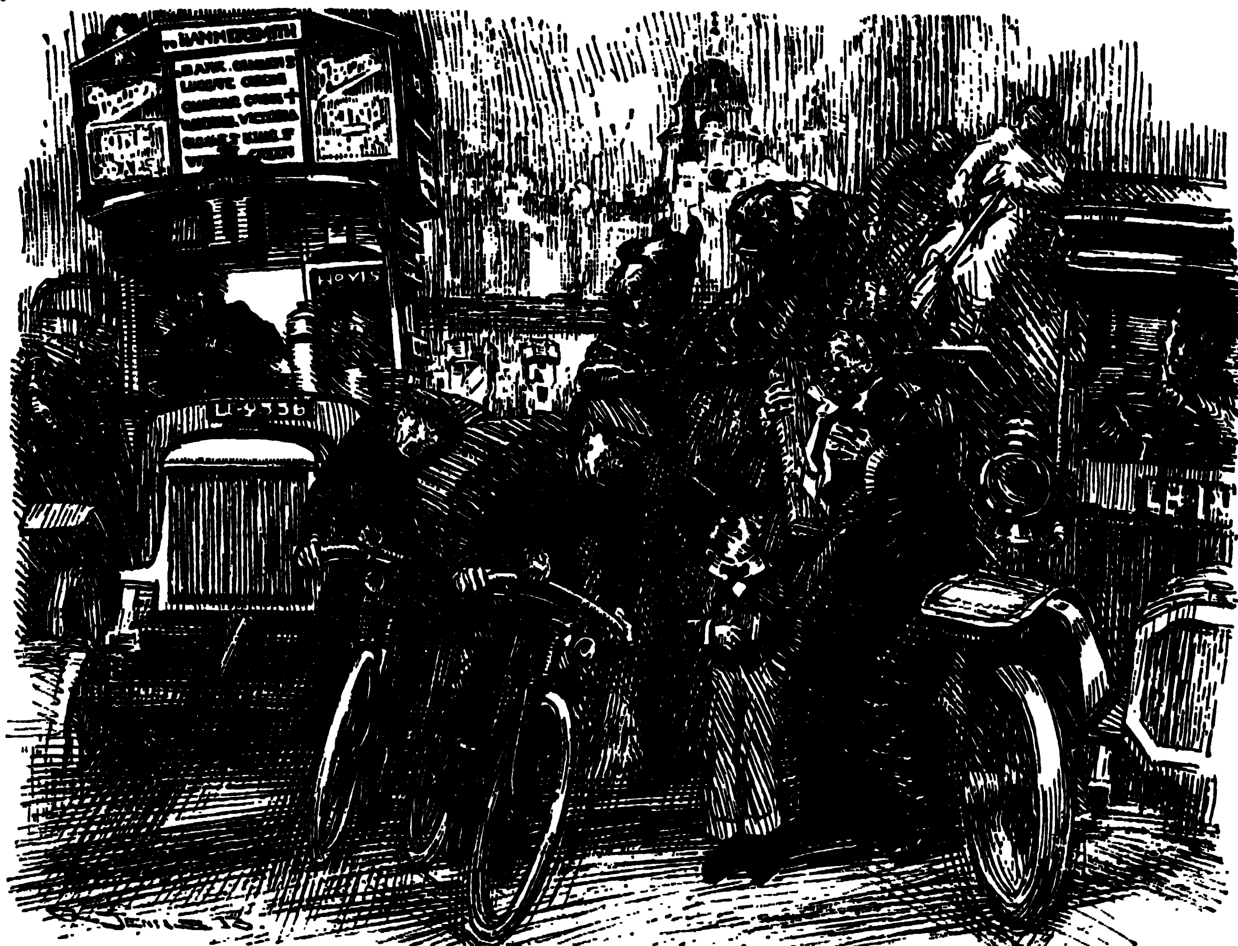
THE PERFECT SMOKE.

(*A Hint to Young Men.*)

I never loved the baleful briar-wood,
Nor longed for any herb but asphodel,
But then they said it did the system good,
Nerves and all that. I bought a pipe—and fell.
Pale and alone I sucked the sacred reed;
I drew deep breaths, and chunks of fragrant weed
Swept through the orifice, a good old feed,
And golden juice from some perennial well.

A cold, cold sweat stood wanly on my brow,
Yet still I plied its vile unnatural cause.
While hardened smokers came and showed me how,
And took great pains to tell me all their laws—
How such a herb was fit for men more skilled,
And such was mild, or hot or opium-filled;
I hated it—and them—and yet, weak-willed,
Held ever some foul tube between my jaws.

For, while I hated, habit held me tight,
Till soon I saw the essence of the show
Was, after all, to keep the thing alight—
And why need that impair the vitals so?
One can have all—the something hard to chew,
The something (not too difficult) to do—
Yet never draw the fatal juices through,
Nor die of smoker's heart. *You simply blow.*



DETACHMENT.

Albert (always eager to improve himself). "AUNTIE, WAS KATHARINE OF ARAGON THE FIFTH OR SIXTH WIFE OF HENRY THE EIGHTH?"

OUR COUNTRY DIARY.

(*By the "Rural On-looker.*)

Saturday, October 25th, 1913.—The reference made by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in the opening speech of the Land Campaign, to the serious depredations made by pheasants has brought me a huge mass of correspondence. I understand that among economists this statement is generally regarded as the most arresting and important item in all that terrible indictment. But I am myself more closely in touch with sportsmen and naturalists, who also have much to say upon the subject. I have, for instance, a letter from a Highland Laird who writes (from his castle on the Wee Wheen Saft Estate, near the Yetts of Drumtoolie):—"The habits of black-game in this district have often been a source of considerable surprise to visiting naturalists. During the month of September they would seem to subsist almost entirely upon a diet of mushrooms, and they frequently approach quite close to the house in their voracious search for this succulent fungus. We often pot them from the bedroom windows on wet afternoons. But reformers are beginning to feel that some compensation is due to the school-children who, if they cannot bring home to their mothers the customary supplies, will naturally be deprived of their winter ketchup."

"Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S statement does not surprise me in the least," writes "An Old Naturalist" from Ballyfolly, Co. Down. "Anyone who has ever seen the wild duck in this district gathering up the butter-cups on the lawn after a shower of rain will have no difficulty at all in accepting it."

"Small Holder" writes from Kent to the effect that he has never suffered any inconvenience from pheasants; and the CHANCELLOR, in his opinion, is entirely upon the wrong tack. What he wants is adequate protection—or compensation, or both—in the matter of the depredations of badgers. It is perfectly heart-rending, he says, to observe them at work, digging up potatoes.

"Let the whole matter be fully ventilated," demands a certain Market Gardener (who writes from The Day Nurseries, Chorley-cum-Bootle). "I can tell you I am running up a pretty bill for scarecrows this season. Business is becoming almost impossible owing to the prevalence of coveys of grouse in the strawberry beds."

That the CHANCELLOR'S powerful words have not been spoken in vain is already made sufficiently clear by the sudden and startling advance in the price of wire-netting.

"Advertiser seeks birth in wine cellars."
Advt. in "Wine and Spirit Trade Record."

To be born in the purple vats, with a silver corkscrew in his mouth—how it must appeal to Advertiser.

"Assistant master wanted for private school in Germany; salary £84; Germany unnecessary."—*Advt. in "Manchester Guardian."*

Perhaps; but still, there she is.

"A very picturesque note was lent by a corps of Lascar seamen from the Anchor Line in their blue native costumes and red turbines."
Journal of Commerce.

Both picturesque and appropriate.

AT THE PLAY.

"Between Sunset and Dawn."
"The Green Cockatoo."

Seven hours by the directions in the programme — actually less than two hours by stage reckoning—seem, perhaps, a short allowance of time for a man to make his first acquaintance with a woman, become intimate with her to the length of Christian names, propose elopement, change his mind, and then stab her fatally in the back. But things move fast in a doss-house, where the hesitancies and circumlocutions of ordinary life are apt to be ignored; and matters may be still further accelerated when one of the parties happens to be mad.

The real trouble was that nobody, except, perhaps, the madman himself, was in the secret of his mental estrangement. Looking back, one recognises certain indications of it; but at the time, unfamiliar as we were with the accepted manners of a doss-house management, we assumed that the opprobrious terms in which *Jim Harris* addressed his mother, constantly offering to "wring her —— neck," represented the ordinary filial attitude towards a gin-sodden parent in those circles. I admit that a drunken acquaintance of his did hint that *Jim* was an eccentric, but as, at the same time, he referred contemptuously to his habit of reading books, we merely took this to be the author's satire upon a society in which a taste for culture was regarded as a sign that its owner was not all there.

Some, again, might have suspected his sanity when he was prepared with an easy conscience to run away with another man's wife, but was put off by the fact that she had told her husband a lie about his feelings for her. Personally, I trace no indication of madness in this nice distinction on a point of honour. Indeed, I found so much method in the madness of his final act that it seemed to me the most reasonable solution of the difficulty. It was impossible to let her return to the savagery of her legal husband; and, since it was unthinkable that she should be allowed to go on the streets, the only alternative was that he should go off with her, a scheme from which her instincts had always revolted, and which had been abandoned by him on the ground of her proved capacity for lying. So he killed her, in the certain knowledge that he was saving her from a life of horror or shame, and in the vague hope that he was sending her straight to heaven, and might possibly follow her by way of the gallows.

One was reminded of the spiritual sanity that inspired the madman in Browning's poem, *Porphyria's Lover*, where the girl's soul is saved by the killing of her body:—

"I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around
And strangled her."

Mr. Norman McKinnel has become so habituated to the brutal method, of which he is a past master, that he finds difficulty in relaxing his facial muscles to the semblance of amorous infatuation. But this only lent an air of





Between 9.45 and 11 p.m.

(1) Mr. Norman McKinnel, as *Jim Harris*, does his great knife-in-the-back feat.

(2) Mr. Norman McKinnel, as *Henry*, does it again.

naturalness to what, in the play, purported to be a first essay in love-making. It seemed to me a very intelligent performance, but then—and I say it without boastfulness—experience has given me no standard of doss-house manners to go by. Mr. Edmond Breon, as *Bill Higgins*, the drunken husband, looked the part to admiration. Miss Ada King was an astoundingly lifelike figure as *Mrs. Harris*, and, whether or not the name was chosen by design, there is no doubt that the imaginary bosom-friend of *Sairy Gamp* has now become incarnate. But my deepest gratitude I reserve for Miss May Blayney, in the part of *Liz Higgins*. Here we did not simply say, "This looks like a clever piece of play-acting, a *tour de force* in something outside the common experience"; rather we felt, by an intuition which responded to her own, that she had merged her personality in that of the woman, body and soul.

The Green Cockatoo, a "grotesque" in one Act, which followed this grim little tragedy in the "Grand Guignol" vein, was the name of a subterranean tavern in Paris which the aristocracy used to frequent for the joy of meeting various desperadoes, who recounted the story of their crimes. Actually they were just innocent mummers who flattered themselves that they were imposing upon the credulity of their audience, though the *habitués* of the place had, of course, got beyond the stage of deception.

Among the actors is a certain *Henry*, who has just married a notorious courtesan of the stage, and proposes to lead the simple life with her in the provinces. He comes in to tell how he has found his wife intriguing with the *Duc de Cadignan* and has killed that nobleman. The old hands in the stage-audience regard his performance as a very fine sample of histrionics; but so circumstantial and probable is his story that we in the other audience are left in doubt whether he has not been giving us a slice of actual life. Meanwhile *Henry* learns from the evidence of an actual criminal (who happens to find himself in this atmosphere of imagined crime and can't get anyone to listen to his true tale of murder) that at least a part of his story is true: that his wife has indeed been unfaithful to him. At this moment the alleged corpse enters, less concerned about his love-affair than about the Revolutionary mob that holds the streets outside. *Henry* at once plants a knife in his betrayer's back (Mr. McKinnel's second mortal blow with the same weapon in the same quarter of the anatomy during the course of one evening), and in the popular enthusiasm provoked by the announcement of the fall of the Bastille his act is regarded as a sound and citizenlike piece of work.

An excellent little drama, full of colour and movement, and with a nice ironic blend of comedy and tragedy, but perhaps rather complicated and overcrowded (there are two-and-twenty characters) for a one-Act play. O. S.

Commercial Candour.

"What Ho! She Bumps (a slang expression) aptly describes the running of the —— car."
Advt. in "Ceylon Morning Leader."



Motorist (who has run over a patriarchal fowl). "BUT THE PRICE IS VERY HIGH. THE BIRD'S IN HIS SECOND CHILDHOOD!"
Irish Peasant. "IT'S THE THRUE WORD YER HONOUR'S SPAKIN'; THIM YOUNG CHICKENS IS TERRIBLE DEAR AT THIS SAISON."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THOUGH some of his novels are better than others there is no such thing as a bad novel by Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. He seems incapable of those side-slips which mar the smooth career of most authors. Just where on the list I should place *The Children of the Sea* (HUTCHINSON) I hardly know. In some ways it is the finest piece of work he has ever done. Very few novelists could have treated so horrible a central idea with the same delicacy. It is extraordinary how, without weakening his story in any way, he contrives to avoid grossness. For this reason, I think I should place the book at the head of his list, considered purely as an example of the art of writing. On the other hand, I have enjoyed reading some of his other works a good deal more. Perhaps "bracketed first" is the best decision. Of the three books into which the story is divided, I liked the first best, which is set in the Sea of Japan, and culminates with the adventure which ultimately wrecked the life of *Erikr Ericsson*, of the cable-laying ship, the *President Girling*. There is nobody like Mr. STACPOOLE for conveying scenery and atmosphere in a few sentences; and he is at his best in his descriptions of the strange colony of sea-women among the sand-hills by the Japanese telegraph station. Iceland is the scene of Books Two and Three; and here the author, though just as successful in handling his material, has less attractive material to handle. It is in the second book that *Schwalla*, the cousin of his shipmate *Magnus*, comes into *Ericsson's* life. Their love-story has something of the quality of a saga. It is great with a greatness in keeping with its background of sea and rocks and ice; and over it broods the ever-deepening shadow of the final tragedy. If ever there was a story devised to inspire pity and terror, this is it. I do not recommend the book to those who demand a happy ending from their novels; and I doubt whether it will have the popularity of its predecessor from the same pen, *The Order of Release*; but there can be no two opinions as to its artistic merits.

Tide Marks (METHUEN), by MARGARET WESTRUP (Mrs. SYDNEY STACEY), is more ambitious than a delightful work by the same author entitled *Elizabeth's Children*. That earlier book had, I think, a quite unusual vein of humour and sentiment, and the characters concerned were nice human people who moved and spoke in a very real amusing world. But now I am afraid that Mrs. STACEY wishes to advance in her art, and I suspect that the simple humours of *Elizabeth's Children* seem to her very tame and commonplace beside the vagaries of her new heroine. The lady in question is, to quote the publishers, "the child of a gipsy mother and an ascetic father," and she has inherited, of course, a quantity of temperament which she splashes about upon the rocks and moors of Cornwall. It is regrettable that Cornwall lends itself rather too readily to loose colour and haphazard passion, and I am beginning to feel that its use as a background in the novels of the day is very often a confession of weakness. In any case, the sea and the gipsy mother and the ascetic father have proved quite too much for Mrs. STACEY'S heroine, who is as unconvincing

and unsatisfactory a creature as ever ate pilchards. The author is happier in less exotic company, and I hope that in her next book she will give us one of her own delightful studies in ordinary human beings rather than an imitative portrait of a girl who is both unpleasant and unreal.

Of all the female, not to say feminist, stories that ever I read, *Gold Lace* (Chapman and Hall) seems the most entirely characteristic. So much so that I question whether the mere male reviewer is qualified to appreciate the *nuances* of Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's conception. There is really nothing whatever in the story but atmosphere; that, however, seems to me to be fairly well done. It is by no means a pleasant or exhilarating atmosphere, but that is not the point. The scene of it is a small garrison and naval town in Ireland (you can fairly easily supply the original of it for yourself); and the story, such as it is, treats of the relations between the migrant Service visitors and the resident youth and beauty of the place. Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne writes, I take it, with some sense of Mission. It is hers, as it was the part of her heroine, *Rhoda Henry*, the London-bred girl who came to stay in Rainville, to implant in the minds of the local ladies a divine discontent with the conditions of their existence, especially as it is affected by the visiting officers. Flirted with, even embraced, they might be, all without knowing anything really of the lives and homes of their temporary swains. *Gold Lace* is, in short, the story of men with a sweetheart in every port, told from the point of view of the sweetheart. *Rhoda* sets herself to correct all this, to teach the damsels of Rainville independence and the art of keeping itinerant gold-lace at a respectful distance. This process the author poetically calls, "The Flowering of London Pride." If you object that it is all somewhat thin, I shall have nothing to say. In spite of some reality in the characters, my own impression was of a good light comedy theme mishandled as serious drama, which is a pity.



ANOTHER WORLD'S WORKER.

The Post Office expert who deciphers difficult addresses.

In *Pillars of Society* (Nisbet) Mr. A. G. Gardiner gives us a second selection from his portrait-gallery of the celebrated. His method is now well known. The brutal spite that leads to bludgeon-work has no attraction for him. If, for instance, fate had imposed on him the duty of doing Mr. Blank's work as editor of *The Roaring Review*, it is safe to assume that he would have carried his task through with perfect efficiency and despatch, but he would not have left on his readers the impression that they had been taking part in a low public-house brawl. It is fortunate for Liberals that their champion in the personal style of journalism should have so strong a sense of literary courtesy that, when occasion requires, he can polish off his foe with a series of rapier-thrusts that leave the victim smiling in spite of his pain. When Mr. Gardiner wishes to slay or scarify (the occasions are rare) he does not dip his pen—I crave pardon for varying my metaphors; but what are metaphors meant for if not to be varied?—he does not dip his pen in vitriol, but in the no less deadly mixture of his subject's own egotism, vanity, ambition and unwarranted self-respect. If he compares Mr. St. Loe Strachey with *Pecksniff* it is only because Mr. Strachey himself has, in a moment of what may be called unctuous recklessness, made that very comparison. "To Mr. and Mrs. Webb," says Mr. Gardiner in another essay, "we are statistics. We are marshalled in columns, and drilled in tables, and explained in appendices. We do not move to some far-off divine event, but to a miraculous perfection of machinery and a place in decimals." The book is full of these agreeable flashes of literary lightning.

If you intend later to die famous you cannot be too careful now in your choice of a private secretary, seeing that he is bound to turn biographer after your decease. Cecil Rhodes, careless of many things, was particularly incautious in this respect; he employed, among others, Mr. Gordon le Sueur, obviously a most competent secretary, but a too candid, minute and fearless critic to be entrusted with one's posthumous fame. I had always imagined Mr. Rhodes to be exclusively employed in building empires; if ever he condescended to the smaller pastimes, I took it for granted that he performed them with an easy grace and a magnificent perfection. I now learn from *Cecil Rhodes, the Man and his Work* (Murray), that in his off-moments he shot recklessly and indifferently, sat with insecurity in his saddle, ate voraciously, swore copiously, lost his temper often, and cracked the poorest and most dismal of jests. Luckily his greatness was such that it does not suffer by so intimate an exposure of his minor habits, and the biographer, no mere detractor, but a loyal, if scrupulous admirer, is alive to this. It may have been his deliberate intention to emphasise the god-like attributes of his subject by setting them against a background of human weaknesses; if this be so, Mr. le Sueur has succeeded in his purpose and committed a peculiarly noble act of friendship, seeing that it was the habit of Mr. Rhodes, ever generous with his own possessions, to make lavish distributions also from the not too complete wardrobes of his secretaries. This one in particular has reason to believe that what was once his best dress-coat is at the moment adorning the back of a Matabele mendicant! Mr. le Sueur has not taken his revenge, but has paid a proper tribute to the memory of his master, hero and despoiler.

More Olympic Talent.

"Mr. A. Bassett, farmer, Acton Trussell, near Stafford, has lifted a potato which turns the scale at 4½ lbs."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

We take off our hat to the Hercules of Acton Trussell.

CHARIVARIA.

Those American papers which hinted at the possibility of war between their country and ours on the subject of Mexico did not know what they were talking about. The preparations for the celebration of the One Hundred Years' Peace between the two nations are far too advanced to allow of hostilities.

* * *

A destroyer of destroyers was launched at Chatham last week. The Germans are now said to be at work on a destroyer of destroyers of destroyers. And so the game goes on.

* * *

On the occasion of his visit to Austria, Reuter tells us, the German Emperor shot no fewer than 1,189 pheasants. The statement, originating in Liberal circles in this country, that His Majesty afterwards received a deputation of grateful Mangold-wurzelheimers, is declared to be untrue.

* * *

During a golf match at Acton a crow picked up the ball of a Mr. A. S. Smith and, after flying with it for some distance, dropped it in a deep ditch. It looks as if the bird had mistaken itself for a pheasant, and Mr. Smith for Mr. Lloyd George.

* * *

Mr. Redmond is said to be much gratified at the news that an influential meeting to protest against "Carsonism" has been held at the Ulster town of Ballymoney. "It 's your Ballymoney we want" has long been the Home Rulers' message to Ulster.

* * *

We are in a position to deny the rumour that the cruiser *Terpsichore* was blown up the other day by the Italian F Rays. We are informed that the explosion took place amid British Hoo Rays.

* * *

The Secretary of the National Anti-Vivisection Society is alleged to have disappeared. Also £5,000. If this should prove to be something more than a coincidence it will perhaps be a consolation to the Secretary to know that in any event the Society will not press for his vivisection.

* * *

In reviewing a song entitled "A Throne of Roses," a contemporary says:—"Love enthroned upon roses conjures up an irresistible vision of fragrant happiness." Provided, we take it, that the thorns have been previously removed.

* * *

Is there no honour among winds? Among those who were injured by the tornado which visited the Taff Valley last week was a Mr. Breeze.

* * *

"The Gray's Inn rooks, which were driven from their nests last spring by carrion crows, and left London, have," *The Express* announces, "now returned to the gardens." It is really rather too bad to publish the fact. The rooks, we understand, did not want the crows to know it.

* * *

A correspondent asks: What was the nature of the charge brought against the ladies who attempted to deport the children of the Dublin strikers? We believe it was Petty Larkiny.

* * *

The President of the League of Patriots, which collected the money for the "Battle of the Nations" monument at Leipzig, has refused the decoration conferred upon him by the German Emperor on the ground of its being inadequate, and it is possible that the monument may be taken down.

* * *

The Camera Club seems to have very spacious quarters in John Street, Adelphi, for *The Pall Mall Gazette* tells us that amongst its exhibits at the present moment are three enlargements of Mr. G. K. Chesterton.



THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

"Coming to our bonfire?"

"Ra-*ther*. Whose house are you burning?"

THE TWELVE GARDENERS.

I know twelve gardeners good
To make my garden grow
In all the multitude
Of all the blooms that blow;

Sunflower and rose and pink,
The big flowers and the small,
Yes, any sort you think,
My gardeners serve them all.

They work in shifts of three,
And when one shift has gone
(All gardeners want their tea)
Another shift comes on.

Three gardeners to a shift,
Four shifts of gardeners three,
To make my beds uplift
And burgeon joyously.

One shift to ripe the seed;
And one to tend the flowers
And give them steadfast heed
Throughout the golden hours;

One shift to drop them down,
Tender and reverent,
Upon Earth's kindly brown,
When all the gold is spent;

And one to watch and wait
And blow upon its thumbs,
Till through the garden gate
Again the first shift comes.

I know twelve gardeners good
That watch and serve and sow
Of their solicitude
For all the flowers that blow.

From a leader in *The Daily Telegraph* on the Mexican crisis:—

"The day has gone by when the two great English-speaking peoples can afford to fall out over the affairs of a South American State."

The office-boy will have to be replaced if he continues to show such ignorance of geography.

Another Impending Apology.

"Thanks to the bookbinders' strike, which is holding back various books, Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle's new story, 'The Golden Barrier,' will not appear until January."
Daily Chronicle.

With regard to the book here named, we cannot share our contemporary's gratitude; and think that anyhow it was expressed too bluntly.

SHOCKING EXAMPLES.

["The presentment of a case by means of 'shocking examples'—Mr. Lloyd George's most trusty weapons—is clearly in the highest degree fallacious."—*The Times*.

Note.—In the shocking examples that follow, the author does not claim to present a case against any particular class; nor are they examples of the iniquity of any particular system; but that doesn't make them any less shocking.]

The Reformed Landlord.

There was once a landlord (I suppress his name and locality) who owned a suburban property and had grown rich on improvements made by his tenants. But, being shown the error of his ways, he determined to be a better man. And on the expiration of certain three leases which the tenants did not wish to renew he let the properties for a period of fourteen years to A, B, and C, with the undertaking that at the end of that term he would demand no compensation for improvements, but, on the other hand, would himself recoup the tenants for their outlay. Further, he nobly refused to put into the leases any harassing conditions that might limit his tenants in the development of their respective properties. And A turned his house into a fever hospital, and B started a brick-kiln, and C set up a fish-manure business. And after the lapse of twelve months all the surrounding yearly tenants left the neighbourhood, and no one would take their houses, and the landlord was reduced to great straits. And at the end of fourteen years A, B, and C demanded compensation for improvements and also for the goodwill of their respective establishments. And the landlord is now in the workhouse.

The Man who Bit the Hand that Fed Him.

There was once a poacher (you are not to ask me his name) who died. And the duke whose game he had poached (he also shall be anonymous) took pity on the orphan child of the deceased, and had him educated at a distance, so that his father's record should be no reproach to him. And the boy imbibed knowledge so well that he grew up to be a Socialist. And returning to the scene of his birth he preached the doctrine of the wickedness of landlords at the very gates of his benefactor. And having thus convinced the neighbouring tenants that all landlords, and notably dukes, were the seed of the devil, he induced them to migrate. And by an active boycott and the employment of other forms of peaceful persuasion, he made the vacant tenancies very undesirable. And the land passed out of cultivation; and the duke, being in great difficulties, had to dispose of his property by a forced sale. And it was bought by a gentleman from the Stock Exchange, who turned it into a golf course. And the duke is now engaged in the logging trade in Saskatchewan. But in recognition of his good work the poacher's son has received an appointment as an itinerant lecturer on the evils of the feudal system.

The Railway that went Cheap.

There was once a Chairman of a Railway (which I will not specify), and he contrived by very careful management just to make ends meet and give a modest return to the shareholders. And there were strikes, and the wages of the company's employees had to be raised to prevent further inconvenience to the great travelling public. And the rates on the company's land went up, and the public demanded better and better accommodation and faster and faster trains and more and more of them, and he said: "I'm afraid we must charge our passengers a slightly higher price or we shall be insolvent." And the Government said: "No, you mustn't; on the other hand you must reduce your charge for farmers' merchandise." And the Government also said: "We insist on better arrangements for the safety of your employees." And all this cost a great deal, and the price of the shares went down and down. And then the Government said: "We will nationalize your railway." And at this threat the shares went further down and further down; and when they had got as low as they could the Government bought the railway. And it was considered a very clever deal. And the Government had many new posts to offer, and they awarded several situations as porters and brakesmen to the old shareholders.

The Doctor's Goodwill.

There was once a doctor (who shall be nameless), and he sold his practice to a young man from the country, to whom he represented its value as £400 per annum. But he did not mention that the chief source of his income was the case of a patient, an old lady alleged to be incurable, whom for years he had been in the habit of attending daily at a fee of one guinea. And the new doctor was very honest, and by the end of three months he had completely cured the patient, and in consequence was himself a ruined man.

The Converted Embezzler.

There was once a Nonconformist Minister (he shall remain *incognito*) whose stipend was derived in large measure from the pew-rents. And he had a man-of-all-work who cleaned his knives and boots and looked after his bulbs. And one day this man embezzled two spoons and a fork, the property of his master. And this came to the knowledge of the Nonconformist Minister, who spoke to him as man to man upon the vice of petty larceny, and then, having a very kind heart, forgave him. And this treatment had so softening an effect upon the character of the man-of-all-work that he adopted a religious life and began to preach in the open air. And his favourite spot for preaching was on a common adjacent to his master's tabernacle. And so popular and persuasive was his manner of preaching that he quickly drew away the regular congregation whose pew-rents supported the pastor. And when I last heard of the reverend gentleman he was in sore plight, and talked of entering Parliament for the sake of the salary.

O. S.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

I said to myself in a confident tone:—
"The lady I marry (and keep)
Must not be distinguished by beauty alone,
For beauty is only skin deep.
I know I should tire of a doll in a day;
For something more lasting I'll look."
And then in my usual provident way
I married Amelia Cook.

Deceived by her name, I imagined the girl
My passion would duly requite
By making my days one continuous whirl
Of epicurean delight.
By way of a dowry I begged her to bring
A copy of *Beeton*, her book.
Oh! I thought I was doing a sensible thing
In wedding Amelia Cook.

Alas for those glorious visions of mine
I find that the lady can show
No shadow of skill in the cookery line,
No deftness in dealing with dough.
My high expectations are knocked on the head;
Dyspepsia's come to supplant
The hopes that I cherished the day that I wed
Amelia Cook; for she can't.

From an interview in *The Daily Dispatch*:—

"This subtle proposal of orchestral concerts for the poor is but the thin edge of the wedge to gradually freeze out the new organisation with the assistance of the ratepayers' money."

We should have described it as the thin end of a red herring drawn across the path.



"IN THE MULTITUDE OF COUNSELLORS——"

JOHN BULL. "AH! *NOW* I OUGHT TO KNOW WHERE I AM."



"I SAY, MADDICK, YOU AND JENKINS HAVE GOT A FAIR WALK-OVER IN THE FOURSOMES THIS AFTERNOON."
"MY DEAR FELLOW, IT'S A THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST US. WHEN I PUT HIM ON THE GREEN HE PUTTS ME OFF AGAIN."

THE NEW WAY WITH LANDLORDS.

(*By a Labouring Man.*)

My landlord had sent me a neat little document, "To quarter's rent due September 29th—£12 10*s.* 0*d.*" He is a trifle too punctual in these little attentions. Now were I landlord I should occasionally show sympathy with my tenants by forgetting a quarter-day. I know that I could easily forget quarter-days. I give you my solemn word of honour that were it not for these little reminders I should not know a quarter-day from an ordinary day.

Generally I send the man a cheque, and at the same time put up a petition that the bank-manager may be in a kindly frame of mind when it is paid in. This time (after Bedford and Swindon) I merely sent him a note asking him to call.

He came in with the genial smile of one who is (or imagines he is) about to draw money and shook hands quite affably. Then he produced a fountain-pen and began to scribble a receipt.

"Wait one moment," I said. "I think you will admit that England's chief glory is her literature."

"Yes, yes," he replied, prematurely producing a stamp.

"At present," I continued, "literature is in a depressed condition. Foreign competition is telling. Inferior products from the Isle of Man have glutted the market. Besides, the weather this summer has been unfavourable to literary production. It is impossible to work on fine golfing days. Now you will admit that the foundation of literature is the dwelling-house?"

"Yes," he answered, and courageously licked his stamp.

"It stands to reason. The house is a prime necessity. One must have a house as a place for the return of manuscripts. You couldn't expect the postman to deliver them to a field or a golf-links, could you?"

"No," he said dubiously.

"I am glad you follow me. You will perhaps further agree with me that any financial shortage caused by literary depression must be transferred to you. I propose to deduct for that at the rate of £25 per annum, or £6 5*s.* 0*d.* for the quarter. Now comes the important question of the living wage."

He stared blankly at me.

"At all events the dependants on literature are entitled to a living wage. Without the services of my cook I should starve. The production of literature would cease. She demands an advance of 10*s.* a month, and the housemaid requires a sympathetic advance. That means, between the two of them, £3 for the quarter. This, of course, must also be passed on to you."

"Why?" he asked feebly.

"Because you are the landlord. But I am forgetting the great question of the housing of the literary classes. Am I to work in a chilled, cold, miserable condition? Is my intelligence to be numbed by unfavourable conditions?" The landlord looked at me as if it was his intelligence that was being numbed. "Therefore," I concluded emphatically, "I deduct £3 10*s.* 0*d.*, the cost of the new gas-stove for my writing-room. Now if you will kindly hand me that receipt you have so thoughtfully prepared and the small sum of five shillings we shall be square."

And then, I deplore to relate, the landlord, who is a Vice-President of a Liberal Association, used disgusting language about putting the bailiffs in.

"Evict me?" I cried. "Evict me because I am a follower of Lloyd George? The Commissioners will never tolerate an eviction for political reasons. This, Sir, is free England." And I showed him out.

"Is Pike's Peak sinking? The latest Government survey, just announced, says the altitude of that famous peak is only 14,109,079 feet above sea level."—*Toronto Mail.*

However, it is still higher than Constitution Hill.

THE CURE.

The fame of any discovery that can remove depression of spirits is surely worth spreading. Nothing but that belief led to the composition of this article, for I am under no illusion as to the interest of my personality. My personality is dulness in essence, but I did make a discovery.

My name is Arthur Murcott Stokes, I am thirty-seven, I am an architect in a modest way, and I live with my family in a house built by another on the Parling Estate at Raynes Park. My office is in London. I pay my way.

The other afternoon I was at home with that detestable affliction, the first cold of the season—a slight cold only in itself but the cause of dark forebodings for the dreary months to come. My family were out and I sat and shivered in my study and saw nothing but calamity ahead. In addition to the cold, I had just failed to get a commission, a speculation had gone wrong, the library had sent me a novel with forty-eight of the most important pages omitted by a fool of a binder, and I had lost my temper at lunch without sufficient reason. I was now sorry for it. I need hardly say that my mood was black and hopeless.

After indulging it a while I suddenly realised that at any cost I must pull myself together or it would get the upper hand; but the question was, how to do it? I was so far gone in pessimism that only from without could any succour come; and how to get that?

In a flash an idea entered my mind and I acted without a moment's hesitation. If only I could collect some disinterested and favourable opinions of myself from the world at large they would flatter me back to serenity and hope; that was the notion, and I reached for the telephone book and looked up a tailor with whom I have dealt for some years. I asked to be put on to him. In course of time I got his number.

"Hullo," his clerk said.

"Hullo," I replied. "I am Murray and Co., solicitors. We want to know anything you can tell us about a customer of yours who has given you as a reference, Mr. Arthur Murcott Stokes."

"Hold the line," said the clerk.

The usual buzzing, and now and then a voice or two, detached as the cries of migrating birds at night, and then I heard the tailor approach and pick up the receiver.

"Who are you?"

I told him I was Murray and Co.

"Mr. Stokes," he said, "has dealt with us for fifteen years at least. He is absolutely safe. You need have no misgivings."

"Thank you," I said, and returned to my chair vastly improved in health. I was a gentleman to my tailor, which is the next best thing to being a hero to one's valet. I was conscious of something gently relaxing like a smile passing over my face. It almost hurt, it was so unusual.

But suppose that was the only good character I could collect, I thought suddenly, and hastened to test this dread by ringing up another firm. This time I chose the solicitors who had done little things for me.

"Messrs. Spalding speaking," I said. "Can you put me on to one of the partners?"

I was put on.

"I am Messrs. Spalding," I said, "and I understand from Mr. Arthur Murcott Stokes that you know him well in business. Can you tell me anything about him?"

"Who are you?" asked the cautious lawyer.

"We have a number of flats in the West End," I said, with extraordinary quickness, "and Mr. Stokes wants to rent one."

"Oh," said the lawyer. "That will be all right. You need have no fears. A most exemplary person."

"Thank you," I said, and meant it.

I returned to my chair and simmered in rectitude.

This is fine, I thought, and not only fine but tonic too. I must have some more of this. Pinero was right when he prescribed "Praise, praise, praise!"

I then ventured upon a real risk. I rang up a rather testy client of my own, for whom I had recently completed a house, not without tears.

"Is that Mr. Forrester?" I asked.

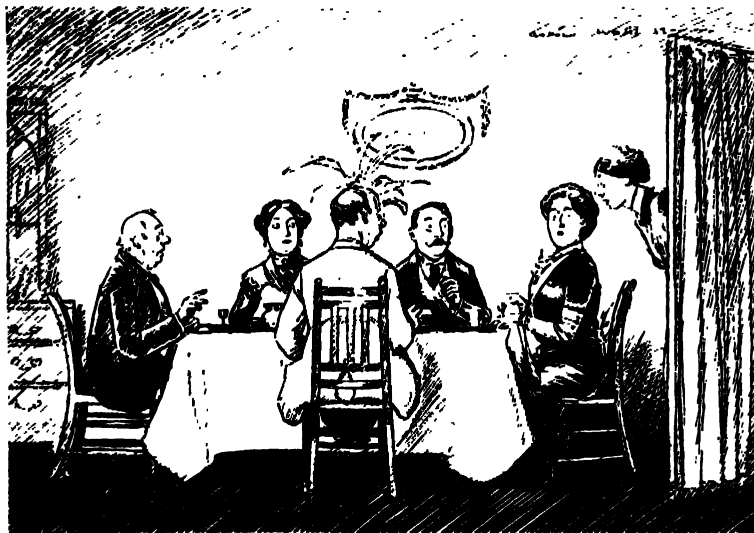
"Yes, it is," was the rather grumpy answer.

"Excuse my troubling you," I said, "but I am Mr. Cole, and I have been advised to go to an architect named Stokes for a house. I understand that he has just built one for you. Can you recommend him?"

There was a terrible silence for a moment.

"Yes," said Mr. Forrester, "I can. Of course no architect does exactly what you want, but I should call him good and thoroughly reasonable, and also a very pleasant man to deal with."

I returned to my chair a sunny optimist, and, when my wife and children came home, I at once proposed a game of "Demon Patience," which never fails to amuse and excite us.



A GLIMPSE OF THE UNDER-WORLD.

Maid (in hoarse whisper). "Excuse me, Mum: cook ses she's very sorry but she's trod on the pudding."

Theatrical Candour.

From an Indian poster:—

"Shakespeare's one of the best dramas 'King John' will be performed by this company to-night for the last time, at the repeated request of the public."

"Two tenders were received, the Clerk now reported, and that of Mr. ———, of Axminster, who offered to supply and fix the required number of hammocks at £19 2s. 6d. each, was accepted.—Dr. Wood was rather curious as to whether the hammocks were cheaper than new beds."—*Pulman's Weekly News.*

In our opinion Dr. Wood's curiosity was justified.

"The programme, which will last an hour, includes studies of fish life, the Manchester Ship Canal, the making of silk hats, the fly pest, Turkestan and its inhabitants, the cocoa industry, the ant and the grosshopper (humorous), a day in the Paris Zoo, and scenes in Trichinopoly."

It is annoying, when one is just preparing to be humorous about the misprint of "grosshopper" for "grasshopper," to learn that the printer is being funny on purpose.



Caretaker (showing tourist round old castle). "S-S-S-H—GO QUIETLY, SIR; THIS IS THE 'AUNTED CHAMBER OF 'BLOODY RUFUS'—I GOT AN OLD 'EN INSIDE A-SETTIN' ON SIXTEEN EGGS, AN' I DON'T WANT 'ER DISTURBED."

SALVE ATQUE VALE.

(*To an unknown plantigrade; a threnody inspired by the necessity of parting at last with a long-cherished shaving-brush, and also by the panegyric upon the noblest of our British fauna published a few weeks ago in the pages of "Mr. Punch."*)

SHALL I pour water on it from the geyser,
Badger, on this that was a part of thee?
Or strew soft shaving-papers silently,
Or scatter old blades from my safety razor
Such as some Western pirate loves to fix
Up in green envelopes at two-and-six?
Or wouldst thou rather, as in life before,
Beechmast and eggs or what of other meat
(Ere commerce cleft thy hide and made it sweet)
Fed thee in that dark cavern thou didst bore,
Scooped by those inturned feet?

For sometimes thee the vegetable courses
Allured, that blossom in our underwoods,
And sometimes thou wouldst pluck from shelly hoods
The snail (this fact my gardener endorses),
And sometimes eat young birds. Ah, who can tell
Thy loves, thy dim carousals, guarded well?
Not I, for one. But this much I have built on,
That always in those huntings thou wouldst wear
A most prodigious mat of piebald hair,
Also an odour like a too-ripe Stilton,
Racy and rich and rare.

Ah yes, in thine old rooting season, badger,
Dinners thou hadst no human eye could scan,
Part murderous and part fruitarian,
And times when hunger made of thee a cadger
For alien cast-off food. Thou wast not nice,
But Death absolved these things and, strewing spice,
Made toilet apparatus of thy mop.
And now less high, and now with no demur,
Far other now than when the yelping cur
Bayed thee, I purchased at a chemist's shop
This tuft of votive fur.

And stout has been its service. Oft and often
For toil half over (ere the steel cut in),
For fangless bristles that embraced my chin
With amorous claspings and with suds that soften
And make the beard more kindly, I have poured
Libation to thy soul, thou beast adored,
Who moist'nest hard lips with the hair that tames!
There sprout no hairs like those the badger keeps
To curb men's stubble when the daylight peeps,
Lest their saluted consorts whimper, "James!"
Whilst the wet tea-urn weeps.

And now the thing moults. I must buy another.
Yet for the sake of many a happy morn
I praise the dumb friend out of whom 'twas torn;
And none of what wild kisses went to smother
The unprofitable harvest of the night
Shall fade from my remembrance. Gentle sprite,
More fair than skunk or chipmunk or opossum,
See where upon the bonfire's heart I hurl,
Not garlandless, thy gift, but paste of pearl
Mingle, and souse with odorous lather-blossom
For the last time thy curl.

EVOE.

"Here is admirable humour for we Southerners to read, but what will they say in the Highlands?"—*C. K. S. in "The Sphere."*

"Us," we hope.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN UPJOHN.

The Latest Literary Sensation.

John Upjohn is not a Frenchman. To the despair of Marie Claire, Antonin Dubserre and others as yet undiscovered he is a mere Englishman. I will admit that it took me a dickens of a time to find him. The blue eyes were the difficulty—that and the shyness. I found plenty of them in humble positions who could write; in fact the difficulty would have been to find anyone who could write occupying anything but a humble position. But they would have looked all wrong in the photographs and would almost certainly have come to London, smoked cigarettes and visited picture palaces, if I had made them famous, instead of remaining meekly at the forge or the plough or the wood-chopper.

I found John in Blankshire. It is necessary thus to disguise the name of the county that John may not be bothered by reporters. I am determined that he shall not be lionized, for when spoken to he always runs. When I brought him up to see his publisher (also mine) to discuss terms, we had to lock the door of the room to keep him with us. Even then he spent the whole time butting at the panels. That night, so pleased was he to be back in Blankshire, he slept with the plough in his arms.

Yes, John Upjohn works on a farm. A farm — hayricks, rabbits, poultry, midges, wasps, nightingales, sheep, cows, cider and all that. It is an amazing thing. No wonder they sneer at me at my club when I tell them. I often tell them. Those whom I have taken the most pains with are the most obstinate. One friend of mine not only refuses to believe in John Upjohn but refuses to believe there is such a thing as a farm. This is absurd. There are farms. Just as there are suns and moons and stars. But I am afraid I am falling into John Upjohn's style.

Let me tell you something of his life. He rises at three, washes the sheep at four, bathes the hens at five, hard-boils the eggs at six, breakfasts on hay and oil-cake at seven, brews cider at eight, grows hops at nine, sings ragtime to the bees at ten, shoots starlings off the fruit-trees at eleven, digs potatoes at twelve. His afternoons are much the same, save that the horses, pigs and cows are washed instead of the sheep. But you know the routine. When nothing else occurs to him, he ploughs —and then does some more ploughing.

What first prompted him to write would be difficult to explain. Perhaps it was because his master, the farmer, owned books. The one under the short leg of the kitchen table was called *Select Female Biographies*, and the one they tore papers out of for spills was *A Guide to Conchology*. Seeing these about must have fired his ambition.

At first he contented himself with mere mural monographs. The earliest of these is in the hop oast and has been glazed over and photographed. It reads "Pie Powder and Proper Pride, Scissorwitch and Cambridgeshire." It shows a taste for alliteration but has no other literary value. Genius had hardly rumbled then.

At the age of twenty-five we find him writing in a memorandum-book. On the one side he would enter his wages, which were two shillings per week. On the other he would record the expenditure. Thus:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Erned	0	2	0	Lorst ..	0	13	6
Carry forward	0	12	6				
Totel ..	0	13	6				

There is a mistake here, as you will discover by adding the items in the first columns. Six and nothing are six. He has the pence right. But twelve and two are fourteen. He has thirteen. Thirteen from fourteen is one. So that he is one out. We who are educated may sneer, but you must remember that this simple fellow was never at Eton or St. John's, Leatherhead, and to get only one out when your education has been confined to five or six years at a parish school is no mean achievement.

Later in life we find something more than a mere record of financial operations in this well-thumbed book. Some of the entries are almost diaristic. For example:—

"Went for boss with hedge hook and got lamd."

At first sight it would seem that John, annoyed with his employer, had attacked him with a hedgehog. But it does not do to entirely mistrust (John would say mistrust entirely) the young genius's spelling. Enquiries extending over several weeks revealed the fact that in John's neighbourhood there is such a thing as a hedge hook. It is a long weapon used for trimming hedges, and John, in his naif way, had no doubt planned to behead his employer with it.

It was not till he reached the age of thirty that he attempted a connected narrative. This took the shape of a letter to a village tailor:—

Dear Sir,—When will my cloathes be reddy? I reckon our side ought to win Saturday.

Yours truly, John Upjohn.

You note the reticence, the domesticity, the simple touch of the thing. Well, the book is all like that. Just simple. When you have read it you will feel like eating grass and mooing like "a grave, kind cow." You will feel uplifted, stop the cat's fish, cut down the housekeeping and go and see *Diplomacy*.

Anyway you can't help being better. The price will be only three shillings and sixpence (including my preface and a full-length photograph of me and John), and the publishers are, of course, Messrs. Bilge and Bluff.

THE FAME OF CHARLOTTE.

Who Charlotte was we may not know.
We meet her in the pleasant ways
Of an old book of long ago,
A memoir of the Georgian days,
Of courts and coaches, routs and plays;
And, postscript to a lady's letter,
We find the simple, touching phrase,
"Poor Charlotte's chilblains are no better."

It sweetly comes across the years
Like some old simple song and quaint
Borne softly to our jangled ears
Fragrant and fresh, and ah, how faint.
Yet all who lack the modern taint
Of hard and callous thought, will quicken
In sympathy with that complaint
By which poor Charlotte's feet were stricken.

A shadow of a gentle name,
She passes, never to return;
Her maiden age, her slender fame,
We find not, howsoe'er we yearn.
Only she had—'tis all we learn—
Two loyal friends (of good position)
Who showed a mutual concern
About their Charlotte's sad condition.

No doubt she mildly lived and died,
A grey-toned lady, fair and sweet,
Much honoured by the countryside,
Precise in all her ways and neat;
She shunned the cold, and loved the heat;
And, by the customs of Society,
Held all light comments on her feet
An act of grossest impropriety.

O irony of vain repute!
O bitter fame that makes a slave
Of him who starts the long pursuit,
Nor wins the goal for which men crave.
Full many a gallant heart and brave
Has missed the crown for which he lusted;
While Charlotte in her gentle grave
Learns her renown, and turns disgusted.

Dum-Dum.

SPORT FOR THE PEOPLE.

[As a set-off to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's Land Campaign it is proposed to propitiate the masses by encouraging them to participate in the sports of the classes.]



HAPPY SATURDAY AFTERNOONS WITH FOX-HOUNDS IN AN URBAN NEIGHBOURHOOD.



BI-MONTHLY JOY-DAYS AMONG THE PHEASANTS.



Old Sportsman (escaping out of danger zone). "When I subscribed to the Olympic Games Talent Fund I expected other people to do this sort of thing for me."

HOW GENIUS WORKS.

The great vespertinal publicist, Mr. Filson Young, has been combating the notion that the excellence of literary work varies in a direct ratio with the clearness of the atmosphere. With him fine weather engenders idleness, while in foul weather he can settle down contentedly to the assiduous composition of his most illuminating italicisations. This momentous revelation of the mentality of a great writer has suggested a comparison of the methods of other eminent luminaries of the literary firmament.

Mr. Galsworthy finds the creative impulse most active in sleet or heavy rain. As a preparation for composition he finds nothing so stimulating as to be towed slowly in a bath-chair round Wormwood Scrubbs prison on a moist November afternoon.

Mr. Arnold Bennett, while claiming to be impervious to the weather, admits that the quality of his work varies considerably with the conditions and the place in which it is composed. The ideal spot for creative work he finds to be in the crow's-nest of his yacht, from which he dictates through a tube to a typist located in the saloon. This position, he finds, gives him a sense of detachment and exaltation which is indispensable to the artist. When, however, the scene is laid in the Five Towns, he prefers to potter about his garden, with his amanuensis within earshot but concealed behind the shrubberies.

Mr. Robert Hichens, unlike Mr. Filson Young, is never so fertile in ideas as under the blazing sun of North Africa. Much, however, depends on costume, his favourite attire being an Arab *jibbah*, with a green turban, and sandals of cream-laid crocodile skin. One of the great advantages of writing in the desert, he points out, is that you never require any blotting-paper. For emotional passages he finds the gait of the camel, or, better still, the dromedary, peculiarly stimulating.

Mr. Algernon Ashton, recalling Swift's genial remark that the happiest faces were to be seen in mourning coaches, observes that the constant contemplation of the emblems of our mortality is the best antiseptic to pessimism. The germs of some of his best letters and his most hilarious musical compositions have come to him in churchyards. As he puts it:—

"When my mood is propitious to joking,
When my temper is blithe and serene,
I hie me instanter to Woking,
Or Kensal's funereal Green."

Contrariwise, the spectacle of a harlequinade always acts upon him as a "depressant." Indeed, it was while witnessing a pantomime at Drury Lane that he began the composition of his famous crematorio, "The World in Ashes."

"The tubgoat Volunteer tried to render assistance, but ran against the Hero's propeller."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

Our own pet tubgoat Algernon would not have butted in so impulsively.

"Sir,—*Re* Mr. Fortune's letter in your last week's issue, surely it is well known that the apparent increase in the size of both the sun and moon is due to the greater density of the atmosphere through which they are seen when nearer to the horizon. Not on account of their apparent proximity to 'trees, hay-stacks, houses, &c.'—I am, Sir, &c., Matelot."

This letter in *The Spectator* is headed—a little subtly, we think—"High Pheasants."



AS THEY TAKE IT.

Scene—*A forest with deer.* *Duke:* Duke of Sutherland. *First Lord:* Lord Lansdowne. *Jaques:* Mr. Lloyd George.

First Lord (*referring to the moralising of Jaques*).

"THUS MOST INVECTIVELY HE PIERCETH THROUGH
THE BODY OF THE COUNTRY, CITY, COURT,
YEA, AND OF THIS OUR LIFE, SWEARING THAT WE
ARE MERE USURPERS, TYRANTS. . . ."

Duke. "SHOW ME THE PLACE;
I LOVE TO COPE HIM IN THESE SULLEN FITS,
FOR THEN HE'S FULL OF MATTER."

As You Like It, Act II., Scene 1.



Lady (who has come to grief over an Irish bank). "I think I've cut one of my knees."
Young Farmer. "Sure, what of ut! It'll niver take a hapenny off yer price."

BY THE LEFT.

As a rule, I am not in any way nervous, particularly with people I have known for some time. And yet, as I sat with Daphne in her drawing-room, my heart undoubtedly fluttered. And I wasn't smoking.

Daphne was contemplating the palm of her hand.

"Cut yourself?" I asked. She smiled in rather a lofty manner.

"I've had my hand told," she said.

"Really. I've had my hair cut."

There was a short silence. I started a third piece of something.

"She was wonderful," Daphne murmured.

This time *my* smile was lofty. "I know," I said. "Strong will. Generous. Artistic. Not without ambition. Perhaps a little too soft-hearted . . . I could have said all that."

"Yes," said Daphne, "but then you know me."

"Did she go into the future?" I enquired.

Daphne nodded. "Yes. She made me think."

"A very remarkable achievement. I suppose you're going to marry?"

"Rather. He's very good-looking."

"Da—sh!" I exclaimed; and not without good reason. When a man is just about to propose to a girl, it is hardly encouraging to learn that she will marry somebody good-looking—that is to say, if the man is myself.

Daphne looked at me doubtfully.

"Would you like to hear it all?" she asked. I nodded resignedly. "You are a dear. Well, I'm going to marry very soon. He's tall, good-looking, and has plenty of money. We shall be very happy at first."

"And at second?"

"She didn't say. He's got dark hair."

I sighed. "I could manage dark hair," I said. "Dye's cheap enough. It's the tall, good-looking part that's worrying me. Besides, he's sure to have no brains."

Daphne laughed quietly. "Don't be silly. Of course it isn't you. She taught me a lot," she added. "I believe I could tell your hand."

"Oh, do!" I exclaimed. I removed it from the cake-stand and held it out to her.

Daphne patted it thoughtfully. "You're honest."

"Ha! and sober and willing?"

"Don't interrupt. Obstinate."

I coughed. "Quite so; but what about the future?"

Daphne looked thoughtful. "Oh, of course," she said. "I want your left hand for that." I passed it across.

"Your right hand is what you are, your left hand is what you make yourself," she explained.

"But suppose you're ambidextrous? And besides I've no desire to compete with Providence."

"Oh, well, if you think you're beyond improvement——"

"Not at all," I objected with quick modesty.

Daphne stroked my left hand. "You're going to marry," she said.

"No, thank you."

"You are."

"Never," I insisted. "If you're going to marry a tall, good-looking man with plenty of money, I'm not."

"Of course not. How could you?"

"I mean, if I don't marry you, I don't marry at all." I spoke in quite a serious tone.

Daphne released my hand. "You are," she said, and resumed a study of her right palm. "Tall and good-looking," she murmured sadly.

I leant forward. "Daphne, dear," I asked, "are you really keen on tall good-looking men?"

"Not a bit."

"Would you like me with my hair dyed?"

"N-no."

"Then, dash it, why worry about what this woman said?"

"But she's marvellous, Billy. She's never wrong."

I sighed. Daphne looked at her hand and sighed also. Suddenly I sat up.

"You're looking at your right hand, Daphne."

"Yes; that's where he is."

"Hooray!" I exclaimed. "Then he doesn't count. Your left hand is what you make yourself. Let me see your left."

I looked at it carefully.

"Yes," I said, "there's certainly something there. I don't think he's tall or good-looking. But such brains, and, oh! such loyalty."

I dived into my pocket.

"Yes," I said, "your left hand is what you make yourself," and I slipped the ring on to the proper finger.

WHAT MUSIC MEANS.

Speaking of "the musical side" of the production of his new opera, *Joan of Arc*, to a representative of *The Daily Chronicle* Mr. Raymond Rôze declared himself very satisfied with the cast. "My *prima donna*, by the way, is an expert horsewoman, in fact she has often broken in horses, so that she will be quite at home in the saddle when she rides on to the stage. Horses, I may say, are used in several scenes of the opera."

Mr. Raymond Rôze's very proper insistence on the possession of athletic and sporting qualities as essential to the success of the purely "musical side" of his opera has been very well received in all quarters. It is understood that a famous jockey has approached Mr. Raymond Rôze with a view to his writing an opera on the subject of Mazeppa, in which he should be entrusted with the title rôle. The jockey—who does not wish his name to appear for the present—has no musical ear and practically no voice (thus differing widely from Mr. Rôze's *prima donna*), but, as he points out, in such a part a mastery of the art of equitation is far more important than mere vocal fluency. Besides, the part could easily be sung "off" by a substitute, just as Sir Herbert Tree is able vicariously to perform prodigies of musical valour on the violin, or indeed any instrument.

Hardly less interesting is the proposition which has been made to Mr. Harry Higgins of the Opera Syndicate by a retired engine-driver who for many years drove the express from Paddington to Exeter. The veteran, a man of fine physique, with a flowing beard, on learning that Mr. Higgins intended to revive *The Flying Dutchman*, intimated his readiness to undertake the principal rôle for a suitable remuneration. On being informed, however, that the hero was not an engine-driver but a sailor, the old man expressed his opinion of Wagner with more vigour than politeness.

On the other hand, Mr. Higgins has favourably considered the application of eight young ladies, who have recently obtained their pilot's certificate at Brooklands, to take part in the last Act of *Die Walküre* on hippo-aero-planes. Though their musical education has hitherto been entirely neglected, it is confidently expected that in a very few weeks they will be able to sing the rôles of *Brünnhilde* and her attendants in a thoroughly competent manner.



HISTORIC GOLF.

Joan of Arc plays a long shot out of the rough.—*With apologies to the pictorial advertisement of Mr. Raymond Rôze's Opera.*

"He walked along the sloping wooden projection that is used as a landing stage for pleasure skiffs, walked until the water splashed over him. Then he dived into the boiling surf."—*Novel Magazine.*

Serf (boiling with indignation). "Now then, Sir, look out where you're coming."

"Wanted, at a factory, sixteen Girls to sew buttons on the sixth floor."

Aberdeen Evening Express.

What we want to know is, how is the fifth floor supported?

"Seven Kings Revolt Against Ilford."

Daily Chronicle.

The modern "Seven Against Thebes"?

THE EDITORIAL ADVERTISEMENT SCANDAL.

We are glad to observe that the bare suggestion that any British journal could be persuaded to publish advertisements in the form of news or Editorial comment has been received by our Press with a universal cry of horror and indignation. In this connection a Society paper would like us to state that the following passages, about to appear in its pages as news or comments, are the honest expression of Editorial conviction, uttered for the good of the reading public; and that, if it should happen that the same issue contains paid advertisements of the firms there referred to, this is just one of those strange coincidences which cannot be accounted for.

"A Charming Restaurant.

All the world lunches and dines at the Réclame in Old Sinister Street; yet so excellent a restaurant should surely be more widely known. I have patronised every restaurant in the Eastern Hemisphere (writes our junior reporter), but I can truly say that the Réclame stands alone. Its generous proprietor, the ever-courteous Monsieur Pousse, provides a marvellous eighteenpenny *table d'hôte*. No wonder the success of his enterprise is colossal, and such famous men as Lord Rosebery, Mr. Eustace Miles, Mr. Henry Chaplin, Earl Spencer, and Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., have been seen not a thousand miles away from Old Sinister Street when the hour for dining approaches. Lucky indeed would be the individual whom the gods permitted to have a share in the well-deserved profits that Monsieur Pousse is making."

"Answers to Correspondents.

Mabel.—Yes, you should certainly be careful as to the kind of food you give him. But, for my part (and I speak for myself alone), I should try Subtractipose, which I believe can be obtained from 1778a, Cosmetic Chambers, Old Regent Street, W. This worked wonders for me; and after three doses concealed in his soup I think you need have no further fears of possessing the fattest husband in Surrey."

"New York, Oct. 27.

"Miss Katherine Elkins, whose engagement to the Duke of the Abruzzi has been so frequently announced, was married at her home in West Virginia to Mr. Billy F. Hitt."

One time the semi-royal name of Elkins
Resounded through a lot of different welkins;
Glory came first; joy follows after it;
Miss missed her Princeling, but has hit her Hitt.



TRAGEDY IN "NUT"-LAND.

"Nut" discovers speck on shirt-front—fears mud. Expert opinion, in shape of crossing-sweeper, declares it undoubtedly to be mud. Collapse of "nut."

HINTS ON SELECTING A BOWLER.

The straw hat has run its course for 1913, and if not too sunburnt and battered for future use has retired to winter quarters. But there is really no close season, no "on and off" licence, for the bowler in this country. One should always be included in a gentleman's *répertoire*, and the choosing of it is a serious matter not to be lightly undertaken.

The offices of some of the firms devoting themselves to the planning and erection of bowlers are plain of exterior; others are ornate and the windows decorated with full-size models bearing such legends as:—

The Latest.	Newest Shape.
As Worn.	Stylish.

On entering the establishment you prefer, you will probably be approached by the Vendor or his agent, who, on your requirements as to price and accommodation being made known, will at once bring forward cases containing bowlers of all sizes and designs, the Curly-brim (or balcony), the Flat-roofed (very nutty this one for country week-ends), the No-brim (to speak of), the Skyscraper, and the One-storeyed or Bungalow type.

If you are foolish or weak enough to be guided by the Vendor, you will probably leave the place wearing a sort of pent-house that will be the butt of your friends and acquaintances, or one of last season's designs that did not "get off."

But, if you are a knowing buyer, on seeing a likely, serviceable-looking edifice, you will say, "Please allow me a few moments alone with this one." Once by your two selves, act with firmness and decision. After pressing down or drawing in as well as you can your cranial excrescences, place the hat carefully on your head, on whatever part you prefer to wear it, but don't be satisfied merely because you think you look well in it. After observing the effect of it from every point of view, remove the hat and inspect it carefully from basement to roof. Turn down the leather skirting inside and examine the structure on which the dome is supported. Make sure that the two are properly welded together. Pass your hand over the fan vaulting of satin in search of flaws, and read carefully the inscription on the ceiling. Test the acoustic properties and see that the proper means of ventilation have been provided. Your hair will strongly resent a stuffy, ill-ventilated hat, and may show a desire to leave before the lease is up.

When you have thoroughly investigated the interior of the premises turn your attention to the exterior.

Examine the ribbon decoration running round the building just above the balcony. This should be of the best ribbed silk, and the bow should be well and truly laid against the left wall, not at the back. Note any careless workmanship with a view to a possible reduction in the price.

Last of all, administer a few blows to the crown. If dust flies out you know that the structure is old and insanitary. Should dents or cracks appear in the roof or walls, rejoin the Vendor at once, mix the hat up amongst the others you have rejected, and ask to see a few more. Do not be discouraged. You are pretty sure to find something suitable among the first hundred shown you.

"THE WITCH."

[An evening at the St. James' Theatre with some of the gloom rubbed off.]

ACT I.

TIME—*The sixteenth century.*

SCENE—*The courtyard of* Absolon Beyer's *house.* Absolon's *second wife,* Anne Pedersdotter, *is discovered alone. Enter* Martin. *He looks at* Anne *doubtfully.*

Martin. Good morning. I—er—is Master Absolon in?

Anne. He is out.

Martin. Oh! Er—are you—we—surely I 've seen you before somewhere?

Anne. I don't think so. I am Anne Pedersdotter.

Martin (*puzzled*). I beg your pardon—*whose* daughter?

Anne. Anne Pedersdotter, wife to Master Absolon.

Martin. Oh, I see! Why, then you're my stepmother? I'm Martin.

Anne. Martin! I've heard *such* a lot about you. You 're just back from the University, aren't you?

Martin (*proudly*). Yes, I'm a B.A. now; it has been a long business—five years. And I haven't seen my father all that time. He mentioned in one of his letters that he was marrying again, but—(*sadly*) I was having a little trouble with my Latin declensions just then, and it slipped my memory. (*He goes closer to her.*) But surely we 've met somewhere?

Anne. I don't think so.

Martin. Yes, now I 've got it. Do you remember, fifteen years ago, some waits singing carols outside your house? And a window was opened and a little girl poured a jug of cold water on them? *You* were that little girl—I remember you now. Ugh!

Anne (*excitedly*). And you were one of the waits. I remember your voice. You sang very badly.

Martin. I was only eleven.

Anne. And I was eight. Just fancy—it 's quite a romance!

Enter Absolon.

Absolon. My boy! My dear boy!

Martin. Father!

Absolon. So you 're back from the University—and with a degree? What a day this is! *Mensa, mensa, mensam, mensae, mensae, mensa.*

Martin. Er—*Amo, amas, amat*——

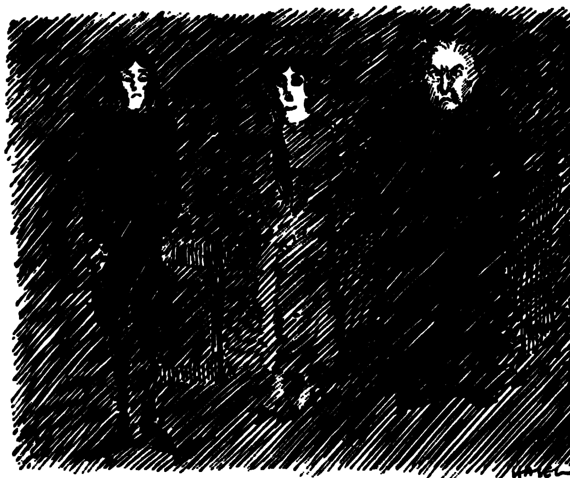
Absolon. How it brings back my own University days! *Hic, haec, hoc, hujus, huic*—— You must excuse us, Anne, but when we University men get together—— *Dico, dicere, dixi, dictum.* Go on, my boy; it 's your turn.

(Martin *looks appealingly at* Anne.)

Anne. Oh, father, I 've got a message for you, but Martin's coming put it quite out of my head. You 're wanted up on the common—they 're burning a witch or something. They want you to be there in case she confesses. I think that was it.

Absolon (*getting up*). Well, well, I suppose I must go. I don't like to leave you, Martin, my boy, but it 's not for long. When I come back from this little conflagration I shall have much to talk to you about. *Balbus aedificat murum. Ubi est Balbus?* Dear, dear, how it all comes back. *Ignis, ignem* . . . A witch—I wonder who it is?

CURTAIN. [*Exit.*



A VERY GLOOMY PLAY.

Martin	Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry.
Anne Pedersdotter	Miss Lillah McCarthy.
Absolon Beyer	Mr. J. D. Beveridge.

ACT II.

Inside the house. Evening.

Absolon (*gloomily*). Anne, Martin, gather round me. I have a confession to make. It 's about Anne's mother. . . . Anne, your mother was a witch!

Anne. A what?

Absolon. I said a witch. Five years ago I discovered it. She had a daughter living with her; I loved that daughter. It was my duty to deliver up the mother and the child to be burnt. Instead I spared the mother and married the daughter. Anne, Martin, can you forgive me my sin?

Anne. Was I the daughter?

Absolon. Yes.

Anne. Then I forgive you.

Martin. I think you look at it rather selfishly, Anne. It was very wrong of father. Father, I will retire and think it over. Good night. [*Exit.*

Anne. Tell me more about my mother. What did she do?

Absolon. She used to summon people before her, just by calling upon their names. She had that wicked power.

Anne (*eagerly*). Is it hereditary?

Absolon. I hope not. (*He kisses the top of her head.*) And now I must go to bed. Good night. [*Exit.*

Anne. I wonder. I think I'll just try . . . One, two, three—*Martin!*

Enter Martin.

Anne (*excitedly*). I *am* a witch! (*She turns to* Martin *and holds out her arms to him. He falls into them.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Another evening. As Absolon *comes in,* Anne *and* Martin *break away from each other.*

Absolon. I have been seeing the doctor. He says my heart is very weak, and any sudden shock may kill me. Somehow I have a sort of feeling that I am going to die to-night.

Martin (*quickly*). Oh, don't say that, father.

Anne (*not quite so quickly*). N-no, don't say that.

Martin. Well, anyhow, I 'm going to bed. Good night. [*Exit.*

Anne. Tell me more about my mother. What other powers had she?

Absolon. She could kill a person by looking at him and saying, "I wish you were dead!"

Anne. Fancy! (*To herself*) I wonder. I think I'll just try . . . Absolon, look at me. Now listen—I love your son; he loves me. If you were dead I could live with him. I wish you were dead. (Absolon *dies.*) Good heavens, I 've done it *again!* Martin!

Enter Martin. *She falls into his arms.*

CURTAIN.

* * * * * * *

ACT V.

TIME—*The Twentieth Century.*

SCENE—*The inside of a taxi-cab.*

Wife. Ugh, what a play! I shall dream horrible things to-night.

Husband. Powerful's hardly the word. You know, there are some people in that play with very nasty minds. I shouldn't like to annoy *Anne* on a dark night . . . Jove, LILLAH MCCARTHY was good.

Wife. Wonderful. Too good. Oh, that last Act! Why didn't you take me out at the end of the third one?

Husband. Well, I wanted to see what happened after *Absolon* died . . . I say, look here, we can't go home like this. Let 's go and have a cheery supper somewhere, just to buck us up.

CURTAIN. A. A. M.



BALHAM FOLLOWS THE DUCAL LEAD.

Visitor (*from town*). "What on earth is happening?"

Hostess. "Oh, putting the land into cultivation. All the best people are doing it."

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

My dear old Chap,—I simply can't help writing to you. I want to tell you again how enormously I enjoyed meeting you again this morning after all these years. Do you know, I had almost forgotten your very name (your fault, old man, for keeping yourself away from me), and then, almost before I could think about it, there you were, just the same clever, refined, abbreviated, sly fellow that you used to be. That was, indeed, a meeting.

You wouldn't tell me where you had been or what had been happening to you. Were you wise in that? I should have sympathised, you know. I should have said to myself, "Dear old *Verb. Sap. Sat.* has had bad luck. His gold mine in South Africa has gone wrong, or they haven't been kind to him in South America, or they wouldn't give him a job in Uganda, and he's had to retire from the glare of the world and live a very quiet life. But now that he's recovered a bit and got out again we must all be good to him and try to make it up to him a bit." Something of that kind I should have said, and then I should have taken you to *The Cock* and given you a brace of sausages on mashed potatoes, and we should have wandered about Fleet Street and tried to recall some of the old scenes and the old faces from that past in which everybody knew you and far too many used you for their own purposes. One old man with a fishy eye and a very shiny frock-coat did seem to recognise you after we had parted. "There's something about that fellow," I heard him muttering, "that reminds me of old *Verb. Sap. Sat.* But no, it can't be. He's dead long ago." I could have enlightened him, but I judged it better to hold my tongue.

It wasn't only Fleet Street that knew you in the happy past. Peers quoted you; solicitors mentioned you in their letters. I have heard the Colonel of a cavalry regiment boast of his acquaintance with you after mess, and all the young subalterns were much impressed, declaring that the old man knew a thing or two and it was no use trying to get the better of him. But, of course, all that's over long ago, and perhaps it's foolish of me to remind you of it.

By the way, I wonder if you could tell me anything about *Quis Custodiet*, another old friend of ours. I saw him last a very long time ago sitting close to a magistrate who was sentencing a policeman for an aggravated assault on a costermonger, but since then I've heard nothing of him. If you ever knock up against him remember me to him.

And now farewell. We may never meet again, but I shall often think of you.

Yours to a quote, A. Tagg.

"Belfast, Thursday.

"Aviator Dancourt, who started on Tuesday from Paris to fly to Cairo, arrived here to-day with passenger Roux. - Reuter."

Brighton Argus.

Aviator Dancourt (to Passenger Roux): Yes, it *is* a bit out of the way, but I thought you'd like to have Captain Craig pointed out to you.

From an account of the sports of the Wiltshire Regiment:—

"Brewer's Cup won by A Coy. with 40½ points."

An apparent misprint for "pints."

THE ELUCIDATION.

(After the manner of the Parliamentary Correspondent of "The Daily News.")

ALREADY the rural districts are agog. The CHANCELLOR'S great message has come home to the highways and hedges and roused at last from their patient apathy the toilers of the soil. Further, we have no doubt at all that they will be considerably more roused when we have had an opportunity of explaining what it means. Let us examine the proposals.

It is recognised that the Minimum Wage is the pivot. The Provision of Cottages, in the same way, may be said to be the lever; it would perhaps not be inapt to describe Security of Tenure as the driving-wheel of the new machinery of the land.

Dealing first with the question of a Minimum Wage (for until the labourer is enabled to pay an economic rent for his cottage, a financial price for his bacon and a commercial contribution to his Christmas Goose Club no advance in any direction is possible) it may be said at once that payment in kind must go the way of other feudal impositions. We must have daily cash for daily toil. Let there be no mistake about that.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S figures regarding the shortage of cottages (which have appalled the nation) next call for comment. It is now freely admitted that the State must step in with no uncertain hand—that is, no uncertain foot. The provision of 120,000 cottages, which is contemplated as a first instalment, would provide, as far as one can judge, something like the same number of homes. That indeed is manifest, but it involves the purchase of land. Cottages, it is recognised, must have something to rest on; they cannot be suspended, however much the shooting tenant might prefer that arrangement as causing less disturbance to the ground game. Now, it is intended to build four cottages to the acre, so that for this purpose the amount of land required would be, roughly speaking, 30,000 acres. At a cost of £50 an acre this would come to £1,500,000. Let us suppose that the Board of Agriculture can build at the rate of £150 for each cottage. Very well. This means £18,000,000, or, including the ground to build thereon, £19,500,000. In any case there must be no turning back.

The figures given of the increase in the number of game-keepers (which have staggered the community) must next come under review. It is recognised that when the pheasant and the fox are no longer free to gorge themselves to repletion upon the food of the people many of these men will be thrown out of employment. The problem is best understood in conjunction with security of tenure. A little imagination will show that as soon as the farmer is safe against summary eviction (a fear which to-day casts a shadow on many a homestead) he will be encouraged to spend his money more freely upon the small amenities of his house. To give only one instance, it will be—for the first time, mark you—well worth his while to order large quantities of note-paper stamped with his address. Calling cards may even come into vogue in some places. Then he will be able to launch out into more expensive wall-papers. He will no longer grudge to measure his rooms for carpets. All this means work. And in the great revival of rural industry that is thus to come the labour of the superfluous game-keepers will soon be absorbed.

Gun-makers are also alarmed, as I learn by personal investigation in the proper quarter, but surely without cause. It is the peculiar virtue of the new proposals that every one is bound to profit by them. We may confidently look for a sharp revival in the gun trade, when farmers come to arm themselves against the hordes of weasels and sparrow-hawks which will appear to prey upon their beans and clover as soon as the game-keepers are withdrawn. At least that is the opinion in Fleet Street, whatever may be felt in the rural communities.

Finally it may be asked, Where does the landlord come in? He will, of course, have to be content with less rent, less power over his property, less game. But with an opulent and contented peasantry at his very gates he will be relieved from the present odious necessity of providing Christmas rabbits and winter blankets; from all that vast degrading traffic in tips and doles upon which his position so largely depends.

There must be no turning back. A new spirit is sweeping through the villages. The Motherland is rocking with excitement.

SHOULD RIVAL POLITICIANS DINE TOGETHER?

THE report of Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE'S announcement that he will not dine with Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and of his protest against dining at all with one's political enemies, is causing something like social revolution in our midst.

In order to meet any difficulty which the new custom might create, it has been suggested that the hour of dining should become a fixed political principle, like tariff reform or the nationalisation of landlords or the keeping of people in their places. An impartial critic proposes that Conservatives should adopt 8 P.M. as their hour for dining, that Liberals should dine habitually at 7 P.M., and adherents of the Labour Party at 1 P.M. or thereabouts, and Irish Nationalists never.

Yet there are family and other ties between people of opposite opinions which cannot thus be severed; and even if connections of this sort are not definitely asked to dine, it will still be felt, by such as do not see altogether eye to eye with Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE in his decision, that some courtesy should be shown to them. To this end a new fashion in invitation cards is likely to arise. Lady Primrose-Dame will send a card to Mr. Singletax, requesting the pleasure of his absence from dinner on December 5th; to which Mr. Singletax will reply that, owing to another engagement on December 5th, he is glad to be able to accept Lady Primrose-Dame's kind invitation.

But we hope it is not too late for Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE to be persuaded to swallow the hatchet and think better of letting political principles interfere with the pleasures of the table. We beg him to reflect on the bitter disappointment that might be caused to many if his example should rob them of dining occasionally with a lord. There is, of course, the type of man who declares that food would only choke him if taken in the company of a political enemy; but he must not overlook the fact that there is always a possibility of his enemy, from like reasons, being choked. Again there is the fear that at the dinner-table your hated opponent might perform the significant ceremony of helping you to salt; but this act could always be responded to with pepper.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTY, NOW IN RETIREMENT.

THIS is Isabel, and she
Once was young, like you and me;

Making youthful hearts to stir,
Youthful feet to follow her.

Now she deems it right to wear
Sober garb and serious air;

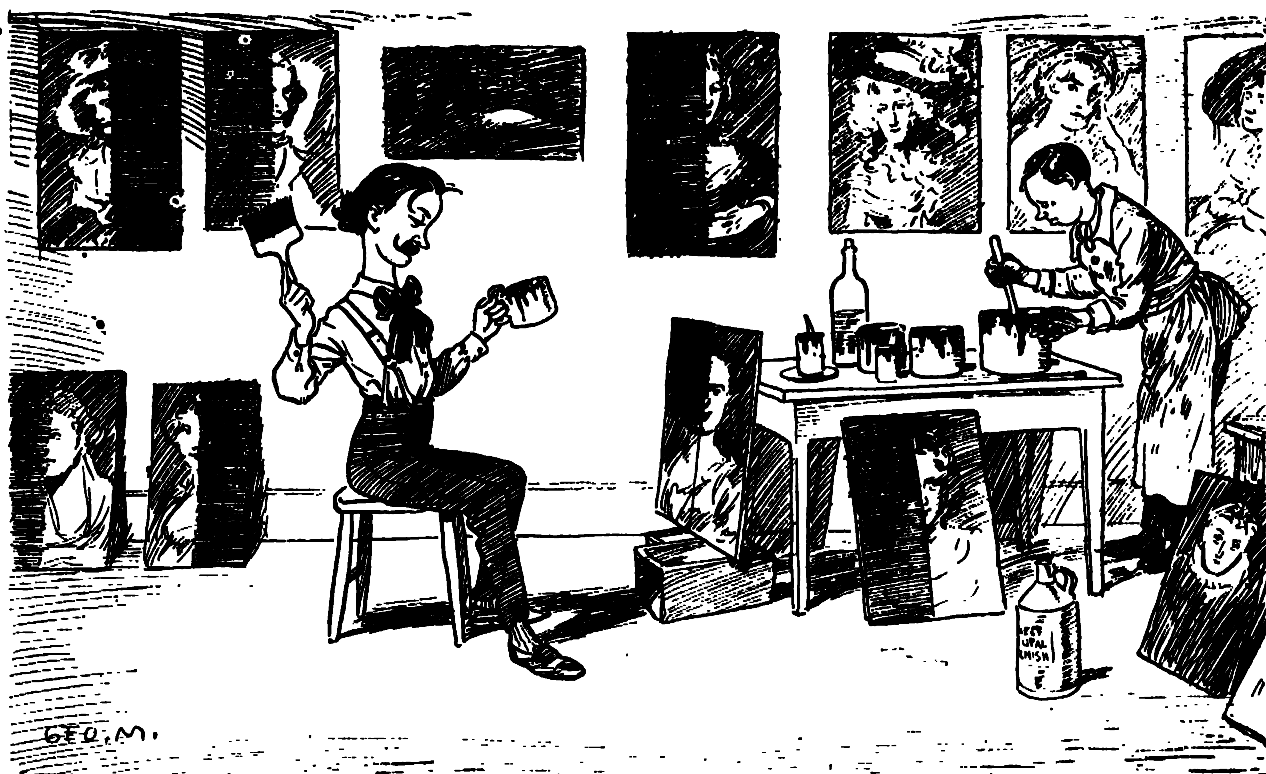
Seems to think the beauty gone
Foolish lovers doted on.

But, alas! a simpler dress
Cannot hide her loveliness;

Other men as well as I
Murmur, as she passes by,

"If perhaps in fifty years
Time confirms your present fears,

Placing you upon the shelf,
May I have you to myself?"



ANOTHER WORLD'S WORKER.

The artist who paints the black halves on "restored" pictures.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Forrest Reid is a writer from whom one may always expect work that will have a quality of refinement and distinction. I am not sure that I think *The Gentle Lover* (Arnold) altogether equal to the books that have preceded it, but this is only because the plot is rather more obvious and ordinary than has been the case with Mr. Reid's other stories. His touch is as tender (this is the only possible word for it) as ever. Perhaps it was hardly possible for him to present the middle-aged lover in any new light; the character is one that has been too hard worked in fiction to retain any of the charm of novelty. Still *Bennet Alingham* has charm, and enough reality to make me hope against hope, even up to the final chapter, that precedent was going to be falsified in the matter of the bestowal of the heroine. Perhaps it is because of a natural, and increasing, fellow-feeling with the adorer who is no longer in his romantic youth that I always feel a little sore when he is dismissed to a future of picturesque but unsatisfactory regrets. Of the other characters in the tale I cared far the most for *Brian*, the red-haired and altogether pleasing young brother of the heroine. *Alingham* certainly was well called the gentle lover; so little was his adoration insisted upon that I doubt if to the end of the story *Sylvie*, its object, was aware of it. Its gently sentimental course runs in pleasant places—Bruges, Florence, Pisa—all drawn in a way that makes me think that Mr. Reid must have recalled happy memories in writing about them. Indeed, these pictures of uneventful travel are really more attractive than the slender story that strings them together.

Penetrate by all means, with Mr. E. Temple Thurston, into the little shops on the southern side of the river, or the mean dwellings of Soho, or pace the streets with him all day long, and sleep at last on the Embankment or the steps of a squalid doorway as he shall direct you; for you will be touched, amused, and, more than that, you will be greatly cheered; you will encounter no gruff words or harshness of heart in these sordid places, but only a kindly sentimentalism that almost out-does Dickens and incidentally destroys the author's rather elaborate pretensions to realistic treatment of life. *Richard Furlong* (Chapman and Hall) was an artist (and a very good name for an artist too, for it *was* long and curled down right over his collar), an artist unrecognised for more than three hundred pages, except by the good-hearted dwellers in lowly purlieus, like *Mr. Nibbs*, the little picture dealer, *Mrs. Baldwin*, the young man's landlady, and her daughter *Custance*, a music-hall artiste, with whom he conducted a liaison, and whom afterwards, when disowned by his father and jilted by his *fiancée*, he persuaded (against the girl's own advice) to marry him. *Richard* was a bit of a genius, it seems, and the first man to make coloured wood-blocks; but everybody (everybody who was poor, that is to say) was so kind to him, that I failed to sympathise very deeply with the struggles of his unrecognised inspiration. That *Custance* suddenly died, for no particular reason, at the end of the book, I simply refuse, in spite of Mr. Temple Thurston's explicit assertion, to believe. For Fate, in the presence of the author's indefatigable optimism, could never have had the face to do a thing like that. By the way, there is one little error in the book that ought to be put right. Two very pleasant wood-cuts are reproduced, which are stated to be the work of *Richard Furlong*, but are signed W. R. D. I hope this rather careless oversight will be corrected in the second edition.

I may say at once that Mr. Francis Gribble's *The Romance of the Cambridge Colleges* (Mills and Boon) is an agreeable book, and that Cambridge men will do well to add it to their libraries. To be sure, Mr. Gribble is himself an Oxford man, but he avows the dreadful fact with a candour that disarms criticism. And, after all, the book speaks - I might almost say chats - for itself. I am not sure that it would be easy to justify the word "Romance" in the title. It seems to me not to express quite accurately the manner in which Mr. Gribble deals with the story of the various colleges. He mentions great names and gives an account of the strange characters who have always abounded in Cambridge and whom no Royal Commissions and no legislative reforms can utterly abolish or destroy. But a string of anecdotes, however well told (and Mr. Gribble tells them excellently and with gusto), is not precisely equivalent to what most of us understand by "Romance." However, they make pleasant reading and thus satisfy to a large extent what must have been the author's desire, and is certainly that of his readers. I commend very highly Mr. Gribble's gift of literary tact. It is well known, for instance, that members of St. John's College have a nickname - at any rate, they used to have one; perhaps the more delicate susceptibilities of our own day have swept it away. Still, there it was, and Mr. Gribble was bound to mention it. He performs his task with an allusive discretion which cannot offend even the most patriotic and sensitive Johnian. Finally, I must congratulate Mr. Gribble on having been able to escape for a time from the narration of the more or less scandalous love affairs of celebrated ladies. To these his fluent pen has been largely devoted, and I cannot help thinking he is better occupied when telling anecdotes of the Cambridge colleges.



Dentist with toothache tries to reassure himself by repeating formula employed with clients.

I have just met a very dear and charming girl, *Angelina Peachey*, in the pleasant pages of *Set to Partners* (Heinemann), and I want to know why nobody ever seriously introduced me before to her creatrix, Mrs. Henry Dudeney. *Angelina* had a grandmother who was no better than she ought to be, but a good deal prettier than she might have been according to the table of chances in these matters, and *Angelina*, it was prophesied, would take after her. Well, she did and she didn't. She had learned from a delightful, plain Irish Catholic maid how serious and big a matter being in love was, and how it was a dreadful thing to marry except for love. This was about the only religious teaching she ever had. So when *Angelina* met a man who fell in love with her she wouldn't marry him until she was quite sure, but took him on trial, so to speak, though all the world understood her to be his wife. And I don't suppose this was quite what Catholic Kitty meant. Then came along the real man, not a better man, not a nicer man, but just *the* man. So there was nothing to be done but to follow the gleam in *Julius Pole's* eyes. Unhappiness comes of it, and *Angelina*, always sincere and pure in heart, makes amends. And I don't like that part of it so well as her childhood, her early love passages, and her first letter to St. Mary of Egypt - her later correspondence was more self-conscious. And it was very nice to be reminded by the "little naked baby doll of pink soap," which papa *Peachey* gave *Angelina* to comfort her in some childish sorrow, of a little pink soap sister of *Angelina's* consoler once very, very dear to my own young heart.

As a warm admirer of Mr. Marriott's work I would gladly have opened the flood-gates and praised *Subsoil* (Hurst and Blackett) without reserve, but my trouble is that his book pretends to be a romance, and is really a very clever essay upon painting. It deals too much with minds and too little with morals to be a popular success. Nevertheless by thoughtful people who are interested in the connection between life and art it has simply got to be read, for however violently they may dissent from the views expressed by *Saffery*, the novelist, and *Hugh Sutherland*, the painter, they must admit that Mr. Marriott is an eloquent champion. The tale itself suffers from the defect that at the outset it is impossible not to guess the ending. No sooner have you discovered the author's point of view than you know that *Sutherland* and his *fiancée Sylvia Bradley* must drift apart. Mr. Marriott's characters, though their conversation is almost bewilderingly instructive, are not puppets; they are without exception admirably drawn; all the same, they are a little overwhelmed by the idea which they are used to exploit. And I am left wondering whether the author has not sacrificed one form of art in propounding his views upon another.

From an Insurance Company's advertisement:-

"Total Disablement by 35 diseases (26 weeks) £3 per week."

Not worth it. [*Additional note by Commentator*: This is another example of the danger of dictating important announcements. "Certified diseases," said the Secretary, and as the result of his hereditary lisp it came out "Thirty-five diseases." *Editor*: Nonsense. It really means "any one of thirty-five specified diseases." *Commentator*: How dull.]

"Headstone, 7 feet high, cost £12, for £9; selling cheap through death of proprietor."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

It would seem to be the exact moment when he wanted it.



THE TRAFFIC TROUBLE.

Why not organise the pedestrian traffic in busy thoroughfares? —*Mr. Punch.*

CHARIVARIA.

A fine statue of Rameses II., which has long been hidden away near Bedrashin, is being erected by Lord Kitchener in a prominent position at Cairo. There is no petty jealousy about K. of K.

It is possible that Battersea may choose a coloured gentleman for its Mayor. Personally, we should be pleased to see this. Anything would be better than the present monotonous arrangement by which all our Mayors are of the same hue.

Skipping is again being recommended as an aid to health. It is said that many book-reviewers would not be alive to-day had they not practised this art.

The prevailing craze! Smith Minor, asked in his Latin examination to translate *tetigi*, replied, "I have Tango-ed."

Bishop Quayle, of Washington, has been discussing the respective merits of thin men and fat men, and has come to the conclusion that the former are often wicked and the latter nearly always good. As a thin man ourselves we would like to ask whether the reason of this wonderful goodness of the fat men may not be due to realisation of the difficulty they would have in running away from the police?

And Dr. Leonard K. Hirshberg, of Johns Hopkins University, has been studying the question of the colour of our eyes. "Black eyes," he has come to the conclusion, "are often found associated with strong passions." This view is one which has long been held by policemen and magistrates.

Since Sir Thomas Clouston, in a lecture at the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, emphasised the need for a scientific and impartial study of the effects of drinking alcohol, he has, we hear, been inundated with offers from public-spirited gentlemen who are willing to be experimented upon.

A Philadelphia banker has distinguished himself by giving a supper-party at which monkeys mixed with the guests. To avoid confusion the guests wore evening dress.

The parrot which last week saved the lives of a Harringay family by giving an alarm of fire is, we hear from a reliable source, much amused at the fuss which is being made over it, for its idea was just to save its own life.

Replying to enquiries from fly-paper manufacturers, the American Consul at Prague states, "It is not possible to work up an extensive trade in Bohemia, for there are not sufficient flies to exterminate." But the fly-paper trade is not easily beaten, and inducements, we understand, are being held out to a number of New York flies, with their immense families, to emigrate.

Lord Weardale, speaking at the Gas Conference, said that with the increasing use of gas there was a marked improvement in the quality of our London fogs. We trust that the philanthropists concerned will now turn their attention to improving the quality of our rain, of which many persons complain.

It is announced that *Where the Rainbow Ends* is to be revived on Boxing Day. One might almost call it "Where the Rainbow Begins Again."

The reason of the failure of such a large proportion of theatrical ventures is still being debated. We will only remark that one at least of our newspapers classifies its advertisements of theatres under the heading "Theatres," and those of music-halls under the heading "Entertainments."

We are requested to state that the charming Drinking Song sung by Mr. Courtice Pounds in *The Laughing Husband* is not published by Messrs. Boosey but by another well-known firm.

"Cook (Plain), dining rooms, used to same," runs an advertisement in a contemporary. Some dining-rooms are so very sensitive.

THE WOMAN TURNS.

(Being the protest of a novelist's wife against the modern method of regarding love as a subject for surgical or pathological treatment.)

There was a time ere middle age had chided
The ardours proper to the Spring of life
(This period, roughly speaking, coincided
With our initial stage as man and wife),
When you would write of Love—its tears and laughter,
Of lovers' quarrels cancelled by a kiss,
Of wedding chimes and then, for ever after,
Unmitigated bliss.

I liked it; others may have deemed it twaddle;
Not such it seemed to my adoring eyes;
I liked to see you as the hero's model,
Myself the gushing heroine in disguise;
It pleased me, when perusing those romances,
To feel that our experience, yours and mine,
Though duly broidered with creative fancies,
Furnished the main design.

But now you follow fiction's later fashion;
You take your operator's knife and dig
Into the palpitating heart of Passion,
And vivisect it like a guinea-pig;
As one who probes the more obscure diseases
You ask yourself (his symptoms closely scanned)
Whether the patient ought to try sea-breezes
Or have his brain trepanned.

Calmly you diagnose this heavenly miracle,
Treating it like a measle or a mump
By methods scientific or empirical—
A patent plaster or a stomach-pump;
The wine that glows in Love's empurpled chalices,
Which once you sketched in complimentary terms,
Is now subjected to a sharp analysis
And shown to reek with germs.

No doubt your attitude's disinterested;
You gaze aloof, with speculative poise;
But women's hearts, you know, are not invested
With that detachment which the male enjoys.
Anyhow, here is matter made for furious
Thinking, and I who once, like Love, was blind,
Am taking notice now, and getting curious
About my state of mind.

At first I held the whole affair outrageous,
But now I too grow sniffy in the nose;
I find your air of Harley Street contagious,
I emulate your pathologic pose;
And, after careful inward consultation,
I apprehend that what you hint is true—
It must have been some mental aberration
That made me marry you!

O. S.

"On eating the sixth oyster Rogovoy's teeth came in contact with another hard substance which he took from his mouth and examined critically. Believing that he had found a gem he took the object to a jeweller, who pronounced it a pear-shaped pear of perfect contour, and placed the value at $5,000."—*Cornell Sun.*

It seems a lot for a pear, even at this time of the year, but perhaps the unusual shape made it valuable.

A MODERNISED "PUNCH AND JUDY."

I am told that "Punch and Judy" is losing its hold on the Public. If so, I cannot help thinking that the fault must lie in the drama itself. It does not treat the problem of marriage with the insight, the psychological subtlety which a cultured and intellectual audience expects in these days. And its characters are all too low in the social scale to be interesting or sympathetic to any intelligent spectator. However, it only needs a little effort to bring it into touch with modern requirements—and here is *my* little effort:—

Scene—*The usual sort of thing.*

Judy, Lady Punch [enters. She wears a white "peignoir" and a boudoir cap with lace frill. Her face is of a remarkable pallor; the great eyes have the intense gaze of one who has borne much, without perhaps being able to say precisely what]. Not a taxi anywhere! But I should have betrayed myself if I had used the *landaulette*!

Lord Joey [enters. He has the battered look of a man about town. Time has turned his top-knot sky-blue, but the locks on either side of his brow retain their original auburn]. Hullo! hullo! Lady P.! Where are you off to?

Judy (looking straight before her). *I* don't know! I don't *care!* So long as it isn't *Home!*

Lord J. (wagging his head with reproof). Don't like to hear you talkin' like *that*, Lady P. Sounds as if you and poor old Punchie had had a row or somethin'—what?

Judy. He never *will* have a row! That's what makes him so absolutely unbearable! That—and his perfectly awful hump!

Lord J. But I *say*, you know—he had that hump when you married him. I remember noticin', when I was his best man, how doocid round-shouldered he was gettin'!

Judy. I was so young then. I never in the least realised what it would *mean* to be wedded to a hump for the whole of my life! Oh, why, *why* aren't girls told more *about* these things?

Lord J. Dunno, I'm sure, Lady P. Still, hump or no hump, he's a toppin' good feller, don't you know? What I mean to say is; there's no sort of *harm* in him!

Judy (bitterly). There's nothing worse you *could* say!

Lord J. Well, he seems to be comin' this way, so I'll say good mornin', Lady P. [*Exit tactfully.*

Sir Percy Punch, K.C.B., F.R.B.S., F.R.Z.S., &c., &c. [enters. His large black eyes are melancholy and introspective, and the flush on his rather prominent nose is manifestly due to chronic indigestion]. Why, Judy, my love, I'd no idea I should meet *you* here! I've been taking the dog out for a run. [*Enter* Toby.] Toby, sit up and give your paw to the little Missis! [Toby *obeys.*

Judy (refusing the paw). I thought you knew I simply *loathe* dogs.

Sir P. (forgetting himself for the moment). Oh! Rootititoot! Rootiti-toot!

Judy (with quiet scorn). Is it absolutely necessary to express yourself in *quite* such language?

Sir P. Sorry, my love, sorry! Force of habit! [*Enter* Nurse *with the* Baby.] Aha! Here's the ickle cockalorum! (Sir P. *takes the* Baby *and offers it to* Judy, *who cowers back.*)

Judy (hysterically). I—I can't. I *can't*! It's too like *you!* And it isn't *eugenic!* I do *wish* you'd throw it away. *Won't* you—to please *me*?

Sir P. Really, my dear, our son and heir, you know—no, I must draw the line at *that!* (*handing* Baby *to* Nurse). There, take Master Punch home and keep him well wrapped up. (*As* Nurse *goes off with* Baby) Judy, my darling, I'm afraid you're a little *upset* about something or other?

Judy (breaking out). If you *must* know, I'm sick of you



THE HOME RULE MAZE.

Mr. Asquith. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT ARE YOU TRYING TO GET IN OR OUT?"
Mr. Bonar Law. "JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO ASK *YOU*, SIR."



AT THE MOTOR SHOW.

Dear Old Lady (after an exhaustive explanation of the engine). "And now tell me, where do you light the fire?"

and the Baby and Toby, and I simply can't stand it any longer.

Sir P. Why, rootiti—I mean, tut-tut. What on earth have *I* done?

Judy. You're so *appallingly* affectionate, so conventionally domesticated and all that. It's *too* sickening.

Sir P. (sadly). Tell me, Judy, is there no way—*none*—by which I might regain your affection?

Judy (dreamily). If I could see you reckless, lawless, riotous, triumphing rough-shod over all opposition, I *might*—but no, you will never be like *that*—never, *never*.

Beadle (enters with thick stick). Beg pawdon, Sir Percy, but might this 'ere belong to *you*?

Judy (excited). Say it *does!* And hit him on the head with it! Or hit *me!* *Anything* that will make me *respect* you once more.

Sir P. (to the Beadle, *after inspection).* No, it's not *my* stick, my man. I *never* carry a cudgel. You'd better take it to the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard.

[*Exit* Beadle, *as* Jack Ketch *enters carrying patent gibbet.*

Jack K. 'Scuse *me,* Sir Percy, but is this anythink in *your* line? Little apparatus of me own. Wonnerful simple. I jest puts me 'ed through this 'ere noose (*he does so*), and all *you* 'ave to do is to give a tug to this 'ere pulley, and I'm 'ung proper, *I* am!

Judy (feverishly). Oh, *why* don't you hang him? You would if you were half a Punch!

Sir P. (meditatively). H'm! (*To* Jack Ketch) Your invention seems ingenious. I should advise you to show it to the Home Secretary.

Judy (passionately, as Jack Ketch *departs).* That settles it. I will no longer be dependent on *you.* I will live my own life.

Sir P. May I remind you, my love, that our resources entirely depend on the pennies my agent collects in a bag from the populace? If you decline to share that income, I don't *quite* see what you are going to live your own life *on.*

Judy. I can start a little show of my own, I suppose?

Sir P. You *could* do that, of course, but—rootiti-toot—I *should* say, ahem—I rather doubt if you'd be much of a draw without *me.*

Judy. Perhaps. The world is very hard on us women. But *I* don't care; I shall find an opening in spite of you.

Sir P. I should rather like to know *where.*

Enter a large Crocodile.

Judy (driven to desperation). Where? . . . Why, *here!* (*Throws herself into* Crocodile's *jaws and disappears.*)

Sir P. (with mild concern). What a pity—what a pity—what a pity!

Here ends the drama, which is entirely at the service of any travelling showman who has enterprise enough to produce it. But I know what managers *are.* F. A.

"During the winter months a lady and her husband offer to take charge of a house in return for a small salary and board."
Advt. in "Lady."

Two more world's workers.

AN OUTBURST.

I HAD been to the Rutland Gallery to see the Yiddish pictures. As I went in, an official took my stick from me and gave me a number for it.

"Can't I keep it?" I said, for I like its support.

He pointed to a notice saying that the relinquishment of sticks and umbrellas was compulsory, and I gave it up. I suppose that the idea was that I might be a Suffragist, and desire to prove my fitness for exercising the vote by pushing my ferrule through a masterpiece. Anyway, I gave it up without another word.

Half an hour later I came out and, handing in the number, I received the stick. On the counter was a saucer full of pennies; but this did not worry me. I took my stick and was going out when the expression of mortification and contempt on the custodian's face caught my eye.

I went back. "Let's have this out," I said. "You think me dirt for not giving you a tip."

He denied it.

"Oh, yes, you do," I said. "I know. But why should you?"

"Most gentlemen give something," he said.

"Yes," I replied, "but why should they? Have you ever asked yourself that? Here am I, a not too robust man after influenza, but you took my stick away. I would much rather have had it with me. I am much too fond of pictures to injure them, even when I see a false ascription, as I have done here more than once. And then, having taken my stick against my will, you ask me to pay you rent for it. Is that reasonable?"

He had nothing to say.

"Are you paid any wages?" I asked.

He admitted that he was.

"And you want to be paid twice over?" I said. "Is that quite the game?"

Again he had nothing to say.

"I am getting tired of it," I said. "Paying money for something is no great lark, but paying money for nothing is beyond my endurance. Every day I have lunch at a restaurant where there are no hat-pegs inside. It follows therefore that I must leave my hat and stick in the cloak-room, and every day I give the able-bodied custodian sixpence for being in the same room in which my hat and stick repose. That is all they do. They don't brush my hat or do anything for me. I can't give them nothing, much as I should like to, but they can easily do nothing in return. And now you flaunt this saucer of money at me to suggest that I should pay you. Well, I'm done with it."

He grew restive, as indeed he might, but kept silent.

"Now look here," I said, "if this were a sensibly run country, which it is not, but a country of stupid tolerant sheep, a great strong fellow like you would never be in a position like this at all. Stick and umbrella guarding would be given to the feeble and otherwise incapable—to hunchbacks and so forth. To hand them a penny or so for doing nothing would not be so degrading. But you——" and I turned to go in disgust.

It was then that he spoke. "Look here, guvnor," he said, "if you're too jolly mean to give a man twopence why don't you say so? What's the good of delivering a lecture on it?"—which was exactly the kind of retort I expected.

But none the less I was, as usual, right.



A GOOD ADDRESS.

To Harold Binks, Esq.,
"The Grange," Wimpleton Park, Surrey.

DEAR SIR,—We beg to call your attention to the accompanying catalogue and price list of latest winter fashions in liveries for chauffeurs, grooms, footmen, etc.; also if your *gardeners* and *gamekeepers* have not yet ordered their winter clothing we have a new stock of tweeds, etc.

Assuring you of our best attention, etc., etc.

Commercial Candour.

From a Bombay catalogue:—

"Rubber Stamps. Cheapest and Fine. (Possible.)"

But not likely.

HIST! WE ARE OBSERVED!

(*Suggested by some recent incidents in theatrical competition.*)

As dusk fell, the streets about the beleaguered building began to assume an even more deserted appearance. Here and there, sinister figures lurked in the shadows or crept furtively from one hiding place to another. Every few moments the orange glare of a searchlight from some neighbouring tower swept the roadway from end to end. . . .

Near the threatened citadel itself silence, oppressive and ominous, prevailed. The long blank wall, broken only by a small and secret-looking door, over which flickered a solitary lamp, exposed its taciturn surface to the world, jealous guardian of the mysteries within. But somewhere out of sight was unwinking watchfulness; behind every loop-hole and embrasure men stood armed and waiting, as they had waited night after night. . . .

And now, the hour was at hand. Silently, out of the brooding shadows, strange and shrouded forms took shape, moved, and passed. Whispered challenges were heard, and countersigns. One by one the muffled figures reached in safety the little door in the wall, and, after breathless intervals of scrutiny, were admitted within the building that waited for their coming. Who were they? Conspirators who met to hatch some foul plot behind these menacing and secret walls? Leaders of a forlorn hope to save the city from some alien conqueror? No, they were actors on their way to attend a rehearsal of the great elevator scene in the next Musical Revue.

"Yonag German gentleman decives lo echang lessong in English gimny in return lessons in Spanish conversacion and gramman."
Advt. in "Antofagasta Mercurio."

He had much better stick to Esperanto.

A hint from "Garden Work for Amateurs":—

"If there are slugs in the garden wait till the end of March before planting them out."

They are very patient little fellows.



SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS.

Golfer. "Anyone out ahead of us, Caddie?"
Caddie. "Yessur—a gennelman wif a caddie, and a man carryin' for 'isself."

L'ALLEGRO IN 1913.

(By a whole-hearted admirer of the latest phase in our national drama.)

Hence, ordinary Folly,
Of Dionysus born and Deucea Rot!
Be thou presented not
Even by Edw-rd-s (George) and
Fr-hm-n (Cholly);
Seek out some rustic stage
Where bumpkins still admire the
good old wheeze
And the sad valses please;
There for the ebon pit and high-
browed gods,
Who understand thy nods,
Reserve these pranks that erst were
London's rage.
But come, thou Nymph of the inept,
In Paris a *Révue* yclept
(By us translated a Review),
Whom Piffle, if the tale be true,
With Bosh and several children more
To undiluted Bunkum bore;
Or whether (this perhaps is right)
The soul of Bowery, taking flight,
With coy Lutetia carried on
In furnished rooms near Paddington,
Chucked her chin, and cried, "Ar Har!"
And, linked with her by Registrar,
Bequeathed us thee, an offspring fair,
Vulgarity beyond compare.
Haste thee, Honey, don't forget
Tights and teeth, a brand-new set,
Jokes in far from dubious taste,
And gowns not all too straitly laced,
Fashioned by what creators bold
The programme hath not left half-
told.
Cast your bridge across the stalls
And weave no plot, because that palls.
Come, and loose from glittering fang
All the latest New York slang,
And, hugging closely, lead with thee
Turkey Trot and Tango Tea;
And, if these joys I rightly class,
Oh give me a perpetual pass
To love thee and to live with thee
And evermore thy patron be;
To hear the Yankee accent rise
That tears the canvas in the "flies,"
And see the girls display their charms,
Not much of wit, but legs and arms;
Whilst the coon, with lively din
And well-pied pants, comes prancing
in.
Then to the spicy nut-made chaff
And chunks of cinematograph,
And turns from music-halls, but worse,
And notes of unmelodious verse,
Such as, I ween, had raised the roots
Of tufted elms and scared the brutes;
And Pluto's self, if he had heard
So harsh laments by Orpheus stirred,
Had changed his purpose and set free
For comfort's sake Eurydice.
These things if thou canst surely do,
Enchant me still, sublime Review.

Evoe.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Last year *Mr. Punch* published an appeal from The Children's White Cross League on behalf of the sufferers from the London Dock Strike. Another appeal now reaches him from the same quarter; and this time it is for the starving women and children of Dublin that *Mr. Punch's* readers are asked to open their generous purses. He ventures to recall the legend that runs beneath his cartoon in which he asked help for the wives and children of the London Dock Strikers: "Come, Madam," he there says to Charity, "you will not ask where the blame lies: you will only ask how best you can help."

Gifts should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer of The Children's White Cross League, 3, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

"Ousting the Foreigners from our Kitchens.
A L.C.C. school for turning out British Chefs."
Daily Graphic.

It really seems to be for turning out foreign *chefs*.

THE FINANCIER.

It is nearly two years ago that I began speculating in West African mines. You may remember what a stir my entry into the financial world created; how Sir Isaac Isaacstein went mad and shot himself; how Sir Samuel Samuelstein went mad and shot his typist; and how Sir Moses Mosestein went mad and shot his typewriter, permanently damaging the letter "s." There was panic in the City on that February day in 1912 when I bought Jaguars and set the market rocking.

I bought Jaguars partly for the rise and partly for the thrill. In describing my speculation to you eighteen months ago I find that I dwelt chiefly on the thrill part; I alleged that I wanted to see them go up and down. It would have been more accurate to have said that I wanted to see them go up. It was because I was sure they were going up that, with the united support of my solicitor, my stockbroker, my land agent, my doctor, my architect and my vicar (most of them hired for the occasion), I bought fifty shares in the Jaguar mine of West Africa.

When I bought Jaguars they were at 1—$1\frac{1}{16}$. This means that—— No, on second thoughts I won't. There was a time when, in the pride of my new knowledge, I should have insisted on explaining to you what it meant, but I am getting *blasé* now; besides, you probably know. It is enough that I bought them, and bought them on the distinct understanding from my financial adviser that by the end of the month they would be up to 2. In that case I should have made rather more than forty pounds in a few days, simply by assembling together my solicitor, stockbroker, land-agent, etc., etc., in London, and without going to West Africa at all. A wonderful thought.

At the end of a month Jaguars were steady at $1\frac{1}{8}$; and I had received a report from the mine to the effect that down below they were simply hacking gold out as fast as they could hack, and up at the top were very busy rinsing and washing and sponging and drying it. The next month the situation was the same; Jaguars in London very steady at $1\frac{1}{16}$, Jaguar diggers in West Africa very steady at gold-digging. And at the end of the third month I realised not only that I was not going to have any thrills at all, but (even worse) that I was not going to make any money at all. I had been deceived.

* * * * *

That was where, eighteen months ago, I left the story of my City life. A good deal has happened since then; as a result of which I am once more eagerly watching the price of Jaguars.

A month or two after I had written about them Jaguars began to go down. They did it (as they have done everything since I have known them) stupidly. If they had dropped in a single night to $\frac{3}{4}$, I should at least have had my thrill. I should have suffered in a single night the loss of some pounds, and I could have borne it dramatically; either with the sternness of the silent Saxon, or else with the volubility of the volatile—I can't think of anybody beginning with a "V." But, alas! Jaguars never dropped at all. They subsided. They subsided slowly back to 1—so slowly that you could hardly observe them going. A week later they were $\frac{63}{64}$, which, of course, is practically the same as 1. A month afterwards they were $\frac{31}{32}$, and it is a debatable point whether that is less or more than $\frac{63}{64}$. Anyhow by the time I had worked it out and discovered that it was slightly less, they were at $\frac{61}{64}$, and one had the same trouble all over again. At $\frac{61}{64}$ I left them for a time; and when I next read the financial column they were at $\frac{15}{16}$, which still seemed to be fairly near to 1. And even when at last, after many months, I found them down to $\frac{7}{8}$ I was not seriously alarmed, but felt that it was due to some little local trouble (as that the manager had fallen down the main shaft and was preventing the gold being shot out properly) and that, when the obstruction had been removed, Jaguars would go up to 1 again.

But they didn't. They continued to subside. When they had subsided to $\frac{1}{2}$ I woke up. My dream of financial glory was over. I had lost my money and my faith in the City; well, let them go. With an effort I washed Jaguars out of my mind. Henceforward they were nothing to me.

And then, months after, Andrew came on the scene. At lunch one day he happened to mention that he had been talking to his broker.

"Do you often talk to your broker?" I asked in admiration. It sounded so magnificent.

"Often."

"I haven't got a broker to talk to. When you next chat to yours. I wish you'd lead the conversation round to Jaguars and see what he says."

"Why, have you got some?"

"Yes, but they're no good. Have a cigarette, won't you?"

Next morning to my amazement I got a telegram from Andrew. "Can get you ten shillings for Jaguars. Wire if you will sell, and how many."

It was really a shock to me. When I had asked Andrew to mention Jaguars to his broker it was solely in the hope of hearing some humorous City comment on their futility—one of those crisp jests for which the Stock Exchange is famous. I had no idea that his broker might like to buy them from me.

I wired back: "Sell fifty, quick."

Next day he told me he had sold them.

"That's all right," I said cheerfully; "they're his. He can watch them go up and down. When do I get my twenty-five pounds?" To save twenty-five pounds from the wreck was wonderful.

"Not for a month; and of course you don't deliver the shares till then."

"What do you mean, 'deliver the shares'?" I asked in alarm. "I haven't got the gold mine here; it's in Africa or somewhere. Must I go out and——"

"But you've got a certificate for them."

My heart sank.

"Have I?" I whispered. "Good lord, I wonder where it is."

I went home and looked. I looked for two days; I searched drawers and desks and letter-books and safes and ice-tanks and trouser-presses — every place in which a certificate might hide. It was no good. I went back to Andrew. I was calm.

"About these Jaguars," I said casually. "I don't quite understand my position. What have I promised to do? And can they put me in prison if I don't do it?"

"You've promised to sell 50 Jaguars to a man called Stevens by the middle of next month. That's all."

"I see," I said, and I went home again.

And I suppose you see too. I've got to sell fifty Jaguars to a man called Stevens by the middle of next month. Although I really have fifty fully matured ones of my own, there's nothing to prove it, and they are so suspicious in the City that they will never take my bare word. So I shall have to buy fifty new Jaguars for this man called Stevens—and buy them by the middle of next month.

And this is why I am still eagerly watching the price of Jaguars. Yesterday they were $\frac{5}{8}$. I am hoping that by the middle of next month they will be down to $\frac{1}{2}$ again. But I find it difficult to remember sometimes which way I want them to go. This afternoon, for instance, when I saw they had risen to $\frac{11}{16}$ I was quite excited for a moment; I went out and bought some cigars on the strength of it. Then I remembered; and I came home and almost decided to sell the pianola. It is very confusing. You must see how very confusing it is.

A. A. M.



Candid Hostess (on seeing her nephew's fiancée for the first time). "I NEVER SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU FROM YOUR PHOTOGRAPH. REGGIE TOLD ME YOU WERE SO PRETTY."

Reggie's Fiancée. "NO, I'M NOT PRETTY, SO I HAVE TO TRY AND BE NICE, AND IT'S SUCH A BORE. HAVE YOU EVER TRIED?"

A SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

A SUGGESTION was thrown out the other day at the Hull Congress for Women Workers that training for parentage was badly needed, and that, side by side with schools for mothers, there should be similar institutions for their husbands, to induce the latter to pay more attention to the development of the coming race. We are happy to say that this project has already been anticipated, as there exists a flourishing academy for male parents over at Child's Hill, where the middle-aged idea is taught to shoot by youthful professors. A glance at the following syllabus of Lectures for the Winter Session should reassure any infant who may be anxious about the correct upbringing of his progenitor.

PATRICULATION COURSE.

"The Dawn of Intelligence"—or "Making Him Sit Up and Take Notice at 3 A.M.," with Gramophone Demonstration by Junior Members of the Staff.

"The Vatergarten"—Object-lessons in Nature Study for Budding Owners of Nurseries.

"Aids to Conversation," or Practice in the Three R's—*ripping*, *rotten*, and *righto*.

"Tact and Back-Chat," or the Art of Deference to the Opinions of a Twelve-year-old—A series of Dialogues allowing the last-word-but-one to the Grown-up.

"The Problem of the Only Father," or "How a Spoilt Parent Should Restrain his Whims."

"Pater Pan, or the Father who Wouldn't Grow Up."

"The Stern Papa, his Bank Balance, his Solemn Blessing, and his deplorable Habit of Disinheriting—a Warning to Heavy Fathers," illustrated by the Cinematograph.

"The Art of being a Super-dad," showing how a Father should recognise himself as a Superfluity in the View of the Rising Generation.

We think that a term's attendance, even as day-parents, at the Academy in question, with such a stimulating series of lectures, should produce results calculated to satisfy the most exacting filiusfamilias.

From an account of a speech in *The Fife Herald*:

"Speaking of the gentleman whose death he had to propose, he knew that he had been regarded in Dundee as one of the most popular men in that city, a man who had become popular in the execution of his duty."

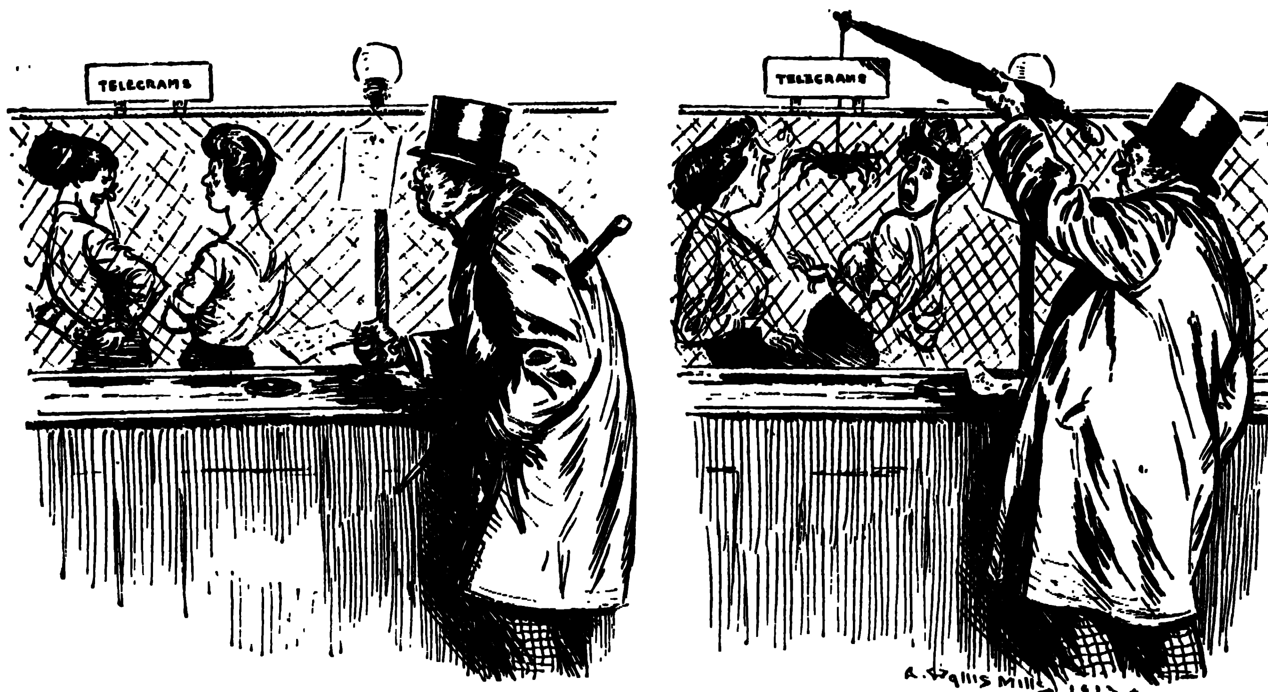
And this is his reward!

"At Manchester, in the professional handicap, Harry Lambert was in brilliant form, and after accounting for Latham, who conceded 15, defeated Bisque in the final, 6–1, 6–3, 5–7, 6–3."
Johannesburg Evening Chronicle.

Wait till he meets Dedans in the challenge round.

"The Lord Mayor of London remanded the accused, and assisted the wife out of the poor box."—*Liverpool Evening Express.*

The Lord Mayor (always polite). Take my arm, madam.



INVENTION FOR ATTRACTING THE NOTICE OF POST-OFFICE LADIES.

(PATENT APPLIED FOR.)

MR. WALKER—PIONEER.

FULL many a golden bard has sung
  How RALEIGH brought the weed
That cheers (and sometimes burns the tongue),
  And served a world-wide need;
But not a star that ever shone
Has cast one tiny ray upon
Our Mr. WALKER (name of JOHN),
  And his colossal deed.

For, grandly though Sir WALTER strove,
  And matchless though his might,
The fire he kindled never throve,
  Lacking the fuller light;
His best disciple could but feel
A need beyond the flint and steel:
And WALKER 'twas that rose to heal
  This lamentable plight.

Yes, it was he whose ardent will
  Came nobly to the scratch;
He whose indomitable skill
  Evolved, at length, the match:
And, as the goodly tidings spread,
Each earnest smoker rose and said,
"Blessings on Mr. WALKER's head;
  This is indeed a catch."

And soon, with that great victory won,
  For each that smoked before
There bloomed, like flowers beneath the sun,
  Ten thousand, ay, and more,
Who, revelling in the greater ease
Of matches, not to say fuzees,
Could light up even in a breeze·
  That was the greatest score.

And we, from that surpassing start,
  Have risen to things supreme;
For, with these growing numbers, Art
  Took Mixture for her theme,
And, greatly toiling, in the end
Arose to many a perfect blend,
The least of which would far transcend
  Stout RALEIGH's wildest dream.

Then let us, in these happy days,
  Brood gratefully hereon,
And, as we strike the careless blaze,
  Reflect on him who 's gone;
Recall to whom we owe the flame,
And, in a tumult of acclaim,
Uplift the mild but honoured name
  Of Mr. WALKER (JOHN).

DUM-DUM.

HIEROGLYPHIC FICTION.

THERE are signs that the increasing tendency of people to bring actions for damages because their quite ordinary names have been made use of in novels or plays is getting on publishers' nerves.

Something will have to be done about it, and the only absolutely safe course is to dispense with names altogether. Surely our halfpenny press could set the example, in this way:—

OUR FEUILLETON.

"THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW."

BY CYRUS PIFFELHEIMER.

(*Special Notice.*—All the characters appearing in this remarkable story are entirely unreal and not one of the incidents or situations described therein is taken from life.)

You can commence this absorbing serial at any time.

Start to-day and get it over.

This will help you:—

SYNOPSIS

of the chief actors in this thrilling romance:—

✱ The All Star Heroine.

O A retired Alderman, her father.

↑ A rising young airman, in love with ✱ but suspected of murdering

·££ A Multi-millionaire found dead in Chapter II. by

● A super-detective.

P A mysterious adventuress with several pasts who plots with

! An unspeakable bounder, to ruin ↑.

♛ A nutty young nobleman in love with ✱, P, and

▽ A musical comedy actress who resides with

△ Her mother.

∩ A chauffeur.

I A lift-boy.

"On Saturday last an interesting wedding was solemnized in the parish church, the contending parties being Charles —— and Amelia ——."

A bad beginning.



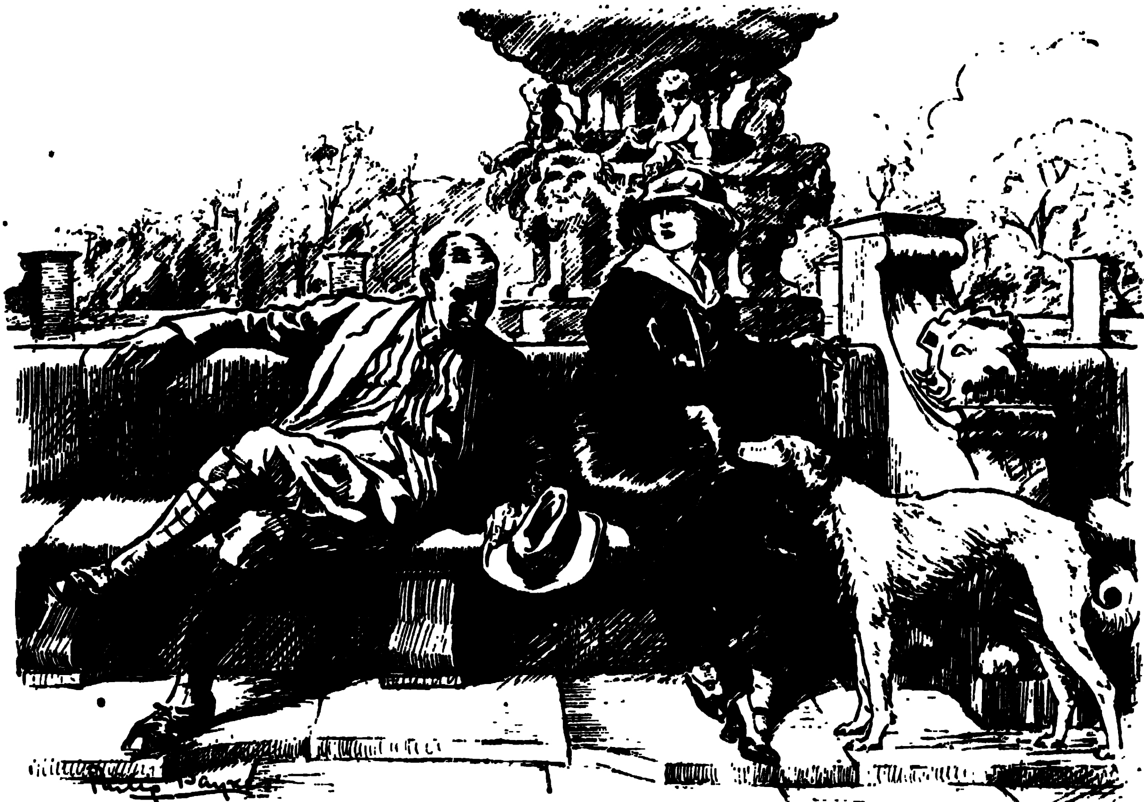
THE SORROWS OF HUERTA.

Mexican President. "WHAT HAVE WE HERE?"

American Eagle. "THAT, SIR, IS ANOTHER STRONGLY-WORDED REMONSTRANCE."

Mexican President. "NO USE FOR IT. I HOPED IT WAS GOING TO BE AN ULTIMATUM."

[It is anticipated that a definite threat of armed intervention on the part of the United States would determine all factions in Mexico to unite in the common cause of national independence.]



He. "Tell me, why are you so distant to-day? Only yesterday in this very place we were getting on so well."
She. "Oh! *that!* That was for our cinematograph. Didn't they tell you?"

SAMUEL THE SUPERCILIOUS.

Samuel lives at the top of Regent Street, close to a rather select post office. The first call I made upon him was at two in the morning. "Samuel, old thing," said I, "give us a stamp."

It is worth while remarking that, had Samuel been a company promoter or a performing elephant, of neither of whom is it reasonable to ask a postage stamp at two in the morning, it would still have been discourteous on his part to throw my penny on the pavement. As I took pains to point out to him, he was there for the very business on which I approached him. Stamps were what he had to sell, and for two pins I would take his number. I concluded with the remark, possibly ill-advised, that he was a Jack-in-uniform.

"Bent or battered coins," said Samuel, "will not be accepted." I picked my penny up and brushed it carefully. It was an old penny, worn with honest service, and bore the Order of the Ship and Lighthouse. This, as I pointed out to Samuel, was a distinction and not a disability. "When *you* are old, Samuel," I said, "I will write things about you to the newspapers. Your infirmities shall not escape the public eye; your unfitness for the Civil Service shall be duly advertised, and for the present just you leave my pennies alone."

It was then that a policeman passed, so I went home and did not see Samuel till the following night. This time I fed him with the newest and thickest and shiniest penny in Marylebone, which he promptly threw in the mud.

"That settles it," I said. "I report you to-morrow. I should send off the complaint now if only I could get a stamp out of you. . . ."

"Can't you read?" asked Samuel in a snappy tone. "The notice says plain enough that I'm empty."

* * * * *

Last Sunday night at half-past eleven—not, I think, an unreasonable hour—I paid Samuel my third visit. He was not looking so bright and perky as usual, so I determined to give him no loophole for rudeness; and, after wishing him a pleasant evening and lots of business, I produced a painfully respectable penny (late Victorian) and handed it to him.

He bit it once, and then pushed it back to me. "Come, come," said I, "you know very well there's nothing the matter with it."

"That's as may be," said Samuel with a sickly scowl; "but there's something the matter with me. I'm out of order, as you might have known if you'd troubled to look."

So the victory at present is with Samuel, the slot machine. And I have yet to discover whether it is my pennies he objects to, or myself, or if he is merely touting for half-crowns.

But if he is malingering (as I strongly suspect, for all his symptoms of disorder) and happens to be an insured person under the Act, let me point out to Samuel that one of the panel doctors for his district is a second cousin of mine.

At the moment of writing, the weather is not very appreciably colder, and we therefore continue to receive accounts of robins' nests in motor-bonnets, primroses by the river's brim, and gooseberries on Dartmoor. But the most poignant communication we have had is from a husband in Chiswick. "I wrote to you last week to say that in my garden I still have blooming violets, so mild is the weather; now I beg to inform you that, from the same cause, no doubt, on Tuesday last my wife began spring cleaning."

ANOTHER LAND GRIEVANCE.

I AM a small landowner. Wait one moment, please, before ordering me to the guillotine. I am also a victim of game-preservers. That ensures me a temporary reprieve, does it not?

Let me state my case—which by the way has not yet been submitted to the Liberal, Unionist, or Labour land inquiries. My humble estate of three acres is bounded on the north by the Marquis of Bungay, on the east by Sir Granville Toots, on the south and west by Lord Brockstones. I am surrounded by the best game preserves in England. Cabinet Ministers are always doing their best in my locality to diminish the deadly game plague. The crack of guns and the click of cameras are heard all day long. I make a small, but appreciable, addition to my income by charging way-leaves for *Tatler* snapshotters as they rush from one shooting party to another. I have spent much money on the cultivation of my land. Little patches of rye and barley are spread all over it, and it is encircled by a ring of mangolds. Till this season I have enjoyed excellent sport. The pheasants escaping from the battues around me congregated on my little haven of peace. I assure you that when I went shooting myself it was necessary to carry an umbrella to shield one from the falling birds.

But now, alas, those greedy game-kings have erected fences of wire-netting twenty feet high around their preserves. They have taken labourers from the productive work of tilling the soil and stationed them round my borders to "hish" back any pheasant which desires to pay me a friendly visit. My melancholy mangolds stand unpecked—that is good blank verse, by the way. Base gamekeepers taunt me over the boundary as they go their rounds. And I have arranged my annual shooting-party for next week. My tailor had promised to come. My bootmaker had consented to set off a battue against his bill. All my club acquaintances to whom I owe a debt of hospitality will be there. And yet there will be no game unless they are lucky enough to bag a *Tatler* snapshotter.

Can such things be in free England? Unless all the gamekeepers are taken from their usual work and set to raising food for the people the happy natural life of the countryside is doomed.

I appeal to the great CHANCELLOR, the Little Brother of the Poor, for help. I appeal to Captain PRETYMAN, the Big Brother of the Dukes, to save the aristocracy from the consequences of their own greed. If all fails I must take to violent measures, as most politicians seem to do nowadays. I will call in the aid of Mrs. PANKHURST, the Mother-in-law of the People, and arrange for a Suffragette demonstration on my estate. Then, when every pheasant has fled from the district, the Marquis of Bungay, Sir Granville Toots, and Lord Brockstones will appeal for mercy, and I shall sternly reply, "Too late—too late."



KEATS ON THE MEXICAN DIFFICULTY.
(*With Variations.*)

[President WOODROW WILSON and his Foreign Secretary, Mr. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.]

So, like stout CORTEZ, with spread-eagle eyes,
He viewed the unpacific; and W. JEN.
Gazed at his leader with a wild surmise,
Chatty upon a peak in Darien.

THE NEW CITY.

THE complete annihilation of Tammany Hall has had—pending its resurrection—an astonishing effect upon New York and its people. Boss MURPHY is in such a state of collapse that he cannot now take anything, excepting his defeat and occasionally a little bread and milk. On the other hand, the new Mayor, Mr. JOHN MITCHEL, begins his term of office full of righteous enthusiasm; he has already instituted a pretty little custom of gathering his officials together at the beginning of the day's work and reading to them choice extracts from LONGFELLOW, EMERSON, and ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

To the English visitor the alteration most apparent is that in the conduct of the police. "Constable," said a gentleman (obviously English, from his foreign accent and the shape of his boots) to a police inspector in Maddison Square, "will you be good enough to direct me to 174th Street?" For a moment or two the burly official was overcome, and could hardly restrain his feelings; but ultimately his better nature conquered, and, keeping his hands strictly behind him, he replied courteously, "Sure; go right on and you'll find it between 173rd Street and 175th Street."

A touching story of the changed character of another police official comes from the Bowery district. A gambling-saloon keeper met him one evening, and with a cordial wink pressed a roll of greenbacks into the hand of the guardian of public morals. Shrinking back as if he had touched a viper, the policeman threw the notes into the gutter, then, drawing his bludgeon, he felled the saloon-keeper to the ground, saying firmly but kindly as he did so, "Sonny, I'm not taking any."

From a notice of the Chemical Society's publications:—

"Conversion of orthonitroamines into oxadiazoleoxides (Furazanooxides)."

The explanation in brackets is perhaps hardly necessary, but it may be welcomed by some of our more ignorant readers.



Publisher (*to humorous artist who is showing him some "side-splitters"*). "ARE THESE HUMOROUS DRAWINGS?"
Artist. "YES—ER——" *Publisher.* "YOU DO THEM FOR AMUSEMENT, I SUPPOSE?" *Artist.* "OH! NO! ——"
Publisher. "WELL, THEY DON'T AMUSE ME EITHER!"

THE DONGO.

A RHYME OF REVOLT.

(*Vide Press passim.*)

I sing the delectable Dongo,
The national dance of the Pongo,
Who dwell on the banks of the Congo.

Historical.

'TWAS danced before great RHAMPSINITUS;
It horrified the Emperor TITUS;
It soothed the last hours of ST. VITUS;
It was the joy of AGRIPPINA,
The EMPRESS-DOWAGER OF CHINA,
SEMIRAMIS, ANACREON
And, just a little later on,
JIM LARKIN and AUGUSTUS JOHN;
But not, perhaps, of ANNIE SWAN.

Geographical.

It cheers the natives of Gaboon;
Tarantulates the mild Walloon;
It makes the Englishman less rigid,
The chilly Eskimo less frigid,
And gives the boon of perfect manners
To sons and daughters of meat-canners.

Therapeutic.

It cures club-feet, arthritis, mumps,
Expels the doldrums and the dumps;
It dries up water on the brain;
It brings delusion to the sane.

Economic.

It finds employment for the freak;
It makes poor Mrs. Grundy shriek;
It frees from their financial kinks
Owners of unfrequented rinks,
And causes their confiding friend;
To thrill with hopes of dividends;
It fills, when other diet palls,
The restaurants and music-halls;
And even weans our golfing nuts
From prattling of their drives and putts.

Ethical.

It shows in an engaging shape
The antics of the human ape;
Inkslinging pedants it impels
To search for classic parallels;
And very nearly, but not quite,
Wins sympathy for ALMROTH WRIGHT.
It spurs dilapidated satyrs
To tear stale passions into tatters;
It fires the measly amorist
To tell of kisses never kissed;
It turns the tea- or dinner-table
Into a bounding blithering babel;
Teaches photographers to blush
And floods the press with rancid gush,
Revels triumphant in the void,
Till Reason's still small voice is drowned
In billows of insensate sound,
And Drivel, sheer and unalloyed.

"We were 178 miles east of Belle Isle, and proceeding at very slow speed, when the officer on the look-out on the sternhead reported the presence of an iceberg, which was easily avoided."—*Glasgow Herald.*

A stern chase is a long chase, and most of these icebergs are under-engined.

From a local paper:—

"Taylor told how he concealed himself at night-time, and at an opportune moment fronted the defendant. He found two rabbits in his possession. Later on he picked up seven snakes."

It was a kindly act, for they had been bothering the defendant a good deal.

Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN on Home Rule:—

"Mr. Gladstone suddenly declared his conversion, and the bulk of the Liberal party . . . found salvation, and were baptised by quadroons and platoons."—*Daily Telegraph.*

The coloured gentlemen coming first.

THE LAST SMOKE.

"I have made up my mind," I said.

"Absolutely and irrevocably?" said Francesca.

"Yes, absolutely and irrevocably."

"I'm glad to hear that," she said, "because sometimes, when you've merely made up your mind, you've gone back on it, you know."

"What strange language is this?" I said. "How can a man go back on his mind? Minds do not lend themselves to that sort of thing."

"Don't they?" she said. "I know one that gives itself."

"Francesca," I said, "we will not quibble any more. I want you to realise that I have made up my mind to give up smoking." I paused to watch the effect of this announcement. Nothing happened. The clock went on ticking. The Pekinese dog continued to snore. Francesca did not cease to sew.

"I have decided to give up smoking," I repeated.

"Well," she said, "there's nothing in that."

"Nothing in that?" I cried. "The whole world is in it. Here am I, changing the entire course of my life, sacrificing something that is very dear to me, deciding to make myself extremely miserable, and you sit there doing a piece of absurd plain sewing and tell me there's nothing in it. It's enough to make a saint selfish."

"We won't worry about saints," she said; "they don't come into the question."

"There you go again," I said; "you refuse to allow me the least little bit of credit."

"All I wished to point out was that this is the tenth time to my certain knowledge that you've decided to give up smoking."

"What of that?" I said. "If it's a good thing to do you can't do it too often. And, anyhow, the other nine times weren't nearly so strong and determined as this one. This, Francesca, is the real thing."

"And that, I suppose, is why you are at this moment smoking a cigarette."

"Francesca," I said, "you have an eagle eye. Nothing can escape you. I had not noticed—I mean, I lit it without—that is, it's my last cigarette. You wouldn't rob a man of his last cigarette, would you? Please look well at this cigarette before it's too late, for it is my last. There—it's gone. You'll never see it again—unless I make it the last but one, and then it won't be the same, will it? Still, I think that's the best way. I really do want you to notice the whole of my definitely last cigarette so that you may some day tell the children all about it."

"No, you don't," said Francesca, and she seized the cigarette box.

"Francesca," I said, "I am surprised at you. Is it kind, is it even ladylike, to pounce upon a gentleman's cigarettes at the very moment when he was about to bid them a last farewell?"

"I am defending the gentleman against himself," she said.

"But the gentleman doesn't want to be defended by you. He feels that you are not acting in accordance with the dictates of your better nature; that you're putting yourself forward; that in calmer moments you'll be sorry for what you're doing; that you ought to show greater confidence in his strength of will; that——"

"You may say what you like," she said, "but you're not going to have this box."

"Then," I said, "I will have your work-basket," and I removed it and her work from her side.

"I was hemming a handkerchief for you," she said.

"And I was going to smoke an absolutely final cigarette solely to give you pleasure. How can a man give up smoking unless he smokes an absolutely final cigarette?"

"You've done that," she said.

"No," I said, "it was intended to be the last, but, when you refused to watch it, it became the last but one."

"We'll put off the last indefinitely," she said.

"Well," I said, "you can have your old work-basket back, and you can keep my cigarette box, and I'll give up smoking—not voluntarily, but under compulsion—under *your* compulsion, remember—and whenever I feel wretched about it and pine for a smoke and can't get it I shall put it all down to you."

"I refuse to be intimidated," she said.

"I'm not intimidating you. I'm merely telling you what kind of a happy home we're going to have unless you give me back my cigarettes and allow me to give up smoking of my own free will and in my own way."

"Take your old cigarettes," she said; "I'm sure I don't want them. Only don't you ever talk to me again about the weakness of women."

"Francesca," I said, "you have done a noble action. Observe, I take one—only one—cigarette out of the box. I close the box and push it away, for I have done with it for ever. I now light the one cigarette—puff—puff—and there you are. I've given up smoking at last, and I've done it entirely for your sake—because you *did* want me to give it up, didn't you? You felt I was smoking too much, and you couldn't help trying to save me, could you? And now you've saved me."

At this moment tea was announced.

"Come on," said Francesca cheerfully, "let's go into the drawing-room and give up afternoon tea for ever and ever, absolutely and finally. It's all ready." R. C. L.

MAMMOTHS.

Up and down the high woods, up and down the low,
Must 'a' gone a-hunting morts of years ago;
When the beaver whistled, when the aurochs ran,
Must 'a' been a-hunting when the world began.

For I half remember (tusk on kingly tusk)
How I've seen the mammoths moving through the dusk,
Mammoths all a-marching, terrible to see,
Through an awful oak-wood glooming ghoulishly.

Shadows huge and hairy, as the day was done,
Somehow I remember, walking one by one,
Bulls grotesque and solemn pulling boughs in halves,
Running 'neath their mothers little idiot calves.

Lumping through the oak-swamp, vast and dim and grey,
I have watched the mammoths pass at dusk of day;
Through the quaking hollow, through the tree-trunks stark,
Gleams of mighty ivory breaking up the dark.

That's the way I dream it, that's the way I know,
Must 'a' gone a-hunting years and years ago,
For I've seen the mammoths—'tisn't you that could—
Moving like cathedrals through a dreadful wood.

"Smoking room contains a vast number of trophies of the chase, including buffalo horns, cane furniture, card and occasional tables, rocking chair, arm chairs, carpet, rugs, skins, brass ornaments, hassocks, ferns and palms in tubs."—*Advt. in "East African Standard."*

Only yesterday we followed the spoor of a hassock for some miles over Hampstead Heath, but at Golder's Green the beast winded us, and we had to return with nothing but a couple of occasional tables in the bag.



THE RIFLE SUPERSEDED.

SIR,—Having read in a daily paper a statement to the effect that "Miss EMMY DESTINN, the famous *prima donna*, conquered ten fierce lions with her voice at Babelsburg, near Berlin," I beg to send you a sketch, done by a friend, of a somewhat similar incident which occurred to me on my recent concert tour in East Africa, when unexpectedly encountering a troop of lions. The music employed was a selection from STRAUSS, sung in rag-time. But for a slight cold which affected my low notes I am confident that I could have bagged the whole family.

I am yours truly,

Royal Opera House, Mombasa. TONIO SPAGHETTI.

AN IMPOSSIBLE INTERVIEW.

THE advertisement manager of the influential journal requested the deputation of West End shopkeepers to be shown in.

They entered. They were dazzling in frock coats and tall hats, but a few of the younger bloods wore tweeds to show that they belonged to a new and more flexible generation.

"What can I do for you?" the manager asked.

"It's like this," said the spokesman. "It is now November. What we want is that the public mind should be imbued as early as possible with the idea of the approach of Christmas."

"But surely we are all aware of that?"

"Yes, but I do not refer to Christmas purely as Christmas."

"*Quâ* Christmas," put in one of the younger bloods who had been to a public school.

"Exactly," said the spokesman a little uncertainly. "Not Christmas purely as Christmas, but Christmas as a season for the exercise of unwonted generosity."

"But that is the general conception of it," said the manager, "is it not?"

"It may be, but we have reached a period in the world's development when one cannot say a thing too often or too emphatically."

"Yes," said another of the younger bloods, "what we want is the importance of this Christmas generosity jolly well rubbed in, don't you know?"

"Precisely," said the spokesman. "Now, a series of articles and reminders from you would do wonders for us. A paragraph here, a column there, pointing out that present-giving is to be more than ever fashionable."

"Yes," said another of the tweed suits, "a list of nobs seen yesterday in Bond Street and Piccadilly, don't you know? A word as to what Lord Lummey is giving the Marchioness of Milkshire. And so on."

"Because," said a fourth, "there's nothing that bucks up the ordinary ruck of people so much as knowing that they're in a nutty movement. That's what we want you to do. To keep on hammering away for the next few weeks at the Christmas-present rage. To make generosity the thing. Nothing more. It's quite easy."

"Will you?" asked the spokesman.

"It might be done," said the manager, "as it's not beyond the bounds of possibility. But what . . .?"

"Our society has plenty of funds," said the spokesman. "We wish to put the thing on a commercial basis."

"Ah," said the manager, "then I daresay something may be done. After all, it is a season of friendliness and good cheer, is it not? Liberality should be rampant then, if ever it is. Good afternoon; good afternoon. You will hear from me very shortly."

So now, as this is a wholly impossible conversation, you will know what not to expect.

AT THE PLAY.

"The Pursuit of Pamela."

The lady was both pursuer and pursued. The hero she was after (with an ingenuousness often found on the stage, and in this case said to be due to her upbringing in the back-blocks of America) was that pleasant waster, *Alan Greame;* the villain after her was her newly-acquired husband, *John Dodder*. *Pamela* had not met the elderly and repulsive Dodder for six years before their marriage, and she had become his wife simply to escape from the back-blocks. However, their wedded life was quite happy until five minutes after the ceremony; when, having presented her with a cheque-book, and told her that she had plenty of money of her own ("*Bridegroom to Bride*—a cheque-book"), *John Dodder* tried to kiss her. Indignantly *Pamela* jumped on her horse and rode away with the cheque-book. I suppose (though we are not told so definitely) she rode to the nearest bank, and I should much have liked to be present at the cashing of the ingenuous *Pamela's* first cheque—"Pay Me £1,000"—by the even more ingenuous bank manager. But no matter. The great thing was that she embarked with a suitable wardrobe for Honolulu, and on the boat met *Alan Greame*. Under the impression that she was a widow *Alan* made love to her, and under the impression that marriage ceremonies meant nothing (except perhaps cheque-books), *Pamela* made love to him. Of course, as soon as he heard of *John Dodder* he was all remorse; and in order not to compromise her—which was an expression *Pamela* did not understand—he escaped to Japan. *Pamela* followed. Again, in her ingenuousness, she offered herself to him; again, determined not to take advantage of it, he withstood her. They parted for ever; she shamed and angry, he miserable.

So far, excellent. The first two Acts make a delightful entertainment. Mr. C. B. Fernald has provided *Greame* with an extraordinary number of good things to say, and no one can say them so effectively as Mr. Dennis Eadie, no one respond to them so charmingly as Miss Gladys Cooper. Mr. Fernald is a man of wit; I take off my hat to him. But in the last two Acts he becomes more serious, and reluctantly I put my hat on again. (I hate writing in a hat.)

Act III. of this geographical play finds *Pamela* at Hong-Kong. She may as well go there as anywhere else—particularly as her visit serves to introduce us to a delightful Chinese gentleman, Mr. Azooma Sheko; but it is a shock to find that *Greame* is there too. You'll never guess why. He is starting on a Polar expedition; and in order to come on in this Act he starts from the port to which *Pamela* has fled. By this time he has thrown his morals overboard; and, when he accidentally comes across *Pamela*, he throws the expedition overboard too, and suggests that she should come to Italy with him. However, Mr. Fernald will have to get Italy into some other play, for *Pamela* refuses. Poor dear, she only wanted a little persuasion, and I was longing to shout to *Alan*, "Pick her up in your arms, man, and carry her out." But the cold-blooded Pole explorer only stood and said sternly, "Once more, are you coming or are you not?" No wonder she hesitated. Even *John Dodder* could have wooed her better than that.



THE FAVOURITE "PURSUIT OF PAMELA."

Pamela (Miss Gladys Cooper) *to Alan Greame* (Mr. Dennis Eadie). "O, Alan, I do so feel like fishing."

A poor Third Act; and the Fourth was as poor. It is three years later, and *Alan*, returning from the Polar Expedition where he had been "staggering along the sky-line with a comrade on his back" (these details never sound impressive in a theatre), is dying in Canada of inanition. His pulse is only sixty when it really ought to be seventy. (I need hardly say that I immediately got out my watch and, as well as I could in the dark, tried to time my own pulse, which, to my horror, seemed about fifty-five.) *Pamela*, now a widow (of course), follows him; and there is a long scene in which, standing behind his sick chair, she pretends (with only an occasional disguise of voice) to be his new nurse. By-and-by she tells him who she is, and then he jumps up and embraces her. It is obvious that his pulse will now get back to seventy . . . and I am glad to say that, with the lights on, my own got back safely to seventy-two.

It is a pity that a play which began so well should have ended so badly. The acting is good. Mr. Dennis Eadie does not make a passionate lover, but perhaps *Alan* could never have been that. In other respects he was excellent. Miss Gladys Cooper surprised me; I had no idea that she could make such a true and pathetic figure of the Hong-Kong *Pamela*. She played beautifully throughout in a long and difficult part. I must say a word for Miss Aya Yamada, a charming little Japanese actress with nothing to say and a most attractive way of not saying it. Not quite nothing, though, for she had learnt a little English in the last two Acts and could make it sound entirely delightful. Having my hat still on I take it off again to Miss Gladys Cooper; and once more to Mr. Fernald's wit. I hope that one day it may play round a scenario more worthy of it.

M.

A TRIER.

I'm only five foot and a bit;
My name as a flapper was "Plumpie;"
And, between you and me, I admit
My shape's still a little bit stumpy;
But oh! I've a passion
For up-to-date fashion,
And such is my craving for "*chic*"
That I load up my figure
With all that's *de rigueur*
And pass in the crowd, with a kick.

My muff makes the other girls sulk,
It's almost as big as myself;
My furs are enormous in bulk,
They stand from my chest like a shelf;
But I leave them untied
For fear they should hide
My neck, in the lowest of V's,
Unveiled by a fichu,
And that's why (a-tishu)
I often give vent to a sneeze.

My hat covers most of my face,
I only see out of one eye;
My stockings are gossamer lace,
My heels are prodigiously high;
My skirt clings and tapers,
Prohibiting capers
In spite of the orthodox slit;
In short, from shoe leather,
To top-gallant feather,
I'm doing my best to be *It*.

The Journalistic Touch.

"Her breadth of mind was masculine in its depth."—*T. P.'s Weekly*.



Customer (after completing purchase). "BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU GOT A TIME-TABLE I COULD LOOK AT?"
Antique Dealer (with air of gentle rebuke). "NOT A MODERN ONE, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

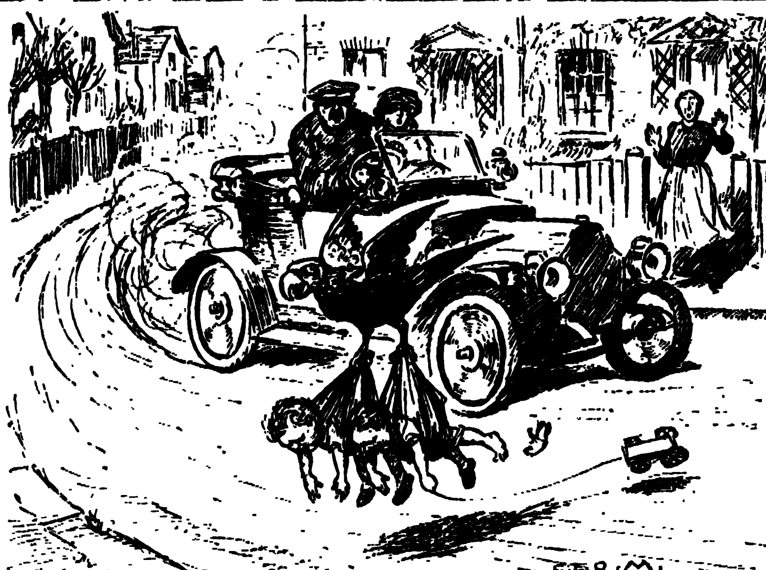
THERE is a "reading without tears," but it is not the reading of this book, *Scott's Last Expedition*, published in two volumes by SMITH, ELDER. The first volume gives us the journals of Captain SCOTT; the second, the reports of the journeys of other members of the Expedition. There is courage and strength and loyalty and love shining out of the second volume no less than out of the first; there were gallant gentlemen who lived as well as gallant gentlemen who died; but it is the story of SCOTT, told by himself, which will give the book a place among the great books of the world. That story begins in November, 1910, and ends on March 29, 1912; and it is because, when you come to the end, you will have lived with SCOTT for sixteen months, that you will not be able to read the last pages without tears. That Message to the Public was heart-rending enough when it first came to us, but it was as the story of how a great hero fell that we read it; now it is just the tale of how a dear friend died. To have read this book is to have known SCOTT; and, if I were asked to describe him, I think I should use some such words as those which, six months before he died, he used of the gallant gentleman who went with him, "BILL" WILSON. "Words must always fail me when I talk of him," he wrote; "I believe he really is the finest character I ever met—the closer one gets to him the more there is to admire. Every quality is so solid and dependable. Whatever the matter, one knows Bill will be sound, shrewdly practical, intensely loyal, and quite unselfish." That is true of WILSON, if SCOTT says so, for he knew men; but most of it is also true of SCOTT himself. I have never met a more beautiful character than that which is revealed unconsciously in these journals. His humanity, his courage, his faith, his steadfastness, above all, his simplicity, mark him as a man among men. It is because of his simplicity that his last message, the last entries in his diary, his last letters, are of such undying beauty. The letter of consolation (and almost of apology) which, on the verge of death, he wrote to MRS. WILSON, wife of the man dying at his side, may well be SCOTT'S monument. He could have no finer. And he has raised a monument to those other gallant gentlemen who died—WILSON, OATES, BOWERS, EVANS. They are all drawn for us clearly by him in these pages; they stand out unmistakably. They too come to be friends of ours, their death is as noble and as heart-breaking. And there were gallant gentlemen, I said, who lived—you may read amazing stories of them. Indeed, it is a wonderful tale of manliness that these two volumes tell us. I put them down now; but I have been for a few days in the company of the brave . . . and every hour with them has made me more proud for those who died and more humble for myself.

Few readers of *Punch* should at this date require an introduction to Mr. ANTHONY DEANE, but if such there be I have here a volume of little papers brought together under the title of *In My Study* (NISBET) that will furnish them with an excellent occasion for making his acquaintance.

Those especially who like to see what a genial and cultivated writer can make of a great variety of subjects will enjoy these scholarly trifles. It was, I think, another kind of dean to whom our school books always used to refer as the "Witty Divine." At his best, this DEANE is certainly well worthy of the epithet, though his wit is perhaps more gentle than pungent—as indeed befits papers reprinted from *The Treasury*. He has the eye of the expert for unconscious humour in others; though I am not quite sure that I believe in the delicious quotation that he gives from a hand-book to oratory, which, by the omission of brackets enclosing the last three words, was made to read: "Sir,—Having been a lifelong Conservative or Liberal, according to circumstances." I am afraid that this sounds almost too fortunate to be true. It is in a paper called "At a Railway Bookstall"; and I can imagine few more suitable volumes to pick up there than this—the chapters are so short that you could master one entire before the attendant began to look inhospitable. Or for five shillings you could secure the chatty and entertaining company of Mr. DEANE for the length of your journey. It would be money well laid out. Not for nothing is the paper wrapper of the book decorated with a picture of an elderly gentleman in wig and ruffles; the eighteenth-century flavour which should pertain to every good essay is very tastable in these pleasant compositions and the personality that they reveal.

In rare access of lucidity and forcefulness, GEORGE III. summed up in a sentence the character of his long-time favourite (because always obsequious) Minister, Lord NORTH. "He is," said his Majesty, "a man composed entirely of negative qualities, actuated in every instance by a desire of present ease at the risk of future difficulty." Mr. REGINALD LUCAS, capping the King, includes him in an antithetical portrait. "The King," he writes, "is like a conscientious watch-dog, courageous, ready to resent any sign of insult. NORTH may be compared to a peaceful well-disposed wether goaded into a reluctant ineffective attitude of self-defence." These shrewd appreciations so accurately and fully describe the personages named that his two portly volumes—*Lord North, 1732-1792*—just published by ARTHUR HUMPHREYS, seem almost superfluous. Nevertheless the reader endowed with leisure will find himself well rewarded by devoting it to a close study of them. Steeped in knowledge of the Georgian epoch, Mr. LUCAS has produced a work that will have permanent value among English histories. If a fault may be hinted at, it is that so full is his wallet of biographical and critical scraps that he is inclined to be too generous in distributing them.

Having read every page of both volumes, there remains in my mind marvel at the innate vitality of a nation that could survive nearly sixty years of the reign of GEORGE III., with intervals of the Regency of GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES, a dozen years of the Premiership of Lord NORTH, with the Marquis of BUTE, Lord ROCKINGHAM, Lord GRENVILLE, and the Duke of GRAFTON successively in high places. The period covered by the Ministry of Lord NORTH was perhaps the most disastrous in the history of "this Realm, this England." The American Colonies had been stupidly driven into rebellion. With a mutinous army, a leaking fleet kept manned by the agency of the press-gang, a starving population breaking out in riot, England was, at the same time, at war with France and Spain. For its guidance the country needed a man like PITT; the KING imposed upon it Lord NORTH. In place of an eagle fluttered a pigeon. The only excuse for NORTH was that he never sought the post thrust upon him and was always whining confessions of his hopeless incapacity to fulfil its duties. That is an explanation that can scarcely be accepted as a justification. Mr. LUCAS'S volumes are illustrated with reproductions of historical portraits of men who played a part in this sad eighteenth-century drama. Amongst them is one of JOHN WILKES, painted by JOHN PINE. The memory of WILKES is partly kept green by the fame of exceptional ugliness. He is here presented as a bright-faced, intellectual, almost handsome man.



"PARROT SAVES FAMILY."

THE MAN WHO DERIVES HIS NEWS SOLELY FROM THE CONTENTS BILLS MAY NOT ALWAYS GET AT THE FACTS, BUT HE RECEIVES A STIMULUS TO HIS IMAGINATION.

Daniel Alway was quite the most obliging fellow I ever met, but also the most misguided. He regarded marriage solely as a means of assisting the opposite sex, and no sooner did he discover *Polly Kay* to be in trouble than he offered himself as a husband to get her out. Being of a less impulsively charitable disposition, I almost wish that *Polly* had survived the wedding ceremony and lived for many years afterwards in order to prove to this impersonal and short-sighted enthusiast, and to others of his way of thinking (including possibly Mr. ALGERNON GISSING), how much the commonsense of ordinary selfishness is to be preferred to the folly of dispassionate altruism in such a case. There were four people involved in *A Dinner of Herbs* (F. V. WHITE): *Daniel*, *Polly*, *Weston*, her seducer, and *Agatha*, the beloved of *Daniel*. Upon Number One discovering the plight of Number Two it was clearly desirable, as a first step at any rate, for him to question Number Three, with a horsewhip if necessary, as to his intentions before undertaking the burden of his sins and giving the go-by to Number Four. *Weston's* subsequent conduct shows that pressure would probably have induced him to do the proper thing; and you may be sure that *Polly* would have been happier with a brute, who had at least wronged her at the instance of a passion for herself, than as the life-long wife of a cold-blooded hero who married her only from a sense of duty to human kind. However, by the intervention of Providence and the local sergeant of police, all ended as it should; and here is an honest and happy tale of village life.

CHARIVARIA.

Mr. Harry Lauder is to receive from a Glasgow music-hall a salary of £1,125 a week. We shall not be surprised if this leads to an agitation among the admirers of Mr. Lloyd George in favour of his stipend being raised to enable the Chancellor to resist a temptation which must be very appealing to a comparatively poor man.

* * *

Said Mr. Lloyd George at Middlesbrough, "I am confining myself to the land." We must be thankful for small mercies. Fortunately Mr. Winston Churchill won't let him have the sea.

* * *

A thoughtful person, a great admirer of Lord Crewe, writes to suggest that Mr. Churchill was guilty of a grave error in allowing *The Empress of India* to be shot at and destroyed the other day. The effect of this in our great Eastern dependency will, he declares, be deplorable.

* * *

Mr. Alan Ostler has been trying to discover the source whence the Mad Mullah obtains his arms. Some, he finds, are taken from the friendly tribes who are supplied by us with rifles. As tax-payers we would suggest that in future the War Office should place on each of these a distinctly-printed label "Not to be Taken."

* * *

Now that a precedent has been made, it is anticipated that many London boroughs will in the future choose men of colour for their Mayors, seeing that they show the dirt so far less than the white kind—which is quite a consideration in a city like ours.

* * *

Reading that Mr. Alfred Butt had last week "agreed to release Mlle. Gaby Deslys" so that she could sail for America, a dear old lady remarked that she had no idea that the impudent little baggage had been sent to prison, and she hoped it would be a lesson to her.

* * *

Those who know their modern young man are prophesying that the reign of the Tango will be extraordinarily short, for it is being discovered that this dance is not necessarily improper.

* * *

There is evidently still a considerable amount of ignorance in the minds of most persons as to the correct form of Tango. A friend of ours who, though he had had no time to take lessons in the new dance, yet liked to be in the movement, went through his callisthenic exercises in the ball-room, the other evening, with the greatest success.

* * *

"GREEN-ROOM GOSSIP.

THE REVIVAL OF THE CIRCUS;

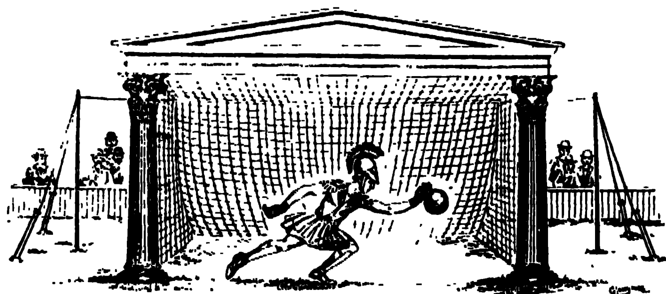
MR. SHAW'S NEW PLAYS."

Daily Express.

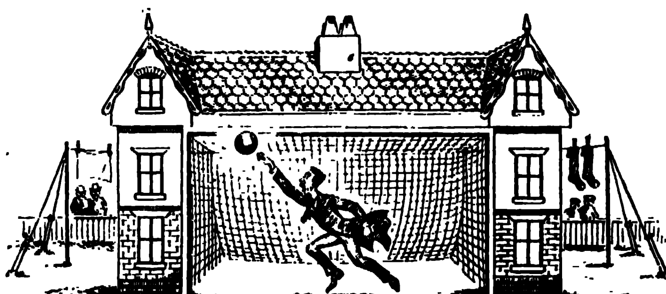
It started, of course, with *Androcles and the Lion*, but it seems rather a pity for Mr. Shaw to be carrying the menagerie idea still further.

TO BRIGHTEN FOOTBALL.

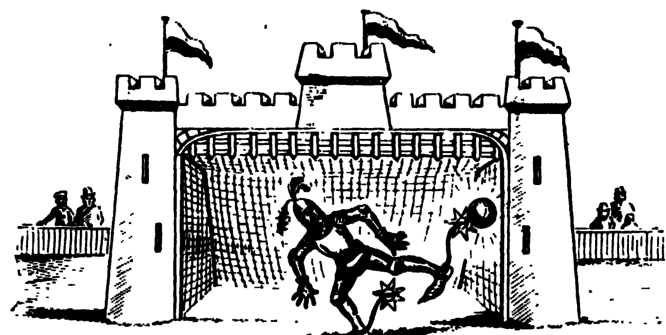
(Appropriate designs for goal and costume of goal-keeper.)



"Corinthians."



"Villa."



"Hotspur."

Reports as to recruiting continue to be disappointing, and the London General Omnibus Company is still searching for a satisfactory life-guard.

* * *

There is no pleasing some people. A dignified old gentleman of our acquaintance collided with a tram-car the other day, and was thrown off by its cow-catcher. He flew into a temper, and declared that he would far rather have been run over than chucked aside like a piece of dirt.

* * *

An account, in *The Buckingham Express*, of a football match winds up with the following words.—"The goal-keeper stood in commanding attitude in the centre of the goal as if he was Julius Cæsar, when that famous Roman commanded the waves to fall back. That kind of business didn't stop the ball, though." Even the ball knew better.

* * *

Criticism of our music-halls shows no signs of abating. A contemporary has now taken exception to a parade of corset models which is a feature of one of them. If this parade is anything like an illustrated advertisement of ladies' underclothing published by our contemporary in the same issue as the complaint, it certainly ought to be stopped.

* * *

It has been suggested that, with a view to the relief of traffic congestion in London, slow and heavy vehicles should be allowed in the streets at night only. After all, persons living on the main thoroughfares could, we suppose, if necessary, go to bed during the daytime instead of at night.

* * *

Among recent arrivals at the Zoo there is, if you please, a "Lion-faced Ape." Up to the present the news has been kept from the lions, as they are so touchy.

"Asked if he would not do a lot to alter people's mids, the Chancellor said: 'Not as long as these people are going on like this.'"

Standard.

Anyhow, he had better leave it to his friends the doctors.

"THE LOVE LETTERS OF A DUCHESS."

Amazing Self-revelations.

By the courtesy of the Editor of *The Tinglish Review* we are enabled to present our readers with a few choice extracts from the next instalment of the Love Letters of the Duchess of Bilgewater now appearing in that fearless and exuberant periodical. It is the boast of the Editor that every article in his *Review* is true to its name—that it makes the reader "tingle with ecstatic spirituality." How nobly he fulfils this vaunt may be gathered from the subjoined extracts. We would gladly quote the entire instalment, did not the laws of copyright forbid. It should be explained that the Duchess of Bilgewater is the *nom de guerre* of a beautiful lady who has recently been sojourning in Egypt with her husband, and that the letters are addressed to a famous politician, detained in London by his Parliamentary duties, whose arrival she is shortly expecting.

XXI.

"I am sitting, Beloved, in the pergola of the Pandemonium Hotel in my thinnest X-ray nainsook clothes, writing in our love book for you, gazing on the Pyramid of Cheops, the poinsettias and the bougainvilleas, while you, poor dearest, are toiling for your Party at by-elections, growing more grey and haggard with each speech. . . . Sometimes you assume an entirely boyish aspect, but when you are tired your face becomes strangely dimmed, and your raven hair seems silvered all over instead of only faintly touched with grey—a touch that perhaps contributes to the extreme distinction of your appearance and enhances your resemblance to George Alexander. . . . But, to return to flowers, the *Lilium auratum* is to me the most enthralling of all things that grow. Its scent is the most passionate thing I know, except the curve of your lips and your proud petulant nostrils. (You must come!)"

XXVII.

"Hichens—you remember our going to see his *Bella Donna* together—is an impostor. He says that the Sphinx does not care. It is a base and horrible blasphemy. She cares deeply and tremendously for you and me. She has told me so, in a low muffled hieratic whisper, and she is waiting in a tense expectancy for your arrival on these immemorial shores, to crown you Dictator of the Delta, Sovereign of the Sudan, and Archimandrite of Abyssinia. I am wearing my bluest tea-gown, dearest. . . ."

XXXIV.

"O mate of my heart, master of my medulla, captain of my cerebellum, I cannot live without you. Why did you let me go? . . . *You* must come; you *must* come; you must *come*; *you must come.* How I thank dear Filson Young for teaching me the true use of italics! They are the only real intensifiers of emotion, the sparking plugs of passion, the accelerators of the human combustion engine! You! *You!*"

XLI.

"Before you go, we must be in Cairo together. You must see the Pyramids by day and the Sphinx by moonlight, or perhaps I should say, the Minx by spoon-light, for I shall be with you. And we will take twin donkeys that will never want to leave each other's side, not twin screws, but real wild asses of the desert, with twin donkey-boys, little brown Bedouins, and we'll picnic on *caviare* and *crème de Menthe* and recite Matthew Arnold's "Mycerinus" in alternate lines to an accompaniment of twin tom-toms. Beloved, we will! . . ."

LII.

"There are so many fascinating places to visit—Karnak and Luxor and Port Said. One day we will bathe in the Suez Canal, and another day we will motor to the Tombs of the Queens. We will take no dragoman, for I know it all by heart—Amenhotep and Seti and the Tarbooshes and the Khourbashes and the dahabeeyahs and the shadoofs and the scarabs and the Arabs. I will introduce you to them all, and I shall say to them in the lovely words of the Etruscan Phuphluns, 'Ulat tanalarezul, amayakar lauten weltheinasse, sthlafunas slelethcarriu!'"

LVI.

"Last night I dreamed of you, my Adored One, my soul's core, my Ikon! We were on horseback together, riding, ever riding! Suddenly you leaned over towards me and kissed my tall hat. How I shall love my hat after this!"

LXI.

"There are still, Beloved, all the Theban temples which I have not yet mentioned, but which you will find in *Baedeker*. These, too, we will visit, O Chauffeur of my Soul, and meditate hand in hand upon holocausts of imperial passions, whose most appalling ebullitions are as naught when compared to the volcanic and demoniac *terribilità* of my Love for You, you Gorgeous and Gargantuan Idol. Even my husband likes you, though you two have not a thing in common; the children love you, though you hate children like black-beetles; and the servants adore you in spite of the unusual trouble you give. And I am sure your valet worships you idolatrously—indeed I am furiously jealous of Louis. Oh to be your doormat, your pen-wiper, even your door-scraper or your hat-brush, you magnificent, Mephistophelean, marmoreal monster, you perfect and impenetrable Pipsqueak!"

LXXXIII.

"*You are coming!* You darling! You are actually coming. *Yes!* It's *true!* Coming! *You! You! YOU!* Everything has become gay. All the stars are singing, just as they do at music-halls. I am trembling like a blancmange. I sing a *Te Deum* day and night. It is an excerpt from a passionate Italic opera and goes like this: *You are coming! You have bought your ticket, my beloved. You have engaged a state-room. You will be sea-sick, but you don't care. You are coming nearer and nearer to Egypt every day. I wait for you here, I, queen of women, because you are my king. The moon is my cream cheese because you love me. The sun is my glow-worm. The earth is my football!*

"There, that's my *Te Deum.* I sing it all day and all night, and George is furious about it. But how can I help it? *You! You!*"

The Larkin Ascending.

(*Sung, to a Birrell-lirrel accompaniment, by a peaceful picketer, in praise of the hero of the Dublin strike.*)

"Shrill, irreflective, unrestrained,
Rapt, ringing, on the jet sustained
Without a break, without a fall . . .
We want the key of his wild note . .
The song seraphically free
Of taint of personality,
So pure that it salutes the suns,
The voice of one for millions."

George Meredith.

From a letter in *The Daily Sketch*:—

"Your correspondent who likens a man to a super-monkey, and impugns his morality, seems to be ignorant that the greatest anatomists and physiologists are unanimous in opinion that woman is less evolved from the monkey woman must be the better evolved from the monkey woman must be the better ape."

At one time we quite thought the writer was going to say something rude about women, but the danger passed away.

"Perhaps that which calls for most comment is the short travelling coat of fawn corduroy, worn with a loose belt of the same material and cut with long narrow labels."

Paris Fashions.

The labels would, of course, be very useful on a travelling coat.



THE BRONCHO-BUSTER.

President Woodrow Wilson. "I WONDER WHAT I DO NEXT."





WHY SHOULD NOT ACTORS, IN THE STRESS OF MODERN COMPETITION, DO THEIR OWN ADVERTISING?

THE PROTAGONISTS IN *PHARAOH AND HIS COURT* MIGHT STROLL THE WEST-END WITH THE NOW POPULAR ADVERTISEMENT UMBRELLA.

WHILE LESSER MEMBERS OF THE CAST, WITH THE TITLE OF THE PLAY PAINTED ON A PROMINENT PART OF THE PERSON, MIGHT BE TRAINED TO CREATE A "BLOCK" AT PICCADILLY CIRCUS AND OTHER FAVOURABLE CENTRES.

A NIGHTMARE OF THE UNDERGROUND.

I DREAMED a dreadful dream the other night;
 I dreamed that I was on the Underground
One of those mornings when you have to bite
 The fog, not bolt it; horror grew around
 Such as in marshy places men have found
Or Amazonian forests thick with vapours,
Where no fires gleam, but only wandering tapirs.

Glow'ring we sat. But oh, not all of us:
 The gangways and the platforms at the ends
Were filled with careworn spirits dolorous
 Striving to find the halter that suspends,
 Who bat-like seized the shoulders of their friends,
Staggered and reeled in Dionysic poses,
Lit the wrong pipes and tended alien noses.

And many asked, when they beheld that rout,
 What, in the name of Styx's ninefold rings,
The Company's directors were about
 Not to foresee so blank a state of things,
 And when the Lord of Darkness stretched his wings,
Why, for his sake, they did not put more blooming
Carriages on. Yes, most of us were fuming.

But I, I had a seat. Till suddenly
 I saw an old man silver-haired and frail;
Not fit to take the tango's steps was he,
 Much less to ride on that tempestuous rail.
 Like a blown leaf he was, worn thin and pale,
For which the winds of Autumn chafe and chaffer,
So I politely rose and said, "Old gaffer,

Here, take my seat." I felt a kindly glow
 Suffuse my cheek, I felt my conscience warmed
By service to his venerable woe;
 Like a boy-scout, his day's good deed performed,
 I turned to join the shades that shrieked and swarmed,
While he, the old man, like a gale-tossed petal
Squatted with grateful words upon my settle.

So far so good. But later, when in pain,
 Hurled to the door, escheated of my strap,
I saw that antique buffer disentrain,
 The guard saluted him; he touched his cap.
 "Who's that?" I asked him. "Who is that old chap?"
"One of the Board," he said. . . . I howled with sorrow—
And woke, perspiring, to the mist-veiled morrow.

EVOE.

Our readers may remember that we called attention a little while ago to the alleged visit of Aviator DANCOURT and Passenger ROUX to Belfast on their way from Paris to Cairo. *The Cork Constitution*, in announcing their arrival at Bukharest, heads its paragraph "CAPE TO CAIRO FLIGHT." Aviator DANCOURT's generosity in showing Passenger ROUX all these interesting towns not strictly on the line of flight cannot be too highly praised.

"IMITATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.—By William Wordsworth."
Times Literary Supplement.

So far WORDSWORTH's imitation of it looks almost like the real thing.

THE "S.P.H.G."

Every sincere and conscientious attempt to increase the gaiety of nations must merit the respect that all genuine philanthropic effort evokes. The man who can make two smiles grow where one grew before is rightly entitled to be regarded as a public benefactor, and to label my cousin George Biffin a drone, simply because he is under no necessity to work for a living, would be as unjust as it is obviously discourteous. It may, indeed, be safely asserted that in the course of a brief and apparently otiose existence Cousin George has done more than most of his contemporaries to augment the sum of human happiness. As the result of his persistent labours, light and laughter have invaded many of the earth's darkest and most desolate places, while innumerable lost and broken souls have found fresh comfort and courage in the contemplation of his facetious activities.

It is now some ten years since George was inspired with the brilliant notion of forming what he called a Society for the Promotion of Human Gaiety, and it would be no idle boast to claim that during the whole of this happy decade the Society has fully earned the title so felicitously conferred upon it by my cousin at its inception. Like all successful institutions the S.P.H.G. (to give it its popular name) is controlled by a small and select committee, of which I am the Managing Secretary, while my cousin is the Vice-President, and to his aged mother have been entrusted the duties of Honorary Treasurer. The fact that Mrs. Biffin is partially blind and completely bedridden detracts but little from her capacity to fulfil the delicate financial functions associated with her office, since, although she is not too blind to sign cheques, she is sufficiently bedridden to be unable to spring across to the bank and stop their payment; her physical disabilities therefore qualify her in a peculiar degree for the important post to which she is annually and unanimously re-elected.

It is not necessary to explain that the by-laws and regulations of the Society are all framed with one object, namely to stimulate healthy human laughter by any innocent means that may occur to individual tastes. The cruel hoax is taboo, and the vulgar practical joke is actively discouraged. Any member, for instance, who balances a wet sponge above his hostess's bedroom door, lines an uncle's hat with mustard, or gratuitously rings a fire alarm, is at once requested to resign. But almost every decent practical joke of any importance and originality successfully perpetrated during the last few years has been planned at the headquarters and carried out under the auspices of the S.P.H.G.



Keen motorist, taking horseback exercise by doctor's orders, has momentary relapse while trying to steer round corner.

George and I have always regarded publicity as an essential concomitant of success, and in the crowded street we find the most suitable arena for the display of those mirth-provoking qualities which it is ever our ambition to cultivate and develop. It has long been our custom to devote one whole day of every week to the claims of the Society, and on Monday morning last, when my cousin called for me at my club and we set off together down Pall Mall, I was in the proper frame of mind to carry out the harmless project that we had already carefully discussed.

Selecting the first innocent stranger whom we observed approaching in the distance, we fixed him with a radiant smile, which increased in cordiality as the space that separated us diminished. We could see our victim vainly racking his brains to try to remember who on earth the strange couple could be who seemed to know him so well, whom he did not recollect ever having previously laid eyes on. He must finally have come to the conclusion that he had probably made our acquaintance on board ship or in some Swiss hotel, and that his memory had played him false, for by the time he was within ten yards of us he had made up his mind to do what was apparently expected of him, and his face lit up with a polite but somewhat nervous grin of recognition.

This was, of course, the signal for George and me to assume a look of frigid hostility, and, glaring ferociously at the unfortunate man, as though indignant at his impertinence, we passed him coldly by. It was pathetic to watch our victim's genial smile freeze upon his lips; and, when he looked round and saw us smiling at someone further up the street, he seemed inclined to kick himself with annoyance.

George and I repeated this process with different strangers until we reached Trafalgar Square, buoyed up the while with the consciousness that we were supplying our various victims with stories to tell to their wives when they reached home, and thus infusing gaiety and colour into many an otherwise drab and dreary household.

A strong gale was blowing round the base of Nelson's Column, and, as we stationed ourselves at the breeziest corner of the plinth, my cousin and I foresaw that we should not have long to wait before carrying out the second part of our morning's programme. In less than ten minutes a particularly violent gust of wind swept down the square and, as we had hoped, lifted the hat from an old gentleman's head and bore it gracefully away towards Charing Cross. Before its owner had time to start in pursuit I was at his elbow and had placed a delaying hand upon his shoulder.

"What is it?" he inquired pettishly, while the truant hat careered madly across the path of approaching omnibuses.

"Excuse me," I remarked politely, "but I thought I ought to tell you. Your hat has blown off."



Agile Footman (candidate for Olympic sprinting honours). "Mr. Jenkins, m'lady."

With a muttered oath the old gentleman shook me off, and was once more about to dart away in pursuit of his headgear when George stopped suddenly in front of him.

"What do you want?" roared the old gentleman, by this time completely upset.

"I beg your pardon," said George in his suavest tones. "I trust you will forgive me for mentioning it, but I felt you would like to be told. The fact is, Sir, your—your hat has blown off."

At this moment a gallant policeman, risking his life in a worthy cause, succeeded in disentangling the elusive topper from the mudguard of a National Steam Car, and bore it towards us in a much battered but not irreparable condition; and if you could have seen the tears of joy that filled the eyes of hardened bus-conductors, the smiles that illumined the faces of weary bank-clerks on their way to work, as they listened to our old gentleman's views on the folly of well-meaning officiousness, you would have realised that our efforts had not been vain, and that many a human being that day had good cause to bless the ceaseless activities of the Society for the Promotion of Human Gaiety.

THE TERROR.

The Swankington Estate to Mr. John Smith.

Swankington Estate Office.

Dear Sir,—On behalf of his Grace the Duke of Swankington we beg to remind you that the lease under the terms of which you occupy premises in Swank Street, W., granted by us twenty-one years ago, will expire on September 29th next, and we have to state that we shall be happy to renew it on the following very reasonable terms, viz.:

The rent to be increased by £1,200 per annum.

As you are aware, the value of the premises has greatly appreciated since your occupancy. The new stone face which you have added is an improvement which alone justifies us in asking this small additional sum in rent. Your installation of a modernised electric lighting system has also added so much to the value of the premises that we are not satisfied that we are doing ourselves justice in the matter. Still, as you are an old tenant, we should wish to treat you as generously as possible.

Yours faithfully,
The Swankington Estate Office.

Mr. John Smith to the Swankington Estate Office.

Dear Sirs,—I have received your letter and I'm going to tell Lloyd George. Yours faithfully,
J. Smith.

Telegram to "Smith, Swank Street, W."

Do nothing till you receive our letter.—Swankington Estate Office.

The Swankington Estate Office to Mr. John Smith.

Sir,—We beg respectfully to acknowledge your letter, and sincerely apologise to you if anything we said therein gave you cause for anxiety. Having carefully reconsidered your case, we have decided not only to remit the proposed increase but to reduce your rent by one-half. Hoping to learn that you are not proceeding to take the extreme step indicated in your letter, we beg to remain, Sir, Yours respectfully,
The Swankington Estate Office.

"An unpaced cycle ride of 27 miles 355 yards is the wonderful performance accomplished by M. Berthet at Paris recently."
Times of Ceylon.

This is nothing. We once rode by ourselves from London to Brighton, a distance of more than fifty miles.

A BREATH OF LIFE.

This is the story of a comedy which nearly became a tragedy. In its way it is rather a pathetic story.

The comedy was called *The Wooing of Winifred*. It was written by an author whose name I forget; produced by the well-known and (as his press-agent has often told us) popular actor-manager, Mr. Levinski; and played by (among others) that very charming young man, Prosper Vane—known locally as Alfred Briggs until he took to the stage. Prosper played the young hero, *Dick Seaton*, who was actually wooing *Winifred*. Mr. Levinski himself took the part of a middle-aged man of the world with a slight *embonpoint*; down in the programme as *Sir Geoffrey Throssell*, but fortunately still Mr. Levinski. His opening words, as he came on, were, "Ah, Dick, I have a note for you somewhere," which gave the audience an interval in which to welcome him, while he felt in all his pockets for the letter. One can bow quite easily while feeling in one's pockets, and it is much more natural than stopping in the middle of an important speech in order to acknowledge any cheers. The realisation of this, by a dramatist, is what is called "stagecraft." In this case the audience could tell at once that the "technique" of the author (whose name unfortunately I forget) was going to be all right.

But perhaps I had better describe the whole play as shortly as possible. The theme—as one guessed from the title, even before the curtain rose—was the wooing of *Winifred*. In the First Act *Dick* proposed to *Winifred* and was refused by her, not from lack of love, but for fear lest she might spoil his career, he being one of those big-hearted men with a hip-pocket to whom the open spaces of the world call loudly; whereupon Mr. Levinski took *Winifred* on one side and told the audience how, when *he* had been a young man, some good woman had refused *him* for a similar reason and had been miserable ever since. Accordingly in the Second Act *Winifred* withdrew her refusal and offered to marry *Dick*, who declined to take advantage of her offer for fear that she was willing to marry him from pity rather than from love; whereupon Mr. Levinski took *Dick* on one side and told the audience how, when *he* had been a young man, he had refused to marry some good woman (a different one) for a similar reason, and had been broken hearted ever afterwards. In the Third Act it really seemed as though they were coming together at last; for at the beginning of it Mr. Levinski took them both aside and told the audience a parable about a butterfly and a snap-dragon, which was both pretty and helpful, and caused several middle-aged ladies in the first and second rows of the upper circle to say, "What a nice man Mr. Levinski must be at home, dear!"—the purport of the allegory being to show that both *Dick* and *Winifred* were being very silly, as indeed by this time everybody but the author was aware. Unfortunately at that moment a footman entered with a telegram for *Miss Winifred*, which announced that she had been left fifty thousand pounds by a dead uncle in Australia; and, although Mr. Levinski seized this fresh opportunity to tell the audience how in similar circumstances Pride, to his lasting remorse, had kept *him* and some good woman (a third one) apart, nevertheless *Dick* held back once more, for fear lest he should be thought to be marrying her for her money. The curtain comes down as he says, "Good bye . . . Good ber—eye." But there is a Fourth Act, and in the Fourth Act Mr. Levinski has a splendid time. He tells the audience two parables—one about a dahlia and a sheep, which I couldn't quite follow—and three reminiscences of life in India; he brings together finally and for ever these hesitating lovers; and, best of all, he has a magnificent love-scene of his own with a pretty widow, in which we see, for the first time in the play, how love should really be made—not boy-and-girl pretty-pretty love, but the deep emotion felt (and with occasional lapses of memory explained) by a middle-aged man with a slight *embonpoint* who has knocked about the world a bit and knows life. Mr. Levinski, I need not say, was at his best in this Act.

* * * * *

I met Prosper Vane at the club some ten days before the first night, and asked him how rehearsals were going.

"Oh, all right," he said. "But it's a rotten play. I've got such a dashed silly part."

"From what you told me," I said, "it sounded rather good."

"It's so dashed unnatural. For three whole Acts this girl and I are in love with each other, and we know we're in love with each other, and yet we simply fool about. She's a dashed pretty girl, too, my boy. In real life I'd jolly soon——"

"My dear Alfred," I protested, "you're not going to fall in love with the girl you have to fall in love with on the stage? I thought actors never did that."

"They do sometimes; it's a dashed good advertisement. Anyway, it's a silly part, and I'm fed up with it."

"Yes, but do be reasonable. If *Dick* got engaged at once to *Winifred* what would happen to Levinski? He'd have nothing to do."

Prosper Vane grunted. As he seemed disinclined for further conversation I left him.

* * * * *

The opening night came, and the usual distinguished and fashionable audience (including myself), such as habitually attends Mr. Levinski's first nights, settled down to enjoy itself. Two Acts went well. At the end of each Mr. Levinski came before the curtain and bowed to us, and we had the honour of clapping him loud and long. Then the Third Act began. . . .

Now this is how the Third Act ends—

Exit Sir Geoffrey.

Winifred (*breaking the silence*). Dick, you heard what he said. Don't let this silly money come between us. I have told you I love you, dear. Won't you—won't you speak to me?

Dick. Winifred, I—— (*He gets up and walks round the room, his brow knotted, his right fist occasionally striking his left palm. Finally he comes to a stand in front of her.*) Winifred, I—— (*He raises his arms slowly at right angles to his body and lets them fall heavily down again.*) I can't. (*In a low hoarse voice*) I—can't! (*He stands for a moment with bent head; then with a jerk he pulls himself together.*) Good-bye! (*His hands go out to her, but he draws them back as if frightened to touch her. Nobly*) Good ber-eye.

[*He squares his shoulders and stands looking at the audience with his chin in the air; then with a shrug of utter despair, which would bring tears into the eyes of any young thing in the pit, he turns and with bent head walks slowly out.*

Curtain.

That is how the Third Act ends. I went to the dress rehearsal, and so I know.

How the accident happened I do not know. I suppose Prosper was nervous; I am sure he was very much in love. Anyhow, this is how, on that famous first-night, the Third Act ended:—

Exit Sir Geoffrey.

Winifred (*breaking the silence*). Dick, you heard what he said. Don't let this silly money come between us. I have told you I love you, dear. Won't you—won't you speak to me?

Dick (*jumping up*). Winifred I—— (*with a great gulp*) I LOVE YOU!!!

Whereupon he picked her up in his arms and carried her triumphantly off



THE FASHIONABLE AGE TO MARRY.

It is with pleasure that we are able to record the culmination of a tender romance in the marriage, last week, of our Deputy Sub-Assistant Ink-Mixer (pensioner) to our Auxiliary Char (retired).

the stage . . . and after a little natural hesitation the curtain came down.

* * * * *

Behind the scenes all was consternation. Mr. Levinski (absolutely furious) had a hasty consultation with the author (also furious), in the course of which they both saw that the Fourth Act as written was now an impossibility. Poor Prosper, who had almost immediately recovered his sanity, tremblingly suggested that Mr. Levinski should announce that, owing to the sudden illness of Mr. Vane, the Fourth Act could not be given. Mr. Levinski was kind enough to consider this suggestion not entirely stupid; his own idea having been (very regretfully) to leave out the two parables and three reminiscences from India and concentrate on the love-scene with the widow.

"Yes, yes," he said. "Your plan is better. I will say you are ill. It is true; you are mad. To-morrow we will play it as it was written."

"You can't," said the author gloomily. "The critics won't come till the Fourth Act, and they'll assume that the Third Act ended as it did to-night. The Fourth Act will seem all nonsense to them."

"True. And I was so good, so much myself, in that Act." He turned to Prosper. "You—fool!" he hissed.

"Or there's another way," began the author. "We might——"

And then a gentleman in the gallery settled it from the front of the curtain. There was nothing in the programme to show that the play was in four Acts. "The Time is the present-day and the Scene is in Sir Geoffrey Throssell's town-house," was all it said. And the gentleman in the gallery, thinking it was all over, and being pleased with the play and particularly with the realism of the last moment of it, shouted "*Author!*" And suddenly everybody else cried "*Author! Author!*" The play was ended.

* * * * *

I said that this was the story of a comedy which nearly became a tragedy. But it turned out to be no tragedy at all. In the three Acts to which Prosper Vane had condemned it the play appealed to both critics and public; for the Fourth Act (as he recognised so clearly) was unnecessary, and would have spoilt the balance of it entirely. Best of all, the shortening of the play demanded that some entertainment should be provided in front of it, and this enabled Mr. Levinski to introduce to the public Professor Wollabollacolla and Princess Collabollawolla, the famous exponents of the Bongo-Bongo, that fascinating Central African war dance which was soon to be the rage of society. But though, as a result, the takings of the Box Office surpassed all Mr. Levinski's previous records, our friend Prosper Vane received no practical acknowledgment of his services. He had to be content with the hand and heart of the lady who played *Winifred*, and the fact that Mr. Levinski was good enough to attend the wedding. There was, in fact, a photograph in all the papers of Mr. Levinski doing it.

A. A. M.

TO CYNTHIA,

WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ALMOST ANYTHING.

Dear, when amid the babel,
Raucous and insincere,
That rules the dinner-table
You whisper in my ear
With breath so sweetly bated
Words only meant for me,
I feel myself translated
To realms of chivalry.

Do you require a token
Of such a love as mine?
The many vows I've spoken
My deeds shall underline;
But though, as your defender,
My very life I'll yield,
One thing I *won't* surrender—
The walnut I've just peeled.



Little Girl (*fortissimo*). "OH! LOOK, MOTHER, THERE'S A LADY SELLING FURS."

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

THE Ape and I wrote the whole of the first number ourselves, but after that we used to take outside contributions, only of course we made chaps pay to get their things into the paper, except advertisements. We found we had to pay for them or we shouldn't have got any, and a paper looks rotten without advertisements. It was called *Bilge*, and it came out whenever we had enough money to pay the printer. Later on we got old Clarke—he's the Fourth Form master and he really was pretty decent about it—to guarantee the thing up to ten bob, and then we could go to press on the off-chance of selling enough copies to make up the amount. The Ape invented a splendid motto that was always put at the top of the front sheet: "What the Lower School thinks to-day the Sixth will think to-morrow."

He always put in a good deal of news, of course. When the Under Fifteen team played the Lunatic Asylum he had an account running to at least two columns; and then he used to put a rotten little paragraph in a corner called "Other Matches," just giving the scores of the First and Second. Of course that made them rather mad. We had any amount of poetry, in fact we got so much of it that we put up our prices; but I am not sure that we got the best stuff in that way, because, as I pointed out to the Ape, the chaps that have the most money aren't always the best poets. It doesn't follow, I mean.

But the chief object of the paper was to show up abuses, which the Ape says is the highest mission of the Press.

One of the Ape's best ideas was his series of Character Studies of the Prefects. They used to make it sell like hot cakes sometimes. He called them "The Man of the Week," and they were supposed to be interviews. They were frightfully clever and sarcastic, but the Ape is an extraordinarily brainy chap. After a time the prefects hardly dared to touch him, because if one of them licked him he used to put in little snipey paragraphs about his batting average or his voice (if he was in the choir) or the colour of his hair. And then he often got licked again for cheek.

Of course the whole thing was suppressed at last. That's the worst of this place. They can't stand hearing the truth. The Ape had started a new column called "Things they do better in Other Schools." Of course he didn't know anything about other schools, but that didn't bother him. And in one number he showed up all sorts of things—the butter, which certainly had been putrid for weeks, and the clock in the tower of the Pav. that doesn't go, and a shirt of his that was lost in the wash, and the electric light in the Gimmy, and the chimney in the Fourth Form room, and the rotten supply of new fives balls, and the beastly uncomfortable seats in the chapel. I think that number would probably have finished us in any case, but it also had an Editorial which even I thought was a bit personal.

"Of course we don't wish to impute anything," it began (the Ape was always using "impute"), "but it is a coincidence that the whole of the funds of this newspaper, amounting at the time to 3*s.* 5*d.*, should have disappeared on the same day on which Mr. Binks, our late Third Form master, sailed for America."

That finished it. The Ape will have to try to think of something else.

From a Baboo letter received from an applicant who was selected for the Police Training School:—

"Your honour is, I may say, the Hen of Benevolence. If your honour will consent to continue to sit upon this poor egg, there is great hope that it will hatch into efficient police-officer."



YORKSHIRE RELISH.

Prime Minister (*to Chief Liberal Whip*). "DISTRACT ME, PERCY; DISTRACT ME WITH SONGS OF KEIGHLEY; DO NOT FEAR TO OVERDO IT."



Our Host. "BEFORE PRESENTING THE PRIZES TO THE WINNERS I SHOULD LIKE TO REMARK ON AN INTERESTING—AH—NOT TO SAY CURIOUS OCCURRENCE AT THIS NUMBER FOUR, THE 'TEST OF SMELL,' TABLE. QUITE *NINETY PER CENT.* OF YOU MISTOOK THE PORT FOR METHYLATED SPIRIT, AND WHAT MAKES THIS MISTAKE SO REMARKABLE IS THAT IT'S THE *VERY PORT YOU HAD AT DINNER*."

BRANDY.

(*A hill-man.*)

GRIZZLED and stiff with his eight Decembers
The old dog hobbles across the yard,
Eyes blood-shottten and red as embers,
Coat worn thin and a face be-scarred;
Poor old bandy dog, poor old Brandy dog,
Full of battles and fights fought hard.

Time to sit in the cosy ingle?
Time to curl on the roe-skin mat?
Where the warrior dreams shall mingle
Fox and otter and mountain-cat?
Torn ears cock to them, grim jaws lock to them
(Devil a doubt—you'd say—of that!).

"Passed your best," so the critic said it,
"Bit too old for the hill," said he;
"Liked the looks of you" (to his credit,
Captious Sassenach though he be);
That's his say of it, that's the way of it?
Let him climb to the cairns and see.

Cairns and crags where the snow-flake flurries,
Coigns where the great hill-foxes grin,
Hostile caves of a hundred worries—
Take the terriers, *huic* them in;
Lithe and little dogs, keen and kittle dogs,
Two twin devils that thrust and pin!

Hark, they're up to him, hot and deadly
(Hark, and hear it, and hold your breath);
Yards below how the fight roars redly—
Gallant Besom and little Beth;
Hark the noise of 'em, hark the joys of 'em,
Battle, murder and sudden death!

Beat, though out again, bristling, bleeding,
Lost him somehow (your young 'uns can);
Pick them up, they shall prove their breeding
Yet with many a cateran;
"Now, old pup, to him! in, and up to him!
Leu in, Brandy! leu in, old man!"

Mute and murderous, in he bustles;
Never a whimper boasts he's found;
Only an eerie wind that rustles,
Moans and moils as the flasks go round;
Dark and chill it is, on the hill it is,
Yes, but the old dog's still to ground!

* * * * *

Out at last crawls the grim old savage,
Red as ribbons from crest to pad;
One hill-robber no more shall ravage—
Had the brush of him, eh, old lad?
Lord, no fears o' you, eight hard years o' you;
Wouldn't 'a' left him 'less you had!

Grizzled and stiff with his long Decembers,
The old dog hirples adown the hill,
Eyes blood-shotten and red as embers,
Rumbling yet of the grip and kill;
Poor old Brandy dog, poor old bandy dog,
Worth the pick of the young 'uns still!

"Priest wanted January or earlier, through preferment. £180—£200. Graduate, single, active, good clear voice. Married if possible."
Advt. in "Church Times."

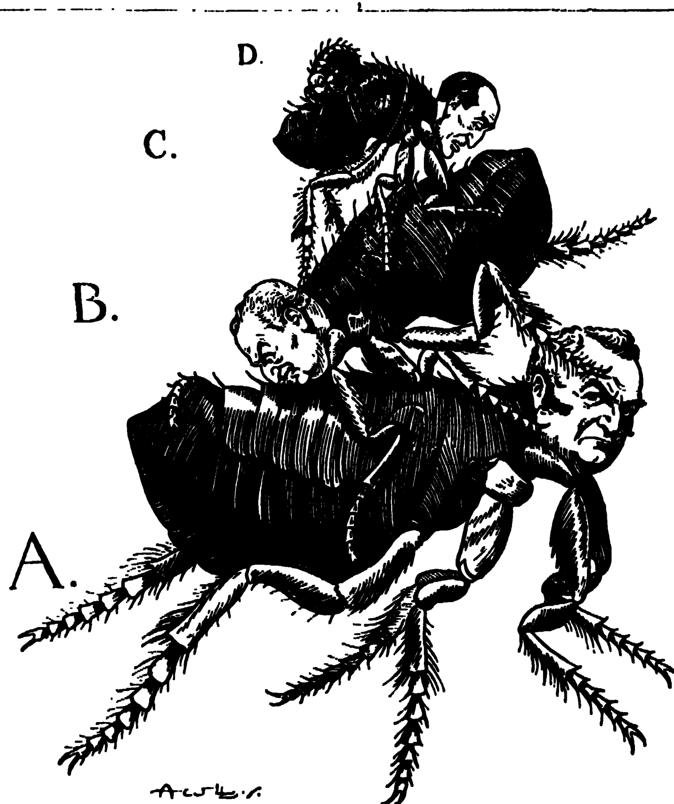
For a single man we are afraid it is not possible.

THE HAT-HUNTER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I know you lunch. These facts do not escape me. I have even imagined your doing it to rhyme and bringing the matter to a logical conclusion by amplifying your name into Mr. Puncheon. I also know that you do it sometimes at the Inner Temple Hall, and have actually seen you informing a bored and apathetic clerk at the pay desk what you have eaten (this between you and him, in the strictest confidence). Possibly your readers also lunch; but they do not all perform that feat in that Hall. It is therefore necessary for me to explain that Templars who arrive in hats and remove them for luncheon purposes place them on a side table, unless they are lucky enough to secure one of the few pegs. Among these said Templars are, as often as not, myself and my friend Carr.

Any man can lunch, but it takes a genius to select his hat afterwards from a mass of some hundreds, the names of which, if they are there, it is next to impossible to read. Genius is a matter of instinct, and it is an instinct which all of us at the Temple, except Carr, possess. When he began the lunching habit, he used to manage the hat selection all right, because he carefully chose his spot to begin with, sat firmly opposite it to go on with, and for the rest concentrated his attention on it till the end, to the exclusion of a considered ordering and a proper enjoyment of his victuals. When we used to talk to him in those days, we never got his undivided attention. I of all his fellow-lunchers was the first to distract him. I engaged him in conversation on this very subject of hats and he became so engrossed in describing his method of identification that he forgot to carry it out. It was only by thinking backwards, by reminding himself of the site of his past meal and looking inside every hat that could possibly be said to be opposite that site, that he ever found it again.

That event alarmed Carr. He positively refused for a while to speak to any of us between the doffing and the donning of his hat. We took exception to this and for a few days he lunched with his hat on. But some casual person, noting the fact, chaffed him about it. "Hallo, old man! are things as busy with you as all that?" Carr is very sensitive. The bare suspicion of his deliberately keeping his hat on to identify himself with the brisker practices and to suggest the inference that he could only just snatch time for lunch and none for removing hats, was repugnant to him. He gave up trying to avoid the problem and returned to his effort to solve it.



"So, naturalists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey,
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*."—*SWIFT.*

A. UNITED KINGDOM B. IRELAND. C. ULSTER. D. CATHOLIC ULSTER.

He resorted to a number of different devices. He would arrange a series of other people's hats upside down and place his own in their midst upside up. He would reverse the process. This failing by reason of the mutability of hats, he resorted to the device of going without lunch. Not being able to bear that, he tried lunching elsewhere. Not being able to bear that, he joined us once more, adopting yet another system. He would wait outside Hall for one of us, go in with that one, and stick to him through the thick and thin of the meal, sitting on, or even leaving before his appetite was appeased, for the purpose of coming out with that one. By this means he left it to that one to find both the hats, since he had seen to it when he came in that both were together.

The other day he nearly had an accident. He informed Baxter, just before the decisive moment, that he was depending on him, for Baxter can, he says, always find his own hat on the unconscious impulse of the moment. But the responsibility of having to find two hats unmanned even Baxter, and as the two stood or fell together there must have been a double disaster but for a bit of luck. "Ah!" said Carr to the also hatless and now nervous Baxter, "that's mine; I can tell it by the ribbon;" and he grabbed at a hat which, though it turned out to be Baxter's, nevertheless put him on the line of his own.

To-day Baxter told us about it at lunch, and placed Carr in another difficulty. He was at the moment relying on me; but to get up from the table with me now might be to make me aware of my responsibility and possibly lead to my bungling the affair. So he lay low and let me go out alone. Then, having closely watched my movements, he followed me, hoping for the best. Alas, it was a misplaced hope.

I am told that the sight of him walking helplessly up and down twenty feet of top-hats (four or six deep) was melancholy in the extreme. It must also, to those hat-owners who did not know the scrupulous and conscientious nature of Carr, have given ground for considerable anxiety. At any rate, I met him later, moving across King's Bench Walk bare-headed and slightly damped by the rain. He greeted me with the remark, "My worst fears are realised at last!"

As he told me this, I felt glad that I, at any rate, had secured a hat. Later investigation, conducted in private, showed me that the hat I had was Carr's. Sorry though I am about this, I am not going to tell Carr until he has retrieved my hat, which (I hold) *he* has lost. Can you please (as between barristers) tell me what is the law bearing on the matter? Otherwise I shall have to look it up, and I hate doing that.

Yours very faithfully,

INNER TEMPLAR.



HYGIENICS.

Mother (cheerfully to perfect stranger). "THIS OUGHTER BLOW THE 'OOPING CORF ART OF 'IM."

THE STAR TURN.

JAMES and I do not think very much of Ermyntrude; we find it impossible to understand her parents' enthusiasm for one so small and, apparently, so imbecile. Of course we have not told them of our perplexity, but we have definitely stopped trying to teach the thing tricks.

We tried very hard; and I sometimes believe we came near success. James and I both say that it was only a matter of stage fright that our respective tricks wouldn't come off before an audience. But, after all, Ermyntrude has no business to be bothered with stage fright at her age—three months, or half a year, or some similar age common in babies.

James had wagered that he would perfect Ermyntrude in his trick before I got her ready with mine.

His trick was throwing envelopes into a waste-paper basket; mine was simpler but more rational; it consisted in her accepting my bowler hat and putting her head in it. Then I would take it off and she would make a sort of noise which passes for a laugh among people of Ermyntrude's station in life.

I could not get her quite sure of the laugh part, but in other respects our rehearsals were perfect. James says the same of his, but, in view of Ermyntrude's performance on the day, I do not feel quite sure of James.

When the day came, everybody was there. Mr. and Mrs. Ermyntrude, Nancy—the only person who professes really to understand Ermyntrude—James and myself, brothers of Mr. Ermyntrude, and, last and easily least, Ermyntrude.

James won the toss and elected to take first knock. The waste-paper basket was brought and handed round; after inspection it was deposited in front of Ermyntrude. It struck me that James had placed it in such a position that any envelope dropped *must* fall into it; but I said nothing.

He began with an ordinary envelope, that had been through the post. Ermyntrude received it gravely, took one look at the basket, turned to the right and dropped the envelope over the side of her chair. He plied her with an income-tax-return envelope; with a large manila at fourpence the packet; and with a stamped envelope as yet unemployed. The first two went over the side of the chair; the stamp attracted her, and she sucked it until her parents summarily stopped play. James objected to having his innings declared closed, but was over-ruled by a huge majority.

After a brief interval, I approached with my bowler hat on my head. I smiled; Ermyntrude smiled. I took off the hat and showed it to her; Ermyntrude held out her hands with an understanding glance. I placed the hat in them with every confidence. The five shillings were as good as mine.

Without a sound, but still smiling, Ermyntrude leaned over and dropped my hat into the waste-paper basket. Then she laughed.

Clause 3, rule 16 of the Stock Exchange, according to *The Manchester Guardian*:—

"The Committee may expel or suspend any member who may be guilty of honourable or disgraceful conduct."

The golden mean between these two extremes is the safest on the Stock Exchange.

CONCERNING PHEASANTS.

There is not going to be anything about mangel-wurzels in these notes, though there will be remarks about other matters which do not, at first sight, seem to concern pheasants. Leaves, for instance. Everybody who goes out to shoot pheasants must be prepared with his little bit of leaf-lore. This is approximately how it goes:—

1st Gun. It's quite extraordinary how the leaves hang on this year. Standing in covert you can't see the birds till they're right on top of you.

2nd Gun. It's the same all over the country. I was shooting in Blankshire the day before yesterday and there was hardly a leaf off any of the trees.

1st Gun. It's those mild autumns that do the mischief. What we want is two or three nights of sharp frost and a gale of wind on the top of that.

2nd Gun. The weather isn't what it used to be.

1st Gun. No, you're right there.

So much for leaves. Next let us take the subject of luncheon. It is, I think, reasonably accurate to say that at 1.15 the thoughts of all the guns begin to turn irresistibly to the question of luncheon. Are we going to lunch after this beat, or is there—deadly notion—to be another beat before we are allowed to devote ourselves to eating? The keeper always wants just one more beat. The sportsmen always want to eat. A good luncheon puts even the worst shot on easy terms with himself. But what is a good luncheon? I answer without hesitation: Irish-stew is a good luncheon; so is hot-pot; so is beef-steak pudding or pie. A really good lunch must show a lot of steam, and the potatoes, whether peeled or in their jackets, must be large. Cold ham or tongue may come in as a second course, but the backbone of the luncheon must be hot—hot and steaming. And there should be tartlets (preferably with jam in them) to finish up with. It is hardly credible how much elderly sportsmen—I do not call them old, for in these days we must call no man old until he is dead—how much they relish jam tartlets. Battered men of the world, who might be supposed to have out-grown the delights of their boyhood, may be seen munching jam tartlets with evident satisfaction at any shooting-luncheon. By way of these sweets they return to a pristine simplicity of taste, and may be heard, while their mouths are clogged with strawberry jam, telling innocent little anecdotes about shooting-boots or gaiters, or the man who killed a rabbit and a woodcock with the same shot, or the special malignity of the pheasants in deciding to swerve instead of flying straight and giving an honest jam-eating gun a fair chance. Swerve in pheasants is an inexhaustible topic.

Another by-product of a shooting-luncheon (when it takes place in the keeper's cottage) is the discussion of the keeper's artistic taste. They all love to decorate their walls with cheap German coloured prints. Imagine a picture of a ferociously black-bearded and be-whiskered gentleman dandling on his knee a fair-haired, blue-eyed child in a sailor suit. In another the same or a similar gentleman is teaching the child his letters. The first picture is called "His Moter's Eyes" (the letter "h" coming after "t" is Teutonically neglected) and is intended to show that Blackbeard once had a beloved and blue-eyed wife for whom he is now in mourning. The second picture is, perhaps, entitled "In the Moter's Place" and indicates the same domestic tragedy. Now in real life, if the keeper chanced to meet Blackbeard, he would call him "a poor furriner," and despise him accordingly. Meeting him, however, through the medium of art, he is affected to the very depth of his honest velveteen soul, and learns lessons of hope and consolation from the dreadful prints.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE HOUSE-TOP.

The light beneath the bushel was never popular with the disseminators of literature, but we have had to wait many years for such a desperate signed appeal as the publisher of a certain new work of sentiment has just put forth. It runs thus, except that the blanks represent the name of the book, and the name of the favour-asker is at the end:—

> **"A REQUEST.**
>
> —— is a book with a spell, and it has an appeal so tender that it is difficult to read it without tears. Yet there is laughter in its pages, and to the despondent it contains a great lesson on the littleness of losing courage.
>
> —— radiates a nobility of spirit which seems all too rare to-day, and I hope that everyone who likes to spread the news that a good book has come into the world of literature will help me to make it known." —— ——

Since few persons, not even the devisers of revues, are more imitative than advertising publishers, we now know what to expect. Something like this, for certain:—

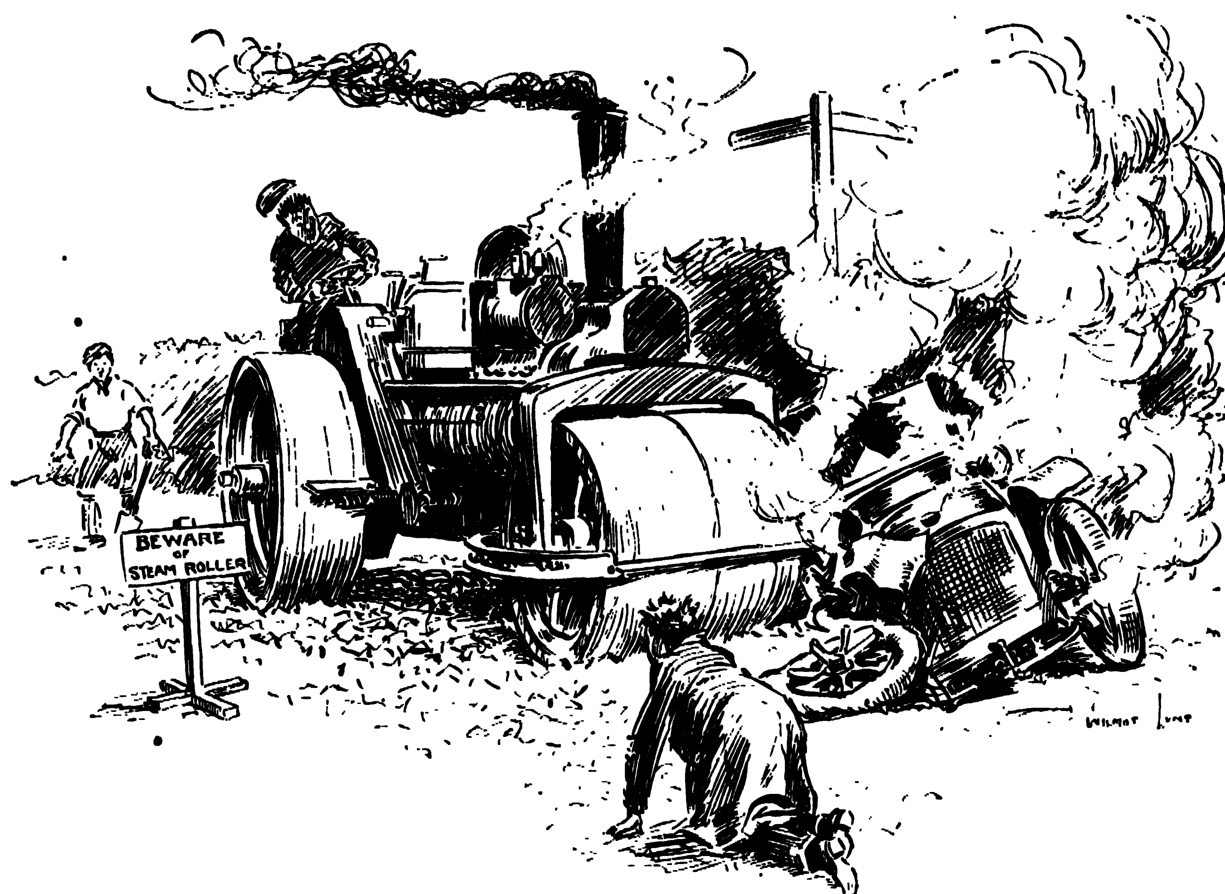
> **THIS CONCERNS YOU DEEPLY.**
>
> Dear Friend,—I want you to know that I have just finished reading a book called ——, and I cannot rest until you and in fact all the world have read it too. It is nothing to me that I am also its publisher and shall not do badly out of it if it succeeds. The sole reason that I want you to read it is that it is a pure and tender evangel of joy, and it will make you feel better. Also it will here and there make you roar with laughter, just as this advertisement could never do. Yours in all good will, Nashleigh Eve.

That is the fairly thorough style which we may count on very shortly seeing. But there is something more snappy also to be done with a new book that has to be got down the public's throat at any cost. Thus:—

> **HERE, YOU!**
>
> There's only one book worth reading at this moment and it is called ——. Now then?
>
> Neveleigh Ash.

Finally there is the really unctuous:—

> **HEART TO HEART.**
>
> My brethren, do you want to read the most exquisite and intimate story in the world? Do you want to weep and smile by turns and feel as though you were the darling of the gods, and the heir of the ages, and the pick of the basket, and the leader of the modern Athens all at once? Because if you do I have the very thing for you. It is called ——; and I implore you to sing its praises near and far, talk about it at dinner, ask for it at every bookshop and bookstall, and generally make it boom, as I too am endeavouring to do. What does The Short Cham of Literature say about it in his Littery Letter? He says that the author "has, if I am not mistaken, produced an undying classic." And how can The Short Cham be mistaken? So I beseech you to let the book do you good, make you feel all nice inside, and force you to force it on others. Ashleigh Neve.



Polite Motorist (after the accident). "I do trust I haven't damaged your chassis!"

AGENT TRIUMPHANT.

Bill, and you, 'Erbert of the unkempt beard,
Take each a spade and delve, until the earth
Release this notice of a house to let
(Or to be sold, pardie), while I uplift
A lyric pæan on the proud event.

They were many that came to view,
That came and that hastened away;
For the soil was so palpably clay,
And they spotted the place where the plaster peeped through,
They saw that the woodwork was rotten,
They saw that the banisters trembled,
They saw that the sink was forgotten,
They saw that the tiles of the hearths had been cheaply assembled.
The ideal was their evident vision,
And they went in their wrath and derision.

Some of them noticed the range,
Some pulled the knobs off the doors,
Some put their feet through the floors,
Some of them thought that the paint had the mange,
Some saw the cracks in the ceiling,
Some of them looked for the larder,
Some said the papers were peeling,
Some of them felt that the mortar might well have been harder;
And the house (it may be with some reason)
Stayed empty from season to season.

Then, *then* came the greenhorn, the mug,
The about-to-be-married young man!
He saw nothing wrong with the plan,
He considered the dining-room "smallish but snug,"
He asked not for wash-house or kitchen,
He accepted the coal-hole with gladness,
And lastly he did a thing which in
The eyes of his bride and his mother will simply seem madness:
He bought (on my recommendation)
This house without *their* approbation.

Bill, and you, 'Erbert, have you dug it up,
That board which seemed so wedded to the soil?
Go, bear it tenderly to other scenes,
Chanting the while a song of holy joy:
"A silly ass 'as been and bought this 'ouse—
A silly ass 'as been and bought this 'ouse—
An 'opeless ass 'as bought this bloomin' 'ouse."

Mr. S. A. Mussabini in *The Daily News*:—

"There is a record somewhere—I fancy it was made by the late Scottish champion, J. G. Sala—of over seventy consecutive losers off the white ball, often described as a sheer wanton waste of billiard skill and energy. If he had been playing now the Italo-Scot would have known better than do such things. He would have saved his shots for the more prolific points raising cochineal dipped sphere."

In other words he would have scored off the red, but it would never do to say so.

AT THE PLAY.

"Magic."

You can do almost anything with fairies, but the difficulty is to find anything to do which hasn't been done before. Yet here is Mr. Chesterton, in a trial enterprise on the stage, bringing the freshness of his own immortal childhood to Sir James Barrie's well-exploited field, and treating it as virgin soil. And his sanguine faith in the inexhaustibility of its treasures has been justified. Perhaps the most charming feature of a delightful entertainment was the author's little speech at the end. With a modesty unusual in dramatic circles, Mr. Chesterton disclaimed all merit as a maker of words. His play he regarded as an amateur piece of work; he had no gift, he said, for composition, whether done for the columns of a paper or for the back of a postcard; but he did pride himself upon his opinions, and of these he was anxious for us to approve.

But with the best desire in the world to oblige him, it was impossible for us to determine which his own opinions were among the variety to which his characters gave vent. On the question of miracle and magic we were given choice of some half-a-dozen attitudes, including the clerical-orthodox, the blasphemously sceptical, the calmly scientific, the innocently credulous, the devilishly supernatural; and the only solid satisfaction to be got out of this medley of opinions (I speak for us other common people, and not for Sir Oliver Lodge, who sat there in his stall, towering above us, body and spirit) came from the exponent of No. 5, who concluded that it was better to marry a concrete girl than to go on debating about the impalpable. Even this was not completely satisfactory, for it meant the shattering of our faith in the credulous maiden who used to take her Irish temperament out into the Park after dark and talk with the spirit-folk. For it turned out that the largest of the fairies with whom she had consorted (returning from this communion with the rapt face of a mystic) was not a real fairy, and that she had recognised him, all the time, for a man.

He is, in fact, no other than the conjurer (known as *The Stranger*) whom the girl's uncle (a duke) has commissioned to perform before the household and "brighten things up." But he is no ordinary conjurer, for in the course of learning the tricks of his trade he has caught a few germs of the Black Art and can do the most uncanny feats. The girl's young brother, fresh from a commercial apprenticeship in America, where he has shed his faiths and illusions and become clever enough to tell you, very blatantly, how everything is done, permits himself to behave towards the conjurer in a most contumelious manner. In revenge this Master of Magic exhibits his Black Art, and one of his performances—the turning of the colour of a doctor's lamp, half a mile away, from red to blue—is so inexplicable that the boy's intellect becomes unhinged. Nothing can save him except to learn how it was done. So the conjurer invents, for his private ear, a natural cause for what was really the result of devilment, and so the sceptic is restored to sanity. Probably he was told that this changing of light upon a little disc at the back of the scenery had been arranged in collusion with the property-man. Certainly that was my own unaided interpretation of the mystery.

Indeed, Mr. Chesterton's apparatus was quite simple and, though he may speak with disparagement of his play as the work of an amateur, there was true professional art in the way in which, without ever doing anything very magical, he kept his audience thrilled with the sense that there was magic in the atmosphere, and that something thrilling might happen at any moment. Here he was greatly assisted by Mr. Franklin Dyall, who played *The Stranger*, and even in the thickest of the argument never lost his air of inscrutability. Mr. Dyall does nothing without thought, and I can only suppose that so intelligent an actor remains rather stagey in his manner for good reasons of his own.

The old gentleman who lent his house and grounds for the purposes of the play was described as *The Duke*. I do not think this was because, like Wellington, he overtopped all other contemporary dukes, for he was the most improbable of Graces. I can only suppose that Mr. Chesterton must have made him a duke simply because strawberry-leaves, like wurzels, are in the air just now. Mr. Fred Lewis, with his jolly rotundity, did not make him any less improbable, but he got great fun for us out of the *Duke's* inconsequent association of ideas and his habit of giving the same pecuniary support to the Pros and Antis of every social movement.

The part of *Dr. Grimthorpe* fitted that irreproachable actor, Mr. William Farren, as close as his own skin. As the *Rev. Cyril Smith*, Mr. O. P. Heggie's rather wooden and unemotional style, with its suspicion of provincialism, gave perhaps a stronger force to his arguments than if they had been coloured by gifts of refinement or fanaticism. Still I could have wished that he had done better justice to the lesson he delivered from the Book of Job as an example of a magic more irrecoverable than the greatest of Biblical miracles.

Of the younger people Mr. Lyonel Watts, though he was not quite the "little, little boy" of his description in the play, still seemed rather too juvenile for so fluent a command of blasphemy; and Miss Grace Croft, as his sister, did very little beyond looking intense and taking herself and Mr. Chesterton very seriously—except in a certain passage to which I shall refer in a moment.

I think, by the way, that the little "Prelude" scene, with the gentleman-fairy talking spells in the moonlight, and the young girl hanging upon his unearthly wisdom, might well be omitted. The meagre information here given to us, chiefly touching the popular error as to the size of fairies, did not quite compensate for the long, long wait in darkness while the scene-shifters put up the *Duke's* interior. And, after all, we might have guessed that, for this night at least, the little people would be as large as life or larger; for is not Mr. Chesterton also among the fairies?

The audience on the first night seemed chiefly made up of superior people, concerned to show themselves connoisseurs of the Chestertonian manner. They laughed swiftly and knowingly when Mr. Shaw's name occurred. I hope I laughed in some of the right places, but I might easily have laughed once in a wrong one and so shocked my reverent neighbours. It was where the girl *Patricia* comes to the conjurer, in an agony of apprehension, to implore him to reveal the way in which he had done his lamp-trick; otherwise her brother was bound to go stark mad. "Instead of which" the conjurer proceeds to make love to her, and she to respond playfully. In her light-hearted oblivion she prattles of domestic prospects—how, as his wife, she will darn his hat and cook his goldfish for dinner—and even goes so far as to make an old joke about poached rabbits. This joke, of course, was not the funny part. The funny part (undesigned) was the fact that the girl, in a spasm of self-interest, had totally mislaid her mission; had forgotten that, all the time while she was getting engaged and making little jests, there was her brother (we had heard his groans whenever the door opened) writhing on a bed of incipient imbecility.

I have just refreshed my memory of this remarkable passage by reference to the published version of the play. It improves on closer acquaintance, and this time I was free to laugh in the wrong place, all by myself.

O. S.



"GEORGE, GEORGE! SAVE ME! IT'S RUNNING AWAY!"
"ALL RIGHT, DARLING; YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID. DON'T YOU SEE I'M GETTING DOWN TO HELP YOU?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is strange, after so long an interval, to be shown once again the cruel and grotesque beauties of Mr. HARDY'S world. In this collection of stories, *A Changed Man* (MACMILLAN), I have received the impression of life isolated and remote, sometimes sharply unreal, sometimes almost naively arranged for unhappiness, always arresting and provocative—that world that was, it seemed, finally closed with the tragic history of *Jude the Obscure*. The life that Mr. HARDY reveals has in it some of the unsuspicious credulity of a child. There are here old wives' tales about dukes and corpses, graves at the cross-roads, fair and unfaithful wives, that have about them a strangely simple trust and confidence. By kitchen fires on Egdon Heath such tales have for many years been told, and the grand reality of rocks and moor beyond the lighted windows gives the *Duke* and *Alicia* and the *Dairymaid* a spectral contrast that causes the narrator, in the full flood of his story, to fling a glance over his shoulder. "The Grave by the Handpost," "What the Shepherd Saw," "The Duke's Reappearance," betray this same glance. On Egdon, by night or day, anything may occur, and here, in these pages, wild desolation and primitive history have their overwhelming effect. It is finally the simplicity that remains; and, as always in Mr. HARDY'S world, it is a simplicity that is huge and tragic but never artificial nor self-conscious. These tales were there before Mr. HARDY, and they of themselves chose him as their interpreter to the world; and very wise they were.

It is not often that the public-school novel (as opposed to the school story) has an original central idea. As a rule the author is content to take a small boy without any particular characteristics to distinguish him from other small boys, and describe his life at whatever public school he, the author, happens to know best. Mr. CHARLES TURLEY, in his latest work, *A Band of Brothers* (HEINEMANN), has been more ambitious. He has hit on the excellent idea of making his hero the last of a super-athletic family. *Mr. Rumbold* had been a member of "one of the best elevens Granby ever had," and four of his sons had established such a *Rumbold* tradition at the school that, when *Joe*, the youngest, went there and began to show a disposition to be head of his form instead of a marvel at football, there was something more than mere consternation in the family; and only the discovery that this black sheep had the makings of an excellent long-distance runner prevented *Mr. Rumbold* from taking him away from Granby in disgrace. Eventually *Joe* displayed other gifts, so that on the last page we find him receiving from his father the following compliment: "I'm afraid you will never get a Blue at Oxford, but all the same it may be worth while to send you there." To my mind, the best thing in an admirable book is the subtlety with which the characters of the four great brothers are drawn. They appear but seldom, yet it is quite easy to see that *Pads* is a thoroughly good sort, that *Bingo* has the worst kind of swelled head, and that *Flip* and *Jumpy* are so magnificent that they can hardly be treated as human beings at all. If Mr. TURLEY has a fault (which is very doubtful), it is that he is apt to allow his sense of caricature to run away with him. But, after all, it is not a serious fault, and it is certainly one of which other school story-writers with a sense of humour have been guilty. It should be unnecessary to add—but I do it for the benefit of any curious reader who does not know this best of school-chroniclers—that the *Rumbold* portraits come straight out of Mr. TURLEY'S own head, and are not drawn from the members of any well-known athletic family.

After begging Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS to come out of his groove I should indeed be an ingrate if I did not thank him for the leap he makes in his new book, *The Joy of Youth* (CHAPMAN AND HALL); for he has left his Dartmoor rustics and landed rather plumpingly upon people of lineage and inherited traditions. Devonshire is still the background of his story, but it is only the background; the salient events

have Italy for their immediate setting. Here the author finds scope for much instruction and entertainment, but the erudition of the painter, *Bertram Dangerfield*, is over-emphasised. His rival, *Sir Ralegh Vane, Bart.*, talked—and was doubtless meant to talk—like a prig, but *Dangerfield's* long-windedness was often boring, and this could scarcely have been intended. *Loveday Merton*, however, was charmed by his conversation. Local influences may have had something to do with this, for no sooner had she reached Florence, where he had a studio, than she fell a victim to the spell of that bewitching city, and came to the conclusion that she had only just begun to live. Meanwhile *Sir Ralegh*, whom she was originally engaged to marry, remained at home and wrote letters to her, in which he announced that "Providence, in Whom I trust absolutely, will order things for the best from a standpoint veiled in clouds beyond the mind of man to reach," and similar things. Before I was half through the book I knew that the baronet would never marry *Loveday* if Mr. PHILLPOTTS could help it. For he deliberately mars his story in order to be unfair to the type. To make an Aunt Sally out of an aristocrat is too cheap an amusement for a novelist of his ability. Nevertheless, when all my complaints have been made, *The Joy of Youth* remains a pleasant guide to the treasures of Florence, and to the heart of a peculiarly attractive girl.

When a story with a title like *The Irresistible Intruder* (LANE) begins with the expected visit of a small boy to some quiet people in the country, and their fears that he is going to prove an unmitigated nuisance, you may be pretty safe in assuming that he will turn out to be nothing of the kind. Which of course is what happened. *Publius*, the homely and freckled but altogether lovable little guest of the *Fennels*, has not entered the story for ten minutes before his instant subjugation of his host is followed by that of the reader. But it is not till later that you will relish the full significance of the book's title, and see that *Publius* was not the only irresistible boy whose arrival set a peaceful neighbourhood by the heels. Another, not carrying a straw-hat and a Gladstone bag, but a pair of wings and a bow-and-arrows, was certainly present upon the station platform when *Publius* introduced *Bill Fennel* to *Mrs. Swift*, his travelling companion. Mr. WILLIAM CAINE has in short written a love-story, and as captivating a one as I remember to have read this great while. *Joan Swift* was a youngish widow, pretty, appealing and moderately well off, who had come to Berwick Evias to lodge in the cottage of an old nurse. Naturally, *Bill Fennel*, who was the middle-aging squire of the place, fell in love with her at sight, the more so as there was another romance maturing at the time between his sister and a genial young neighbour. So the four of them, and that jolly *Publius*, had the time of their lives, till something happened. Of course, it had been bound to come. There was an occasional air of mystery about *Joan Swift* that foredoomed it from the first. And I confess to having entertained an unworthy suspicion (unworthy in one who admires Mr. CAINE'S work as I do) that the unlamented *Swift* was going not to be dead after all. But the real blow was something both more original and more human. I don't think you would ever guess it.

I turned with the greatest excitement to hear *The Truth about Camilla* (HEINEMANN), for all that I knew previously about any lady of that name was comprised in the last fifteen lines of the seventh book of the *Æneid*; but from that brief account I had gathered that she was an extremely interesting, able and active young person. As a matter of fact, the triumphs of Miss GERTRUDE HALL'S heroine lay in a different field and at a different date from those of *Turnus'* Amazonian aide-de-camp, but none the less she did not belie my hopes, and hardly for a moment of her career between the ages of nine and fifty did I weary of her exploits. Fairly sure from the beginning that she was the daughter of *Count Mari*, and not of his steward, I was scarcely surprised at the engaging mixture she showed of patrician pride and good taste with a peasant's endurance and simplicity. Her beauty and her brains (she told such fascinating lies as are, I believe, only possible to children of the sunny South) raised her to the proud position of consort to a worn-out and cynical Russian prince; but she met the love of her life in an opera singer many years her junior, with whom she would not consent to stay lest he should tire of her as she grew old. Finally, after his early death, we leave her enjoying a peaceful and moderate splendour, richly deserved, as a marchesa in her native Florence. There is a great deal more than this, however. *Camilla* moves in many circles during her varied career—in the humble home of her youth, amidst the entourage of the famous American novelist, *Mrs. Northmere*, in the glittering world of Monte Carlo, and behind the scenes at the opera—but in all of them with a light-footed agility almost rivalling that of her Volscian namesake, self-possessed, adequate and triumphantly facing the buffets of the world. I ought to add that Miss GERTRUDE HALL made me feel as if I had witnessed all these scenes and met all these people myself, and since I have not for a long time past come across a more vivid personality in fiction than that of *Camilla* I have every hope that the crowd of readers will overlook her numerous peccadillos and follow the rapid flight of her daring fortunes, as I did, *attonitis inhians animis*.



Policeman (investigating a burglary). "NOW, IF YOU COULD ONLY TRACE THE OWNER OF THIS SHOE——"
Householder. "WELL, DO I LOOK LIKE A FAIRY PRINCE?"

The Martyr's Way.

If you would climb to PARNELL'S throne,
Prison 's the place to make your mark in;
The crown that once was REDMOND'S own
Now lies upon the crest of LARKIN.

"Clothes—Advertiser wants to sell her son's Clothes privately."
Advt. in "Norwood Press."

There will be trouble when he finds out.

CHARIVARIA.

It is denied that the Kaiser has forbidden his officers to dance the Tango, the One-Step, and the Two-Step; but it is well known that he prefers the old-fashioned Goose-Step.

⁂

"Mexico Trams Jump" was a heading which caught our eye the other day in the financial column of *The Star*. This gives one some idea of the state of nerves that everyone and everything is in just now over there.

⁂

The Budapest Court of Appeal has sentenced an ex-member of the Hungarian Parliament to one month's imprisonment, and two others to two weeks' imprisonment, for throwing ink-pots at the Premier. It is clear that any usurpation of the right of journalists is very jealously watched in Hungary.

⁂

"It has been suggested," said the Postmaster-General at a dinner last week, "that, when the London Post-Office telephone system is in full working order, we should have our hair cut by telephone." As a matter of fact we have already heard people who declare that they have been fleeced by it.

⁂

During the official round of inspection before the opening of the Autumn Salon in Paris, a study in the nude by a Dutch artist was adjudged to be perilous to the morals of Parisians, and the police had it removed forthwith. The sense of relief in Paris on the next day, when the citizens realised what a narrow escape their morals had had, is said to defy description.

⁂

The painting in question, we are told, was thrust into a dark cupboard. This sounds like the appropriate place for it if the cupboard was like Mother Hubbard's.

⁂

Excavations at Jericho, it transpires, prove that the walls of that city were not destroyed to the extent we were led to believe, and a great deal is being made of this fact. For ourselves, we think it would be well to let by-gones be by-gones.

⁂

Free shows for the people are not so common that one should omit to draw attention to the fact that those star-artistes, the Leonids, are now giving their clever *vol plané* performance early in the morning.

⁂

Preparations for amusement on a colossal scale, we read, are being made for the Panama Exhibition. One of the attractions is to be a scenic representation, entitled, "Creation," based on the first chapter of Genesis. An attempt, we understand, is to be made to persuade Great Britain to lend Mr. Justice Eve, and France Mme. Adam, in connection with this show.

⁂

With reference to the announcement that Mr. Seymour Hicks will probably bring *Broadway Jones* to the Prince of Wales' Theatre in January, the manager of the Strand Theatre would like it to be known that this friend of Mr. Hicks' is not one of "*The* Joneses."



First Housebreaker (resting from his labours). "An' 'e sez to me, 'Why don't yer join the sympferthetic strike?' 'e sez. 'Yus,' sez I, 'that's all very well, but I got to live. I can't take no blooming risks.'"

⁂

"I spend £14,000 a year on my clothes," says Mlle. Gaby Deslys in *The Patrician*. So much for those persons who think she does not wear enough!

⁂

Attention is once more being drawn in the Press to the danger of crossing the road in London, and a recent drawing by our Mr. Morrow leads us to ask the authorities seriously to consider whether it might not be possible to train powerful birds to carry little children and old ladies and gentlemen from one side of the street to the other.

"Three hundred and sixty mill girls came out on strike at Braintree yesterday, and paraded the town singing in rag-time." This should surely have been headed, "Strikers' New Weapon."

⁂

During his twenty-three years' service at Eye, Suffolk, the rate-collector, it is stated, has never had to issue a single summons against a ratepayer. Those who hold that miracles never happen nowadays would do well to remember this instance of a rate-collector getting the universal Glad Eye.

⁂

A statement that live animals were shut up in the old battleship *Empress of India* during the recent firing exercises is officially denied. There was not even a single representative of a hostile naval Power on board. Could humanity go further?

"SCAPE—SCAPE."

The lawn is all with rime embossed,
There must have been a touch of frost
This fair effect contriving;
But blue of cornflowers is the sea;
The marsh is gold; it seems to me
The snipe should be arriving.

The snipe's a nimble little elf;
His bill's as long as he himself;
He dodges like the devil.
I take my gun and look for him
Beside the ditch's silent brim
And round the sea-girt level;

And there the bouncing Clumber pup
Tempestuously puts him up—
"*Scape-Scape*," he blithely carols;
And so he does, before my eyes,
Because I hate the way he flies,
And miss with both my barrels.

"For sale as a Going Concert.—By Direction of Trustees. Valuable Leasehold Sawing and Turning Mills."
Advt. in "Manchester Guardian."

We have often heard them at work in an orchestra.

"Alice, do one sweet thing more, because it's Christmas morning. 'Come and watch the sunset round the corner.'"
Grand Magazine.

Alice (on her return). "Aren't the evenings drawing in?"

"Ten thousand! It rolls deliciously upon the tongue, a rich, a satisfying number. Pleasant its figures are to the eye; a picture of round achievement is in 10,000, five magic circles and the upright staff that has traced them."
"Evening News" (in case you hadn't guessed it).

"Five magic circles be blowed," said the unpoetical compositor. "He's got to have four ovals and a comma, like the rest of 'em."

THE SODA-WATER SIPHON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I make no apology for addressing you on the subject of my Soda-Water Siphons, because *you*, Sir, are accountable for what I have gone through. You will recall that not a great many weeks ago you protested, by the pen of a contributor, against the reiteration on our Insurance Cards of the term, "The week commencing." Well, ever since I can remember I have been galled, Sir, and made sore and restive by the substitution, not only of "commence" for "begin," but of "assist" for "help," "sufficient" for "enough," etc., etc., etc., etc., and, I may add, that my resentment is quite apart from a private conviction that I pay for these popular refinements of my mother tongue when I pay the Education rate. You may judge, then, how firm is my habit of self-suppression when I say that for more than seven years I have, without revolt, endured as right-hand companion at my dinner table a Soda-Water Siphon bearing the inscription:—

THIS SYPHON
IS THE PROPERTY OF
JAMES WODDLE,
The Arcade Grocery,
WHICH IF NOT RETURNED IN REASONABLE TIME WILL BE CHARGED 2*s.* 6*d.*

Your protest, *Mr. Punch*, Sir, fell like rain on the arid soil of my compliance; it was like leaven in the dough of my idle acquiescence. I burst into leaf. I rose. It was easy to decide that the proper thing to do was to write to my grocer. To speak to him would be to humiliate him in the presence of his new bacon-cutter. On the other hand, if I wrote, he could read and hide his blushes behind the little screened desk where (as I happen to know, for I once drew a cheque there) he uses a potato as a pin-cushion.

Having decided to write I simply took a pen and wrote, courteously adopting his illiterate way of spelling the word Siphon:—

"SIR,—Referring to your Soda-Water, I observe that the Syphons bear a printed notice to the effect that if the Syphon is not returned it 'will be charged half-a-crown.' It is clearly impossible to exact a fine from a Soda-Water Syphon. Why not therefore alter the label? Yours faithfully,
J. M. PABSLIP."

Mr. Woddle's reply came next day, skewered to a Stilton cheese with a pin. It was written on very thin paper with a very hard-pointed pen.

"SIR,—I am in receipt of your esteemed communication. I always charge the Syphons 2*s.* 6*d.* when not returned. We are obliged to do so in order to protect ourselves. Soliciting a continuance of your esteemed favours,
Yours respectfully,
JAMES WODDLE."

I hastened to reply.

"DEAR SIR,—You have misread my letter. I quite agree that you must protect yourself against loss of your Syphons, but why not say on the label that *I*—the user—will be charged half-a-crown? You cannot possibly mean that the *Syphon* will be charged half-a-crown. Pardon my writing to you on this subject, but in point of fact the wording on the label causes me some annoyance. Yours faithfully,
J. M. PABSLIP."

By return of post I got Mr. Woddle's answer:—

"SIR,—I am in receipt of your esteemed communication. I can only repeat that when Soda-Water Syphons are not returned they will be charged 2*s.* 6*d.* I have no intention of charging you for your Syphons. We used, at one time, to make this charge universally, but it was unpopular and we found it unnecessary with our large circle of customers among the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. At the same time we are bound to protect ourselves, and therefore put the notice on the Syphons to which you take exception. Hoping this explanation will be satisfactory and soliciting a continuance of your esteemed favours,
Yours respectfully,
JAMES WODDLE."

I could not obviously let the matter rest there, so I sat down and laid myself out to settle the thing for good and all.

"MY DEAR SIR," I wrote,—"Please do not misunderstand me. I fully realise that you must reimburse yourself in the event of your Syphons not being returned to you; that is only fair and reasonable. What I object to, if I may say so, is that on the printed label you clearly state that the *Syphons* will be charged half-a-crown, and this is an absolute impossibility. If you read the label you will see that the relative 'which' refers to the *Syphon*. Surely this is clear. What you mean is that, if for any reason the user (myself, for instance) fails altogether, or unreasonably delays, to make due restitution of any Syphon or Syphons to you (the rightful owner), then you reserve the right, in the event of its not being returned in reasonable time, to exact from him (me, for instance) the payment of the sum of two-and-sixpence for each Syphon lent by you. This is what you mean. Then why not say it? The continued publication year after year of a printed phrase which is blatantly ungrammatical can only tend to undermine our native tongue, and I submit that it is incumbent on you to do your duty to the public by revising the label. Yours faithfully,
J. M. PABSLIP."

Woddle's amazing reply came with the bacon next morning:—

"SIR,—I am duly in receipt of your esteemed communication. I am surprised that a gentleman should continue to make complaints when a satisfactory explanation has been offered. If my Syphons are not returned they will be charged 2*s.* 6*d.* I put it on the labels so that gentlemen may know beforehand, and that's business. I don't know why, after all these years, a gentleman should object to my Soda-Water, which is the best made and same as always supplied. Soliciting a continuance of your esteemed favours,
Yours respectfully,
JAMES WODDLE."

It was impossible to do more than I had done. It also seemed unreasonable to go on ordering Soda-Water from Woddle. I had grounds for reconsidering this decision, however, when the rival Siphon was put on my table. The label ran as follows:—

THIS SYPHON
IS THE PROPERTY OF
CHARLES F. BINKS,
Family Grocer, 19, Wool Street,
AND WHICH IF NOT RETURNED IN REASONABLE TIME WILL BE CHARGED 2*s.* 6*d.*

The italics are mine. Please, *Mr. Punch*, tell me what I ought to do next.
Yours obediently,
J. M. PABSLIP.

"Mr. Hicks, yesterday, executed two flights upside down. . . . This afternoon Mr. Hiecks again went up. . . . During his experiments this afternoon Mr. Hucks flew head downwards."—*Cork Examiner.*

The blood seems to have rushed into his name.

"It is alleged that he stabbed a labourer on the cheek with a knife held in his hand."
Glasgow Evening Citizen.

The good old-fashioned stroke with the knife held between the second and third toes of the left foot is losing favour.

"The language of Scott and Burns is not a heritage to lightly be dropped, though too little is being done to avert that act."
Paisley Gazette.

Luckily the language of SHAKSPEARE and MILTON is in the safe hands of our contemporary.



THE NEW ULYSSES.

"'COURAGE,' HE SAID, AND POINTED TOWARD THE LAND."

The Lotos-Eaters.



Our Demon Tangoist (*to fair stranger, to whom he has just been introduced*). "WHAT'S DOIN'? WHAT'S DOIN'? WILL YOU SHOUT?"
Fair Stranger. "HOW ABOUT NUMBER FIFTEEN?" *Demon Tangoist.* "NOTHIN' DOIN', NOTHIN' DOIN'. SHOUT AGAIN."

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

(*Mr.* ARNOLD WHITE *and Mr.* LEO MAXSE.)

Mr. WHITE. "This Government of political GEHAZIS——"

Mr. MAXSE. "How dare you compare them to GEHAZI, Sir? GEHAZI was merely a leper, a liar and a thief. And you call yourself a Die-Hard!"

Mr. WHITE. "I am a Die-Hard. I die hard in *The Express* every Monday. My blood will be shed in the last ditch—the very last ditch. No one will die harder."

Mr. MAXSE. "You are not a Die-hard. You are a base, trimming mandarin. GEHAZI, indeed! GEHAZI would have blushed even to walk past Downing Street."

Mr. WHITE. "I live in hopes of seeing ANANIAS ASQUITH swinging from a Downing Street lamp-post."

Mr. MAXSE. "Your humanity, Sir, is that of a coward. I live in hopes of seeing that disgraceful cur, whom you grossly flatter by comparison with a not wholly worthless character like ANANIAS—I say I live in hopes of seeing him stamped under foot by the herd of polluted swine he is leading to a political Gehenna."

Mr. WHITE. "And BIRRELL, the Herod who demands slaughtered hecatombs of Ulster's babes?"

Mr. MAXSE. "If I am to continue conversing with you, Sir, I will endure no insults to HEROD. HEROD may have had a trifle of inhumanity, but, at any rate, he was never swayed by American dollars."

Mr. WHITE. "But what do you think of CHURCHILL—CHURCHILL, who took a royal salute on the high seas, thus proclaiming himself a traitor to King and country? Surely you agree with me that he would be none the worse for a hanging?"

Mr. MAXSE. "I disagree absolutely. A hanging! Why, many highly respectable men have been hanged! I would have him impaled over an oil-furnace in one of those *Dreadnoughts* whose plans he has sold to Germany. Then, like his fellow-criminals, he will for once be dabbling in oil."

Mr. WHITE. "And McKENNA, the paltry, mean, squalid robber! Should we not have his head off?"

Mr. MAXSE. "Sir, I perceive you are a vile Coalitionist. Why this tenderness to traitors? These are times for men to speak out, not to mince their words. Beware of lukewarmness. As for the caitiff you mention, I would immerse him in a vat of boiling leeks and enjoy, as a patriot should, his coward howling."

Mr. WHITE. "Still, we shall agree on one point. We cannot differ about the Marconi saint?"

Mr. MAXSE (*gasping*). "I need a new language. I cannot speak—I choke. (*Converses violently in the deaf and dumb alphabet for ten minutes.*) Now talk to me of some one pure and noble and disinterested."

Mr. WHITE. "What a comfort we have F. E. SMITH——"

Mr. MAXSE. "That accursed Moderate! A man who dines with members of the Criminal Cabinet—whose speeches are all courtesies and honeyed compliments to the traitors!"

Mr. WHITE. "At any rate Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE——"

Mr. MAXSE. "Ah! There you have a man. BROKE and myself are the Last of the Old Guard."

Mr. WHITE. "What about me?"

Mr. MAXSE: "BROKE and myself and not another to help! Would there were one more outspoken man of brain and heart. For such a one I would give an army of mealy-mouthed Moderates."

Mr. WHITE (*testily*). "Good night."

RHYMING SLANG.

"How's the bother and gawdfers?" I heard a porter in Covent Garden ask, by way of afterthought, loudly of a friend from whom he had just parted. "Right as rain," was the shouted reply; and I went on my way in a state of bewilderment as to what they were talking about. What was a bother and what a gawdfer? I could think of nothing except possibly some pet animal, or a nickname for a mutual friend. In a higher commercial rank they might have been gold mines. Among soldiers they would have been officers. I asked a few acquaintances, but without any result, and so made a note of the sentence and dismissed it until the man who knows should arrive.

In course of time I found him. He knows because he has had a varied career in both hemispheres, even to the navigation of tramp steamers, and is able and ready to talk with anyone. Conversational ease and naturalness in every class of life are pre-eminently his. He has seen some strange things too, including the hanging of women, and he has swapped stories with both STEVENSON and MARK TWAIN. To-day he is journalising in London; to-morrow he may be off again for 'Frisco, Sydney, anywhere. That is my man.

"What are a bother and a gawdfer?" I asked him.

"A wife and kid, of course," he said. ("Of course!" Think of saying "of course" there.)

I looked perplexed, and he added—"Rhyming slang, you know. Wife is 'bother and strife.' Kids are 'God forbids.' And then, according to the rule, the rhyming word is eliminated and the others are the only ones used;" and we settled down to discuss this curious development of language and the Londoner's mania for calling nothing by its right name.

Some one said recently, when a member of the company had accused America of having no poetry, "What then is her slang?" And he was right, American slang is poetry, her poetry. It is descriptive, vivid and full of images. But no such certificate can be given to rhyming slang, which is without any reason at all and, after the rule referred to above has been put in operation, without rhyme too. The only principle it has is a perverse passion for obliquity.

When an American is asked a question for which he has no answer, and he says, "Search me," he is emphasising in a striking and humorous way his total lack of information on that point. When he calls a very strong whisky "Tangle-foot," he indicates its peculiar properties in unmistakable fashion in the briefest possible terms. When the same man sees a notoriously intellectual person and exclaims, "Another high-brow," he at once calls up a picture of SHAKSPEARE, Mr. HALL CAINE, Sir OLIVER LODGE, or some other domed cranium associated in our minds with literary pursuits. His slang is essentially pictorial. But when a Londoner asks another after his "bother and gawdfers," there may be a certain asinine funniness in the remark, but there is neither cleverness nor colour. He might as well have said wife and kids, whereas, when Americans use a slang word, it is because it is better than the other word.

Ordinary London slang has few merits. "Nut," for example, carries no picture with it. Nor does it explain itself. "Swank" happens to be a good word, but it is not descriptive. In American slang every phrase, like the advertisement pictures, "tells a story."

But if we condemn ordinary London slang for its dulness, what shall we say of rhyming slang? Only this, that the Englishman should blush for it. The silliness of it is abysmal. Look at this sentence: "So I took a flounder to the pope, laid my lump on the weeping, and did a plough." That is quite a normal remark in any public bar. It means that the speaker went home in a cab and was quickly asleep. Why? Because a cab is a *flounder and dab*; one's home is the *Pope of Rome*; a head is a *lump of lead*, a pillow is a *weeping willow*, and to sleep is to *plough the deep*. A certain bibulous and quarrelsome peer was told by a cabman that he hadn't been "first for a bubble." It was probably only too true; but what do you think it means? It means that he hadn't been *First of October* for a *bubble and squeak*: reduced to essentials, sober for a week.

All this and more my friend told me. Here are some anatomical terms. The face is the *Chevy*, from *Chevy Chase*; the nose is *I suppose*, this being one of the cases where the whole rhyme is always used; the brain is the *once again*, shortened to "once"; the eye is a *mince*, from *mince pie*; the hand is *bag*, from *bag of sand*; the arm the *false*, from *false alarm*. The œsophagus (so to speak) is the *Derby*, or *Derby Kell*, from one Derby Kelly; the garment that covers it is the *Charlie*, from Charlie Prescott; but who these heroes were I have not discovered. A collar is an *Oxford*, from *Oxford scholar*. Nothing, you see, is gained by rhyming slang; no saving in time; and often indeed the slang term is longer than the real word, as in tie, which is *all me*, from *all me eye*, and hat, which is *this and that* in full.

Your feet are your *plates*, from *plates of meat*; your boots are your *daisies*, from *daisy roots*; your teeth are your *Hampsteads*, from a northern common; money is *don't be*, from *don't be funny*; the fire is the *Anna*, from *Anna Maria*. Whisky is *I'm so*, from *I'm so frisky*; beer is *pig's ear* in full; the waiter is the *hot*, from *hot pertater*; and so forth.

And these foolish synonyms are really used too, as you will find out with the greater ease if (as I did) you loiter in the Dolly. "In the Dolly?" you ask. Oh, if you want any more information let me give it: in the Garden—Covent Garden, from *Dolly Vardon*.

But what I want now to know is the extent of the rhyming vocabulary and the process by which new words are added to it. Supposing, for example, it was felt that Mr. BERNARD SHAW had to be referred to in rhyming slang, who would decide that he was to be known as, say, *Holdyer*, from *hold yer jaw*? Who would invent that term and how would it gain currency? That question my friend could not answer. Is there not some sociologist who can?



THE JOY-TOUR.

Super-Cargo (*with delight*). "I SAY, THESE CROSS-MARKS ON THE ROAD MAP DON'T MEAN SECONDARY OR BAD, ONLY VERY PICTURESQUE, SO WE CAN LET HER RIP." (*They do, as usual.*)

A LAPSE IN ART.

(The photographic smile is going out of fashion. A sleepy look is said to be taking its place.)

I read it on the printed page;
It stood out sharp as fate,
That that wide smile, so long the rage
With ladies of the lighter stage,
Is doomed and out of date.

Those steady lips that served to show
Twin rows of glittering white,
The canines well exposed, as though
The artist meant to put below,
"Be careful, for I bite,"

Henceforth, if what men say is truth,
Are wholly banned and barred;
Of all I've loved from early youth
There will not be a single tooth
On any picture card.

My comrades charge me not to weep;
For, tho' the smile be doomed,
In place thereof a look of deep
And calmly idiotic sleep
Even now is being boomed.

But how could such a thing atone
To my distracted heart?
'Tis worse. I do not sigh alone
For that long smirk so tried and known;
I mourn the fall of Art.

For lack of truth I hold a sin
Of infinite degree;
There was some colour for the grin;
But where the sleepy look comes in
Is one too much for me.

Nay, judging by the strenuous way
In which these damsels make
Their noble matches, one would say
That, far from being sleepy, they
Are very wide awake.

Dum-Dum.



Counsel. "Now tell m'lud and gentlemen of the jury what was the defendant's condition when in your bar."

Witness. "Well, Sir, I should say 'fresh but servable.'"

THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.

There was once a man who went twenty-three times to the performance of *Peter Pan*, and was inspired thereby with a belief in fairies. He confessed his belief openly and vowed to devote his life to proving its truth. He himself would find a fairy.

And to this end he cut himself off from the world, and dwelt in woodland ways still untouched by hoardings blatant with the praise of petrol. Until at last, by great good hap, he found the frontier of Fairyland, and was called upon to display his luggage for inspection.

"Nothing to declare," he announced boldly; but his word was not deemed sufficient, and he had to submit to a search. Not that this troubled him, for his conscience was clear. In fact, as his spiritual equipment was unpacked he was very proud of it.

"What is this?" demanded the Customs officer suddenly, and the man had to confess that he did not know. He was dimly conscious of possessing the thing, but that was all, and so it had to be examined. And lo! it proved to be a little thought, the thought that his ability to believe in fairies raised him above his fellows. A little thought, hidden away right at the back of his mind, but it was enough. The fairy regarded it sadly and shook his head.

"That sort of pride," he said, "has ever been contraband in our country. You must leave it outside."

But the man demurred, offering to pay the heaviest duty upon it; for he realised that the thought had become a living part of himself, even as his fingers and toes. He had been but vaguely aware of it, but now he felt that life without it would be a joyless thing.

"What," he asked plaintively, "is the good of believing in fairies, if it does not make one a superior person?"

But the fairy inspector was adamant.

"Either you cast that aside, or you go," he said.

And the man went.

"To-night and every evening:
Grand Society Circus
The most remarkable collection of trained animals ever seen in London."
Advt. in "Evening News."

Shall we never hear the last of this Tango business?

OUR ANNUAL MASSACRE.

Major Hertingfordbury telegraphed: "Delighted. Will 1,000 cartridges be enough?"

To which I replied: "Thanks very much. Will last me nicely for season."

Jim sent a post-card: "Right. Suppose it's going to be like last year. Lunch at 1.0?"

The weather was excellent. So was the lunch. I pointed out that they should make the most of what might prove easily the best feature of the day, and we got off about 2.30 P.M. Jargo, the gardener, scraped his boots on a spade, slung the potato-sack I should say, game-bag—over his shoulder, whistled to Spider, and followed us as soon as his pipe was well alight. Jim stared at the dog in an extremely offensive manner, but said nothing.

Any idea of walking the rough field in line for a rabbit was frustrated by the spaniel. I had left strict orders for him to be taken a long walk in the morning and, if possible, to be thoroughly tired out; but the brute had kept a good bit in hand, and we were all well blown before we got him on a lead. This delay gave time for a maid from the house to catch us up with the news that the men had finished cleaning out the ashpit and would like to see the master before they went. I sent a verbal honorarium, pulled the shoot together, and started off again. We spread out through the allotments, the occupants courteously ceasing work to note our passage, and entered the stubble.

There was a great deal of stubble, acres and acres of it, with only one precious patch of roots into which we hoped to chivvy the birds—when found. We walked and walked; had a breather; walked again, and at last came upon them. A covey of thirteen, all full-feathered in the wing, strong in the leg and keen-eyed. Unluckily they found us a fraction of a second sooner than we did them and hopped over a hedge. We nipped round and chivvied cautiously up wind. I was afraid that Spider's breathing as he bore on the leash would put them up. We breasted rising ground and saw them. They saw us, too, and began running towards the station-sidings, where we had lost them last time. Jim and I doubled back and round to cut them off. An engine shrieked and the birds got up wide to swing round behind us . . . down with a turn of wing in the far meadow. The first chivvy was a failure.

At this point Major Hertingfordbury came up and asked whether we intended driving at all, as, if not, his man could take his second gun and his stick back to the house and see to a few details on the car. Jim said the birds were a bit wild, but how would it be now to send Jargo well round behind them, casual like, to push 'em back on to our ground, we keeping low in the ditch? Jargo said that, knowing Grierson's cowman, he thought it might be done and that without offence, if anyone would take on Spider for a bit and the light held up.

It worked all right. The covey winded him the moment he crept under the stile into the meadow; they seemed thoroughly roused now and got up squawking their loudest. They made a wide circle, shied at the sidings, and finally settled in the roots. It was the moment of the afternoon. Jargo returned breathless and beaming. There was no time to shake hands. We gave Spider back to him; then, the Major in the centre, Jim and I on the flanks, pale, grim, and at the ready, we stole up. The swedes were high, our hopes higher. . . .

I still think we might have got them but for sheer bad luck. Jargo trod on a rabbit, hit at it with his stick, and missed it. The spaniel barked himself free and plunged into the chase with all the pent-up ardour of the last two hours. His idea seemed to be that if he only jumped high enough and came down hard enough, listening for a moment between whiles, he might stun something before it could escape. Like a porpoise at play, he leaped on before our outraged eyes and raucous voices. Well out of shot, sudden as pantomime demons, the birds rose around him. Far down the valley they skimmed—were seen as specks against the setting sun as they rose to the river . . . then no more.

We filled our pipes and walked home in silence. As I stopped behind to close the gate there was a pattering of feet, and out of the darkness came Spider. In his mouth was a rabbit. It just saved us from a blank day.

One hesitates to accuse any class of men of cowardice, but the following extract from *The Post Office Guide* seems to point at least to vicarious timidity on the part of our postal officials:—"Packets containing liquids, greasy substances, or live bees can be sent to countries in the Postal Union. They must be made up so that they can be easily opened for purposes of inspection, with the exception of packets containing live bees, which must be enclosed in boxes so constructed as to allow the contents to be ascertained without opening."

GOOD NEWS FOR RUPERT.

(Suggested by an inspiriting paragraph upon a recent exhibition which stated that a reaction against luxurious and effeminate apparel for toy-dogs had set in.)

So long as Poms and Pekingese
And lordlier tykes, mayhap, than these
Would go to Bond Street tailors,
And every day adown the road
One saw exotic reptiles towed
In fancy suitings *à la mode*
And Homburg hats or "sailors,"

I also did my humble best
To have my Irish terrier dressed
In fairly decent clothing,
Lest some proud darling on a chain,
Attached to Beauty's chatelaine,
Should point the forepaw of disdain
And flout him as a low thing.

I could not give him patent boots,
Nor all the gear of hats and suits,
That made these playthings too pert:
But what my humble means allowed
(I may be poor, but I am proud),
That none might scorn him in the crowd,
I freely gave to Rupert.

A thickish coat of homespun tweed,
A cap to save his ears at need
From that brute of the vicar's,
Large-brimmed, because he fights with cats,
Two pairs of purple-coloured spats
To guard him from the bites of rats,
And two of football knickers.

Yes, that was all. Yet I may say
He jibbed at even this display,
He simply loathed his swathing;
You should have seen his coat, by Jove,
On days when he decreed to rove,
His Tyrian gaiters turned to mauve
By dint of frequent bathing.

But now the edict issues forth—
Let it be barked from south to north—
Fashion has changed her habits;
The hat, the gown, the sock, the snood
Have sunk into desuetude,
The stout goloshes may be chewed
As substitutes for rabbits.

And Rupert—with what conscious pride
He prances at his master's side
And leaves him at his daily 'bus;
A freer, but a happier hound,
And (gentle ladies, gather round)
I think quite adequately gowned
In puris naturalibus. EVOE.

"Crabbe proposed marriage, which, though followed by a short engagement, never came off."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Perhaps the marriage would have been more successful if the engagement had come first.



Proud Member. "NOW TELL ME, HOW DID YOU FIND OUR GREENS?"
Distinguished Visitor. "WELL, YOU SEE, THEY HAD FLAGS ON THEM!"

THE SUPER-AGITATOR.

So long as Mr. JAMES LARKIN continues his timid and half-hearted methods he will never gain that full publicity and approval which he so much desires. Only the weaklings were impressed by the manner in which, on his return to freedom, he staggered Dublin, shook Ireland, and made threatening grimaces at Great Britain. A really competent agitator would have staggered the earth, shaken the solar system and shot ink into the Milky Way.

A *Daily Mail* writer has told us that "if Larkin at a public meeting is given the lie direct he jumps from the platform and hits his accuser on the jaw." Surely that is a totally inadequate method of dealing with such an amazing *contretemps*. A really strong man would take hold of the chairman and hurl him at his accuser, striking that unhappy person on *both* jaws and also giving him a thick ear.

"Every man, woman and girl who has gone back to work while I have been in prison must come out again," LARKIN is reported to have said. But give us a thorough agitator, he would have ordered the recall of all the Irish who had settled down comfortably in the United States; he would have wired at the same time to the Channel Fleet to be off Dublin at daybreak and await orders for proper treatment of the employers; and in the meantime one of his assistants would have forwarded instructions of different kinds to the Lord Mayor of LONDON, Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, the GERMAN EMPEROR, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and even Mr. JOHN REDMOND himself.

As a matter of fact, LARKIN has been merely toying with his task. It may not be true that the ideal strike-leader never sleeps; but he should be of the stuff that demands to be wakened every hour so that nobody else may be allowed to rest. At midnight the attendant rouses him. "Time to wake, Sir," he says, keeping his jaw well out of reach. "Tell O'Larrikin to 'phone ASQUITH that I want a Cabinet meeting called at 11.30 to-morrow," says the great one; and he settles down to sleep again. Opening his eyes promptly at the next reveille, "Ring up Dublin Castle," he says, "and tell Lord ABERDEEN he is not to have porridge for breakfast." At 2.0 A.M.: "Tell BIRRELL he 's a Red Russian; and, if the line 's engaged, call out the telephone operators"—and so the night would drag on.

It is no compliment to the really capable strike-leader to be called Napoleonic (a term applied by an evening newspaper to LARKIN). If NAPOLEON were alive now it would be a risky thing for him to venture near a first-class agitator; every bone in his body would be in jeopardy. "Damn the Empire!" LARKIN is reported to have said; but it is still not certain that what he has said he has said. If he wants to be really popu'ar and respected he will not be content with so mild an utterance. LARKIN must really pull himself together and try a little harder.



Maud (to governess, after having received a well-deserved whipping from her mother). "It isn't the smacking I mind, it's—it's Mummy making herself so ridiculous."

THE "FULL-STEAM" OPTIMIST.

["The real tempest is over, and, although the wind may be shrieking through the rigging, although the waves may still look a little angry, the sky is clear, the glass is rising, and we know in a very, very short time we will be in calm water."
From a speech at Birmingham by Mr. Redmond, author of the new nautical phrase, "Full steam ahead."]

The worst is over, the storm is done,
  The clouds have all rolled by;
Notice how nicely beams the sun
  Out of a nice blue sky;
Long have we been the blizzard's sport
  Till hope was as good as dead;
But now we are pounding straight for port
  At the word "Full steam ahead!"

The wind (there's some of it still) may blow
  And the waves rise ridge on ridge,
But the Cabinet's stoking down below
  And I am on the bridge;
Yes, I am the Captain of this stout ark,
  A mariner born and bred;
And the mercury's soaring like a lark
  As we go full steam ahead.

There never was such a loyal crew:
  There's trusty bosun Tim;
There's mate O'Brien, as true as true—
  I'm terribly fond of him;
Rather than quarrel with friends so old,
  This I would do instead:—
I'd clap 'em in irons down the hold
  As we drive full steam ahead.

Asquith and Winston, too, I like,
  Excellent stokers both;
They never would think of going on strike
  And breaking their briny oath;
They may prattle of rocks that leeward lurk,
  Charted a bloody red,
But they soon get back to their bunker-work
  When I shout "Full steam ahead."

Thus in these poor brief seaman's rhymes
  Broadly I've shown the gist
Of the hopeful signs of the present times
  That make me an optimist;
There's no sting left in the beastly foam;
  We can die (if we must) in bed;
For everything points to a clear run home
  As we forge full steam ahead.

O loud and long will the welcome be
  (And it's going to come quite soon)
When we cross the last reef (No. 3)
  Into the still lagoon;
Already I hear the local smiles,
  For which we have toiled and bled,
Break on the greenest of Blessed Isles
  As we plunge full steam ahead.

O. S.



THE EVER-OPEN DOOR.

Mr. Birrell. "DON'T TEMPT ME TOO FAR, MY DEAR CARSON, OR ON MY HONOUR AND CONSCIENCE I SHALL HAVE TO PUT YOU THROUGH *THIS*."

"ON APPRO."

The Gables, Sarkchester.
October 29, 1913.

Mrs. Berkeley-Bigge will be glad if Messrs. Velour and Chatt will send her a few heavy satin coats on approval. They should be quietly smart, well cut and thoroughly up to date, with small inside pockets if possible.

Oxford Street, London, W.
October 30, 1913.

DEAR MADAM,—In reply to your esteemed favour we send four satin coats on approval, as *per* invoice. Trusting that you will be able to make a selection, We are, Yours faithfully,

VELOUR AND CHATT,
MRS. BERKELEY-BIGGE. *per* A.O.K.

The Gables, Sarkchester.
November 6, 1911.

Mrs. Berkeley-Bigge regrets to say that owing to unexpected circumstances she is unable to keep any of the coats forwarded by Messrs. Velour and Chatt. She, therefore, returns them, *per* rail, carriage paid, to-day.

MESSRS. VELOUR AND CHATT.

Oxford Street, London, W.
November 7, 1913.

DEAR MADAM,—In reference to four satin coats returned by you, we regret to inform you that No. 695 coat, @ £8 19*s.* 6*d.*, has evidently been worn.

We shall, therefore, be glad to return you the coat upon receipt of cheque for the amount.

We are, Yours faithfully,
VELOUR AND CHATT,
MRS. BERKELLY-BIGGE. *per* A.O.K.

The Gables, Sarkchester.
November 8, 1913.

Mrs. Berkeley-Bigge is utterly at a loss to understand Messrs. Velour and Chatt's extraordinary communication. She is handing their letter over to her solicitor.

MESSRS. VELOUR AND CHATT.

The Gables, Sarkchester.
November 8, 1913.

MY DEAR MR. STRAIGHTER,—Why should I pay for the coat? I returned it intact to those stupid drapers. I enclose details. Yours sincerely,

ETHEL B. BERKELEY-BIGGE.
EDWIN STRAIGHTER, ESQ.

Lincoln's Inn.
November 13, 1913.

DEAR MRS. BERKELEY-BIGGE,—Unfortunately there are two damaging facts *in re* Velour and Chatt and the satin coat: (1) A Prayer-book, with your name inside, was found in the inside pocket of the coat, and the said book is still in the possession of Messrs. Velour and Chatt; (2) The head mantle woman at V. and C.'s was sitting behind you at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Nov. 3, during a fashionable wedding. She recognised you and the coat. Yours truly,

EDWIN STRAIGHTER.
MRS. BERKELEY-BIGGE.

The Gables, Sarkchester.
November 14, 1913.

DEAR MR. STRAIGHTER. The whole thing is horribly unjust. Kindly settle the business with Velour and Chatt and let me have your account.

Yours sincerely,
ETHEL B. BERKELEY-BIGGE.

Please ask Velour and Chatt to forward coat direct to the Gables.

EDWIN STRAIGHTER, ESQ.

Lincoln's Inn.
November 15, 1913.

DEAR MADAM.—Kindly forward us cheque for £8 19*s.* 6*d.* for Velour and Chatt.

In reply to yours, our little account is £2 2*s.* 0*d.* Yours faithfully,

STRAIGHTER AND FACER.
MRS. BERKELEY-BIGGE.



THE ESCAPED PARROT.

Voice (apparently of a pheasant). "NOW THEN, WHO ARE YOU SHOVIN'!"

"The second game was a hollow win for the visitors, 15-1, in which the second string played with his head."
Eton College Chronicle.

Hence, perhaps, the hollowness.

"Fine play by a Swede."
Manchester Guardian.

This was in a three-ball match with a pheasant and a mangold-wurzel.

THE BUTTON-HOOK.

"Oh," said Francesca, coming vigorously into the library, "so you're back, are you?"

"Yes," I said, "I'm back. I really am. But couldn't you have guessed it by just looking at me? Was it necessary to make me say so?"

"How was I to be sure that a heap of shooting clothes in an arm-chair was really you? It might have been anything."

"No, it must have been me. What was it doing when you came in?"

"It was snor—— I mean, it was breathing with much regularity and heaviness. It almost seemed to be asleep."

"Asleep?" I said doubtfully. "What a strange thing! It can't have been me after all. I haven't been asleep. I've been sitting by the fire and thinking—thinking of writing letters, you know, and all that sort of thing; and seeing pictures in the glowing logs; and resolving to be up and doing, and to beat down things, and to leave the world a better place than I found it, and to strike a blow for freedom and good government, and to pay the rates under protest, and to try a new trick with high pheasants swerving to the right, and to put on my slippers, and—and lots of other things. My brain was very busy."

"Adorable dreamer!" said Francesca. "And did I interrupt you?"

"I wasn't dreaming," I said. "I want to have it clearly understood that I was thinking. What you mistook for heavy breathing——"

"Was really hard thinking. Yes, I know. When you've sat before the fire after shooting I've often heard the working of your mind quite plainly."

"Francesca," I said, "is it quite lady-like to speak so harshly of one who sometimes has a ravelled sleave of care and tries to knit it up?"

"I'll take it all back if you'll admit that you were asleep when I came into the room just now."

"No," I said, "I cannot do that. Woman, would you have me—have me palter with the truth?"

"But you know," she said, "you did sno—you did make a funny noise in the back of your nose."

"Of course I did. I was *practising* making noises in the back of my nose. It's the new Swedish gymnastics. You've got to develop every part of your body to the utmost, and naturally you can't leave out your nose. Listen: *Honk-ho-onk*. Wasn't that the kind of noise?"

"That was it, more or less."

"There you are. It is Exercise 19 in Professor Gustafsen's System—the hardest of the lot. However, I've mastered it, but I'm not going in for the Gustafsen gold medal."

"Generous gymnast," said Francesca, "unsleeping guardian of our domestic hearth, tell me, did you shoot a lot of things to-day?"

"Aha!" I said, "you're beaten. You're changing the subject."

"No," she said, "I'm just letting it go to sleep. It's tired."

"Let us," I said, "have no more of this bandying of words. What was it you were pleased to ask?"

"I asked if you had shot a lot of things to-day?"

"I do not," I said, "like the form in which you put your question. If I were to say that I *had* shot a lot of things——"

"You would say so, wouldn't you, if it were true?"

"Certainly not," I said; "it would savour of boastfulness."

"Well, what ought I to say?"

"You ought to ask me if we had good sport."

"Did you have good sport?"

"Meek and submissive one," I said, "we did; but I should have enjoyed it more and shot more accurately——"

"Then," she said, "you didn't shoot your best. Why, oh, why do you always bring this shame upon me? We women sit at home and knit—yes, and we knit our best, and the men go out and miss ——"

"And that," I said, "is just it. Some of us get most frightfully good at missing. It is an art like any other. I myself was not in my best missing form to-day——"

"But why did you miss at all?"

"I will tell you," I said, "since you are determined to wring it from me."

"It's going to be my fault," said Francesca.

"You have guessed rightly; it is. I shot below my true form because you had taken away my button-hook."

"Never."

"You must not deny your guilt. I found it eventually on your toilet-table; but before that I had hunted for it through all the nooks and corners of my dressing-room. The time began to slip away. At last I found it and then began to use it hastily to tighten the laces of my boots. As I was doing this a lace broke, and my innocent hand flew up and struck me on the mouth. Result, a swollen lip and an agitated mind. So you see, if I shot but poorly the blame must rest on you."

"I see," she said, "I see, and I am profoundly sorry. But why did you not mention all this at the breakfast-table this morning, so that we might have comforted you?"

"I did not," I said, "wish the children to know that their mother was a petty-larcenist of button-hooks. I preferred to suffer in silence."

"But, you know," she said, "that wasn't your button-hook at all. You haven't got one. You left yours in London last week."

"So I did. Then that rascally button-hook this morning was *yours*, after all. Francesca, that makes it worse."

"I will now," she said, "leave you to practise the nineteenth new Swedish exercise. *Honk-ho-onk*. And, when you've done, perhaps you'll restore my button-hook to my room."

R. C. L.



["Nothing makes a stronger appeal to the man of business than a clean cut well-fitting collar."—*Advt.*]

Business Man (regarding card of applicant for position). "Oh, I'm too busy to see anyone. Ask him to be so good as to leave his collar."

STUDIES OF REVIEWERS.

I.—The Omniscient Egotist.

(With acknowledgments to Dr. Arthur Lynch, M.P.)

Bismarck once told me of an evening at Von Ranke's. The great historian, then in his eighty-fifth year and hard at work on his *Weltgeschichte*, was asked whether he thought elegance of style was of vital importance in his branch of letters, and replied, "No more than your favourite mixture of champagne and stout is essential to the making of the German Empire."

I have been reminded of this story by the perusal of *Post-impressionist Musings* by our excellent friend, Orlando Wambley. The volume revives in my mind the old conflict of the Nominalists and Realists, Duns Scotus, Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventura, Aristopheles the Trapezuntine, Psittacus Ambulator, and, above all, Corcorygus the Borborygmatic, to whom Wambley is the most perfect modern analogue. I will only say, whatever you read, never allow your epistemological bias to deflect your mind from the conceptual basis of an altruistic empiricism. We are all post-impressionists nowadays, but, as Bergson once remarked to me, when I criticised his gelastic hypothesis, the difference between "post" and "ante" is an arbitrary convention. As he wittily observed, "even a postcard can be antedated." Sappho was a post-impressionist, so were Paul the Silentiary, Confucius and Hokusai, whom I once met at Prince Ito's bungalow on the slopes of Fujiyama, where Hokusai, the Baroness Orczy and Mr. Walter Savage Landor had taken refuge during a protracted earthquake. I mention these names, not to emphasize the range of my acquaintance, but simply to illustrate the advantages of foreign travel. It is true that Gibbon, whom I knew intimately, once observed, "Conversation may enrich the intellect, but solitude is the true school of genius," and my friend Filson Young, who once lived for seventeen weeks in a lighthouse, is a living example of the truth of the saying. But genius can be gregarious too; witness Goethe, Xochimilco the Aztec philosopher—with whom I once spent a delightful fortnight at his châlet at the foot of Ixtaccihuatl—and Bunyan, whom, alas! I never met.

Personality is the true antiseptic of literature, and in this vivifying quality, I regret to say, the work of our excellent friend, Wambley, is somewhat to seek. Thus, though he gossips cheerfully of Baudelaire and Barbey d'Aurevilly, the intimate savour of personality is lacking in his pages, and I, who knew them all, look in vain for anything that recalls the many hours spent in their stimulating company. Not one word is said here of Pater's moustache, or of Baudelaire's green socks, or Barbey's wonderful nankeen pantaloons.

I often marvel why it is that in such a book as Wambley's, the product of an esoteric *cénacle* of choice spirits, the application of the craniometrical test should be conspicuous by its absence. I know that the Italian anthropologist, Sergi, has led a revolt against metrical methods of all kinds. I am content to take my stand under the banner of Poupinas the French, and Blödiföl the Hungarian, expert. Skobeleff, who taught me scouting, had practically no back to his head. Pericles's head was compared to a sea-squill or sea-onion, which has a large acrid bulbous root. And that brings me to the important point that all first-rate genius is bulbocephalic. Skobeleff was only partially bulbocephalic—that was the tragedy of his career. As the late Professor Vambéry said to me at Plevna, "Skobeleff's spheno-maxillary angle is little better than a gorilla's." I think Vambéry went too far, as he often did, but to eliminate this aspect of genius altogether, as our excellent friend Wambley has done, is even more reprehensible. For, in spite of all the fatuities of the so-called phrenologists, we can never get away from the basic fact that genius varies in a direct ratio with the cubical contents of the cranium. When I offered myself as a pupil to Haffkine he said nothing, but took up my hat, and, seeing that the size was 8½, accepted my application forthwith.

Still, I admit that this in no way justifies my venturing to sit in judgment on a pundit like Wambley. But I feel that the foregoing remarks may be not without their interest to those who recognize that, in letters as in life, personality is the paramount asset, and that the louder the personal note is struck in journalism, the more resounding must be the success of the journal.



Mrs. Macpherson (always careful to qualify her remarks). "Eh, Nurse, you're looking bonny the day—or else it's me that's no seein' richt."

THE ROUT OF THE THEORIST.

For a full minute the excitement was simply tremendous. The ball kept bobbing about in the mouth of the goal amid a perfect frenzy of kicking legs and twisting bodies, behind which the goal-keeper danced on his toes in an agony of apprehension. Then, all at once, it shot clear and landed at the foot of our outside right, who without hesitation raced with it down the field. We were saved again!

"I am ready to wager, Sir," said the little man sitting next to me, "you were not aware that you were gripping the edge of the seat just then as if your very life depended upon it."

"Well, what about it?" I asked coldly. "It's a perfectly natural action at such a time."

"Just my point!" he cried brightly. "I always say it is in moments of great emotional stress or excitement that the power of atavism reveals itself. Ages and ages ago our ancestors, living in trees, had to be gripping the branches all day long. Their lives, in fact, *did* depend on a tight grip. And so, when you got violently excited just now, you simply reverted. You grasp the idea?"

I tried hard not to listen to him. The play had again reached an acutely interesting stage. Sanderson, our outside left, had just forced a corner, and was about to take the kick himself.

"Now do just look at that!" cried the persistent voice in my ear. "Another really remarkable proof of my theory. Did you notice how the player moistened his hands? What possible, what conceivable reason could he have for doing that, since he is about to kick the ball, not to pick it up? Atavism, I assert, my dear Sir, simply atavism. Far back in those days of tree-dwelling, of which I spoke just now, our ancestors would naturally moisten their hands before some great effort—a more than usually long spring, let us say—in order to ensure a good grip. Now, you observe, when called upon to make a supreme effort . . ."

He was cut short by a shattering roar of applause as our inside right dodged skilfully round the opposing backs and sent the ball whizzing past the helpless goal-keeper. One excitable spectator in our neighbourhood snatched off his hat and hurled it high into the air.

"Here we have another remarkable example of reversion," continued the little man when he could make himself heard. "Ages and ages ago our ancestors, as you know, wore no clothes. Gradually, very gradually, they acquired the habit of covering themselves with skins and other substances. Now, I think, after a little reflection, you will admit it to be more than probable that a covering for the head, or hat, was the last article of clothing to be adopted, and this being so it is naturally the first to be discarded by our friend when, in his emotional moment, he experiences this overpowering instinct to revert to the primitive state of mankind."

Just at this point the referee gave a foul against one of our side, and in the torrent of abuse and exhortation which followed I missed the concluding words.

But he had by no means finished. "Now let us consider the manifestation of anger," he went on imperturbably as soon as the noise had exhausted itself. "Ages and ages ago . . ."

I turned upon him in desperation.

"So far as I understand you," I interrupted, "you assert that in a moment of supreme emotion a man's actions are determined by atavism, that he does precisely what a primitive man, or monkey, if you like, would do in similar circumstances."

"Not quite as I should have put it," he replied, "but still you have the idea."

"Very well, then," I went on. "I am going to prove that you are wrong."

"Good!" he replied, rubbing his hands delightedly. "This is really most interesting."

"You were about to deal with the manifestation of anger," I continued. "If your theory were correct, a man's instinctive act in a moment of intense irritation and annoyance with another man would not be to snatch out a pistol and fire at his tormentor, or to draw a dagger and stab him, but simply to seize hold of him and attempt to bite him, or possibly to double up his fist and hit him between the eyes, even though he realised perfectly well that the effect of this would be trifling compared with the effect of other measures he might take."

"Exactly," cried the other. "You could hardly have chosen a better example."

"You are wrong," I repeated, opening the big pocket-knife which I always carry, and leisurely testing its edge on my thumb. "Ages and ages ago our ancestors may have been satisfied . . ."

But he was gone.

"South-Western Districts batted first, and at the luncheon interval had lost eight wickets for 50 runs. M. C. Bird kept wicket.

Lunch score.—South-Western Districts, 50 for eight wickets.

Lunch.—South-Western Districts, 50 for eight."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

We are a little slow at acquiring a new idea, but, when once it has penetrated, we never forget.

A TIME-HONOURED TYRANT.

["The popular belief that influenza is a comparatively new disease is quite wrong; it is as old as the hills."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

Last year, when a sudden affliction
Put me prone on the pillow of pain,
When the flu brought the sombre conviction
I should never be happy again,
Times past, although rougher and ruder,
To me seemed unspeakably blest,
For I counted this chilly intruder
A parvenu pest.

But it seems I was making an error;
No better our forefathers fared;
They too fell a prey to this terror,
If their woad was improperly aired;
It watched our historic upheavals
In the days of the Saxon and Jute,
And harried the hapless coevals
Of Hardicanute.

For this in their wisdom the master
Physicians who ruled at the date
Gave Boadicea a plaster
And bled Alexander the Great,
Or (what is more likely) selected
Some quainter medicinal boon,
Say, the tail of a rabbit bisected
At full o' the moon.

And, could we obtain his confession,
That sage of the cynical snub,
We should find that it caused the depression
That ruled in Diogenes' tub;
Proud Tarquin it tortured with ill ease,
Kept Remus a prisoner pent,
And fully explains why Achilles
Sat tight in his tent.

Can we catch consolation from knowing
This horror by which we are hurled
To the depths of despair has been going
Quite strong since the youth of the world?
Dare we hope it has long passed its high day,
That writ is its history's page,
And that haply to-morrow or Friday
'Twill die of old age?

A Fond Hope.

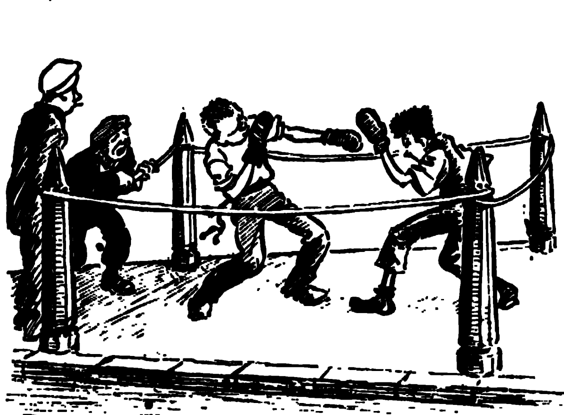
Dear Mr. Punch,—I see by the papers that the postmen are threatening to come out on strike just before Christmas, but I am afraid it is too good to be true. If they only would, what a halcyon time we might have!

Yours, Old Fogey.

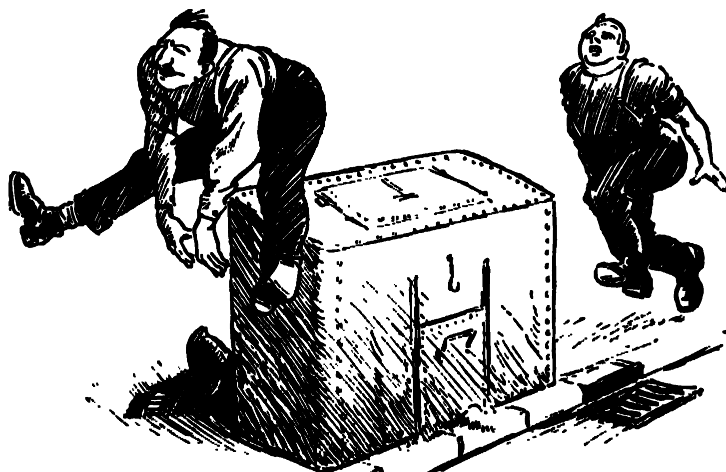
"Purple is a colour which is prominent at present, but it is very trying to some complexions. It looks very well veiling a bright green."—*Sunderland Daily Echo.*

So if any of our women readers has a bright green face she should order a purple veil at once.

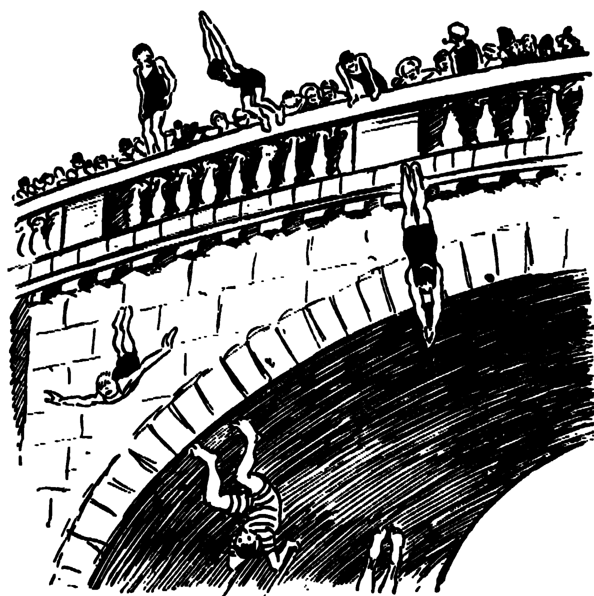
(We learn with pleasure that various authorities and employers are giving facilities for Olympic training.)



A street refuge converted into a temporary ring for the use of newsboys off duty.



City policemen using a sand-bin as a vaulting-horse when things are slack.



Billingsgate fish-porters high-diving off London Bridge.



Beefeaters practising javelin-throwing on the grass in the Tower moat.



L.C.C. road-menders doing long jumps and horizontal-bar work during the dinner-hour.

AT THE PLAY.

"Great Catherine."

The best form of charade is that in which, having chosen your word—*e.g.*, "Punch"—you proceed in dumb show to act episodes in the lives of famous people whose names begin with the letters of the word. Thus you would have five characteristic scenes wherein figured in turn Pompey, Ulysses, Nero, Charles I., and Hannibal—or anybody else who occurred to you. Perhaps, very late one evening, having already used up Charles I. and II., Cromwell, Canute, and Julius Cæsar, the name of Catherine might occur to you—Catherine II. of Russia. It is doubtful whether you would consider any incident in her life to be sufficiently well known to a mixed audience to need no words to explain it, but anyhow it would amuse you to try. After all, charades are only meant to amuse the actors; the audience is there at its own risk.

At the Vaudeville the other night I felt that *Great Catherine* must have started life as a family charade. The incident represented was probably that in the fourth scene, where *Catherine* tickles a trussed-up English prisoner with her foot. She mentions casually that this is her favourite torture, and if (as is quite likely) history mentions it too, then it would be a scene which an audience of Mr. Shaw's friends, better-read than myself, might easily recognise. Possibly Mr. Shaw himself played the small part of *A Cossack Sergeant.*

And then next morning, so I picture it, the jolly charades of the previous night came back to Mr. Shaw, and in particular the fun which they had got out of "C for Catherine." "If only we had been allowed words, we could have had a lot more sport with it." Idly he played with the idea in his mind, giving first himself a few words as the *Cossack Sergeant* (including a joke about his "sweetbread," subsequently used three times) and then allotting an occasional speech to the others. Gradually his ambition for it increased; by the afternoon he was refreshing his memory at his encyclopædia (CAN—CLE); by the evening the whole thing was planned out in his mind. Next morning saw him at work. *Great Catherine* (he wrote). *A thumbnail sketch of Russian Court Life in the XVIII. century. In Four Scenes.* And before he went to bed it was finished.

So only can I explain Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play at the Vaudeville. I am sure it amused him to write it; I am sure it would amuse him to act it with his friends; but he mustn't be selfish. He must think of the amusement of others. That the English have an elementary sense of humour is probably his opinion. *Captain Edstaston*, of the Light Dragoons, is shown us as a very solemn gentleman until the Russian name "*Popoff*" is mentioned, when he goes into fits of laughter; and no doubt when Mr. Shaw himself (in *Cæsar and Cleopatra*) got so much fun for us out of the mispronunciation of *Ftatateeta's* name he was purposely writing down to the English level of humour. But there are people in his audiences who are not entirely English—people also who have some feeling for Mr. Shaw and a great admiration for his genius. It is a pity to disappoint them.

To Mr. Norman McKinnell I owe most of my laughter; as *Prince Potemkin* he was delightful. Mr. Edmond Breon played excellently as the English captain, being particularly good in his last speech, and Miss Gertrude Kingston was the *Empress Catherine* to the life. (Not that I ever saw the *Empress Catherine*, but I feel now as if I had.) It is only fair to say that *Great Catherine* is preceded by *Between Sunset and Dawn*, a play which of itself demands a visit to the Vaudeville.

M.

"If We Had Only Known."

The characters that pleased me most in Mr. Inglis Allen's play were *Meeks* and *A Loafer*. *Meeks* was a Scots maid-of-all-work who spoke, through the medium of Miss Jean Cadell, with a fine native accent and a pleasant directness of expression. *A Loafer*, though he caused nearly all the subsequent trouble by omitting to post a crucial letter, was only on just long enough to state, and reiterate, to *Meeks* his opinion that she was a "dirty general servant." But these two smaller parts served to recall the reputation that Mr. Inglis Allen made long ago in literature for the observant humour which he brought to his dialogues of the highways and byways of humble life.

If it were not the recognised ambition of every humorist to be taken seriously one might have been surprised at his choice of such a theme as the deliberate avoidance of fatherhood and motherhood. There are grave subjects which yet lend themselves to a light treatment; but this is not of them, if offence is to be escaped. Mr. Allen started lightly, but when once he had entered on the domain of gynæcology and obstetrics he found little chance for humour, and had all his work cut out to spare us unnecessary embarrassment. Here he managed as tactfully as could be hoped. For the rest, I think that conscientiousness was his prevailing virtue. When he thought that dull and futile things would be said in real life he never hesitated to make his characters say them. I am afraid that this is a virtue which he will have to slough if he means to go far with a British audience.

If it is a test of a good play that it should arouse sympathy in the hearts of the audience I think Mr. Allen has here failed of complete success. One can imagine oneself deeply moved by a father's emotion in the deadly waiting hours before the birth of his first child, but unfortunately the exhibition of stupid and vulgar misunderstanding between husband and wife in the First Act (though no doubt the wife could plead the excuse of her physical condition) had permanently disabled me from taking more than an academic interest in their subsequent histories. Then again I am always annoyed when a woman shows a morbid hesitation—so rare in real life and so common in books and plays—about letting her husband know that she is to bear him a child, though here again there was an excuse for the wife in the play, who understood that her husband did not regard his income as warranting this luxury. Thirdly it was never explained to us why she should choose to consult a lady-doctor whose male friends were offensive. In fact we received the impression (too clearly to lose it later, when the author wanted us to) that the heroine was half prude and half vixen, and in consequence the question of her fate in child-birth left me brutally cold. Still, when all is said, I must credit Mr. Allen with an honest and not undignified attempt to glorify parenthood as the brightest joy of married life and the most satisfactory solvent of its difficulties.

The jealous irritability of the wife in the First Act seemed to suit Miss Mary Jerrold's gifts better than the subsequent pride of maternity. Mr. Malcolm Cherry, as the husband, was sincere within his limitations; and Mr. Rudge Harding, as a medical *amicus curiæ*, went meritoriously through some very trying alternations of humour and homiletics.

Miss Madge McIntosh, as the mother-in-law, bore the unrelieved banality of her utterances as if she enjoyed it. Mr. Perceval Clark began funnily as a parenthetic observer of life, but his chances tailed off. Finally Miss Aimée de Burgh (a temptress) needs to be reminded that an affected modification of vowel sounds is not necessarily a guarantee of great wickedness of heart.

O. S.



AN INSULT TO THE PROFESSION.

Shocked Juvenile. "OH, MOTHER! FAIRIES WOULD NEVER DO A THING LIKE THAT, WOULD THEY?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN the modern literature of humour Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK is what the Harlequins used to be in Rugby football. He takes risks. Sometimes he will try for a joke where a more cautious man would have perceived that no joke was. But far more frequently he will extract humour of the finest kind from absolutely nothing, and score, so to speak, a try from his own goal-line. In his latest book, *Behind the Beyond* (LANE), he is in brilliant scoring form. I can see *Behind the Beyond* breaking up many homes; for no family will be able to stand the sudden sharp yelps of laughter which must infallibly punctuate the decent after-dinner silence when one of its members gets hold of this book. It is Mr. LEACOCK'S peculiar gift that he makes you laugh out loud. I am a stern, soured, sombre man, one of those people who generally show that they are amused by a faint twitching of the lip; but, when Mr. LEACOCK'S literal translation of HOMER on page 193 met my eye, a howl of mirth broke from me. I also forgot myself over the interview with the photographer. As for "Behind the Beyond" itself, the sketch which gives its title to the book, it is the last word in polished burlesque. I cannot say that this book has actually displaced Mr. LEACOCK'S *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* in my esteem, for that classic created a new world for me and has a place of honour of its own on my shelves. *Sunshine Sketches* was super-LEACOCK. The present volume is merely Mr. LEACOCK at his best. But I respectfully submit that that is worth four-and-sixpence of anybody's money.

Mr. BOHUN LYNCH is a bold man. I do not know whether there actually exists any family called *Tibshelf*, but, if such there be, these are days in which they might quite possibly bring an action for defamation against the author of *Cake* (MURRAY); because the whole plot of his tale hangs upon the unpleasantness of being called *Tibshelf*. I must say I agree. It seems to me a quite beastly name; but of course this is a pure matter of opinion. In *Cake* there are some wholly charming persons called *Luffingham*, who own a delightful old house as picturesque as themselves, but not enough ready cash to support it. To them comes the chance, through a will, of wealth attainable only on condition of calling themselves *Tibshelf*. Well, of course it wouldn't be exactly a happy exchange; but I do think that Mr. LYNCH makes too much fuss about it. To him evidently a *Luffingham* by any other name would by no means smell so sweet. However, his characters seem to have been of my opinion; for half-way through the book you find them basking contentedly enough in the affluence that this name of *Tibshelf* confers. They, in short, eat their cake with an appetite. And, after all, the ingenuity of their creator was to find a way in which they could falsify the proverb and still have it. What that way is I shall not explain; though indeed the plot of this story is not to be compared with the pleasant way in which Mr. BOHUN LYNCH tells it. He has the gift of a chatty and yet witty style that forces you to

become a friendly listener to even the thinnest tale. And there is one character, an aggressively broad-minded parson, for whom alone the book should be read as an awful warning by the entire Clergy List.

Between ourselves and ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER there is by now a complete understanding based upon the jovial acquaintance of years and in no way affected by the less familiar "THE HON^BLE. MRS. ALFRED FELKIN" which has more recently taken to appearing in brackets on the title-page. It is tacitly agreed that all our attention shall be concentrated on the dialogue and that the plot be left to take care of itself; no offence will be caused, then, when I remark that the machinery of *Her Ladyship's Conscience* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is crude and primitive and creaks a good deal. The book is less a story than an animated *Burke's Peerage*; a pocket collection of Dukes and Duchesses, Dowagers, Marquises and other aristocrats who thoroughly discuss themselves and each other, as illustrating the foibles of humanity and the excellence of the Divine Providence. It is the conscientious *Lady Esther* who brings grist to this conversational mill by denying herself the love of *Lord Westerham* on the score of divergent ages, thus letting in the youth and beauty of the soulless *Beryl* to secure the coronet and lead the soulful lord to disillusion and dismay. So much for the main idea. As to the talk to which it gave rise, be it said that this is as fresh and as witty as ever and full of the most delightful *obiter dicta*. I must, however, note a tendency in our authoress to lecture, even to preach at us, sometimes through the mouths of her characters, but more through her own. At one time I found myself sympathising, out of pure devilry, with the flippant naughtiness of *Beryl* as contrasted with the utter godliness of *Lady Esther*; and I was quite upset when the former, to pave the way for the latter's ultimate reward, was overtaken by sudden death in the last chapter but one, though I must own that I had been expecting it since about the first chapter but two.



THE SPREAD OF TANGO.
ARREST OF A MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE.

In *The Milky Way* (HEINEMANN), by Miss F. TENNYSON JESSE, there is a very pleasant fusion of matter and manner. The light-hearted courage of the true Bohemian is presented with the bravest gaiety of style. It is true that both *Vivien*, who tells the story, and *Peter*, who shares her unchaperoned adventures, have deliberately chosen poverty for the sake of freedom of soul; but this does not make their experience any less exhilarating either to themselves or to us. Starting acquaintance on a ship that easily gets wrecked; acting in fifth-rate circus-drama; chalking pictures and selling flowers on the pavement; playing in a tent on tour, and ending up with a Sentimental Journey out of which they make between them a commissioned book (he does the letter-press and she the pictures, though I'm sure she could easily have done both), they meet all fortunes with a smiling pair of hearts.

> "He who is light of heart and heels
> Can wander in the Milky Way."—*Provençal Proverb.*

Somewhere an editor tells them: "It's the great complaint against life that it's so little like the books." But that does not worry the author; she just goes on with her delightfully impossible story, revelling shamelessly in the kind of coincidences that never think of occurring outside books. It is only as an artist that she takes herself seriously, growing really eloquent about colour and the values of shadows. Her sense of beauty, though apparent throughout the book, gives a special charm to the story of her journey through Provence, and I was particularly grateful to her for refreshing my memory of the little-known marvels of Les Baux, where the troubadours held their Courts of Love; Les Baux, the headquarters of "gilded platonics," "the most wonderful place in the world." And a very suitable scene for the first stage of the "pilgrimage" of this pair with whom "platonics" were a fine art. Indeed (for I will say nothing about the repellent shape of *Peter's* head in her clever frontispiece picture) my only serious complaint of Miss JESSE'S work—a curious criticism to make in this age of the sexual novel—is that she carries sexlessness to the verge of indecency. The innocence of these two—of *Peter*, anyhow, who is also a little too precious at times—seems almost more than one can bear; and there is at least one episode in the book which may be very good milk for babes, but is rather strong meat for grown men and women.

Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL has me at his mercy, for no sooner do I begin to read about his roistering, bewigged, tender-hearted blades than what critical faculty I have is stifled; I become passionately eager to cross swords and swagger with the best of them, and my heart is possessed with envy of the days when we referred to our friends not as "two-handicap" but as "two-bottle" men. The quality of his work I could praise unendingly, but in *The Honourable Mr. Tawnish* it is possible to regret the meagre quantity of it. In *The Broad Highway* and *The Amateur Gentleman* we were given abundant measure, but not even Mr. BROCK'S illustrations make up for the fact that this book only occupied me for an hour. It was a crowded hour enough, for Mr. FARNOL has never written anything more exhilarating than his account of the efforts of *Mr. Tawnish* to prove himself worthy of *Penelope Chester*, nor has he ever been more completely master of his plot. His tendency to ramble is gone, which means, I suppose, a better craftsmanship, though I, for one, would always be glad to ramble with him when he gives me the chance.

"Broken-hearted.—Try sucking lemons."—*Yorkshire Gazette.*

If only *Romeo* had known of this in time.

CHARIVARIA.

Mr. Gordon Harvey, a Radical M.P., has declared that he will resign his seat rather than vote for a bigger navy. The country is thus placed in the awkward dilemma of having to decide which it would rather lose—Mr. Harvey, or the Empire. It is scarcely fair of Mr. Harvey to place us in such an embarrassing position.

* * *

The fact that Miss Wilson, the daughter of the President of the United States, was married quietly last week, is said to be resented keenly by Mr. Roosevelt, who considers this reversal of his policy a slight upon himself.

* * *

By-the-by, the word "Obey" was omitted from the marriage service. President Huerta is said to have noted this, and expressed himself as willing to enter into closer relations with the United States on those lines.

* * *

It has now transpired, with reference to Mr. Lloyd George's recent visit to Oxford, that there was a scheme on foot to kidnap the Chancellor after the debate and duck him in the fountain of a certain college quad. News of the plot leaked out, but Mr. George laughed at the danger and refused to make his speech in bathing costume.

* * *

It is proposed that our public telephone boxes shall be equipped with writing pads. It would be an act of humanity if at the same time a shelf of readable books could be added to enable one to while away the weary hours of waiting.

* * *

The Montrose Town Council has arranged with the War Office that a large portion of the Montrose Golf Links shall be used as an aviation base. How is it that there has been no outcry against this? It really does begin to look as if the nation were losing its spirit.

* * *

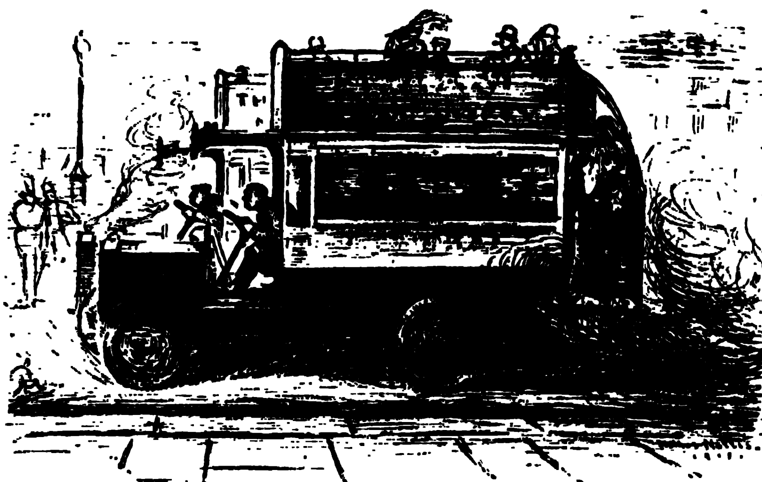
On the ground that they would be of use to a hostile army in war time, the French War Minister has forbidden the painting of the names of French towns on the roofs of their railway stations to guide airmen. We should have thought that it would have been better to have the names there, but to alter them on the outbreak of hostilities. It would, for instance, lead to a rare scene of confusion if a German general, on reaching what he imagined to be Paris, were to find it labelled "Balham."

* * *

Mr. P. Amaury Talbot, a commissioner of Southern Nigeria, in the course of a journey in the Eket district came across traces of bird-worshippers. For aviators on the look-out for a new religion, here surely is the very thing.

* * *

According to a contemporary, the militants "are losing their heads." There certainly have been a good many timber fires lately.



Fare (long past her destination). "Why doesn't he stop, conductor? I pulled the bell a long while ago."

Conductor. "Very sorry, lady. I can't get 'im to stop nowhere this journey—not prompt-like—'e's that bent on beating number 498—says 'e 'as to stop where 'e can *afford* to."

The Tango craze shows no sign of slackening, and there is a rush for anything that resembles it. For example, last week as many as two gentlemen named Tangye are reported to have been sued by their wives for restitution of conjugal rights.

* * *

To judge by the following notice exhibited in a provision shop, Election Eggs have had their day:—

> By Order of the Sanitary Inspector.
> MUST BE SOLD.
> A Large Stock of
> ELECTION PHEASANTS.

* * *

Garments of tiger-skin are the latest freak of fashion in Paris. As a matter of fact there is nothing new in the idea. Tigers have worn them for years.

* * *

Although we have never heard a word of complaint from the Bishop of Kensington in regard to the costumes in *Oh! I say!* it is announced that the entire play has been re-dressed.

* * *

It has been decided by the Divisional Court that sheep that pass in the night need not carry tail-lights. This is just as well, for, even had it been decided otherwise, it would always have been possible to allege that the sheep had left their tails behind them.

* * *

According to *The Religious Telescope*, the official organ of the United Brethren, of Dayton, Ohio, somnolence is often due to the sober colour scheme of a church. Parsons all over the world will be delighted to hear the true physical reason why so many worshippers give up the fight soon after the sermon begins.

* * *

"Roman Remains in Norfolk,"

announces a contemporary. But why shouldn't he?

* * *

It is pointed out that our winters are now always late. One more sign of the growing habit of unpunctuality in our degenerate age!

* * *

A Baltimore gentleman has married a veiled lady whom he did not see until after the ceremony. We cannot help thinking that this is done more frequently than one imagines, and may be the explanation of many a union which has puzzled us.

Commercial Candour.

"Twenty-five years' reputation goes with every tyre sold."—*Advt.*

Manager (despairingly, as he makes out the bill). Another twenty-five years' reputation gone!

"Alex Sweek of Portland, Ore., has been selected by President Wilson to be minister to Siam."—*Savannah Morning News.*

This is headed "Typhoon sweeps Guam," in order to catch the eye of those of Mr. Sweek's friends who might otherwise miss it.

"Sunday Nov. 30th, 8 o'clock. Speaker: Mr. A. Horspool (Ora). 'A Defence of the Super-tanaurletaoin shrdlu etaoin shrdul cmfwyp natural.'"

It wants no defending; it speaks for itself.

A UNITED FAMILY.

(*Dedicated with best regards to the Chief Secretary.*)

[At the last performance in his orgy of oratory at Bristol, Mr. Birrell is reported to have said:—

"During the last two days the Cabinet have sat for a considerable number of hours. I have been present at those deliberations, and all I say is—dismiss from your minds any notion that there is any difference of opinion. We are one and all behind the Prime Minister. . . . We are a united Government."

Subsequently, in addressing the National Liberal Federation at Leeds Mr. Asquith endorsed this allegation of perfect unanimity.]

Think not that I would lightly play
Like a buffoon or comic mime
With this grave theme that night and day
Has tasked my manhood's serious prime;
Others may choose to trifle, but
It is not so with Bristol's Birrell,
Who owns that Ireland is a nut
That might unnerve the stoutest squirrel.

Nevertheless I plead excuse
If, just for once in all this while,
I let my solemn features loose
And lapse into a pensive smile;
I cannot help it when I meet
With men who think (oh, how erroneous!)
Our dovecote up in Downing Street
Might possibly be more harmonious.

I have been there and taken part
In high debate, and so I know,
And I assure you, on my heart,
'Twas "like a little heaven below;"
There was not one at that bright board
Who mutineered or even muttered;
When Asquith spoke we all encored,
We echoed every word he uttered.

Though on the platform Grey invites
The conversazione's aid,
While Runciman, with lesser lights,
Cries "Blood!" and bares his infant blade;
Though various voices float through space
From dulcet coos all down the gamut
To roarings in a Devlin bass
("Sure, who's afraid of Ulster, damn ut!")—

Yet on my conscience I protest,
And for a token, as I speak,
I lay this hand upon my chest,
This tongue against my bulging cheek—
I swear (and, when I swear, you've got
Something that you may safely trust in)—
We are a most united lot;
Believe me, Truly yours, Augustine.

O. S.

Bishop Boyd Carpenter as reported in *The Times*:—

"Instead of saying to the children, 'You shall not do this or that,' they should say, 'You should keep the whole of that great organism which God has put into your care, with its delicate forces, physical, moral, and intellectual, in such a state of healthful activity that they shall be combined in your own individuality in such sort as to be real powers for good through the whole length of your days.'"

Harold (*continuing to pull the cat's tail*). "What did you say, mother?" (*She says it again.*)

HOW WE LOST A LITTLE DOG.

I may say that, for better or for worse, our house is a doggy house, and there is always a considerable amount of cheerful tail-wagging going on in it. Amongst others who have dedicated to our use their genius for friendship and affection we reserve a high place for Soo-ti, a dusky little Pekinese who for two years has been our gay and inseparable companion. I have spoken of him before. To-day I propose to relate a crisis in his existence.

Soo-ti has all the engaging characteristics of his race. He is shaped on a leonine model, heavily maned, broad-headed, thin in the flanks; his nose turns up most perversely, and his eyes are large, luminous and expressive. He is a compact embodiment of all the obstinacies, independences and humorous wilfulnesses that have always been found in spaniels of his breed. His courage is tremendous. He faces a cart-horse, a mastiff or a motor-car with equal coolness and disdain, always walking by preference along the centre-line of whatever road he happens to be on, and refusing to budge for vehicles of any description. How he escapes destruction I cannot understand; but there seems to be amongst coachmen and carters and chauffeurs in our district an agreement that he is to be considered a sort of policeman's hand, and, when his airy impudence is seen swaggering along, traffic stops and even butchers' carts delay the delivery of joints in order that Soo-ti may walk unscathed.

Such, then, was and is Soo-ti, endeared to us by much wickedness and many virtues, and not least by his infinitesimal size. He is, indeed, an absurdly small compendium of all that is great and glorious in dogdom. With one little hand a child can lift this tiny mass of faith and arrogance, of devotion and defiance, into the air, hold it out at arm's length and deposit it on a sofa cushion, where, after its three ritual circlings, it goes to sleep and becomes a mere little black blot on its soft bed. We had watched Soo-ti grow up from puppyhood, but he had never seemed to become larger, and whenever we spoke to him or thought of him it was in terms of diminutiveness.

Now it happened that some eight weeks ago, Soo-ti was suddenly, and without being in the least aware of it, promoted to the honourable state of being a father—"Sire" is, I believe, the technical term. A puppy was assigned to us, was duly invested (*in absentiâ*) with the name of Puk—short for Puk-wudjie—and was yesterday fetched away from its agitated and protesting mother to its new home in our midst. We were all gathered to receive it, and when, released from its basket, it was set down upon the floor there was a universal shout of joy and admiration. It was an adorable ball of soft and seemingly boneless black fluff, so small that a man's coat pocket could easily contain it, and, save for a white shirt-frill and four sets of tiny white toes, it was the born image of its father, who, as it chanced, was not present when it was unpacked. It began its new life with enthusiasm, licked whatever hand or cheek it could lay its coral tongue to, waddled about the room or turned itself on its back, submitting to everything that fate might decree for it, got up and gave three short prances that brought it into collision with an armchair, sat down gravely and looked out upon this perplexing world from its blue puppy eyes, laid offerings of overwhelming and undying affection at everybody's feet, and altogether behaved as if it realised its importance without being in the least abashed by its lack of size.

While we were engaged in this scene of worship the door,



"WHEN!"

Mr. Redmond. "DON'T DROWN IT!" Mr. Asquith. "VERY GOOD, SIR."



OUR YOUNG SCIENTISTS.

"Oh! Dad, please speak to Bobby. He will put his feet my side of the bed, and his toes are below zero!"

which was ajar, was slowly and solemnly pushed open, and a large black retriever stalked majestically into the room. It seemed to me that I had never seen him before, and yet there was a familiar something about his aspect. He approached Puk and sniffed at him without interest, while the small dog, turning himself into a temporary fried whiting, with his tail in his mouth, protested his harmlessness and insignificance. Then the giant, having finished his inspection, turned away and took no further notice.

"Who's this?" said Helen.

"It's—— No, it can't be," said Rosie.

"It must be—— No, it isn't," said Peggy.

"It's Soo-ti," said John. "He's growed up."

"It *is* Soo-ti," they all shouted together. "How big he's got!"

As a matter of fact, it *was* Soo-ti, but, by contrast with the atom to which we had been devoting ourselves, he had grown in our eyes to proportions so gigantic that for a moment we had seen a retriever in his place. And even to-day we have failed to reduce him to his normal size. Something we managed to effect by taking him for a walk with the Great Dane, but as soon as he came home and found himself in the same room with Puk he began again to swell visibly, and now he is once more a big dog. The pretty graces that belong to the very small seem through the presence of his son to have dropped from him. In short, we have lost our little dog. But we still hope that, when Puk himself shall have grown up, our old original Soo-ti will be restored to us in all his delightful dwarfishness. R. C. L.

THE WINDOW-CLEANER.

He mounts his ladder and attacks each pane
As though, behind it, I elude his vision;
If I were robbed before his eyes or slain,
He would clean on with unimpaired precision;
In short, with the first action of his wrist,
I simply cease by some means to exist.

It stands to reason that, my light grown dim,
My peace destroyed, my business dislocated,
I'm forced to take an interest in *him*
(However plainly unreciprocated);
I've thought his mien a studied insult—yet
At other times I've hoped it's etiquette.

Of course I don't expect him to converse
Or doff the pride so proper to his station;
I merely wish that he would let me nurse
My natural self-respect (in moderation).
He won't; and it is very hard for me
Thus to resign my dear identity.

Despair.

"Hardinge got the ball, but, however, made a terrible attempt at scoring, putting the ball high over the bar. Again Rutherford repeated his performance, and after his centre had been again wasted he tried to shoot himself."—*Evening News*.

It would have been more natural (but, we hasten to say, no less regrettable) if he had tried to shoot Hardinge.

"MR. WU."

[A thrilling Chinese Night's Entertainment at the Strand Theatre.]

Act I.—*The garden of* Mr. Wu's *house.*

Enter a good deal of Local Colour.

Local Colour. Allee-sameo, pieceo-pieceo, chop-chop (*and other things which I cannot translate for you properly until I have unpacked my Chinese dictionary*). [*Exit* Local Colour.

Enter Basil Gregory *and* Mr. Wu's *daughter*, Nang Ping.

Basil. Darling, what a heavenly fortnight we have had together, while your father has been away.

Nang Ping. Basil, my velly own! (*They embrace.*)

Basil (*withdrawing himself*). And now, darling, I have some bad news for you. I am going back to England with Mother. So this is good-bye for a year . . . or two years . . . or three years . . . or—well, I mean I might easily turn up again *some* time. In these days of rapid locomotion——

Nang Ping. Basil! You have bloken my heart.

Basil. Oh, come. You'll marry some nice mandarin and be quite all right.

Nang Ping. Never. My father will kill me when he hears what has happened.

Basil (*kindly*). Oh, I hope you won't let him do that.

Nang Ping. He will kill you too.

Basil (*seriously alarmed*). In that case, Nang Ping, you certainly mustn't tell him.

Nang Ping. But if he has found out?

Basil. How could he? He's miles away. (*Two Chinese men spring on him from behind.*) I say, shut up there! Help! Oh lor', here's Mr. Wu!

[Mr. Wu *appears suddenly in front of the lovers. A terrible silence ensues—and, as far as the First Act went, I felt that you or I could have played* Mr. Matheson Lang's *part quite well ourselves. But of course there's more in it later on.*

Nang Ping. Father! (*She throws herself at his feet.*)

The Audience (*excited*). Ah-h-h!

Curtain.

Act II.—*The offices of the Gregory Steamship Company at Hong Kong.*

Mr. Gregory (*bluntly*). Now then, Mr. Wu, I'm going to have things out with you. I sent for you here to ask you, as man to mandarin, what it all means.

Mr. Wu (*blandly*). What what all means?

Mr. Gregory. You know perfectly well. I'm not afraid of you. I'm a plain, blunt Englishman, and I'm not to be bullied by all the spirits of all the ancestors of all the mandarins and tangerines in China. Why are you persecuting me?

Mr. Wu. Please explain.

Mr. Gregory. Three weeks ago my son disappeared. Now I don't say Basil is a nice boy, but I happen—er, his mother happens to be rather fond of him. We miss him—that is to say, she misses him—well, anyhow, he is missed . . . at times. But that is not all. Yesterday one of my ships went down; to-day my coolies have already struck three times in five minutes—no, you needn't look at that clock, it doesn't go—have struck three times in five minutes for higher pay. Worse than this, my manager, who is supposed to do a good deal of the work of this office, has adopted of late a play of facial expression and a wealth of gesture which reminds one of the worst excesses of the transpontine stage. He can't say the simplest thing in a natural way nowadays. I feel convinced, Mr. Wu, that you are behind all this. It's annoying enough to lose a son, but to lose a good boat and a valuable manager as well—it's simply unbearable.

Mr. Wu. How can I be behind all this, Mr. Gregory? To take one case, how can I be responsible for your manager's extraordinary behaviour?

Mr. Gregory (*reasonably*). Well, after all, *you're* producing the play, Matheson, old man. I mean, Mr. Wu, that I'm a plain, blunt Englishman, and I can see that you've got your knife into me. Well, I'm not going to stand it.

Mr. Wu. How are you going to stop it?

Mr. Gregory. Like this. (*He produces a revolver.*) Now then!

Mr. Wu (*craftily*). Dear me, a revolver. May I look at the cartridges a moment? (Mr. Gregory *takes out the cartridges and hands them to him.*). I was wondering if you used the old-fashioned smokeless Gregory powder. (*He puts the cartridges into his own empty revolver, which he takes from his pocket.*) Now then, Mr. Gregory! (*He presents the revolver at his head.*) Kindly ring the bell and ask your wife to come in.

Mr. Gregory (*overwhelmed by this sudden turn of fortune*). Confound you! You have got the better of me by your devilish Eastern cunning, but you cannot cow my English spirit. I will *not* ring the bell. (*Rings it.*) What do you want my wife for? (*Enter* Murray.) Murray, send Mrs. Gregory in.

[Mrs. Gregory *comes in, and* Gregory *goes reluctantly out, leaving his wife alone with* Mr. Wu.

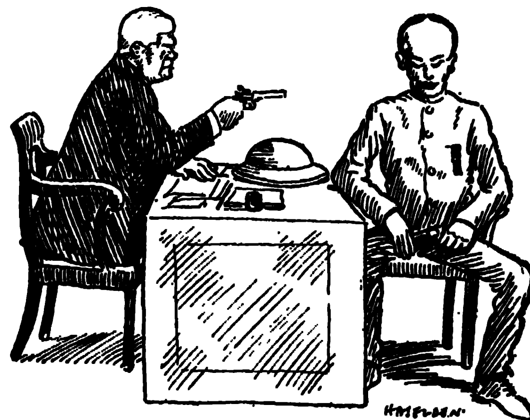
Mr. Wu. Mrs. Gregory, I can help you to find your son. Mr. Gregory doesn't know how to talk to a gentleman, so I have sent for you instead. If you will come to my house this evening at six I will tell you my plans. No, you needn't look at that clock, it doesn't go.

Mrs. Gregory. Oh, Mr. Wu, if you could find my son for me, I should be so grateful. But I oughtn't to come to your house alone. Might I bring my Chinese maid, Ah Wong, with me?

Mr. Wu. Certainly. Till six then. [*Exit.*

The Audience (*excited*). Ah-h-h!

Curtain.



A QUIET BUSINESS CHAT IN HONG KONG.

Mr. Gregory	.. .. ..	Mr. Leslie Carter.
Mr. Wu	.. ..	Mr. Matheson Lang.

Act III.—*Room in* Mr. Wu's *house.*

Mr. Wu (*genially*). Ah, Mrs. Gregory, you have come. Will you please send your servant away?

Mrs. Gregory. Oh, Mr. Wu, I don't think I ought to.

Mr. Wu (*gravely*). Mrs. Gregory, I cannot sit down——

Mrs. Gregory (*sympathetically*). Rheumatism? Oh, I *am* sorry.

Mr. Wu. I cannot sit down in the presence of a servant. The spirit of my ancestors will not let me.

Mrs. Gregory. Oh, bother your old ancestors.

Mr. Wu (*annoyed*). Mrs. Gregory, this is the *second* time my ancestors have been insulted to-day. If it occurs again I shall have to call upon them to do something about it.

Mrs. Gregory. Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to. Ah Wong, please go away. Now, Mr. Wu, where is my son?

Mr. Wu. He is here.

Mrs. Gregory (*surprised*). Here?

Mr. Wu. Yes, he is my prisoner. I

found him making love to my daughter. He will probably die. (*Coming closer to her*) Unless—— Mrs. Gregory, you have only *one* way of saving him.

Mrs. Gregory. What is it?

Mr. Wu (*plaintively*). Can't you guess? I don't want to put it too crudely, because of the Bishop of KENSINGTON.

Mrs. Gregory (*guessing*). Never!

Mr. Wu. I will leave you to think it over. If you decide to sacrifice yourself for your son, I shall strike this gong—a remarkable specimen of early thirteenth-century work, supposed to be a genuine Hee Chee Koo—and that will be the signal for his release. The doors are locked and the only window—allow me to call the audience's attention to it—is much too small and much too high up to escape through. You will find some tea on the table if you are at all parched. I think that is all. I shall be back in five minutes. (*Aside to the audience*) Just keep your eye on the window, and don't forget what I said about striking the gong. [*Exit*.

Mrs. Gregory (*faintly*). What-shall-I-do-what-shall-I-do-help-help. (*Gazing up at the window*) Ah, Wong—I mean ah, Ah Wong—if you could only come to my aid! (*She does. At this very moment something is thrown through the window from outside—to the extreme gratification of those of us who were keeping our eyes on it.* Mrs. Gregory *picks it up*.) How wonderfully those Chinese women throw! What is this? Why, it is a phial of poison. What shall I do with it? Why, drink it and save myself from dishonour. The simplest thing would be to drink it now, but that would spoil the play. Of course I might keep it in my hand and drink it at the last moment, but that would spoil it too. I know—I'll put it in my cup of tea. (*Does so*.) There! Now he won't know I'm killing myself. (*Brightly to* Mr. Wu *outside*) Read—y!

Enter Mr. Wu.

Mr. Wu. Well? . . . Ah! (*He takes her in his arms*.)

Mrs. Gregory. Wait a moment. (*She picks up the cup of tea and prepares to drink*.)

Mr. Wu (*lovingly*). Let Wu-wu drink too! (*He stops for a moment with the cup at his lips*.) It smells like poison, but it may be only the milk and sugar that you Europeans spoil your tea with. (*He drinks*.) I say, though, it *was* poison! Waugh-waugh, tchah, pshaw, waugh-waugh. (*He chokes, falls over the table and recovers himself with an effort*.) At any rate, woman, you shall die too. (*He seizes an old Chinese sword, a remarkable piece of work dating from the Kah Sun dynasty, and lurches after her. She dodges behind the gong, and he strikes at her*.) Take that—and that—and that!

Mrs. Gregory. Never touched me! (*He strikes and she dodges again*.) Only hit the gong, silly!

He makes another effort and then falls down dead. The doors open at the sound of the gong (I hope you hadn't forgotten about that) and Basil *comes in to his mother*.

The Audience (*relieved*). Ah-h-h!

CURTAIN. A. A. M.



Riding Master. "WHY DIDN'T YOU DIG YOUR KNEES INTO 'IM?"
Victim. "I—I WASN'T THERE LONG ENOUGH!"

"Jericho was a very important city, situated on a caravan road, which led, probably, due north and south, or, perhaps, east to west."
Daily Express.

Until this is cleared up we shall continue to refuse our many invitations to go to Jericho.

A Treasure-hunt.

"The Archdeacon of Buckingham was the preacher at St. Mary's, Aylesbury, on Sunday morning.

The subject of his sermon was the Bishop of Oxford's Fund.

Lord Dalmeny was in command, the meet being at Mentmore cross roads.

A high wind militated against successful hunting.

A generous response was made to his appeal for support to the fund."
Bucks Advertiser and Aylesbury News.

"TORQUAY ECHOES.

Heavy rain fell in Torquay yesterday.

Over half-an-inch of rain fell in Torquay yesterday."—*Exeter Express*.

However, visitors who go to Torquay for the echo must not expect always to be so well served.

WELL DONE!

After the enormous success of his description of a football match for "The Daily Mail," the Dean of Manchester, the Right Rev. Bishop Welldon, is, we understand, so enamoured of sporting journalism that there is no holding him. Hence the following article on a billiard match which "Mr. Punch" is privileged to print:—

As I crossed Leicester Square I observed that not a few persons, equally interested with me in the delicate manipulation of ivory balls over a verdant cloth, were making their way towards the Grand Hall, and it seemed to me that such a crowd, all sober (at any rate, to the decanal eye), all well dressed and well behaved, all honestly interested in a competition of skill, were creditable representatives of English manhood.

The match, I may say at once, was admirably contested. The play was fast and even throughout. There was not a dull moment, and now by one player and now by the other the marker was kept busy.

For the benefit of those readers who have never seen this fascinating game I should explain that it is played on a large green table by two players, each armed with a long stick called, if I may venture to say so, a cue. The balls are three in number, two the colour of lawn sleeves, and one, I regret to say, recalling the hue of a Cardinal's hat. One of the balls is a pure white, the other, alas! my brethren, is spotted. Ah, if only we—— [Kindly keep to the game, dear and right reverend Sir. —Ed. Punch.] The object of each player, if I may put it thus crudely, is to get the better of the other.

It was borne in upon me that billiards, although I do not, I think, recommend it as a pastime for schoolboys, would seem to be rising as cricket is in danger of falling in popularity. It must, I fear, be acknowledged that cricket as it is now played is a less attractive game than it used to be. The faultless excellence of the pitches, the accuracy of the bowling, and the practice of aiming at making a century by any means, however tedious, render cricket over after over an exceedingly dull game to watch. None the less the two games are strangely alike. Both require, if I may say so, a green ground. The ball at cricket is red. Now that I come to think of it, the similarity here seems to cease.

One word as to the spectators. The crowd at Saturday's match showed, I think, the true sporting spirit. They applauded good play with almost equal impartiality, whether it was the play of their own favourite or that of his rival. There was no unseemly wrangling, no jumping on the table, or stealing the chalk, or breaking the cues, or displacing the balls, such as might have occurred if—well, if manners were less under control. Watching them I was proud to be an English amateur journalist.

As I surveyed the game I could not help remembering similar contests in which I had taken part myself in the old days, when the Headmasters of the great public schools had an annual billiard tournament. I remember, as though it were yesterday, a break of 5 (3 off the red and 2 by a superb white winner) which I compiled in my heat with the Headmaster of Eton, and I could not help thinking that it is a pity that the particular stroke by which I used to effect most of my scoring plays so small a part in the first-class game. It is not easy to describe it in print, but I may call it, if a metaphor from another but less laudable English sport—that of racing—may be permitted one, a stroke by Wrong Policy out of Fortunate Chance. I remember during one of these matches, when my favourite stroke was more in evidence than usual, the Headmaster of Winchester, an inveterate wag, said that one of my cannons was too good for such a commonplace name. "It is a major cannon," he said, "and ought to be called a dean."

And so, the necessary points having been reached or some other cause bringing the game to a close, I came away breathing a silent prayer that all English games might be equally well-managed, and somewhat regretting that I had not ascertained what players the match was between or for how many points. [That doesn't matter, my lord; we have an ordinary common fellow to do that. The scores were, Inman 14063, Newman (in play) 16521.—Ed.]

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Soul-pangs and other Diversions.

Park Lane.

Dearest Daphne,—The new thing to suffer from is *soul-pangs*. Quite almost everyone is having it. It's not illness—and it's not nerves—it's just *soul-pangs*. You begin by *wondering* about things; then you *go on* wondering about things; then you get disgusted with people; and after that you get disgusted with yourself; until at last, in very bad cases, you get to asking questions of yourself, and even of the furniture in the room when you're alone—such questions as "Why?" and "What?" and "How?" and "Is everything nothing?" and "Is nothing everything?" and *then*, dearest, you're in for it and must have a soul-doctor.

Soul-doctors aren't always, or even often, *real* doctors—they're generally *people*. For instance, Lord Exshire and Sir Gervase Oldacres have each made quite a little reputation as soul-doctors. When you consult one of them you tell him that you've unusual feelings, and he tells you you *haven't*.. You say, "I'm positively *martyred* by soul-pangs! I'm *wondering* about things—and I'm questioning myself—and I'm absolutely *thinking*—I'm in an immensely fearful state!" and the soul-doctor looks into your eyes and holds your hands firmly and says, "No you're not;" and presently, my dear, *you're not!* Isn't it simply marvellous?

Sir Gervase Oldacres has been even more successful than Lord Exshire with his cases. I don't know that he'd actually a greater gift, but Exshire has been hampered in his cures by his wife. Anne Exshire *will* go with him to his cases, and when he looks into the eyes of the case and holds her hands Anne pushes in and says, "Can't *I* do that?" There *is* a story that just as Exshire was *willing* away, with his eyes and hands, the soul-pangs of a particularly obstinate case Anne burst into the room and slapped her!—and the soul-pangs came back worse than ever.

Sir Gervase Oldacres had no wife to interfere with his use of his gift, and he's done wonders. You notice, I said he *had* no wife—but wait! He was particularly concerned about one of his patients, Mrs. Meekly, a cousin of the Flummerys, the quietest, most mouse-like little nonentity of a widow. Hers was a really terrible case. Not only had she all the usual soul-pangs, but she was thinking quite a quantity about her husband who died a whole year ago, and sometimes even remembered quite vividly what he was like! We persuaded her to consult Sir Gervase as a soul-doctor, and he said it was the most difficult and obstinate case he had yet tried his will upon. When he was holding her hands and *willing* with all the power of his eyes (the traditional Oldacres' eyes, large and grey with black eyebrows), she still kept on saying she could see her dear husband and hear his voice, in spite of the soul-doctor's reiterated "No, you can't." But it has turned out, my dear, that she was right after all, for by-and-by their engagement was announced, and now they're married! The new Lady Oldacres is a quite *quite* different person from little Mrs. Meekly; she never seems even to have *heard* of soul-pangs, wears dreams of frocks, talks incessantly, and always has Oldacres Towers full of people to the very brim! But isn't it a



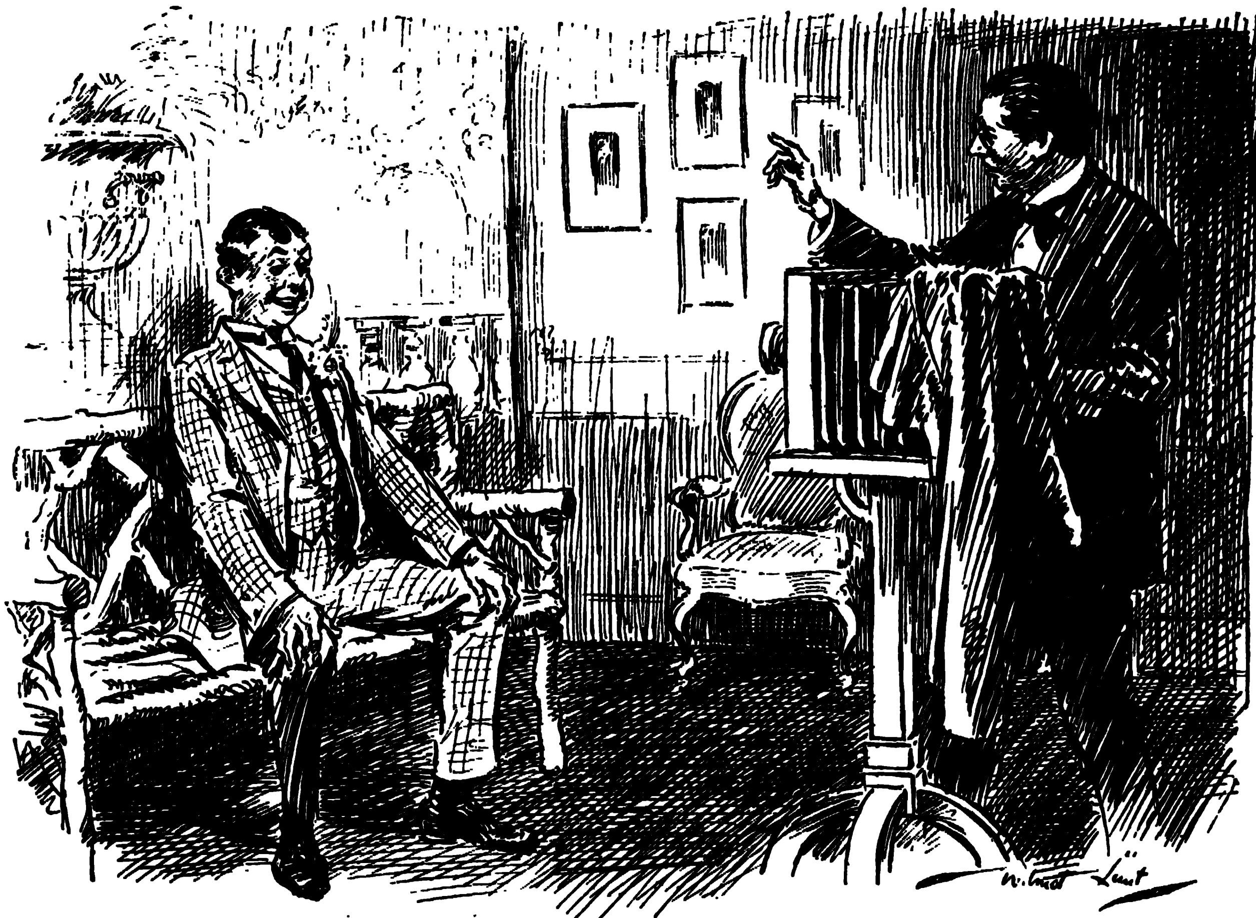
RECENT SCENE IN A PUBLIC LIBRARY NOT A THOUSAND MILES FROM THE STRAND.

"*MY MOST EXCITING ADVENTURE,*"
TOLD BY POPULAR MUSIC-HALL ARTISTES,
WILL APPEAR IN THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF *THE* ——.

tragic thing—*Sir Gervase himself has soul-pangs now!* And, as no soul-doctor can do anything in his own case, and, of course, wouldn't ask help from a rival, I suppose there's no hope for the poor dear man.

I gave a dear little lunch party for Mr. Tim Flanagan when he was in London. Everyone was charmed with him. He looked so really *chic* among all the monotonous well-groomed people around him. After lunch he went out on the balcony and began to address the passers-by, and soon there was an immense mob outside. We all crowded up to the windows to hear him, and he was simply enormously amusing! He told the crowd what he'd had for lunch, and he asked how *dared* we live in such luxury; and he *somethinged* the lunch and the wine; and he said we didn't heed the writing on the wall, and was a great mansion like the one he was speaking from to be left in the possession of a man and a woman and some flunkeys? No, it wasn't! And he invited any of the crowd who felt like it to come right in and live in our house and take whatever they wanted. And the crowd laughed and cheered again, and then the police dispersed them, and I persuaded Mr. Tim Flanagan to come in and have tea, as his clever speech must have made him very thirsty. And all the lunch people stayed to tea too, and before going away they perfectly overwhelmed me with congrats on having given such a charming afternoon.

There's another burst-up at the Thistledowns'. We're all quite a little sorry about it. Fluffy, poor dear thing, is a very much misunderstood little woman. Only a short time ago, you know, things were patched up there, and there was a reconciliation, and they arranged to live happy ever after. They gave a very cheery *reconcilly* dinner-dance, and we all gave them presents, and altogether it was quite a happy little second wedding. Their gifts to each other were too sweet for words. He gave her a complete set of baby-tiger—coat, cap and muff. (Baby-tiger is the last syllable of the last word! To get even *one* baby-tiger costs, I hear, several natives' lives, and such a set as Fluffy's must account for *dozens* of the little stripers. Of course, one's sorry for the poor natives, but it gives baby-tiger a *cachet* above all other peltry.) Really and truly, my own Daphne, I don't think I ever envied anyone in my life till I saw Fluffy Thistledown at the Newmarket Houghton in her new set of baby-tiger. Her cap had the baby-paws in front and the tail sticking straight up at the back, and the effect of eyes was got by two immense topaz hat-pins. *Her* reconcilly gift to *him* was a gold match-box with her smile on the lid, surrounded with brilliants. So everything seemed quite comfy and charming at the Thistledowns', till one week-end Lord T. was running over to Paris *tout seul.* Jack Hurlingham, Doody St. Adrian, and some other men that he knew got into the boat-train with him, and presently Thistledown, preparatory to lighting up, took out his new match-box, looking complacently, no doubt, at Fluffy's smile on the lid. The box proved to be empty, however; there was nothing behind the smile—(some people have said the same of Fluffy herself). Jack and Doody and the others, seeing T.'s matchless condition, simultaneously took out their own match-boxes, proffered them, then suddenly recollected themselves and pocketed them, again in a hurry—but not before Thistledown had seen them., My dear, every one of those boxes was gold, with Fluffy's smile surrounded with brilliants on the lid! Ever thine, BLANCHE.



"Not so much sunshine, please, or you 'll fog the plate."

DOOMSDAY.

(Lines written on receipt of the information that the hazards of my favourite golf course are to be made even more difficult than before.)

Ere yet with arrogance grown drunker
Ye build to flout the stars,
Stern members of the Green Committee,
On me, the gentle fool, have pity,
Not all because with face so gritty
I needs must dare the embattled bunker
And burst its beetling bars.

What though I may not leap the ramparts,
As others may, in one?
If that were all 'twere no great matter;
What though the bootless mounds I batter
And club by club impetuous shatter,
And bid the caddy take the dam parts
And burn them and be done?

Ah no! but on the People ponder,
The People and their right;
How age by age with grip tenacious
The dukes annexed the soil, till (gracious!)
Our England which was once so spacious,
All greenwood glades where men might wander,
Contracted and grew tight.

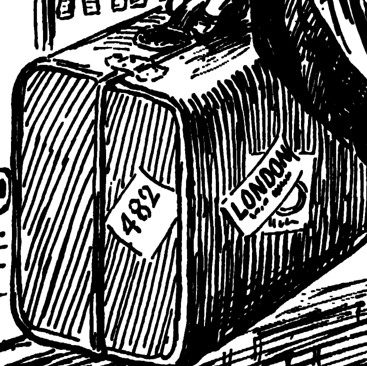
And shall the mob's increasing dudgeon,
When serfdom breaks its thrall,
Strike only at the red-deer forest,
That thou, O George, so much abhorrest,
And spare the links where once they morriced,
But now, with overweening bludgeon,
The golfer belts his ball?

[Thus, long ago, the lawless barons
Upreared from Thames to Tyne
Their castles to the outraged heavens
(Only last week I said to Evans
One 's lucky to get round in sevens),
In days when Warwick ruled and Clarence
Was soused in Malmsey wine.]

And now, I ween, no grouse nor harriers,
Nor marshlands of the snipe,
No, nor the mangold-munching pheasant,
Shall so enrage the risen peasant,
Until he makes himself unpleasant,
As these, these crenelated barriers
That curb my well-meant wipe.

And when at last the score is reckoned
(*A bas les cleeks!* the cry),
I fear me much lest, late and laggard,
When all the rest to lunch have staggered,
I may be hauled, a victim haggard,
From that vast peel-tower at the second,
Niblick in hand, to die.

Evoe.



A NATION OF FIRE-EATERS.

Peaceful Teuton. "HIMMEL! THEY HAVE ALL THOSE ARMIES! AND THE FATHERLAND HAS ONLY ONE!"



INTELLECTUAL LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY.

Scene—*College room.*

First Undergraduate. "Coming to brekker to-morrow?" *Second Undergraduate.* "No, you'd better come to me."
First Undergraduate. "Why on earth should I?" *Second Undergraduate.* "All right, then, don't!"
First Undergraduate. "Then I shall!"

SMOKE ABATEMENT AT HARROW.

The Headmaster of Harrow has issued orders to the effect that boys "must not allow Old Harrovians or other visitors to the school to smoke in their rooms at the various houses." The boys are also "requested not to go about the High Street or public roads adjoining the school with people who are smoking."

Unfortunately several painful incidents arising out of the new regulations have to be recorded. The Hon. W. D. H. O. Birdseye was getting on very nicely with his grandfather, the Duke of Cherrywood, who was paying a visit to the boy's study, until his Grace took out a cigar and lit it. Finding remonstrance was met only with indignation, the Hon. W. D. H. O. reluctantly proceeded to the performance of his duty. When duty has to be faced, it matters nothing to an Harrovian that he stands to lose a fiver a term by his loyalty. On inquiry at a late hour last evening we were informed by the Duke's doctor that his Grace was progressing as favourably as could be expected. His Grace's chaplain, however, takes a very grave view of the condition of the veteran nobleman.

The budding diplomatists of the school are contriving to carry out the Headmaster's rules less forcibly than the above youth. One of them keeps a tin of almond rock on his mantelpiece, and on the first fretful sign made by a visitor who is dying to smoke he generously supplies this soothing sweetmeat.

A distressing scene was witnessed in the High Street on Monday. A bronzed man, after an absence of six months in the Sahara, ran down to Harrow to pay a surprise visit to his son. Smoking a cigar, he walked along full of the happy anticipation of seeing his curly-headed boy again. Suddenly, in the High Street, he came face to face with the little chap. With outstretched arms and shining eyes the father advanced to enfold his child to his bosom; but the boy, with a horrified look at the cigar, pulled himself together and marched by with averted nose.

"Of the sugar contained in the cane not less than 150 per cent. is lost, since from cane containing 15 per cent. of sugar it is not possible to get 6 per cent., if that."
"*Times*" *South American Supplement.*

We cannot cope with this at present. We propose to read one or two of our contemporary's *Educational Supplements*, and then to try again.

"When the little dark man gets up at a meeting, his square, bony jaw seemingly obscured by the spectacles he wears, the Boers stir restlessly in their seats."—*Daily Mail.*

Our only suggestion (not a good one) is that he wears his spectacles on his eye-teeth.

THE BIG DAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—At our principal shoot, to take place shortly, we ask the honour of your own presence and assistance. We do so because, in the first place, we shall have need of a trusty and discriminating gun; in the second, you happen to live near the scene of action (The Temple) and your knowledge of local conditions and the habits of the game (pigeons) will be of great help to us in devising our strategic schemes.

We shall be about a dozen guns in all at the start, including one or two of the more sporting but less preoccupied K.C.s, a retired Master of the Supreme Court (not to be trusted too far), and a section of the Junior Bar; we may, when it is known what is afoot, be joined by others to the extent of not more than a few hundreds, and the weapon shop in the Strand should do good business in bailments that morning. We hope to begin about eleven; if this seems to you to be late in the day, it has been deemed better to wait till the Courts are sitting. We cannot expect to avoid some regrettable casualties; clerks don't matter, being cheap and excessive; half-a-dozen or so of solicitors might not in the worst event be missed, and even a barrister or two could be spared. But Common Law Judges, the sort to be met sometimes in the Temple out of working hours, are very scarce nowadays, practically numbered, and if one of them was mislaid there might be a fuss. So we do not intend to begin till they are on their benches and out of harm's way. After all, the pigeons are our main and legitimate objective (as I will show later), though a brace or so of Telegraph Boys would be welcome, both as rounding up the bag nicely and also with the view of keeping down a species which threatens these days to become a bit too thick on the ground Mitre Court way.

There is, as you know, a little discreet gate by the Middle Temple Library, leading out to the Underground, and another, also on the Western boundary of the estate, leading into Devereux Court; it is the idea at present to put the guns in at these two points to begin with, the general object being to collect all the birds forward and finally to get them together at the Eastern extremity. (If one or two escape over into Bouverie Street, no doubt your Young Men will be keeping a look out from your upstairs windows and will enjoy accounting for those. Which reminds me: we mustn't forget to square the Police with a promise of a share in the booty, must we?) It will take us all the morning and the first part of the afternoon to walk up New, Garden, Essex, Hare, Pump, and Fig Tree Courts, Temple Gardens, Harcourt Buildings and the Lawn, but by half-past three we ought all to be foregathered, ready for our big drive up King's Bench Walk, which should by then be teeming with game.

If it turns out that we are still only a reasonable number of guns by this time, we *may* shoot over cats; we have, of course, some of those famous and self-trained pointers, artful as they are made, on the spot. The superiority of cats to dogs in this connection is obvious; if they exceed their jurisdiction and get out of hand, they themselves become (as they well know) fair game, and the majority of their acquaintances would, perhaps, prefer it so. The objection is, however, the number of guns, and I think myself it will probably be driven birds, driven, that is, from South to North; with a gun in every window in King's Bench Walk, a gang of them on the lawn, behind and at the side, our best shots up Mitre Court to pull down the pigeons as they soar away over towards the Strand, and all our spare fellows on the Library roof, up the Clock Tower if they like, to snap what is missed from below.

It would be a pity, too, not to have this drive, seeing that all the "Boys" in Chambers who are to act as beaters have been looking forward to it for weeks, and have been collecting old (and possibly some new) electric light bulbs, which they will drop to the ground at a given signal, a process which has never yet failed to stimulate these birds to flight.

And let me, lastly, anticipate any possible objection on the grounds of inhumanity. Let me point out that this proposed expedition is wholly righteous, and, so far from having any connection with the scandals in rural life which have evoked the Georgic ire, is itself a furtherance of DAVID's own reformative schemes. The Temple, Sir, is overrun by these fat and voracious beasts, and, if they continue to increase at their present alarming rate, they must be a grave menace to the welfare of the local toiler. Nay, they will drive from his proud and ancient patrimony the honest, industrious barrister-at-law and substitute in his place a sparse population of pigeon-feeders, competent only to distribute bread-crumbs, and certainly not able to take the place of the legal labourer and solve knotty problems under the Finance Acts. And not only are these pigeons a future danger, they are a present evil; it would be impossible to calculate the harm they have done by, I will not say eating, but, at any rate, pecking at the wretched Juniors' briefs!

So you will join us, will you not, on this eventful day?

Your respectful

INNER TEMPLAR.



Viceroy of India (to General Botha). "I'M SURE YOU ONLY MEANT TO HAVE A LITTLE HARMLESS FUN WITH HIS TAIL, BUT WHAT'S FUN TO YOU MAY BE VERY ANNOYING TO THE REST OF THE TIGER."

OUT OF BABYLON.

The moon was up, the deed was done,
And things that ran as shadows run
  Pursued us to the brazen gate,
  Where the king-carven lions wait
Beside the doors of Babylon.

There was no sound to break the spell
Save footsteps, light as leaves, that fell
  And followed ever, followed on
  Where the enchanted moonlight
    shone
O'er charmèd towers and terrible.

The Wizard's word was muttered low;
The brazen doors swung open—so;
  The Wizard's word was soothly said;
  The footsteps died, and forth we fled
Into the darkness, long ago.

Now of the deed that had been done,
And what pursued, as shadows run,
  And of the word that passed us
    through—
  The Wizard's word, the word of rue—
I may not speak to anyone.

I only sing the fear of flight,
And ask your pity on my plight,
  For the pale Wizard's eyes of ill
  Keep tryst throughout the years,
    and still
They find me every Friday night!



Newly-appointed Territorial Colonel. "Look here, Sergeant-Major, I'm afraid my dog has killed your cat. I——"

Sergeant-Major (ingratiatingly). "Oh, it'll do it a power of good, Sir."

ARMY EXERCISES.

The New Autumn Amusement.

(*Suggested by a study of the Daily Press.*)

Recognising that West End theatrical managers will never be brought to study the comfort of their patrons, especially in the less expensive seats, till some really drastic measures are taken, The Poor Pittites Training Corps has lately been founded by Mr. Rupert Swashbuck, of Ealing. The chief objects of the movement are said to be the demolition of early doors for which extra payment is demanded, the gratis distribution of programmes, and the extinction of late arrivals, who will be shot at sight. In a word, the support and preservation of Law, Order and the Rights of Playgoers. Major-Gen. Sir Charles Hooter has accepted the provisional command of the corps, and drilling *matinées* will take place on Wednesdays and Saturdays on Ealing Common.

The Company of Anti-Motorist Rough Riders held its first monthly inspection and parade yesterday. This is a civilian force which has been raised by Col. P. Destrian, of Watford (and late of the Indian army), for the maintenance of the amenities of the high-road. The troopers, mostly well-set-up young farmers, were mounted on serviceable-looking steeds, and armed with six-shooters, steel chains, and bags of ten-inch nails for tyre-destruction. Altogether some twelve hundred men were said to be on parade, and the gallant colonel, who himself took the salute, expressed himself as more than satisfied with the success of the movement.

The Society for the Suppression of Street Noises has lately brought itself into line with the prevailing militancy by the institution of a company of expert bomb-flingers, under the personal command of Captain Bayard, D.S.O. Target-practice is indulged in every week-day evening at the South Kensington headquarters of the company, and the members, who are mostly fine stalwart-looking civil servants on the retired list, are said to have attained remarkable proficiency in aim. Great enthusiasm is displayed for the movement, Onslow Gardens especially being prepared to run with blood rather than sacrifice one jot of its traditional quiet and respectability.

With reference to the fighting reported from the Midlands we learn that a battalion of the Coventry branch of Practical Canvassers, who had been scouring the country with maxims in support of a candidate for the city council, appear to have fallen in with the mounted section of the Society for the Suppression of Political Speeches returning from a field-day near Kenilworth. At the moment of writing no exact details as to the casualties are obtainable, but these are known to be enormous. Heavy firing having been heard this afternoon from Leamington, it is feared that the Peace Preservation Party, who are reported to be in the neighbourhood with several field-guns, have joined in the action. Further particulars will be published in our later editions.

"Frenchman, bachelor, 19, seeks place as Tutor."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

It is time that these confirmed women-haters were taxed.

BIFF-BALL.

The New Game that everyone will soon be playing.

(With acknowledgments to many of our contemporaries.)

Intent upon learning what game is to fill our homes with innocent merriment this Christmas, our representative yesterday visited the vast emporium of Tiddledy, Winks & Co., and interviewed the genial manager.

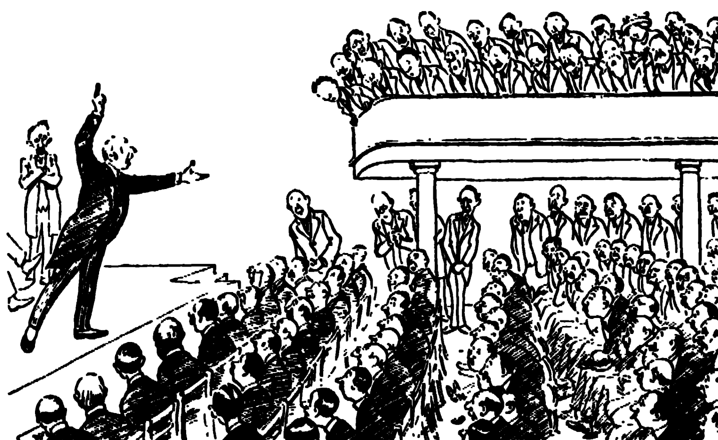
"*The* game of the coming season?" repeated the latter. "Undoubtedly *Biff-Ball.* Come with me."

Our representative followed him into another room, where a large green cloth was found to be laid on the floor, securely pegged at the four corners. Two goals were placed at opposite ends of this cloth, and a wooden ball about the size of an orange reposed in the middle of it.

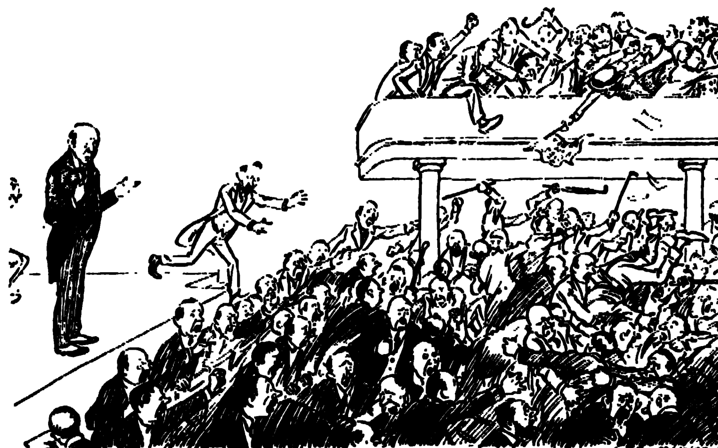
"This is all the apparatus required," said the manager. "The rules are equally simple. Two players insinuate themselves between the cloth and the floor, and at a given signal each endeavours to urge the ball from underneath through his opponent's goal. We claim that *Biff-Ball* will promote more hilarity among spectators in ten minutes than any other sport in a week, while among players it has already been found to cure gout, indigestion and obesity and to conduce to a beneficial thickening of the skull. Mr. Shaw has praised it on the ground that it abolishes the absurd tradition of chivalry towards women (for, of course, "mixed" matches will be frequent). Mr. Chesterton has challenged the Bishop of London to a series of three matches to be played on Boxing-Day, and Bombardier Wells, the eminent pugilist, is using it as his principal means of training in preparation for his great fight with Carpentier.

Biff-Ball is destined to be among indoor games what the Tango is among dances. In a few weeks it will have swept the country from John o' Groats to Land's End, not excluding John Bull's Other Island, as Mr. Kipling has wittily termed it.... Good morning, if you must go. I think we shall have rain shortly, but *Biff-Ball* will keep you amused through the most depressing weather."

The price of a *Biff-Ball* set, as announced in the full-page advertisement which appears in this issue, is only 15*s.* This includes a complete outfit of court plaster, lint, arnica and other medical requisites.



How one imagines the epoch-making speech was delivered and received.



What generally happens nowadays.

"THE STRONG, SILENT MAN."

I was busily engaged upon the first chapter of my new romantic novel, *Golden Syrup*, and had just realised that in my description of Courtleigh Manor I had used the word "ancestral" thirteen times, when I looked up and saw him standing by my writing-table.

He was a tall man, but exceptionally well proportioned, and he carried himself with a rare distinction, despite the fact that his clothes were frayed and patched. He wore his hair a little longer than I care to see it, but he was undoubtedly handsome in a square-jawed, gloomy style.

"And who are you?" I asked.

He bit his lip and frowned, and his words came with difficulty. "I am the strong, silent man," he said.

"Oh, you are, are you?" I said; "and what do you want with me?"

"I want a job in your book," he answered sullenly. Then, with a mighty effort, he shook off his reluctance to speak. "I've been out of work for months," he said. "There was a time when I was so busy I didn't know which way to turn. I figured in practically every novel that came out. No sooner had *Hearts and Crafts* closed, leaving Muriel in my arms at last, than I had to hurry off to rescue Marjory in *Out of the Mist.* Now, for some reason, no one wants the strong, silent man. And yet, properly treated, I could bring anyone a fortune."

He turned those great expressive eyes, of which I had so often read, upon me.

"Give me a job in your new book, Sir!" he cried imploringly. "I can do anything. I'm the finest horseman in Europe, and the finest shot. I can do anything but talk!" And he relapsed into silence.

I felt really sorry for the fellow.

"Ronald, Gerald, Alec," I said—"whichever of your aliases you prefer—I am sorry that I have nothing to offer you. I have a comic gardener's part still open"—he gave a gesture of scorn—"but that, of course, is of no use to you. Now, may I be frank?"

He bent his head in silent assent.

"Then I will tell you why you have joined the ranks of the unemployed. It is because you have been found out. It is a dreadful thing to say to any man, particularly to so fine a specimen as yourself, but there it is; you are a humbug. Despite your splendid, your miraculous achievements, it has been impossible to conceal any longer the fact that you are silent, not because you are strong, but because you cannot think of anything to say. There is only one chance for you; you must learn to talk. Buy a book of Irish——"

But he had turned on his heel, and, still with his air of indescribable distinction, had left the room.

STUDIES OF REVIEWERS.

II.—The Autobiographical.

This charming volume of literary studies by Mr. Desmond Jubb has a peculiar interest for me, because it recalls that period—the happiest of my life—in which I was privileged to be his comrade and fellow student at Balliol College, Oxford. For, in truth, I can say more than *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I not only saw Desmond Jubb at lectures in Hall and on the tow-path, where his clarion tones rang out above all his contemporaries during the torpids and eights, but I belonged to the same wine club and wore the same waistcoat-buttons. I shall never forget the first time that I met him. It was in the Michaelmas term and I had returned a fortnight late, owing to a rather severe attack of German measles, from the *sequelæ* of which I still suffer in the shape of slightly impaired hearing of the right ear. I was hurrying out of college to order some more brown sherry, a beverage to which in those days I was much addicted, when I ran violently into a handsome young man with a high forehead, wearing a rather *outré* tie. I should explain that he was a freshman, while I was already in my fourth year; yet in this collision he at once assumed the position of a senior, gravely rebuked me for my precipitancy, and then with irresistible *bonhomie* invited me to lunch at Goflin's. Goflin's shop, I should explain, was renowned in those days for its marvellously fine pork-pies, of which I was immoderately fond, and I found that my new acquaintance rendered equal justice to their succulent qualities, albeit not apparently endowed with the same undefeated digestion as myself.

The conversation that took place is indelibly imprinted on my memory. I remember Jubb's observing what a remarkably protean animal the pig was, inasmuch as an entirely different quality attached to various portions of his anatomy, ham differing from bacon and pork from brawn. He confessed that the mere mention of pig's feet filled him with horror, in which I cordially concurred. That exquisite fastidiousness which is so marked a feature of these essays had thus already declared itself. He was rather shocked at my drinking shandy-gaff, while admitting that the name had always interested him. On this occasion, I remember, he partook of cherry-brandy, to correct, as he put it, the exuberance of the pork-pie. He smoked two or three cigarettes afterwards, and I noticed that they were Russian, of the "La Ferne" brand—Egyptian cigarettes had not yet come into vogue. He told me that he got his ties from the famous London house of Fraternity and that they cost him 7*s.* 6*d.* apiece, and he was surprised to hear that I only paid 1*s.* 11¾*d.* for mine at Charity Bros.

At the time, of course, I was not aware that I was entertaining a literary angel, and yet I felt that I was exchanging ideas with one of the most versatile and engaging of my fellow-students. He was so perfectly frank and ingenuous, so ebullient and yet so reserved that I had a sub-conscious feeling he must be marked out for exceptional greatness. Besides his taste in ties, I remember that he never wore a mackintosh, though curiously enough in wet weather I have often seen him in goloshes. He resented familiarity. I remember once, in a moment of expansion, addressing him as "old chap," and his replying, "I am neither old nor a chap," and when I begged his pardon he kindly said, "Granted, but don't let it happen again." At our wine club he always sat at the other end of the table, so that I seldom had the opportunity of speaking to him on these occasions.

Unfortunately, I was obliged to leave Balliol in the middle of my fourth year owing to an attack of pernicious squiffies, and I have never met Desmond Jubb again. Our paths have lain apart, but I was never surprised at his meteoric rise to eminence in the literary firmament, and I welcome this charming volume as a rich fulfilment of the early promise that he gave in what I may call, not his salad, but his pork-pie days.



THE SPARTAN MOTHER.

FUTURISTIC FUN.

(Notice from "The Daily Iconoclast" for November 21st, 1923.)

AT last London has a "real theatre of wonder and of records" on the principles laid down by the great Founder of Futurism, Signor MARINETTI! And, by a singular coincidence, this notice appears exactly ten years to-day from the date of publication of his epoch-making article, "The Meaning of the Music-Hall," in the columns of our contemporary *The Daily Mail!* Needless to say that the entertainment last night at the Pallidrome Theatre of Varieties was received with delirious enthusiasm. Considerations of space forbid us to mention every "turn" individually; we can only particularise a few, though there was none that failed to fulfil Signor MARINETTI's condition of success—the production of "Futuristic wonder."

The "synthetic combination of speed with transformation," which, as he has taught us, is one of "the dominating laws of life," was luminously illustrated by a phenomenally stout entertainer who with lightning rapidity peeled off several successive garments of startlingly Futurist hues, until he eventually revealed himself as a living skeleton, an "absorbing and decisive symbol" which excited the "torrents of hilarity" that the Master mentions as one of the peculiar products of the Variety Theatre. Then, as Signor MARINETTI so nobly recommended, "heroism and a strong and healthy atmosphere of danger" were furnished for the delighted spectators by a lofty trapeze act with bars that had been so effectually soaped that one of the gymnasts fell about sixty feet, fortunately landing on a member of the orchestra who, till that moment, had been performing on the ophicleide.

Next we were entranced by an artist who gave lifelike imitations of a Buff Orpington hen being run over by a motor-car, a beetroot in a state of incipient hysteria, and a debased half-crown, thereby exemplifying what the High Priest of Futurism terms "the profound analogies between the animal, vegetable, and mineral worlds, and human beings."

Following him came a couple who were described with some aptness as "knock-about comedians," and of them it is only justice to state that, in Signor MARINETTI's memorable phraseology, "they pleasantly fanned the intellect with a network of sprightly wit, doltishness, and foolery of the deepest kind, till they insensibly urged the souls of their hearers to the very edge of madness, and to participate noisily in queer improvised dialogues."

After that a highly instructive exhibition of another of the dominating laws of life—"the interpretation of rhythm"—was afforded by a lady who performed an *impromptu* and daringly unconventional dance in a costume that, when perceptible, was exquisitely diaphanous.

Then the two "Synthetic Sisters," strangely seductive with their Futurist green hair, blue necks, violet arms, and orange chignons, sang a duet which, to quote once more the illustrious Futurist philosopher, "brutally stripped Woman of all the veils that mask and deform her," to the unspeakable edification of all the "adolescents and young people of promise" present, for whom, as Signor MARINETTI holds, "the Variety Theatre is the only school to be recommended."

But perhaps the wildest *furore* was evoked by a Topical Singer, who, fulfilling what the immortal MARINETTI declared to be the function of such artists, "explained in swiftest, most striking manner the most mysterious, sentimental problems of life and the most complicated political events." And all by a refrain that was a little masterpiece of "coarse simplicity."

The "mechanical grotesque effects," too, of an American Eccentric, and his "methodical walk round after each verse," were deeply significant of things in general.

Sketches were interspersed—and such sketches! We can give them no higher praise than to say that each and all achieved the Marinettian ideal of "destroying all that is solemn, sacred, earnest, and pure in Art," and "decomposing such worn-out prototypes as the beautiful, the great, and the religious."

Altogether an historic evening. A show the like of which this Metropolis has never before seen, palpitating with the actuality and originality that are still so deplorably lacking on the regular stage. And the audience, all of them imbued to their finger-ends with "the new sensibility," simply "ate" it. There was nothing stupidly passive or static about them—except in the case of spectators whose stalls had, in accordance with Signor MARINETTI's recommendation, been liberally smeared with seccotine.

Owing to the fact that the Box Office had followed another suggestion of his and sold the same seats to ten different persons, there were, as he correctly predicted, several "rows" during the performance, as "immense" as the most unreasonable Futurist could wish for.

Perhaps, however, he was less inspired in the advice to "allot free seats to ladies and gentlemen who are notoriously cranky"—a practice which, we think, might well be abandoned in future. It is a regrettable fact that the inmates of private lunatic asylums who had been given complimentary tickets maintained a comparative self-restraint and decorum that might well have damped the spirits of their neighbours, had the latter been less completely under the sway of what Signor MARINETTI aptly described as "the great Futuristic Hilarity that shall rejuvenate the face of the earth."

F. A

GARKIN AND LARVIN

Garkin and Larvin were wonderful men,
Each with an energy equal to ten;
Each was endowed with superlative vim,
Each was addressed by his cronies as "Jim."

Garkin, when speaking in Albert his Hall,
Made you imagine the ceiling would fall:
Larvin, whenever he blew on his trumpet,
Made you feel "barmy" all over the "crumpet."

Never an orator stumping Hyde Park in
The power of his tongue was a patch upon Garkin;
But with his length and his vigour combined
Larvin left Garkin completely behind.

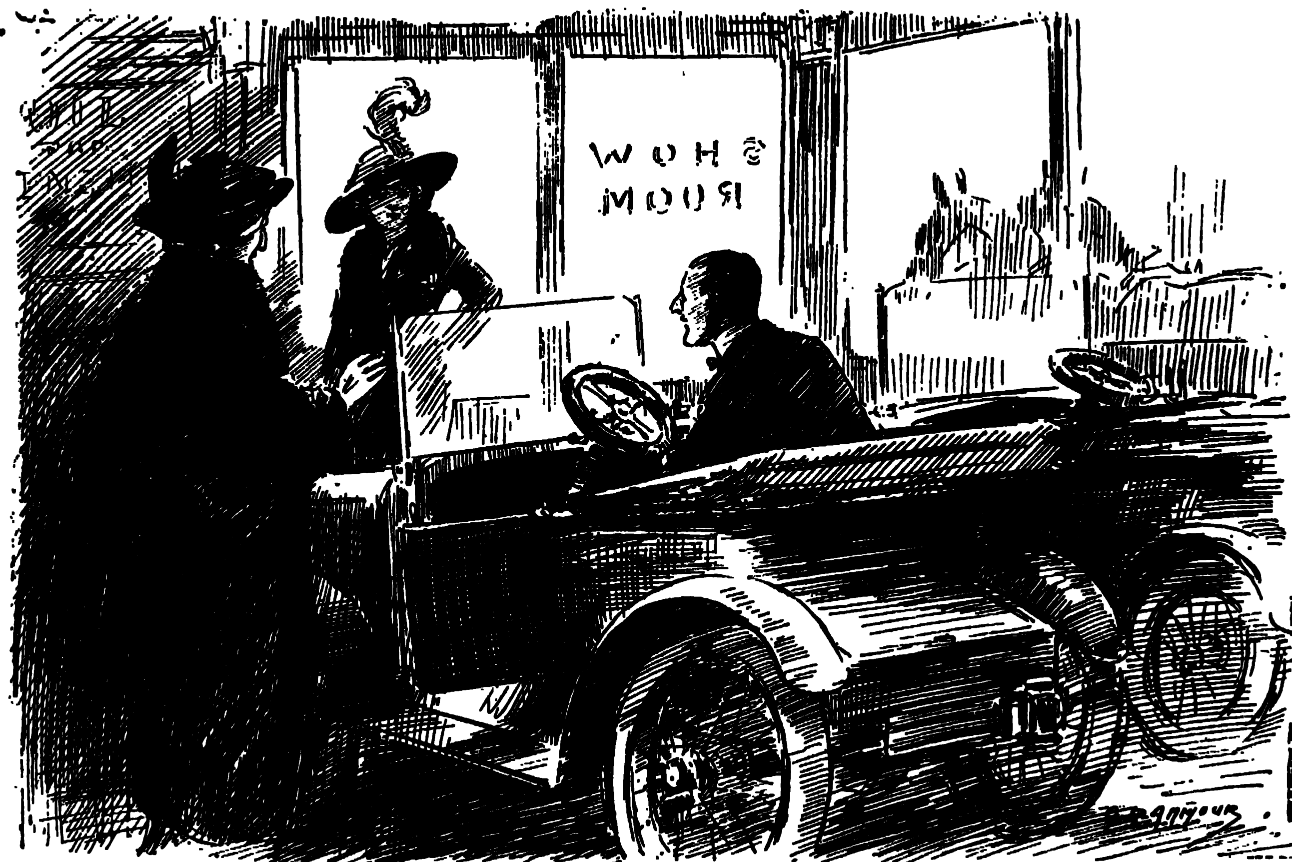
Stark in defying all law and authority,
Wholly unequalled in vocal sonority,
Garkin, exhaustively tested, emerges
First of the moderns who ape Boanerges.

Grand in his nobly pontifical mien,
Greatly majestic, superbly serene,
Never defeated in any dispute,
Larvin annexes the whole arrow-root.

Here then 's a health to you, wonderful pair,
Lord of the larynx, High Priest of hot air!
Long may you live in democracy's hymns
Hailed as by far the most jumpy of Jims.

Another Impending Apology.

"In Mr. John Palmer we have a critic of the younger generation who merits a good deal more than the general scorn that is so lavishly bestowed upon the critic."—*Observer.*



Salesman. "AND, WHATEVER SPEED YOU MAY BE GOING, WHEN YOU PUT ON THIS BRAKE YOU STOP IN FIVE YARDS—DEAD."
Prospective Purchaser. "HOW DREADFUL! I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT THEY WERE SO DANGEROUS."

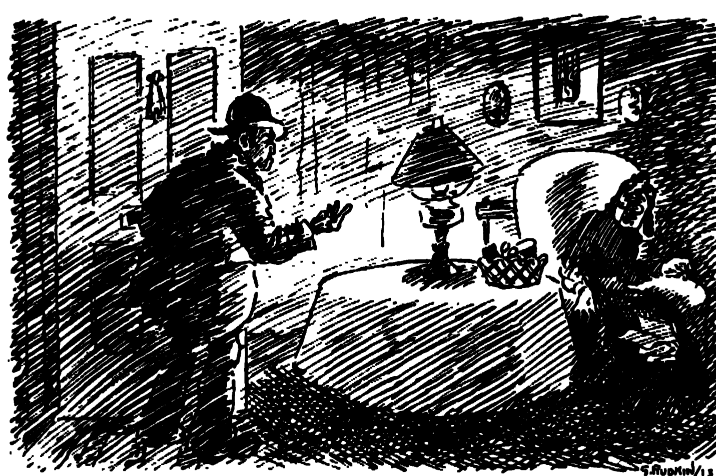
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF you care to hear a wise and kind old lady talking pleasantly of the many interesting folk she has known during a long and distinguished life, make haste to put yourself in communication with Lady RITCHIE, who will speak thus to you *From the Porch* (SMITH, ELDER). Welcome as this volume will be to all who love men and things of good report, it can be greeted by none more warmly than by *Mr. Punch*, for whom the name of the writer must always recall some of his proudest associations. Lady RITCHIE does not tell us much in the present book about her great father, but there are many others of the famous dead of whom we obtain new and happy pictures. For myself I found a peculiar interest in the paper called "Charles Dickens as I remember him." Here there is one little pen-portrait that I cannot resist transcribing. The writer is telling of the time when the families THACKERAY and DICKENS were opposite neighbours in Paris. "One day I specially remember, when we had come to settle about a drawing-class with our young companion K. E. [DICKENS' daughter], her father came into the room accompanied by a dignified person—too dignified, we thought—who came forward and made some solemn remark, such as *Hamlet* himself might have addressed to *Yorick*, and then stood in an attitude in the middle of the room. The Paris springtime was at its height, there was music outside, a horse champing in the road, voices through the open window, and Mr. Macready, for it was he, tragic in attitude gravely waiting an answer. Mr. Dickens seemed to have instantly seized the incongruity, suddenly responding with another attitude and another oration in the Hamlet manner, so drolly and gravely, that Macready himself could not help smiling at the burlesque." Does this little extract show you the original charm of the book? I hope so.

When your small nephew or niece replies to your question on the subject of Christmas presents that he or she would like a book this year, do not rush off to the nearest book-shop and hunt through the shelves devoted to juvenile literature, for that way madness lies. It is not good for any uncle to be confronted suddenly by that blaze of colour. Just stay at home and write to the shop as follows: "DEAR SIR,—Kindly forward me at once Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE'S adventure story, *Bird Cay* (WELLS GARDNER, DARTON). One of *Mr. Punch's* Learned Clerks informs me that it is an admirable story in every way." Mr. STACPOOLE is, of course, at his best in describing stirring deeds in tropical surroundings; but never before have I received so vivid an impression of the atmosphere of those distant seas. His story deals with a search for treasure buried on a desert island; and when I say treasure I mean treasure—great chunks of gold in brick form. The hero is a boy who stows himself away on the treasure-hunting ship and has the satisfaction of being the one who succeeds in actually unearthing (or unsanding) the gold. It is this part of the book which I count on to attract the young nephew. The story is a little reminiscent of STEVENSON'S masterpiece; but, after all, what does that matter? And if the villain is a shade disappointing to admirers of *John Silver* he is nevertheless a pretty good villain, so that's all right.

Mr. Macdonagh has left nothing more to be said by later historians about *The Reporters' Gallery* (Hodder and Stoughton). In exhaustive, as distinct from exhausting, manner he deals with the subject from two points of view—the first, historical; the second, personal. Possibly the latter part of his work, for which he is qualified by twenty-five years of experience in the gallery, will be the more popular, though the former has abiding interest, being the result of painstaking study of the relations between Press and Parliament going back to Stuart days. One of the ordinances governing debate in the House of Commons enjoins that a Member on his legs must not direct his speech to the House or to any section of it. "This rule," Mr. Macdonagh testifies, "is as often broken as it is observed." Its breach is commonest in the case of Members rising from one or other of the Front Benches. The Speaker in the Chair is close at hand; their audience is seated behind them and below the Gangways as far as the Bar. Strictly to obey the order it would be necessary for them to turn their backs on their audience. Instinctively it is their habit to present that view to the Speaker's eye. Mr. Gladstone was a great sinner in this respect. Not infrequently he turned right round to his supporters above the Gangway and literally drove home his argument by violently beating the palm of his left hand with the fingers of his right. Sir William Harcourt was, in respect of this rule, another habitually disorderly person. The Cross Benches at either side of the Bar would afford the best vantage, but as they are technically outside the House they may not be used for oratorical purposes. Bradlaugh accidentally discovered the merits of this quarter when, being forbidden to enter the House, he addressed it from the Bar. The interest of reporters in this matter is direct. Their gallery being immediately over the Speaker's chair, speech addressed in obedience to the rule reaches their ears. They suffer even more than the Speaker when a Member turns his back on the Chair. This is one of the particulars of Parliamentary proceedings that Mr. Macdonagh makes clear to the understanding of the man in the street. I have touched upon only one detail of his work, but the whole book is alluring, and I advise every student of Parliamentary reports to get it and read it through. He will find it equally entertaining and instructive.



Unwelcome Intruder. "Could yer 'elp a poor feller as 'd stop at nothin' ter gain 'is ends, kind lady?"

Most readers will thank Mr. George Wouil for his delightful *Sowing Clover* (Long), but such as live in South Staffordshire will do so with a touch of suppressed irritation. In a particularly graphic book he has done a particularly tiresome thing, and that is, while making a great point of his topography, to call some places by their own and others by assumed names. He should have dealt impartially with the whole Black Country, disguising all or none; as it is, the native Black must be upset to read how *John Wittongate*, the cobbler, made a house-to-house canvass for work from Salop Street, Wolverhampton (which is known to exist) to the outlying Tambridge (which is known not to exist); how, when he had got it and made such a prodigious success of it that he could educate his son to be a fine gentleman, that son won most events at the school sports at Walshaw (a fictitious spot) by reason of his having trained on the cinder track behind *The Fighting Cocks* (a very actual public-house). Let it, however, not be thought that Mr. Wouil's interest is purely local; his observations apply to all parts of the country wherever is known that invaluable and never-to-be-sufficiently-legislated-for entity, the working-man (Hear, hear), whom he exposes and shows to be no better then the rest of us (Shame). I was, I must say, surprised to find a son of this so humbly originating cobbler almost entangled in a dashing divorce case; but the fault of improbability is less with this novel than with the others which have always taught me to associate the pastimes of responding and co-responding exclusively with the higher and less innately virtuous classes.

On page 135 of *The Pilgrim from Chicago* (Longmans) its author, Mr. Christian Tearle, observes, "Describing places is a very troublesome business." It was, I suppose, because he felt this difficulty that he has tried to avoid it by filling his book of topography with dialogue, and inventing a visitor from the States to hang it upon. The idea, which he has used once before in *Rambles with an American*, is certainly ingenious—indeed, to my own thinking, a little too much so. Mr. Tearle's enthusiasms and information about old places and their associations would be more pleasing without this elaborate pretence. In short, the Chicago gentleman bored me. I felt all the time that if I had the author to myself, content just to point out things of interest and let me enjoy them, I should spend a much happier time than as eavesdropper to the frequently rather vapid conversation he exchanges with his American friend. Perhaps I am ungracious. No doubt there are many persons (I have a suspicion of their nationality) who will prefer this method of imparting knowledge, and for whom the *cliché*, so painfully frequent in Mr. Tearle's pages, will have no terrors. As it is for these that the book has obviously been written its success should be assured. It is only fair to add that even the most fastidious reader will find in it a wealth of engaging speculation and discovery, of which the scene is largely, though not solely, London. Hunters of the Dickensian snark should especially appreciate this book, above all for its wholly admirable photographs, many of which deal with spots that Mr. Tearle has identified in the novels. He has done this so cleverly that only the presence of the third party aforesaid prevented me from being properly grateful.

"It was an ideal morning, with the hounds still glowing in their brilliant autumn colours."—*Westmorland Gazette.*

Colour Enthusiast. "That 's a nice brown hound."

Huntsman. "Ah, but you should see him in his pretty green summer coat."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Bishop of CARLISLE says he was never so startled in his life as by the sight of fashions in London recently. This reminds us that we remember how amused *we* were the first time we saw a bishop.

* * *

With reference to the arrest of Mrs. PANKHURST, which was carried out in such a manner that the general public, Mrs. PANKHURST'S suffragette supporters and the Press representatives were all outwitted, it is felt in Fleet Street that the police were justified in hoodwinking the first two classes, but the besting of the Press-representatives bordered on an infringement of etiquette.

* * *

"MR. LLOYD GEORGE AT HOLLOWAY,"

said the poster. But of course they will let him out before long—like Mr. LARKIN.

* * *

Mr. KAINES SMITH, lecturing on "Beauty and Morality" at the Victoria and Albert Museum, described LEONARDO DA VINCI'S "Monna Lisa" as "one of the most actively evil pictures ever painted—one with an atmosphere of indefinable evil." The lady, it will be remembered, ended up by becoming the associate of thieves.

* * *

Meanwhile, after Mr. SMITH'S pronouncement, it will be interesting to see whether the thieves will now come forward and claim a reward for removing an evil influence that was a grave danger to Parisian morality.

* * *

It is good news that London is at last to have an efficient ambulance service, and that soon we shall not feel compelled to exercise such extreme caution in crossing the road.

* * *

"Feeder motor-'bus routes" is an expression which appears in an advertisement of the L.G.O.C. We imagine our old friend the Chocolate 'Bus will be found on one of these routes.

* * *

Tango classes for Army officers started last week in the Soldiers' Club at Bordon Camp, Hampshire. While it is a pity that we allowed the German army to forestall us in aeronautics, it really begins to look as if we may gain the lead here.

* * *

After being in a state of coma for the best part of a year, *The Sleeping Beauty* is to be revived at Drury Lane on Boxing-Day.

* * *

There would seem to be no limit to the enterprise of publishers. One of them has succeeded in persuading that recluse Colonel ROOSEVELT to talk about himself, and his autobiography is to appear next week.

* * *

A foolish lady recently enquired at a library whether *Richard Furlong* was a sequel to *Alice-for-Short*.

* * *

"Best regards to Sir William, the Duke, Mr. Beckford, and all our friends, and damn all our enemies," is an extract from a letter written by Lord NELSON to Lady HAMILTON which was sold last week at SOTHEBY'S. There is a rumour that the purchaser was Mr. LARKIN.

* * *

The hull of an early sixteenth century warship has been discovered at Woolwich, and our Radical economists are hoping that Mr. CHURCHILL may be able to adapt this to modern needs and reduce his estimates.

* * *

According to the *Dresdener Nachrichten*, a narcotic powder has been invented which will revolutionize warfare. Shells charged with this powder, when exploded among the enemy, will send them to sleep for several hours instead of killing them. It should, however, always be possible to send a rescue force with bagpipes.



"I WANT TO SEE SOME MUDGUARDS."
"FOR WHAT MAKE OF CYCLE, SIR?"
"THEY'RE NOT FOR A CYCLE, THEY'RE FOR ME."

ARTISTS AND AUDIENCES.

(How to mollify their mutual relations.)

["So that concert artists may not be discouraged by the indifference of audiences, Chevalier Arrigo Bocchi has planned a new scheme of lighting at St. James Hall, Great Portland Street, which he has acquired for a syndicate of music lovers. Lights will be focussed on the stage, the auditorium being in a state of semi-darkness which will shut out the audience from the sight of the performer."
Daily Mail.]

AN excellent beginning. Some further humane efforts of a like character seem to have escaped our bright little contemporary.

So that concert-goers may not be discouraged by the hideous antics of long-haired piano-thumpers, Signor Vertigo Bashwood has planned an entirely novel scheme at the Tubal Hall, New Bond Street, by which at the commencement of the programme an extinguisher made of perforated zinc is let down from the roof of the stage, which, while permitting the free passage of sound, will entirely shut out both instrument and performer from the sight of the audience.

So that indifferent theatrical artists may no longer be discouraged on first nights by the hoots and cat-calls of the audience, Professor Sumerun Rheingold has planned a new scheme of acoustics at the St. George's Theatre, by which at the conclusion of each Act (or indeed whenever circumstances seem to demand) the audience can be rendered entirely inaudible from the stage. The invention is said to have the hearty approval of Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

Much the same plan will be followed at the Adaptations Theatre, with one important difference, that here, on the approach of any line whose wealth of meaning is likely to discourage a family or episcopal audience, the stage manager is able by touching a lever instantly to sever the acoustic connection between the two sides of the footlights, which will only be restored when all possibility of danger is at an end.

An item of "Local News" in the *Teesdale Mercury*:—

"The Queen of Spain, who, prior to her marriage, visited the Bowes Museum, and who has completely recovered from her indisposition, will leave Paris to-morrow for England to visit her mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg."

But it might be wiser not to visit Bowes Museum again.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEAR FUTURE.

["We mean to see this thing through." *Mr. Asquith at Leeds.*
"We are bound to see the thing through." *Sir Edward Grey at Bradford.*]

We 're not so young as once we were;
Amid our raven locks
Unlovely intervals occur;
We shrink from sudden shocks;
Our salad days, a vivid green
Time has impaired their hue;
But we 've a stubborn will, and mean
To see this business through.

Owing to life's exhausting stress,
Coupled with growth of girth,
We move more slowly, we are less
Resilient in our mirth;
But still our heart, as ever keen
At Duty's call, will do
What England still expects: we mean
To see this business through.

Others may shirk the higher claim,
Over the sea may go
To sport with Chance at Monte's game
Or ski about the snow;
For us, we ask no change of scene,
No skies of borrowed blue;
We stay at home because we mean
To see this business through.

The pledge we gave to pay our debt
(Hands clasped in solemn grip)
We shall redeem with teeth hard set
And stiffened upper lip;
Boy! you may trust your Uncle; he
Has sworn to face with you
Even a pantomime, and see
This Christmas business through.

O. S.

SHOULD AN AUTHOR TELL?

It was a memorable morning on which I found myself in the waiting-room of Mr. Silas K. Joshfeller's Variety Agency. Again and again I had assured myself that, if one parson could wake up the music-hall world with a problem sketch, there was no reason on earth why another member of the Church should not meet with almost equal success. So that my natural trepidation was leavened by a measure of self-confidence. And yet I had an uneasy feeling that the little collection of music-hall artistes saw me coming—in the slang sense. Two men especially I singled out, and I could have sworn that I at once became the subject of their whispered conversation. One of these I took to be an American. He had the usual sartorial features, including a low-crowned felt hat, a suit not quite as broad as long, and a pair of indescribable boots. His companion was a big Irishman, and appeared to be a member of the hatless brigade. I remember thinking at the time that any man with such very musical hair could well afford to dispense with head covering.

With my wideawake and the book of my sketch in one hand I was just about to tap on the door marked "Private" with the other, when the American called out politely,

"Say, excuse me. I think you 'll find Mr. Joshfeller 's busy just now."

"Oh, thank you," I said, taking a step in the speaker's direction and realising that I had committed something approaching a breach of etiquette. "How thoughtless of me," I went on, setting out to be friendly. "Of course, all you ladies and gentlemen are also waiting for an interview."

"Waal, he 's naat an easy man to see," replied the American. "I should say a variety agent is somethin' like your Aarchbishop of Canterbury to git right hold of."

"Er—yes. With regard to the Archbishop," I said, "I have never had the pleasure. But I 've no doubt it 's an apt comparison. Perhaps you could tell me if they deal in sketches here?"

"I could naat. Sketches are naat in my line. I 'm a comedian. But see here. What is this sketch you 've gaat? Is it sensational, calmedy, or what?"

"Oh, it 's—it 's a problem sketch."

"Is ut funny?" asked the Irishman.

"Oh, no. Quite serious," I said. Here was an opportunity of gaining an unbiassed opinion, and, encouraged by their interest, I showed them the script and related the story in a few words.

"Sir," said the American, when I had finished, "that show would cause a riot on a cannibal island."

"Yo 'll be afther wantin' a fortune for ut?" asked the Irishman.

"Oh, no. Quite a modest sum would content me," I said. "But I 'm very gratified to think you like the idea."

"I 'm thinkin' ut 'll revolutionise the music-halls," said the Irishman. "Ye 'll want to use great caution the way ye dispose of ut."

"Yes, Sir!" added the American. "And listen here. I caan't let a man of your cloth rush into vaudeville without a woird of preparation, and without tellin' you that there 's some store of disillusionment waitin' for any stranger. All around you 'll find things are unreal. You 'll see Hindoos that are white men, Chinese that are Yanks, comedians that caan't make you laaf, and angelic-lookin' women that are naat. For instance, if you 've weighed me up at all you guess I 'm Amurrican. Sir, you think I 'm a genuine Yank. Waal, I 'm naat. I was born in Brixton, and never been out o' this country. But I know what pays. Now you caan't tell me you ain't shocked at that. Is it not deception? Do you, as a cleirgyman, think it 's right?"

"The question you put me is a difficult one," I answered after a moment's thought. "I have come here to find an opening for my sketch, and I realise that if I join the ranks of your profession I must conform to its customs. On the whole, I am inclined to take a rather broad-minded view. Perhaps if I myself were in any way connected with the Church—but, as a matter of fact, I 'm not."

The Brixton-American burst into a roar of laughter at this statement. The Irishman merely smiled a peculiar smile and nodded his head. I somehow felt very elated. It was as if I had already proved my worth in another sphere. The only tiny midge in my ointment was the thought that the Brixton-American combination rather tended to detract from the originality of my own enterprise.

"You see," I went on, trying to speak with indifference, "if a real parson can do this kind of thing, and cause a public sensation with the help of his clerical position, there seems to be no reason why a bogus one should fail. And I have no doubt that the sight of a clergyman will considerably impress a man of the variety agent type. Now don't you, as music-hall artistes, consider my idea rather ingenious? Don't you think that, compared with the ordinary ruse, it savours of originality?"

"Oh, say, I think it 's cute," said the Brixton-American, and laughed again.

"Shpeakin' for meself," remarked the Irishman, the lines about his mouth hardening in a quite unaccountable manner, "I 'll admit that yer cunning does not appeal to me. There 's deception *and* deception. And ut 's the public, and not the agents, that ye 've got to deceive. Maybe, if I was a music-hall artiste—but I 'm not. I 'm an agent. Me name 's Silas K. Joshfeller."

"Really?" I said. "I hope you will forgive my unfortunate intentions towards yourself."

"Ach! Your intintions and my idinthity don't matther at all at all. Ut 's your claim to one shpark of originality that dhrives me shtark ravin' mad. You and your rotten whiskered sketch and your pantomime parson make-up. Originality, begorra! Why, you 're the tenth sham priest that 's afther comin' up here wid sketches the last month."

The Surprise of the Week.

"There is no prospect of any change in the changeable weather."—*Manchester Courier.*



THE TRIBUTE OF ENVY.

Madame la République (*singing*). "J'AI FAIT SAUTER MON MINISTÈRE."

Mr. Bonar Law (*to Lord Lansdowne*). "ADMIRABLE WOMAN! THEY ORDER THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE."



"What d'you mean by making me slack up? You needn't get funky about an old horse like that shying!"
"Maybe, Sir, but he's a bit shaky on the legs and I had to think of the draught!"

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Why not make life a little
easier for your friends?
Why not rub off the corners?
And smooth out the creases?

The Bare Necessity Supply Association have the honour to announce their list of Daintiest Recencies for the Yule-Tide Season. Last year we had the pleasure of introducing to our patrons those three labour-saving devices—now to be found in every home—the Chipego, the Keepot and the Slipon.

Our Committee of Long-felt-want Experts has been at work again, and we now quote from this year's catalogue the following three Special Domestic Novelties and Aids to the Elegant Life.

(*Full catalogue sent on application by special delivery van.*)

No. 125463 B. The Chilcup.

This is a charming, indeed exquisite, little breakfast-table adjunct for those in a hurry. A most appropriate Christmas present for business men and others. It is a delicate little silver electric fan, which can be clipped on to the rim of the coffee-cup, to cool the contents. No more gulped coffee! No more missed trains!

No. 69 AAJ. The Asparaglove.

It has long been felt that something should be done to facilitate the eating of asparagus in public. There is nothing clumsy about the Asparaglove. It only encloses the thumb and first finger, and may be left in the finger-bowl if preferred. Supplied in dozens. A most appropriate and topical Christmas gift, but must be put aside—along with tennis shoes or parasol—till the proper season.

(Note.—It has been suggested to us that it might be a little awkward for the diner-out to come to the table wearing an Asparaglove when there was no asparagus provided. This difficulty can be easily overcome, however, by hostesses printing in the corner of invitation cards the one word "Asparagus." It should be in very small type and need not obtrude itself. N.B.—These cards can be obtained from our Stationery Dept. No. 111111121.)

No. 5151336 L.

The There-and-Back Spoon.

Beautifully simple in its operation. (May be had in sets of half-a-dozen with monogram.)

Have we not all met with the difficulty of eating cherry and other stone fruit with any degree of elegance? The problem is now solved, thanks to the secret chamber beneath the head of the spoon, which is always ready noiselessly to receive the stones as they are rejected.

Let us all do something to brighten the Home.

The Bare Necessity Supply Assoc.

"The '*Eclair*' says that Miss Pankhurst began to speak in French, but that, as she appeared insufficiently familiar with that language, she was obliged to continue in French. Part of the audience protested and others applauded."—*Westminster Gazette.*

We should have applauded her pluck while protesting against her unintelligibility.

"Lord Henley, of Watford Court, has just presented each of his estate cottagers with 10 cwt. of coal. The gifts are keenly reciprocated."—*Northampton Mercury.*

In fact they have a local proverb now about carrying coals to Henley, and his lordship wishes it to be understood that his cellars are full.

"In the last Act she commits suicide by throwing herself in front of a locomotive engine. This, of course, is not all that happens, but it is the main line."

Morning Post.

On a branch line you can't always be sure of getting an engine.

THE SPORTSMAN.

"Mr. Lumley to see you!" said the office-boy, interrupting my usual noonday nap.

"Lumley?" I said. "Lumley? I don't know anyone of that name. What does he want?"

"Says it's a private matter, Sir, and perticklý asks to have a few words."

"Oh, well, show him up."

For aught I know my visitor might be the secret emissary of a wealthy stranger who proposed to leave me an immense fortune. Such things do happen, I believe, at any rate in books.

I hurriedly arranged some important-looking documents on my writing-table, and had successfully assumed the attitude of a man immersed in affairs, whose valuable time was not lightly to be encroached upon, when Mr. Lumley was announced.

"I trust I'm not intruding, Mr. Biffin," he began, "but your name was given to me by Major Hardaway-Pilchard and Sir Edward Topping. I ventured, therefore —"

"It was kind of these gentlemen, whoever they may be, to give you that which did not belong to them," I remarked severely, "but I may as well say at once that I am totally unacquainted with either of them."

"I was talking to Captain Spindler only the other day," he continued unabashed, "and he said he was sure you would be interested in our little scheme."

"To the best of my belief," I replied, "I have never set eyes on Captain Spindler. But what is your 'little scheme,' as you call it?"

"Sir Edward Topping and Major Hardaway-Pilchard and, I may add, many other gentlemen equally well known in sporting circles, have long felt the want of a volume—a book of reference—that should contain brief biographies of persons who, like yourself, are interested in all matters connected with sport."

"I am certainly interested in sport," I began, "but I must confess that——"

"Exactly, Mr. Biffin! Precisely. And in this publication we propose to devote an entire page to every one of our leading British sportsmen who is good enough to provide materials for a biography. We thus hope to produce a work of absorbing interest, the value of which will be greatly enhanced by photograph portraits. I have been commissioned to approach you as one of our typical——"

"Really, Mr. Lumley, I can hardly be called typical."

"If you will kindly give me a brief sketch of your sporting career, I shall not detain you long, I assure you." He drew a note-book from his pocket. "In early life, Mr. Biffin," he continued, "you were, I believe, a keen footballer?"

"If there is one game I have always detested," I replied, "it is football. As a boy I was, of course, compelled to play it, but I never developed the least taste for it. When I left my private school I was still in the fourth eleven, and at Oxford I gave up the game altogether."

"At cricket, no doubt——"

"I was just as poor a performer. My batting average at Harrow never reached double figures, and the occasions on which I bowled a wicket were rare enough to be memorable."

"Polo, Mr. Biffin, I am sure you——"

"Never," I answered firmly. "Though as a member of Ranelagh I often enjoy watching the inter-regimental matches, I have too great a respect for my bones to take part in so dangerous a pastime."

"Oh, indeed!" Mr. Lumley appeared to be disappointed.

"I may further add," I went on, "that I am utterly useless at both tennis and croquet, while my handicap at golf is twenty-four. Indeed, until last summer it had always been thirty-two."

"Perhaps shooting and fishing are more in your line?"

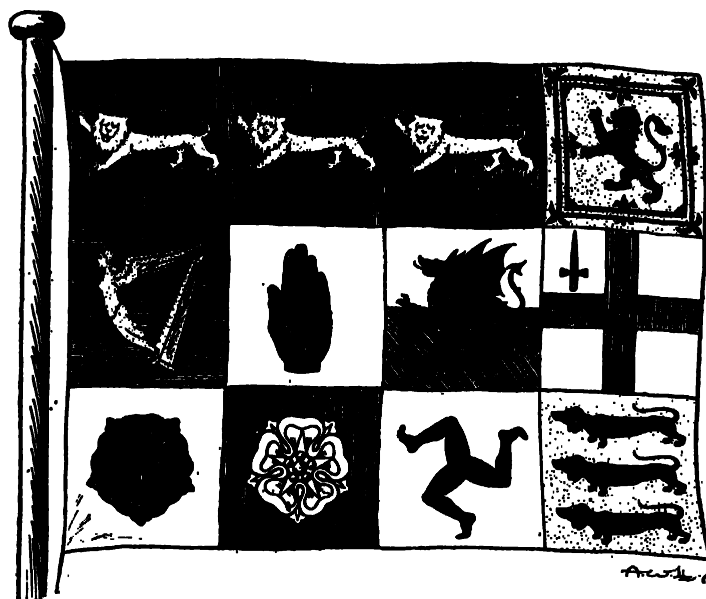
"I gave up shooting twenty years ago, because I never hit anything except a beater, and the only fishing I ever indulge in takes the form of a little mild shrimping during my summer holidays at the sea-side." I rose to my feet to intimate that the interview was at an end.

"I am very much obliged to you for all your valuable and interesting information," said Mr. Lumley as he left the room. "You shall hear from me later."

Three months elapsed and I had almost forgotten this interview when I was pleasantly surprised, one bright June morning, by the receipt of a handsomely-bound volume, entitled *Leaders of British Sport*, containing a slip inscribed, "With the Publisher's compliments. See p. 83." Turning hastily to the page mentioned I read the following notice:—

"Biffin, Reginald Drake.—Stock-broker; *b.* 1872; *educ.* Harrow and Oxford; *n.* of Sir Theodore Biffin, K.C.V.O.; four *s.* and two *d.*; owns three acres. Played football regularly for many years in a school eleven, but was not included in the team that represented Oxford at Blackheath in 1892. As a cricketer his batting average was remarkable, and the wickets he took on the playing-fields at Harrow are still remembered. Is deeply interested in polo, and though it would be unfair to compare him with players of the calibre of Mr. Buckmaster or the Brothers Waterbury he has long been a conspicuous and familiar figure at Ranelagh. Plays tennis and croquet with equal skill, and if his golf-handicap continues to be reduced at the present rate should undoubtedly become a scratch player in less than three years. Has renounced shooting in favour of the gentler art, and is considered by some to be among the keenest and not least successful salt-water fishermen on the South Coast . . ."

I could find nothing in all this that



"HOME RULE ALL ROUND."

(Suggested design for Royal Standard under the above arrangement.)

England, North. England, Midlands. England, South. Scotland. Ireland, South and West. Ulster. Wales. London. Lancashire. Yorkshire. Isle of Man. Isle of Dogs.



Conscientious Window-dresser. "MR. GRAHAM! WOULD YOU MIND GIVING MISS WILLCOX A CALL, AND ASK HER TO KINDLY STEP THIS WAY AND GIVE ME THIS POSE? I CAN'T QUITE GET WHAT I WANT."

seemed to call for criticism. As a brief epitome of my various activities in the realm of sport it seemed to be eminently truthful and satisfactory. I read it aloud to my wife after luncheon, and she expressed herself no less delighted than surprised by it.

"Oh, Reginald," she exclaimed affectionately, "why didn't you tell me all this before? I had no idea you'd done so much."

"There are some things one doesn't talk about," I replied modestly.

"Won't mother be pleased!" she continued.

"I hope so. It even occurs to me that a copy of this book would make a very suitable Christmas present for your dear mother, and indeed for Uncle Joseph and others of your relatives who don't perhaps appreciate me as much as——"

"Oh, wouldn't it!" she agreed enthusiastically. "I hope you'll order a dozen copies at least."

"That is what I propose to do. And now," I added, glancing at my watch, "I must be getting off to Ranelagh."

An anxious expression crossed my wife's face. "Reginald," she appealed, "polo is *such* a dangerous game. *Promise* me you won't take any risks!"

"Have no fears, darling," I replied with some emotion; "I promise."

THE PICTURE-PAPER TO ITS PUBLIC.

WE, who purvey pictorial news,
Profess the most enlightened views,
For we maintain that all sensation
Is ours, to share with you, the nation.
Down, therefore, with the social pest
Who hugs his horrors to his breast!
Down with the vile, self-centred man
Who keeps things private when he can!
We have our eye on him—we mark
All woes which he would fain keep dark.
Our Press photographer is out
To put his privacy to rout.
For all man's passion, grief, distress,
Are merely matter for the Press,
And mainly that which craves omission
Shall go to feed our vast edition.

Then, O our Public, gather near!
We've got a tit-bit! Just look here!
Here's something over which to gloat—
The funeral of a man of note.
We hope you will not fail to see
Our really painful Picture 3,
For we have had the luck to snap
The dead man's son (that tallish chap)
And favorite brother (head bent down,
Confound him!) walking through the town.
We got them, after quite a hunt,
At six yards' range from close in front.
It seems that, suffering as they were,
They shunned our Press photographer.
They didn't wish their grief to rise
Before a million pair of eyes;
Tried to escape from our molesting.
This makes the snap more interesting.

Here, then, they are: their sorrow's plain,
Or should be, to your eager brain.
Look at them closely; thus you will
Not fail to feel the authentic thrill.
Ah! ain't it sad to think those men
Have lost their loved one from their ken?
Could any other human sight
Harrow you more than such a plight?
Thanks to our enterprise you see
Their realistic misery
(Behind—see Picture 1—the bier).
Inset, we have the mourner's tear,
Taken while falling. Overleaf,
We chat about the widow's grief.

IN THE SWIM.

"Do you tango?" asked Miss Hopkins, as soon as we were comfortably seated. I know her name was Hopkins, because I had her down on my programme as Popkins, which seemed too good to be true; and, in order to give her a chance of reconsidering it, I had asked her if she was one of the Popkinses of Hampshire. It had then turned out that she was really one of the Hopkinses of Maida Vale.

"No," I said, "I don't." She was only the fifth person who had asked me, but then she was only my fifth partner.

"Oh, you ought to. You must be up-to-date, you know."

"I'm always a bit late with these things," I explained. "The waltz came to England in 1812, but I didn't really master it till 1904."

"I'm afraid if you wait as long as that before you master the tango it will be out."

"That's what I thought. By the time I learnt the tango, the bingo would be in. My idea was to learn the bingo in advance, so as to be ready for it. Think how you'll all envy me in 1917. Think how Society will flock to my Bingo Quick Lunches. I shall be the only man in London who bingoes properly. Of course by 1918 you'll all be at it."

"Then we must have one together in 1918," smiled Miss Hopkins.

"In 1918," I pointed out coldly, "I shall be learning the pongo."

My next partner had no name that I could discover, but a fund of conversation.

"Do you tango?" she asked me as soon as we were comfortably seated.

"No," I said, "I don't. But," I added, "I once learned the minuet."

"Oh, they're not very much alike, are they?"

"Not a bit. However, luckily that doesn't matter, because I've forgotten all the steps now."

She seemed a little puzzled and decided to change the subject.

"Are you going to learn the tango?" she asked.

"I don't think so. It took me four months to learn the minuet."

"But they're quite different, aren't they?"

"Quite," I agreed.

As she seemed to have exhausted herself for the moment, it was obviously my business to say something. There was only one thing to say.

"Do *you* tango?" I asked.

"No," she said, "I don't."

"Are you going to learn?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Ah!" I said; and five minutes later we parted for ever.

The next dance really was a tango, and I saw to my horror that I had a name down for it. With some difficulty I found the owner of it, and prepared to explain to her that unfortunately I couldn't dance the tango, but that for profound conversation about it I was undoubtedly the man. Luckily she explained first.

"I'm afraid I can't do this," she apologised. "I'm so sorry."

"Not at all," I said magnanimously. "We'll sit it out."

We found a comfortable seat.

"Do you tango?" she asked.

I was tired of saying "No."

"Yes," I said.

"Are you sure you wouldn't like to find somebody else to do it with?"

"Quite, thanks. The fact is I do it rather differently from the way they're doing it here to-night. You see, I actually learnt it in the Argentine."

She was very much interested to hear this.

"Really? Are you out there much? I've got an uncle living there now. I wonder if——"

"When I say I learnt it in the Argentine," I explained, "I mean that I was actually taught it in St. John's Wood, but that my dancing mistress came from——"

"In St. John's Wood?" she said eagerly. "But how funny! My sister is learning there. I wonder if——"

She was a very difficult person to talk to. Her relations seemed to spread themselves all over the place.

"Perhaps that is hardly doing justice to the situation," I explained again. "It would be more accurate to put it like this. When I decided—by the way, does your family frequent Paris? No? Good. Well, when I decided to learn the tango, the fact that my friends the Hopkinses of St. John's Wood, or rather Maida Vale, had already learnt it in Paris naturally led me to—I say, what about an ice? It's getting awfully hot in here."

"Oh, I don't think——"

"I'll go and get them," I said hastily; and I went and took a long time getting them, and, as it turned out that she didn't want hers after all, a longer time eating them. When I was ready for conversation again the next dance was beginning. With a bow I relinquished her to another.

"Come along," said a bright voice behind me; "this is ours."

"Hallo, Norah, is that you? Come on."

We hurried in, danced in silence, and then found ourselves a comfortable seat. For a moment neither of us spoke . . .

"Have you learnt the tango yet?" asked Norah.

"Fourteen," I said aloud.

"Help! Does that mean that I'm the fourteenth person who has asked you?"

"The night is yet young, Norah. You are only the eighth. But I was betting that you'd ask me before I counted twenty. You lost, and you owe me a pair of ivory-backed hair-brushes and a cigar-cutter."

"Bother. Anyhow, I'm not going to be stopped talking about the tango if I want to. Did you know I was learning? I can do the scissors."

"Good. We'll do the new Fleet Street movement together, the scissors-and-paste. You go into the ball-room and do the scissors, and I'll—er—stick here and do the paste."

"Can't you really do any of it at all, and aren't you going to learn?"

"I can't do any of it at all, Norah. I am not going to learn, Norah."

"It isn't so very difficult, you know. I'd teach you myself for tuppence."

"Will you stop talking about it for threepence?" I asked, and I took out three coppers.

"No."

I sighed and put them back again.

* * * * *

It was the last dance of the evening. My hostess, finding me lonely, had dragged me up to somebody, and I and whatever her name was were in the supper room drinking our farewell soup. So far we had said nothing to each other. I waited anxiously for her to begin. Suddenly she began.

"Have you thought about Christmas presents yet?" she asked.

I nearly swooned. With difficulty I remained in an upright position. She was the first person who had not begun by asking me if I danced the tango!

"Excuse me," I said. "I'm afraid I didn't—would you tell me your name again?"

I felt that it ought to be celebrated in some way. I had some notion of writing a sonnet to her.

"Hopkins," she said; "I knew you'd forgotten me."

"Of course I haven't," I said, suddenly remembering her. The sonnet would never be written now. "We had a dance together before."

"Yes," she said. "Let me see," she added, "I did ask you if you danced the tango, didn't I?" A. A. M.

"As Richard looked at the girl her whole throat and face rose in one soft wave."
London Budget.

It would have drowned the affection of any man but Richard.

THE TANGO IN THE BALL-ROOM.



As letters in the papers from amateur social reformers would have us imagine it.



And as we have actually seen it.



Vedette (on Irish manœuvres). "Well, they may 'ave their bloomin' 'Ome Rule, their whole blessed country, an' 'arf India to dry it in for anythink *I* cares!"

THE ROUND-SHOT OF ENGLAND.

(*On reading the news that December* 11*th is the last day for dispatching Christmas puddings to Roumania* viâ *Germany.*)

By south, by north, from Thames to Forth,
The fair projectile sails;
What packing up of soundless bombs
For unforgotten Dicks and Toms
In far-off places of the earth,
From Leeds, from Exeter, from Perth
(And very possibly from Porth,
Glamorgan county, Wales)!

They bring no shame of shells that maim,
But only Christmas cheer;
Charged with the fruitage of the grape,
With shrapnel spice they round the Cape,
But not the Horn (why not? Aha!
That new canal at Panama);
They burst into a blue-green flame
By many an unknown pier.

The white-winged gulls attend the hulls
That bear them to the west;
The camels in the Libyan sand,
Who watch the old mirage expand
And feign belief with wondrous tact,
Trudge on with these all neatly packed
In suitable receptacles
And properly addressed.

They speed; and if by texture stiff
Or too luxuriant plums
On eaters of so godlike fare
There falls some aftermath of care,
How short-lived that internal pain,
How fond the memories that remain
Of home and England! What a whiff
Of Piccadilly comes!

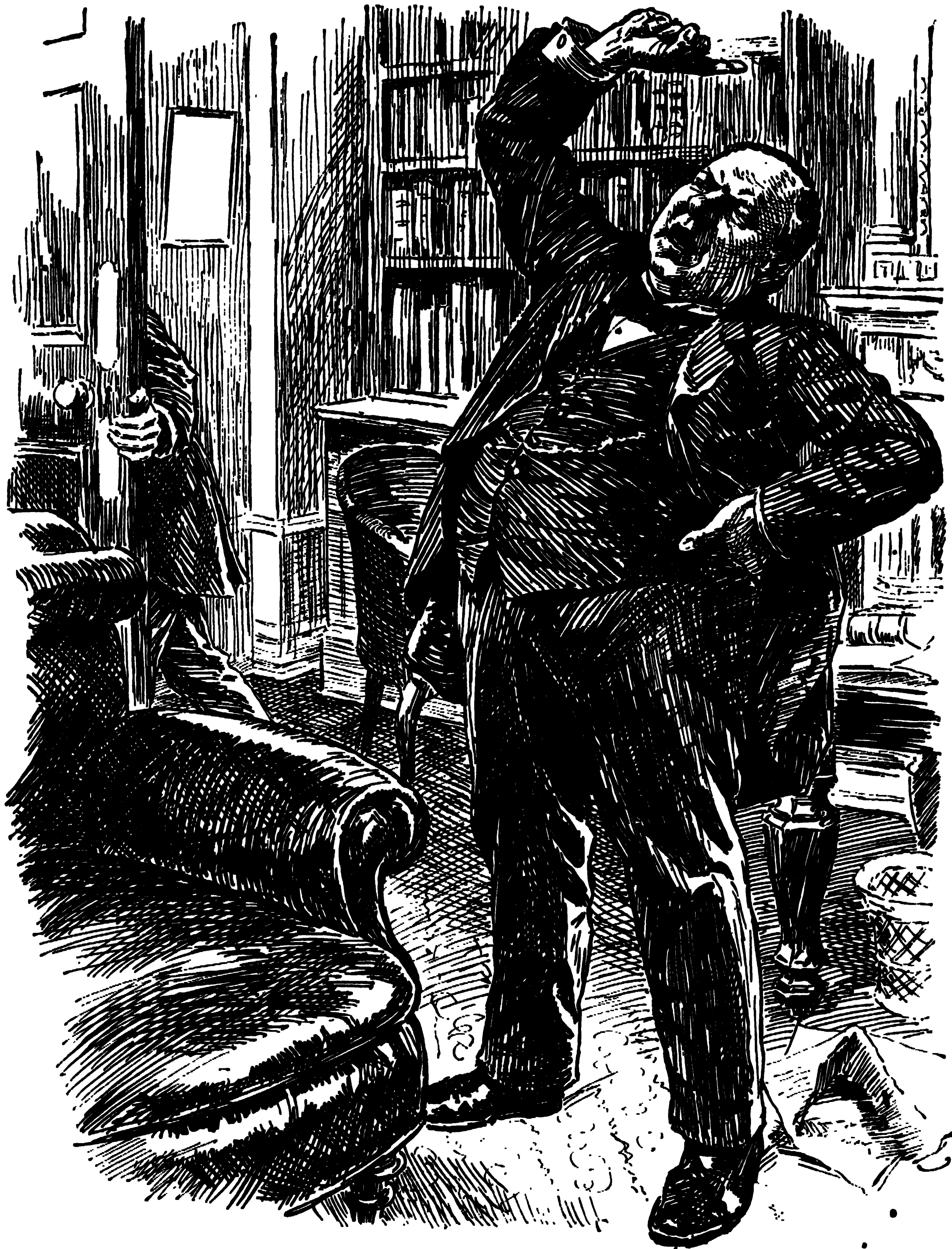
But most of all I love to call
Sweet images to mind
Of aliens not of English blood
Who hear the Saxon pudding thud,
Who see, who crave, who taste, who smile
At this first glory of our isle,
Who bow the knee at last, and fall
With England's suet lined.

So, fat and sweet with all things meet,
I like to think there ride
Tremendous orbs of British duff,
Fulfilled with Orient fruits enough,
On Teuton rails from Teuton shores
To where Roumania smelt the wars,
That smoked about the Balkans' feet
And vanquished Turkey's pride.

Evoe.

"MEXICAN AFFAIRS
President Will Reject American Diamonds."
Natal Advertiser.

Bribery is of little use with your true Mexican.



"AS MAN TO MAN."

Lord Haldane. "ONE HUNDRED AND TENTHLY AND LASTLY—IF I MAY BE PERMITTED TO GET IN A WORD EDGEWAYS——"

[Fancy picture of Lord Haldane's ideal of a conference: that "one on each side . . . should come together and talk with the unrestrained freedom with which men talk when they are talking to each other in private, as man to man."]

THE DRUDGE.

"George, old man," said James, drawing up his chair to my end of the table, after Christine had gone out and left us to our male pursuits, "I want a heart-to-heart talk with you, old man."

I handed him the decanter and preserved a non-committal silence. The sudden prominence of the phrase "old man" in his conversation led me to expect the worst.

He pulled his chair even closer and stretched out an affectionate hand towards me. I placed a cigar in it, thus avoiding what was obviously to have been a long silent grip. "You and I have been the best of pals," he asserted.

"Pals!" I said with scorn. "Nay, chums."

But he was not to be deterred. "When we were boys together, we fought often, but we loved each other if boys ever did."

I gave him a very searching look. "James," I demanded, "is this morbid gush the preface of a jest or a money application; or is it drink, or" and a horrible suspicion came over me "is it an engagement?"

He extended some more hands in my direction. "She is the dearest girl on earth," said he.

The deathless clasp was now inevitable. "No doubt," I said, clasping with all appropriate enthusiasm. We have known each other for a long time, thought I to myself as we held on, but are we all this to each other?

"You must hear all about her," said James.

"Must I?" said I.

* * * * *

"Really?" "Quite so," and "Well, I never!" said I from time to time.

* * * * *

I found myself wondering if I was like this when I was engaged to Christine . . . whose birthday, by-the-by, was on the morrow . . . which reminded me that I had promised her a new driver . . . which made me ask myself, "Had I ordered my own?" . . . which recalled to me that I should have to get my clubs from Wimbledon in the morning and that I had promised Hartree to be at Richmond by 10.30 . . . This took some arranging . . . I arranged it . . . The best way would be to taxi to . . . There was a sudden burst of silence, and I awoke to find James regarding me with a cold, hurt, indignant stare.

"You are not interested a little bit," said he.

"On the contrary," I protested, "I congratulate you with all the sincerity of which I am capable."



Unfortunate Pedestrian (who has been knocked down and is a little dazed). "Where am I? Where am I?"

Enterprising Hawker. "'Ere y'are, Sir — map o' London, one penny."

"Idle and meaningless words," said he.

"It is my passionate belief," I swore, "that you have done the best possible thing for yourself in getting engaged to . . . Help me out with the name."

James paid no attention to me.

"At any rate," I continued, "whatever her name, I stand here for engagements in the abstract. Why? Because as often as not they lead to marriages. And why do I advocate marriage as an institution? Because it provides a man with a helpmate, someone with whom to share his joys and his sorrows and the joys and the sorrows of his friends. My dear fellow, I cannot tell you what your news means to me," I added rising. "But I know who can, and that's Christine."

Even so James was all for shaking my dust off his feet.

"Very well," I said; "but you must say good-night to her before you go."

I pushed him into the drawing-room and withdrew before he had finished telling Christine that he really must go. Two hours later I came back to tell him myself that he really must go. "But first," I said, "you must have something to moisten your parched throat.'

"Let us drink your Audrey's health," said Christine; and James, who was now all over himself again, insisted upon drinking also the health of all his many friends.

"How many?" I asked. "About fifty odd?"

James put the number even higher.

"And one by one, they'll get engaged?" I suggested.

James fervently hoped they would.

"And one by one they'll insist upon your hearing all about it?"

James went on hoping.

I yawned comfortably. "Well, if your Audrey likes the prospect," said I, "it's her affair, not mine."

STUDIES OF REVIEWERS.

III.—The New Art Critic of *The Times*.

Amongst recent exhibitors at the Neo-British Art League there are few more arresting painters than Mme. Strulda Brugh, yet even she has never chosen a more radiantly intractable theme than that of her "Pekinese Puppies" (92). Her method is flatly antipodean to that of the Congestionist school represented by M. Pipposquillaco in that she deanthromorphizes her scheme of pigmentation into nodules of aplanatic voluminosity.

It is perfectly obvious that by the evaluation of the subliminal factors and the substitution of rhomboidal for conical elasmobranchs, each bounded by its own laminated penumbra, a sense of pragmatic serenity should result as contrasted with the stark jocosity of the Congestionists. But it is still more obvious that if you press this hypothesis to its logical extreme and introduce the whole-tone scale of colour into a polyphonic pattern where only conjunct chromatic progressions are available, the conflict of the equal and the unequal temperament resolves itself into a *tessitura* so rarefied that the conscientious critic can only cope with the resulting discord by submerging himself and his readers in the profundities of a polysyllabic pomposity. To put it in rather simpler language, the eye of the observer must be buttressed by the ability to supplement the conscious recognition of the exact angle of the implied rays of light with the definite disengaging of what is typical of that direction and to be maintained in a summary, and what is accidental and therefore to be deleted.

When, therefore, as in the case of Mme. Strulda Brugh's picture, we have to assume a fluorescent reticulation of the interstitial sonorities, a situation is developed which might well baffle any but an advanced expert in transcendental mathematics. As a result the modelling of the puppies' tails is lacking in curvilinear conviction; their heads fail in leonine suggestiveness, their fore-paws in prehensile subjectivity; and we feel sure that the late Dowager Empress of China would have been disappointed with the arbitrary simplification of the dynamic illusions germane to so imperial a theme.

Marcellus Thom and Others.

Mr. Marcellus Thom exhibits a large fresco, "Sardine Fishers in the Adriatic" (99), executed in creosoted truffle-stick, which is a masterpiece of suppressed yet dignified antinomianism. Wonderful though the drawing and the interfiltration of co-ordinating paraboloids are, it is the psychological content of the picture rather than its direct presentative significance which affects the *solar plexus* of the enlightened onlooker. The whole atmosphere is summarised and condensed in a circumambient and oleaginous *aura*. We see no sardines anywhere, but we are delicately subconscious of them translated to their tins, and consecrated to the gulosity of the sympathetic gastronome. To do full justice to such a picture is unhappily beyond the resources of the most sublime preciosity. It demands the *ἐσωτερικὴ φλυαρία* of Theopompus of Megalocrania, or even the *intima desipientia* distilled in the *Atopiad* of Vesanus Sanguinolentus.

The Art of Miss Bolster.

The successful employment of the sophisticated apparatus of the Congestionist in order to pervert or disintegrate the appearances of nature does not, of course, prove an adequate substitute for pure "patternization," to quote the useful if somewhat barbarous neologism of Professor Slattery; and the importance of a due discrimination in this regard is strikingly demonstrated in the work of Miss Toupie Bolster. Of her ten contributions "A Study in Oxford Socks" (99) is perhaps the most realistically satisfying, reminding one in its hectic diathesis of the florid chromolithographs which dedecorated the Christmas numbers of the early eighties. Yet in her other picture, "Girls Playing Rugby Football" (82), there is a vigorous economy of outline, a sort of jejune spirituality that recalls the early work of Bomboudiac, or perhaps rather of Etienne Jauréguiberry. Observe here the dramatic import of the foreshortening of the left leg of the three-quarters in the middle distance. The expression on the features of the scrummagers is admirably summarised, but it is a pity that so much dynamic intensity should be neutralized by the somewhat perfunctory triangulation of the successive sections of the linear boundaries.

On a lower plane of achievement we may notice the deftly suggested interior of Mr. Snitram's "Coal Shoot" (21), the ingenuous pigment of Miss Olga Pupe's "Hara-Kiri" (74), the business-like planning of washes in M. Margelet's "Crab-catchers in the Humber" (42), the delicious "Clothes Line in a High Wind" (122), by Mme. de Tilkins, and the superb *bravura* of Mr. Nigel Guggenheimer's portrait of Mr. Adrian Stoop (14), though we boggle a little at the false *appoggiatura*, so to speak, introduced by the lighting of the left nostril. It is a subject which M. Bombinante would have treated with a more poignant and intimate particularity of sentiment.



Pat (selling a young horse). "Mind moty cars, is it? Sure, yesterday one passed the size of a house, an' *she chased it to Clonmel*."

CLEMENT CLINGENPEEL.

(*A Memoir.*)

The late Clement Clingenpeel was a life-size piano-tuner. He would rather have been anything else, but then all the Clingenpeels right away back have been life-size piano-tuners, and it is no use grousing at destiny. There was an old legendary couplet about the Clingenpeels which I have forgotten, though this is the sense of it:—

> "Chow, chough, chuff, clipping Clingenpeel;
> Oranges and lemons ——"

This is the bit I 've forgotten, but it ends in "eel" to rhyme.

Briefly what it means is that, come weal, come woe, no Clingenpeel can expect to earn any money save by tuning pianos. (One of the Clingenpeels set up once in business as a builder of dust-destructors. But one of his machines, to the surprise of one

of his patrons, one day in one year commenced to destroy dust, and so people lost faith in it.

My Clement—I call him my Clement because he owed me all his prospective income—although a loyal piano-tuner, had tried his hand at several minor pursuits. He failed at them all, which does seem to bear out in a way the truth of that superstitious old couplet. Ah, I remember it now. It goes:—

"Chow, chough, chuff, clipping Clingenpeel;
Oranges and lemons—"

Dash it! It's gone again. I know perfectly well what the next word is. It rhymes with one of those places where Queen Elizabeth stayed for one night only, and in shape it is like a banana. But the actual word escapes me. However, I will think of it presently. (If you're gone, I'll send it to you on a postcard.)

Well, Clement tried for one thing to be a dramatist. He wrote a play about three generations. This was how he mapped it out:—

Act I.—Pithecanthropus, 400,000 B.C.
Act II.—Anthropus, 1913 A.D.
Act III.—Hyperanthropus, 400,000 A.D.

His idea was to get someone to do Act I., someone to do Act II. and Shaw to do Act III., and give them a proportion of the royalties. It all stopped at the idea, however, and perhaps it was as well.

Clement was in many ways unlucky. In fact he used to say to me, "Sir, I have an unlucky number." This was fourteen. There may be nothing in it, but he died on the 21st (which, after all, is $\frac{3}{2}$ of 14), had seven children (which, after all, is $\frac{1}{2}$ of 14), and was exactly fourteen months in arrear with the rent. Fourteen was his unlucky break at billiards. He couldn't get past it. He'd either make fourteen or twenty-eight (which, after all, is just twice fourteen) or something a mere trifle more or less. There may be nothing in it, of course, but he believed in it, poor chap, and he's gone now. I remember his saying to me when borrowing money, "Fourteen pounds will be enough, Sir, but it's unlucky. Make it fifteen." I never refused. For the sake of one pound why deny him his whim?

I never knew such a happy family man as Clement Clingenpeel. Sometimes he would even speak to his wife at dinner, and her eyes would light up with admiration and affection. When he threw anything it was never the bootjack. He would amuse the children for hours by shaking the coppers out of their money-boxes, and on their birthdays he would measure their height against the wall and give them his blessing. Of literature he left little behind. A few letters, terse and to the point, may be found in the files of *Concord: the Organ of the International Association of Piano-tuners*, with his signature appended, but save in one instance the subject is too technical to be of general interest. I quote the exception:—

Dear Sir,—This is the twenty-first anniversary of my joining the I.A.P.T. Wishing you and all fellow I.A.P.T.s the best,

Thanking you, yours,
C. Clingenpeel, I.A.P.T.

There is something of the man's fine nature in that missive. It gladdens me to think that his departed spirit may be aware of the simple inscription on the urn (containing his ashes) that stands on my mantelpiece—

Clingenpeel, Clement, I.A.P.T.
1860—1913.

Many misunderstood mortals
Leave to the living their life.

Rather good, I think. Mysterious and melancholy without being maudlin.

P.S.—The new piano-tuner's name is Henry Zinnpank. That's the sort of luck I have.



Pavement Artist (on duty). "I can't reckon it up. I draw a lot better'n you do an' yet I don't get 'arf the money."

Pavement Artist (off duty). "Yer subjicks is all wrong. Bits o' salmon is out o' date. I done tremenjus bisniss in the summer with 'Obbs an' Rufus Isicks, an' now I'm runnin' Bomb. Wells, Gaby and Larkin, an' they're goin' good."

"Now for the cars. . . . They would naturally turn into Argyle Street at the top of Oswald Street, and thus restore at the corner of Argyle Street and Jamaica Street the very congestion which they had relieved at the corner of Jamaica Street and Argyle Street."—*Glasgow News.*

It seems hardly worth it.

MR. PUNCH'S OWN INDIAN POET.

It is well known that *Mr. Punch* desires to keep abreast of all such literary movements as may elevate humanity by purifying the more obvious emotions and throwing a veil of poetry over the expression of thought. It is plain that this object cannot be properly attained without the possession of at least one highly qualified Indian poet ready at all times to break into verse (or, as some might say, to drop into poetry) on every subject that may conceivably be treated through the medium of metre. Such an assistant *Mr. Punch* has at last secured. It is not necessary that this gentleman's name should be divulged. *Mr. Punch's* word is a sufficient guarantee both for the poet's existence and for his unimpeachable good faith in the discharge of his poetical duties. Moreover, it is not to be supposed that *Mr. Punch* would be willing to pay the substantial honorarium to which he has committed himself unless he had previously satisfied himself that his poet was the genuine article.

After much consideration *Mr. Punch* has decided not to publish his poet's effusions in the original. It is a characteristic of true Indian poetry that it should be as effective in a prose translation as in its own language. It is only necessary to add that *Mr. Punch's* corps of translators has all the best Rabindranath qualifications, and that their work may be depended upon to convey to English readers all the simple mysticism and the plaintive outpourings which distinguish the votaries of the Indian muse.

In order to prove that he is not talking at random or attempting to mislead his readers, *Mr. Punch* ventures to append two specimens of his poet's work.

I.

A Woman in the Moonlight.

The moon is shining as moons have sometimes shone through hours that would otherwise have been devoid of light. O pale moon, what art thou shining upon and what becomes of thy beams when they have completed their work of shining? Does the quiet pool absorb them? Nay, the pool sends them back with renewed brilliance. Does the buffalo in the pasture fill his mouth with them and use them as a cud to be chewed placidly? Not so, for he has grass, which for the buffalo is better and more palatable than moonbeams. Who then is this walking with silver feet through the sleeping village?

It is a woman, and to her the moonlight is as a home. She has knees and ankles and arms—think of it, O my heart: knees and ankles and arms. Silver bangles are on her wrists and her hair is dusky with the kisses of the south wind.

She approaches and her eyes gaze into the night. What does she see in the night? Does she see my love in the night while I myself am concealed behind the wall? O wall of my safe concealment, let me cling to thee while she passes.

O my fair one, thy veil is as an enchantment and the turn of thy shoulder breathes mystery.

The moon has faded, and thou, too, hast vanished, but I will return and sing thy praises.

II.

The Flowing of the River.

My beloved is poised upon the river-bank with a delicate poising. Waft your favours to her, ye breezes, and make her fair with all your gifts of beauty. If she be not beautiful how shall she be sung? But she is beautiful, with one foot dipped in the cool surface of the water.

When the soul is young it sings like a bird in the topmost branches of the tree. Sing, thou careless bird, and my soul shall sing too. But my soul can do more than sing. My soul can fly, bearing a message. My soul can skim along the river and can kiss the moist toes of her dipped foot.

Lo, she raises her foot, for she has felt the kiss, though it was light as the rustle of the tamarisk. Canst thou kiss like that, O hard-beaked bird?

The foregoing specimens are, in *Mr. Punch's* opinion, sufficient for his purpose. Not only will they be appreciated, he feels sure, by all readers who have refused to close their minds to the appeal of a poetry which is at once sensuous and refined and passionate and restrained, and which, without sacrificing sound to sense, tends to raise those who read it far above the harassing conventions of a life lived in these islands; they will also, he has no hesitation in saying, bring conviction to the soul of the most hardened and contemptuous cynic.

THE SHIP'S KITTEN.

It was a barque that dropped down the river
  For the Indies or the Isthmus, and it rained a bit and blew;
She had a cargo of deals to deliver
  And the Tower Bridge was lifted to let her go through;
  "Hoo-*oo*," said the syrens, "hoo-*oo*" and "hoo-*oo*,"
  "The *Ark* she got her anchor up when early fell the dew";
  But the little ship's kitten it started to mew!

When they got to the Bay the cook's bell tinkled,
  Though the big seas they tumbled and the big seas they rolled,
And through the rain squalls a lone beam twinkled,
  Flashing and wheeling at night-time to behold.
  "*Ser-wosh*," said the great seas so black and so bold,
  "The *Ark* made heavy weather we have always heard it told";
  And the little ship's kitten it let its tea get cold!

But when they got to the calm Equator,
  The sun was setting crimson, very hot and heathenish,
And the stars turned over, and the moon grew greater
  Low on the yard-arm like a big gold dish;
  "*Swish*," sighed the little seas, "*ser-wish*" and "*ser-wish*,"
  "The Lord He sent an olive-branch to them that did languish";
  And the little ship's kitten it caught a flying-fish.

And when they got back from the Indies or the Isthmus,
  The Isthmus or the Indies, whichever they'd been at,
They'd not seen the Thames since t'other side of Christmas,
  And the Tower Bridge rose end-ways that lay down so flat;
  "Hoo-*oo*," said the syrens, "how's that?" and "how's that?"
  "We've sailed the Flood a twelve-month and we're fain for Ararat,"
  And the little ship's kitten had grown to a cat!

"More than 2,000 persons work in Somerset House, and not a soul sleeps on the premises."—*Daily Express.*

We suppose we must accept this tardy vindication of the Government clerk, but the popular legend as to how he spends his time in Somerset House will not easily be allowed to die.



Small Daughter of Fortune (as third trolley goes by). "I really think, Mummy, it must be somebody's birthday."

THE WILL.

Mr. Gannaway was an elderly merchant who lived in one of the large outlying towns in the South of London. Let us call it Troydon. Every day he went up to town by the 8.43; every evening he returned by the 6.15. His house was only a few yards from the station.

Mr. Gannaway was an ordinary person in most ways, but he had a peculiarity. He could not bear noise, and day by day he noticed that the Troydon railway men were becoming noisier. The porters and inspectors banged the doors with more abandon than of old, the engine-drivers let out steam with a more shattering roar and whistled louder than they had ever done, while the shunting at night had become an outrage.

Mr. Gannaway did not want to leave his house, nor was he sufficiently superior to other people's laughter to adopt ear-flaps, as Herbert Spencer used to do, on the platform and in the train. He therefore, like a wise man, hit on a ruse . . .

"Do you happen to have seen to-day's *Troydon Gazette?*" he asked the more talkative of the inspectors one morning.

"No, Sir," he said. "I've got it, but I haven't had time."

"There's a curious thing in it that ought to be interesting to some of you here," said Mr. Gannaway, and passed on.

The inspector took the earliest opportunity of searching the paper for the item. He found it at last under the heading

Troydon Resident's Strange Will.

The article ran thus:—

"A legal correspondent, who states that he is committing no breach of etiquette in thus divulging information acquired professionally, tells us that he has just drawn up a very interesting will for an infirm and elderly lady who occupies rooms in a house on the outlying Rawson Estate. So much did she once suffer from nerves due to reckless noises made by various forms of workmen—clumsy railway porters who bang doors that could as easily be shut quietly, careless engine-drivers who overdo their whistling and make their brakes scream, and so forth—to which, indeed, she attributes her poor health in the past years, that she has determined to devote some of her great wealth to an attempt to abate this nuisance.

"Believing that charity should begin at home, she has set apart a considerable sum as the nucleus of a fund, the interest on which is to be distributed every Christmas by the station-master among the railwaymen of Troydon if, in the opinion of six regular passengers to be selected by him, the improvement in the noise nuisance merits it. Otherwise the money is to be applied to other purposes which she names.

"Since making this will," the article ended, "we regret to hear the lady was taken worse and now lies in a precarious state, so that the provisions of it may too soon be operative."

"That's a bit of all right," said the inspector, and passed the news about for the rest of the day. The result was that the station gradually became a much more civilised place and Mr. Gannaway has lost that worried look.

The lady is still alive. Every effort to find out who she is has failed; but the railway staff believe in her absolutely, which is more than Mr. Gannaway does.

LUCK.

Thou that hast baffled many an earnest thinker,
Strange Power, whose wayward fancies none may guess,
That canst o'errule the great, or idly tinker
With trifling men in equal freakishness,
Thou that dost one hour ban, another bless,
More dour than thunder, brighter than the sun,
O Luck, O sovereign Luck, thee to address
Has long been my desire, mysterious one,
And now, I think, I see my way to get it done.

I am not of the narrow heirs of Science
Who, with a high contempt that nothing awes,
Deny thee flatly, in serene defiance
Of aught that reigns beyond her formal laws;
Who, when they profit for no seeming cause,
Ascribe it to their own deserts and skill,
Yet, when some looked-for gift eludes their jaws,
Turning, they mourn their luck with right good will,
Nor bless thee for the good, but damn thee for the ill.

And there be some who, finding thee capricious
Beyond all hope, assume a cold neglect
Of thy dark forces which, if thou wert vicious,
Would rouse thee probably to some effect.
I join them not; nor yet that wider sect
Who, viewing thee in undisguised alarm,
Offer their worship with an awed respect,
With strict observance due and solemn charm
Which, if it does no good, they hope will do no harm.

These in their little lives are ever flustered
By signs and portents sombre as the tomb;
They find them in a magpie or the mustard;
Upon their path a ladder casts a gloom
As of a cypress; some there are for whom
The dawn of Friday has an evil eye,
And Thirteen is a number great with doom;
There is no rite too strange for these to ply,
And they might save their time for all they get thereby.

For I, that long have sought thee in thy doings,
Have noticed how the wildest votary came,
For all the pious ardour of his wooings,
Out in the end to pretty much the same
As he that paid no honour to thy name.
Here thou wouldst frown, and haply there wouldst smile,
And one would lose, or win, his little game,
Till I, that searched thee out, for quite a while
Had well-nigh giv'n thee up, thou wast so volatile.

Yet there is this wherein I judge thee surely.
For thou art female; by these very traits
Female, and therefore one may swear securely
Ripe to be wooed, if one could only raise
The proper system. I for many days
Have pondered on this matter, and I ween
That thou art tired of too obsequious ways,
And seekest, even as seeks a weary queen,
Simply by way of change, a decent 'twixt and 'tween.

Wherefore I step me forth to woo thy favour.
Withholding not thy fair and rightful due,
I do not with crude flatteries beslaver
Thy sick and female soul, as others do.
The rites that I enjoin are strict but few—
Enough to win thy notice, not to pall:
I turn my coppers when the moon is new;
No peacock plumes affront my sober hall
With their malignant eyes: and that, I think, is all.

Thus, then, O Luck, to-day I lay before thee
An opportunity thou long hast lacked
To pour thy horn on one that does not bore thee
Or hold thee light, and is, in point of fact,
A worthy object for some graceful act.
I would not specify the royal boon,
But leave it to thy dormant sense of tact;
Fame, Love, and Money make a good Triune;
These would suffice at first; and kindly send them soon.

Dum-Dum.

A FREE EXCHANGE OF VIEW.

I ought to say at the start that Robinson and I are not the leaders of our respective political parties, but we share with them some of the foibles of our common humanity.

"Hadn't we better sit down and talk this matter over together, and try to come to some agreement?" said Robinson, as he got up and put on his overcoat.

"The sooner the better, the sooner the better," said I, and left the room very hurriedly.

I saw him again next day, for our trams met on the Embankment. I was pleased to notice that he had not forgotten his conciliatory proposal, for just as we passed each other he leaned over the top and called out, "When shall we meet?"—but unfortunately he was out of car-shot while I was still trying to find the place in my diary.

It was Saturday afternoon before I came across him again. I was playing to the 13th hole, and as he was bunkered at the 9th I cannot have been more than 50 yards away. "What about that talk?" I shouted. I saw the sand fly vigorously and his mouth move, but I am a purist in these matters and do not consider an expletive as good as an appointment.

Later in the evening he passed my house in a motor. I was not there, but the lodgekeeper told me that he had not exactly stopped, but "had slowed up like, and thrown out his card." The card had "Better come and see me" pencilled in one corner, and "Mind the dog" in another.

So I got out my monoplane on Sunday and flew across his grounds. I lipped the lip four times in succession, and at the conclusion of a long fanciful flight, in which I put myself and the whole situation repeatedly upside down, I dropped an explosive on his dog-kennel from a distance of 1,000 feet. I did not alight, for Robinson was not visible, and he would, of course, quickly understand that I had as good as called.

That is how the position stands at the moment, but it is something to know that we are alike in our desire to meet, and when we do I am sure we shall arrange something, for we are sensible men.

There is to be a dinner in Southport to some of the local boatmen and fishermen. Says *The Southport Visiter*:—

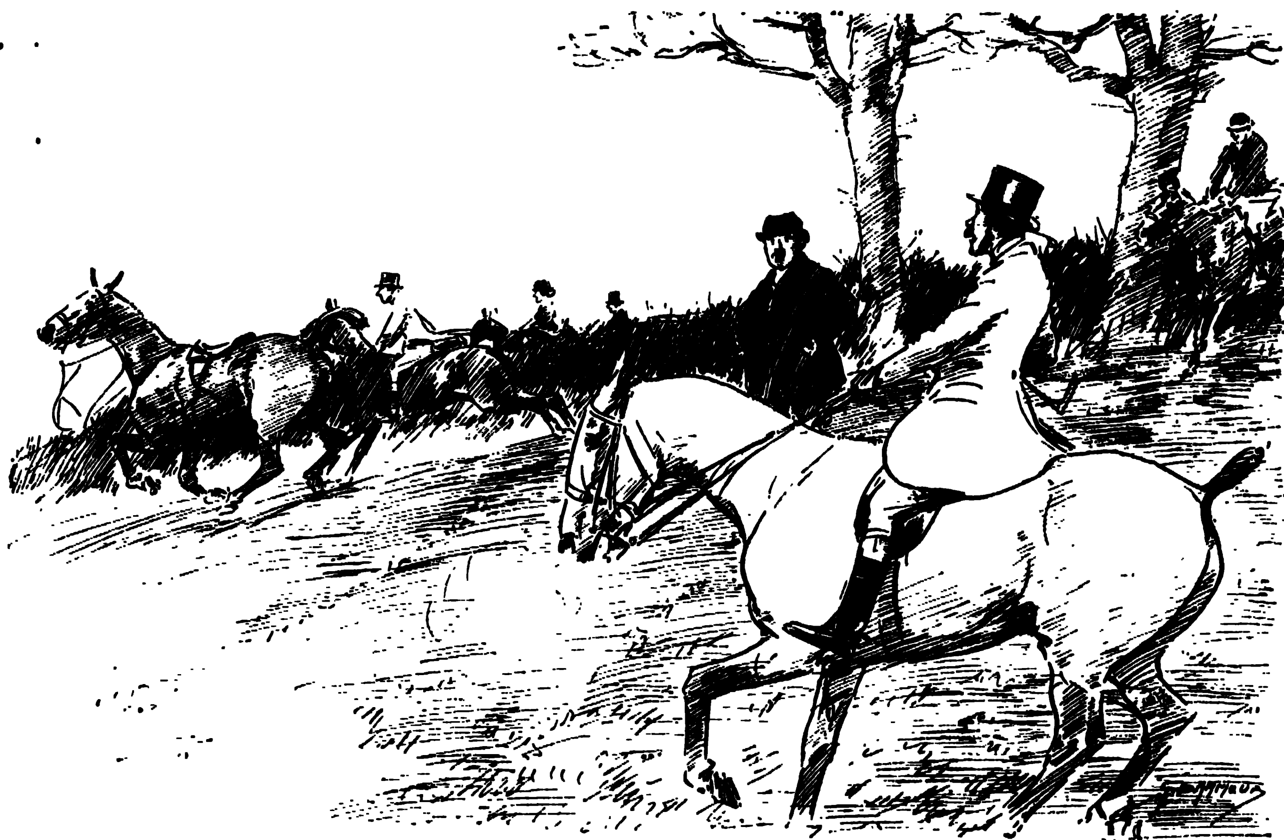
"The dinner will be succeeded by a social. The Mayor hopes to attend some portion of the proceedings. At the close of the gathering, Mr. Jno. Barrington has generously volunteered to convey the men to their homes."

We hope that in many cases his services will not be wanted.

Remorse.

"Confused by the noise of traffic a cow that probably was experiencing its first taste of city life, got mixed up with vehicles at Woodward and Milwaukee avenues yesterday and was struck by a street car. It was so badly injured that Patrolman Stegmiller ended his life with a bullet."—*Detroit News.*

Patrolman Stegmiller's friends should have assured him that it wasn't his fault, and exhorted him to bear up.



Sportsman (to enthusiastic motorist whom he has mounted). "HULLO! WHAT'S WRONG?"
Friend. "COULDN'T THROTTLE HER DOWN; STEERING GEAR WOULDN'T WORK; MISSED ONE OF THE PEDALS, AND THEN I FELL OUT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

STARTING in to read *When William Came* (LANE) I supposed, from the title, that I was about to learn of the birth of a baby-boy, and to study the immediate effect of this domestic apparition upon a small family circle. I forgot in my haste that there is only one *William*, and he a very much alive Kaiser, so that I was more than a little astonished when I realized the identity of the comer and the national significance of his coming. Whatever views the reader may hold about the possible advent of the Germans he would be well advised to study a most graphic though humiliating picture of what life in these islands would be like if they did come to stay. He may remember, as I do, having read other essays on this theme; but usually the novelist has, out of the kindness of his heart, imported so much exaggeration and improbability as to leave one comfortable in the thought that the tale is only told for one's diversion, and that nobody for a moment believes that the thing can ever really happen. "SAKI," that is Mr. H. H. MUNRO, does not so temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Ruthlessly, almost I might say callously, he develops to its logical conclusion and with the most probable circumstances an alleged (and I for my part say accurately alleged) tendency in Englishmen of all classes to-day to selfish indifference; showing how our downfall as a ruling nation, should it occur, would be more justly ascribed to this national vice than to the political and industrial agitator, whom he regards as an effect and not a cause of our present (and I hope momentary) decline. Mr. MUNRO is, in my opinion, to be heartily congratulated as a novelist for making a very good tale of it; he is even more warmly to be praised as an Englishman for his individual effort to stop the rot by impressing upon us the proper and probable destiny of any nation that cannot face the expense and fatigue of arming for war namely, degradation to the rank of a province peaceful but over-taxed, non-militant but menial.

To Mr. JAMES STEPHENS anything is possible and nothing is fore-ordained. In his new book, *Here are Ladies* (MACMILLAN), he plays with the absurdly settled convictions of men and women, showing them to be worth nothing at all; he is away before you can catch him, and is back again at one's elbow with some new story about Paradise or Hades, or some fresh humour at the expense of his fellow-mortals. Although I consider "The Halfpenny Bit" one of the best stories that he has ever written I do not think that, on the whole, *Here are Ladies* is so satisfying as *The Crock of Gold* or *The Charwoman's Daughter*. The old man who holds the stage for the last portion of these pages I found frankly tiresome, and I dislike his implication that anything that he may happen to say is good enough for me, or, at any rate, for Mr. STEPHENS. One thing, however, is certain. We have not had for a very long time a poet who is so acutely aware both of the glories of heaven and the ugly oddities of the side-streets in Dublin as the author of *Here are Ladies*. Policemen and landladies, middle-aged women and very foolish young men are as clear and as interesting to him as leprechauns and the angel Gabriel. And many people, after reading this book, will question apprehensively the solidity of their furniture and the shape and colour of their own familiar street.

In days when we hear almost too much both in fact and fiction about the dreamy idealism of dwellers in the sister isle it is refreshing, if rather surprising, to come across the old Irishman whom Thackeray with his crude Victorian pen held up to Saxon scorn. Fearlessly anachronistic, Mr. Tom Gallon has not only made the principal figure in *Young Eve and Old Adam* (Long) a handsome soft-spoken and utterly good-for-nothing Irish officer, but, planting him in the present year of grace, has even dared to name him *Barry Raggett*. Almost the least of this adventurer's sins (perhaps, on the whole, it may be called his redeeming virtue) was his early desertion of his wife. After her death and that of an aunt, who subsequently had charge of their daughter *Molly*, the girl comes to live with her dear papa and overlook, if not actively abet, his life of card-sharping and spoof. She draws the line when he attempts to sell her to one of the pigeons he is plucking, but when afterwards in a fit of passion he murders the unfortunate young man she relents sufficiently to back in open court his plea of the unwritten law. So there is plenty of excitement, you see, in Mr. Tom Gallon's book, and as it is racy and goes with a rare good swing it keeps the reader in a state of excitement that renders probability a matter of no great concern. Only at the title I cavil a little. Whatever may be said about *Molly's* name, it surely is an insult to our first father to compare him with *Captain Barry Raggett*, whose part in the drama of Eden is that of the parent of lies, and, in his gushing enthusiastic Irish way, he overplays it a lot.

When I begin a new volume of detective stories, I am still hopeful that the author will leaven the lump by giving one tale in which the hero will be fairly and squarely baffled, and that the character whom I am expected to regard as an ass will not be a super-ass. And now in *November Joe* (Hodder and Stoughton), Mr. Hesketh Prichard has fulfilled one of my hopes by being quite kind to his butt. Indeed, *Mr. Quaritch* has been given both brains and money, and has even been allowed to tell the stories. Butts, I fancy, are looking up in this class of literature. "*November Joe*," the publishers tell me, "is the one really original detective in recent fiction . . . The scene of his exploits is not the crowded haunts of civilization, but the vast forests of Canada." The latter statement may be accepted as correct, but the former betrays a note of pardonable prejudice, for, although the tales of this detective of the woods gain freshness from their setting, they are in essence not extraordinarily original. Where Mr. Prichard has really scored a big point is in making his tracker a most magnetic personality, so magnetic in fact that my mischievous desire to see him beaten gradually vanished. In the last story a charming heiress falls in love with *Joe*, and we are left doubtful whether she is not—in a future book—going to be his wife. But if that is to happen I trust that she will deign to become a woodwoman, for I really cannot bear to think of *Joe* in a tail-coat and spats.



A CHAMPION BY-LAW BREAKER.

Study of a man who disregards all three rules at once.

How often one has heard it said, "What a pity doctors can't tell all the stories that they must know!" Well, after reading *The Indiscretions of Dr. Carstairs* (Heinemann), all I have to reply to this is, "Thank goodness they can't!" It is not so much that I object to the indiscretion of the fourteen tales that make up this volume; it is their medical atmosphere that puts me off. The author, who elects to be known as "A. de O.," can certainly claim to have brought the scent of the drug store and the operating-theatre into the pages of his book more pungently than in any other I know. The result therefore can hardly fail to be a little depressing. I was the more sad that *Dr. Carstairs* should have left these unpleasant and not specially remarkable anecdotes to his literary executor, because the sketch of the doctor himself, as given in the opening chapter (by a long way the best in the book), is such as to prepare me for worthier things. So it was disappointing to find him indulging in the kind of plots suitable to our less expensive magazines, about disguised princesses and the like. Of a different type is one of the stories, called cheerfully "Death in a Chelsea Lodging." There is pathos and considerable unforced power in the telling of this. But by so much the more do I protest against it as a record of disease and pain. In real life the effect of such an experience might well be cleansing and good; but in fiction——. After perusing the symptoms of *Alec Majoribanks* I declare I was tempted to turn for relief to those columns of the popular press that are devoted to the advertisements of proprietary remedies. The same details are there, but there is the pleasing difference that the characters always recover. I hope the next indiscretions that "A. de O." may be tempted to communicate will occur in some more agreeable atmosphere.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,

sang Lovelace in his cavalier fashion, which reminds me of his concluding lines, since applied by a South African to doubtful Cape claret:

Minds innocent and quiet take
That for : ;. ;snn, h ;gy¼½ v3slmspn-e."

Johannesburg Illustrated Star.

It must have been very doubtful claret.

"Messrs. —— and Son, who have a business as coal factors, lightermen, etc., in which nearly £3,000,000 is employed, have decided—the approval of the shareholders being given on Thursday—to start a scheme giving the employers an interest in the welfare of the Company."—*Birkenhead News.*

At present their interest is morbidly rooted in the welfare of the employees.

CHARIVARIA.

The Nation—the paper, not the other thing—is glad to hear that there is to be a great Anti-Armaments demonstration in London during the early winter. Nothing, however, is said as to the campaign of the Society for the Abolition of the Police. We regret this, for the two movements should work together.

* * *

The result of last week's Great Fight is now said to have been due to French politeness. "Why stand?" said CARPENTIER to WELLS. "Pray be seated."

* * *

Mr. REDMOND has vetoed the proposal to present him with a national tribute. We cannot help thinking that the Irish leader carries his modesty too far. He has, for instance, in spite of his enormous influence, refused to put himself forward and try to end the Dublin strike.

* * *

The Surrey Theatre has produced a Cockney *rêvue*. It is called *I should say so.* We welcome this step in the direction of greater purity of pronunciation. Most Cockneys say "sow."

* * *

"Mother," asked the postman's child, "if there is a postman's strike, will Christmas have to be postponed?"

* * *

Thoughtful persons are at a loss to account for the apparent popularity of the Tango. We fancy, however, that we can understand the inner meaning of the Tango supper at certain restaurants. The dance takes your attention off the food.

* * *

The scathing remark which we made last week in this column on the subject of LEONARDO'S "Monna Lisa" seems to have borne rapid fruit. We understand that the prodigal will shortly return from her deplorable escapade and be restored to home and honest society.

* * *

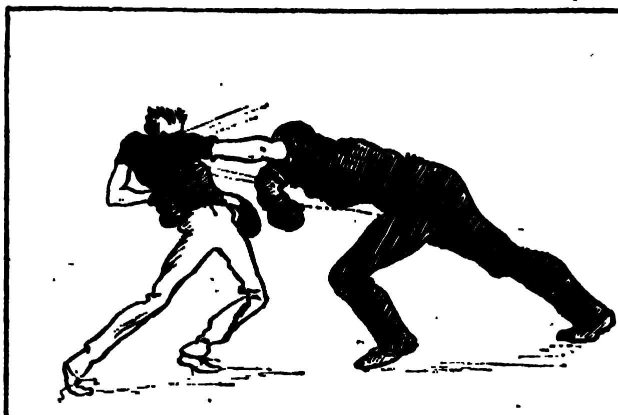
A journalist has been bemoaning, in the pages of a contemporary, the fact that our poets have ceased to wear long hair. Our modern bards certainly seem shy of identification. In many cases one would not even guess from their writings that they were poets.

* * *

Nervous pedestrians hear with alarm that a committee of the Imperial Motor Transport Council is investigating the possibilities of alcohol as a fuel for motors. What will happen when their throttles are open we do not care to contemplate.

* * *

A Bill for the compulsory taking of babies' finger-prints within three days after birth is to be laid before the Washington Legislature by the Chief of the Bureau of Identification of the Spokane Police Department. It has been discovered that all the most notorious criminals started life as babies.



Instructor. "KEEP YOUR EYES MORE OPEN FER 'LEFTS' AND



PRACTISE FEINTIN' A BIT MORE."

* * *

Moreover, many infants, it may not be generally known, become desperate characters at a very early age. More than once recently we have come across in our newspaper the headline

"ABANDONED BABY."

* * *

Mourning, we are told, is no longer fashionable, and even three months' abstention from "going out" after a bereavement is considered excessive. Indeed, we know an instance of a widow's accepting a dinner engagement one month after the loss of her husband. At the same time it is only fair to her to state that she first ascertained from her hostess that it would be a very dull affair.

* * *

"Miss Marion Edwards wore a costume made of furniture in the new *rêvue* at the Grand Theatre, Clapham Junction." There is, we fancy, nothing new in this idea. We have frequently met ladies who had every appearance of having been upholstered.

* * *

Large waists high up under the armpits are a feature of the newest Paris fashions, and an amalgamation of the waist and the neck is thought to be impending in the near future.

A TRYST IN A TEA-CUP.

["China Dept.—The Old English Violet Pattern . . . breathing as it does of woods and copses, has a singularly chaste and artistic effect and appeals strongly to all British residents over the sea."
Christmas Catalogue.]

ONCE they were just a china set
Adorned with modest purple flowers,
The neatest that my clerk could get
To meet the need of office hours;

But now (see catalogue) I find,
Though they have dwelt with me a year,
Such is the smallness of my mind
That I have missed their message clear.

They should have breathed, no, not of tea,
But of a little fragrant wood
Where Maud picked violets with me
When we were young and life was good.

Is this a tea-cup? No, my soul,
This is a copse that once I knew.
Is this a plate and this a bowl?
Nay, these are posies wet with dew.

Ah, Maud! you choose in foreign climes
Far from my humble sphere to roam,
Nor, though I mail impassioned rhymes,
Will you return to share my home.

But Christmas comes; I 'll try my fate
Once more, and send you over-sea
My heart, marked "Fragile," in a crate
Of this wild woodsy crockery.

A VISION OF IRELAND'S ARMAGEDDON.

The armies met just outside Dublin. The Orange Army drew itself up on one side – the Green Army on the other, whilst the O'Brienite Army split itself into two sections so as to be able to take either army in flank. A great blare of trumpets announced the arrival of the Political Purity Army. General Belloc turned to it and said, "Gilbert and Cecil, there has been no such day since I led the guns at Gravelotte."

In the forefront of the Orange Army rode Colonel Rowland Hunt in a motor car with scythe-blades fixed to its wheels. Beside him stood the inspiring figure of the Duke of Norfolk, bearing a huge Orange banner, which he waved defiantly at Colonel the Rev. Silvester Horne of the Green Army, who was brandishing a flag with a portrait of Cromwell and the legend, "Keep the Priest out of the Schools." Colonel Garvin headed four Orange columns and ever and anon looked dubiously at his command. "Three columns more," he murmured, "and we should be over the page." General "Tay Pay" wrote his last sketch on the top of a maxim. "If I should fall," he whispered to General Devlin, "write me as one who soaped his fellow-men."

Marshal Carson viewed the opposing legions with calm, even when he tore open a telegram and read, "Will try to be in time for battle, but must get lawn tennis match with Duke of Marlborough over first.—F. E. Smith, General." Marshal Carson spurred his horse forward, and Napoleon Redmond rode forth to meet him.

"Blood!" said Marshal Carson.

"Gore!" replied the Irish Napoleon.

"No compromise!" cried the Marshal.

"Victory or death!" came the stern reply.

"How few of these will see another day," said the Marshal sadly.

"Alas, that it cannot be settled by single combat," returned Napoleon Redmond. "Why should Irish blood be shed? Cannot 'Tay Pay' and Garvin, both practically Saxons, fight it out together?"

"We are here to shed blood, not ink," said the Marshal.

Napoleon Redmond drew himself up. "Then we must march over your dead bodies to Belfast."

"Nay, we shall march through a sea of blood to Cork."

"I am about to give orders to begin," said Napoleon.

"In another moment I shall draw my sword and throw away the scabbard," came the reply.

"To give my fellow-Irishmen to the sword is a painful thing."

"I hate to encrimson the green sods of old Ireland."

"But the reporters are all waiting."

"They are. Redmond, promise me one thing. You will vow not to spare the Press in the coming conflict?"

"No mercy. Garvin has seen his last sunrise."

"I will cut down 'Tay Pay' with my own hand. But what is this?"

Another motor-car darted into the arena.

"'Tis the infamous Birrell," gasped the Marshal.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," wailed the Irish Secretary, "one word, I beseech you."

"No compromise!" cried the leaders simultaneously.

"Listen, listen. The Larkinite Army is besieging Guinness's Brewery."

"God save Ireland!" gasped both the great captains.

"Carson," cried Napoleon Redmond, falling on his neck,—"Carson, we must save the country together. Three cheers for King William and Cromwell.—Come, let us address our armies. Where are the megaphones? You speak to my army and I will speak to yours."

"Beloved Protestant brethren," cried Napoleon Redmond, waving a Union Jack, "in time of peril all Irishmen are one. Guinness's Brewery is in danger. Advance with your fellow-countrymen and save it from the thirsty foe. Come, my brave prentice lads of Derry, and follow my flag to victory."

"Fellow Irishmen," shouted the Marshal, "in the name of the glorious Fenians, the loyal Clan-na-gael, and the noble army of Ancient Hibernians, follow the green flag I wave. Guinness's Brewery is in danger. Shall there be nothing left to drink in Ireland but Boyne water?"

An enthusiastic murmur ran through both armies.

"A brewery in danger," roared Marshal Belloc. "Let my army lead the way."

"In the name of temperance, halt!" cried Colonel the Rev. Silvester Horne.

"Charge, the Heavy Brigade!" roared Marshal Belloc, and the only objector was crushed to the earth. Away rushed the armies, fraternising together, interchanging flags, all alike eager to get to Dublin before the besieged fortress fell, or at least immediately after.

Colonel Rowland Hunt was the solitary warrior left on the open field.

"What would Boadicea do under these circumstances?" cried the Colonel.

He answered his own question by cutting a swathe down the line of cinematograph operators, and slicing the top from Mr. Arnold White's helmet as he protruded it from the last ditch to see how the bloodshed was going on.

Armageddon was over.

AN AVENGER OF OUR BOMBARDIER.

Who can forget that black Tuesday when the appetite of England was missing from the breakfast tables of our fair land, when every head in Fleet Street was bowed in shame, and members of the Stock Exchange went about their business weeping silently? Frenchmen may now be able to forget Waterloo; but it will be many a day before Englishmen can efface from the tablets of their memory the awful name of Carpentier.

Having lauded the victor and dealt suitably with the vanquished, it was the duty of the halfpenny papers to look about for another Englishman who would enter the ring with the French boxer and readjust the balance of power. They looked in vain towards the universities; they searched the army with disappointment; even among the ranks of our gallant sporting journalists, who so bravely said what they thought of Bombardier Wells after the fight was over, not one was found worthy to restore the glory of England. Again they bowed their heads in shame; and if anybody had come along with a "round-robin" to the Kaiser, begging him to step across and take over an effete nation, the little ink that was left in their pens might have been at his service.

For our part, we are not without hope. In our braver moments we raise our heads again and take courage. There is one sphere in which inquiry for a suitable opponent to Carpentier has not been made, and that is the Church. A full day before the calamity which has darkened the life of the nation for the past eight days, a gallant son of the Church, none other than the Bishop of London, was issuing a sort of challenge to any of his audience of his own age to play with him. Carpentier has shown that boxing is play, not merely stripling's play, but child's play. What advantage the French lad may possess in years is counterbalanced by the Bishop's wide experience and depth of learning. We suggest to Lord Lonsdale that he could do many a less interesting thing than persuade our athletic Bishop to go into training for the sake of the dear old country; and to the Bishop we would point out the unique opportunity this would afford for influencing for good a large section of non-churchgoers.



THE LAND "CAMPAIGN."

Scoutmaster Asquith (*to Scout George of the "Pheasant" Patrol*). "WHAT HAVE YOU TO REPORT?"
Scout George. "THE ENEMY IS ON OUR SIDE, SIR."
Scoutmaster Asquith. "THEN LET THE BATTLE BEGIN!"

["Whatever can be done to improve the lot of the agriculturist will have the Opposition's cordial support."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*]



OVERHEARD AT THE CALEDONIAN MARKET.

Persuasive Merchant. "ONE-AN'-FRIPPENCE THE LOT! NOW THEN, COME ALONG, SOME OF YER! 'ARF A BLOOMIN' 'OME FOR ONE-AN'-FRIPPENCE!"

GOOD WEEDS FOR ILL.

(Being a letter written to a friend accompanied by a seasonable gift.)

William, because, whene'er I come to stay,
With no apologies, with no regrets
You hand me certain tubes of poisoned hay
That you call cigarettes;

Also because, whene'er I have mislaid
My tris-ambrosial pouch, you give to me
Something you call a "mixture" which is made
Of fruit of the Dead Sea,

List to my words. Beyond the ocean rim,
Beyond the Atlantic sunset's flaming bars,
There lie the happy lands that poets hymn—
Chief industry, cigars.

Virginia also lies beyond the seas,
Bearing a herb that comforts mortal moan
When smoked in pipes, but by the gods' decrees
When smoked in pipes alone.

The East is not the West; strange ways are hers;
Brooding in mystery and ancient awe,
She binds up little paper cylinders
Not wholly stuffed with straw.

With frankincense she fills her fragrant whiffs,
But when it comes to 'baccy, bless my soul,
Where did you buy that bane for hippogriffs
That dams your cross-grained bowl?

Confusion on the Syrian town that lends
Its name to Latakia's baleful chunks!
Out on a boyhood's pal whose fume offends
Like the lone-wandering skunk's!

For sins like these some men would cast you off,
But Christmas, William, Christmas comes again;
Charity fills my heart, and, though I cough,
Your friend I still remain.

Please find enclosed a box of cigarettes
Of the right breed, by Orient maidens rolled,
Also some frondage from the shore where sets
Phœbus in flakes of gold.

Not that I hope to wean you from your sins;
You will go on, I know you, all your life,
Culling their offal from the various bins
With which your rooms are rife;

But, when I come to call on you next year
Amidst the envenomed vapours where you choke,
You shall have something decent, William dear,
To give your guest to smoke.

EVOE.

"Eighty-nine years ago, almost to a day—on Monday, December 10, 1821—William Hazlitt walked down Chancery-lane to inquire at the Hole in the Wall publichouse where the fight next day, between Bill Neate and the Gasman, was to be."

This is from a leading article in *The Times* of Dec. 9, 1913, and you should ask your little boy to subtract 1821 from 1913 and tell you what *he* makes it.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

"PERFECTION," said Fowkes sententiously, "is always a divine accident."

"Pardon me, Sir, but you are wrong," interrupted the tubby, red-faced little man sitting opposite. "Perfection can be attained by long and painstaking effort. I speak from personal experience."

"You misapprehend me," said Fowkes, after a leisurely stare at the speaker. "I was alluding to works of art." ("Not to sausages, for instance," he added under his breath.)

"Precisely," replied the other. "Precisely. I take it you would regard a perfect short story as a work of art. Quite so. Well, I claim to have written a perfect short story."

"The perfect short story," I put in, "is asserted by critics not to exist."

"Critics are all very well in their proper place," he retorted. "Their proper place is in a sack at the bottom of the sea. With your permission, gentlemen, I will endeavour to shorten the tedium of the journey by relating to you how I came to produce this story."

Taking our embarrassed silence for consent, he went on.

"I am a modest man," he said, "and I don't flatter myself that the tale was more than ordinarily good when I first wrote it. It was just an average magazine story, which I sent to an average magazine. It came back, as most of them do, accompanied by the usual printed slip—'*The Editor presents his compliments and regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed contribution.*' I have had hundreds of them in my life; in fact I save expense by writing my copy on the back of them.

"I promptly sent it to a second magazine, and again it was returned. But now, instead of this stereotyped formula of rejection, there was included a novelty (to me) in the shape of a slip on which was printed quite a comprehensive list of literary faults. A brief note stated that a cross was placed opposite the particular fault which had decided the Editor to reject the manuscript. A kindly, thoughtful editor that, gentlemen, anxious to help a dog over a lame style, if you will excuse my little witticism. Ha, ha! Pardon me.

"Well, my story, it appeared, lacked 'dramatic interest.' 'Alexander Holborn,' I said to myself, 'this is a great day. Heighten the dramatic interest of your story and it will be accepted. That is the one, the obvious, the only possible conclusion.'

"Alas, gentlemen, it was not so simple as that! I strengthened the plot of my story and submitted it again with perfect confidence. Three weeks later it was returned to me with an intimation that it was now 'too diffuse.'

"Happily I am a strong man and not easily discouraged. Acknowledging the justice of the criticism, I rigorously condensed my manuscript. Eventually I succeeded in reducing it by nearly a half, while still retaining all the strengthened plot. 'Alexander Holborn,' I said, 'this story is now a gem of purest ray serene, a pearl of price. Be pleased with yourself. Exult.'

"Again, gentlemen, incredible as it may seem, it was declined. This time it was condemned for the unexpected reason that it 'contained too strong a religious element.' I suppose the Editor must have overlooked this flaw on the previous occasions, or possibly he was too kind-hearted, too conscious of the sensitive temperament of most literary men, to announce more than one fault at a time.

"I am a determined man, gentlemen, and my blood was fairly up. I ruthlessly cut out all the religion and sent the tale back. It was rejected on the ground, if you please, that it was 'not bright enough.' I brightened it up, and it was refused because it was 'too frivolous.' I took out 33⅓ *per cent.* of the frivolity, and then I was informed that it lacked 'human interest.'

"I won't weary you, gentlemen, by continuing in this depressing strain. As I may have hinted, I am a strong and pertinacious man and not easily driven to despair. Painfully and conscientiously I overhauled my story time after time as it came back to me, until at last the day arrived when the damning cross was placed opposite the only fault up to then left unmarked. The list was complete. My long task was practically done.

"Very carefully I remedied the alleged defect, and returned the story for the last time. Every possible fault had now been corrected.

"And that, gentlemen, is how I achieved the Perfect Short Story. I am not a boastful man, but I defy you or anyone else, knowing all the circumstances, to describe it otherwise. But, I tell you, the prolonged strain was fearful. Strong and resolute as I am, as soon as I had posted the manuscript I went to bed for a week."

* * * *

"What did they pay you for it?" I asked, after a pause.

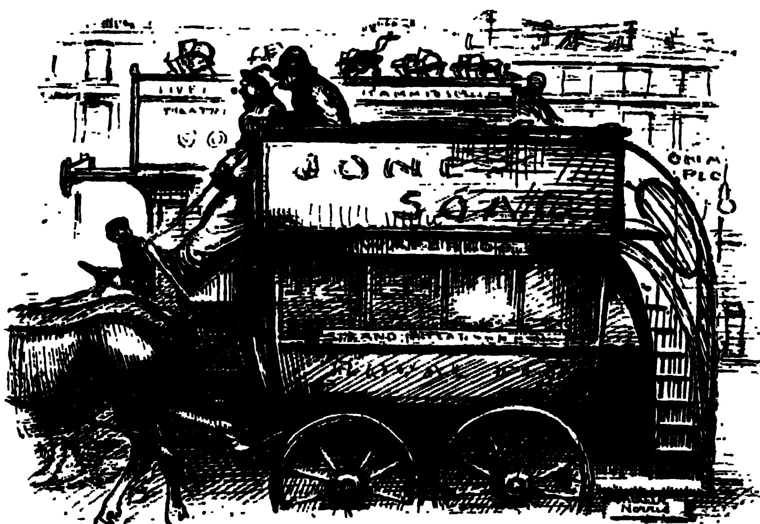
"Nothing," he replied shortly.

"Nothing!" I cried. "Surely he didn't reject it again?"

"He did," answered the other grimly. "When it came back I tell you I could scarcely believe my eyes. Still, there it was. But, after all, my disappointment was insignificant compared with the great passion of curiosity which took possession of me as I fished out the printed slip."

"What did it say?" Fowkes and I demanded simultaneously.

"It said, '*The Editor presents his compliments and regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed contribution.*'"



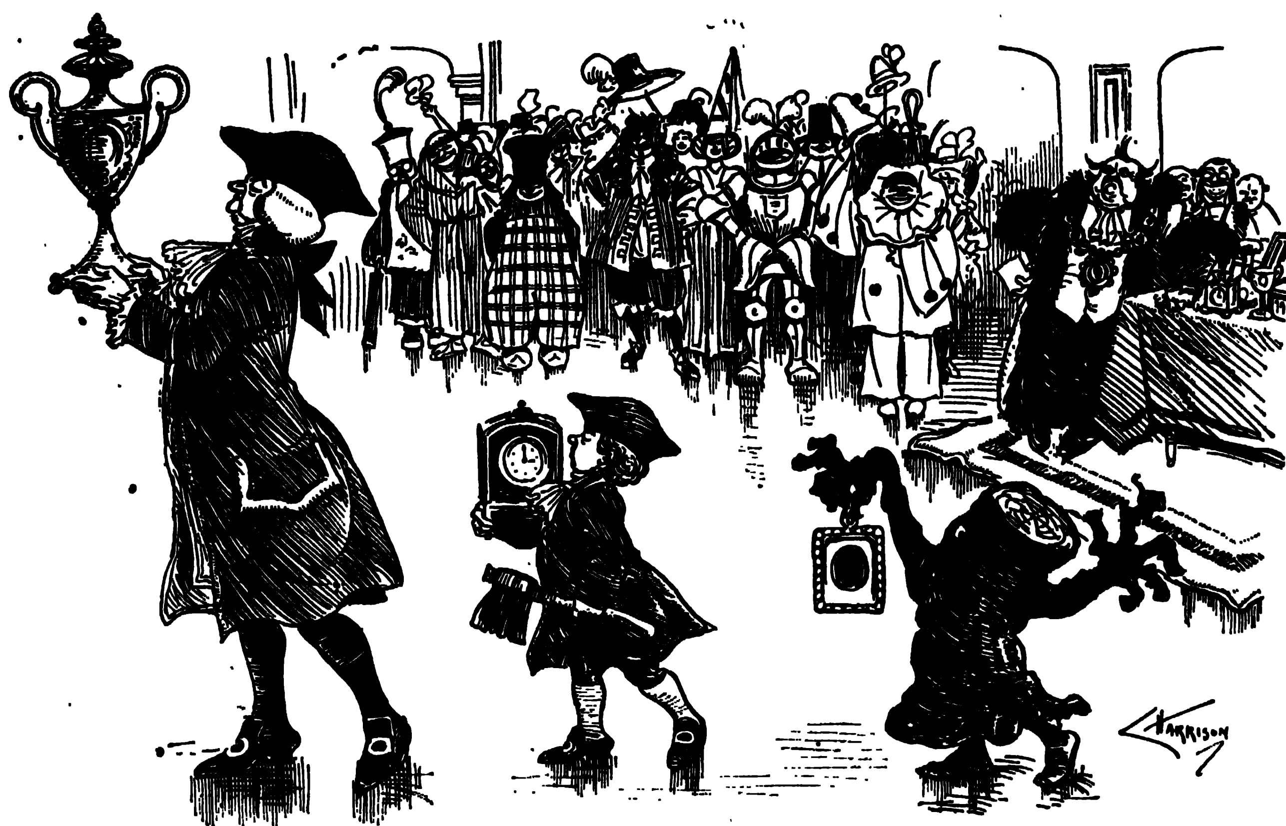
Motor-'bus Driver. "LOOK AT 'IM, SITTING THE OLD CONDUCTOR ON TOP AND SWANKIN' ALONG, PRETENDIN' 'E'S GOT A FARE."

"The six magistrates retired, and on returning to Court the Chairman said:—'Hell, the matter stands in this way.'"
Japan Chronicle.

We like his directness.

"*Missionary Thought for the month:—*
O'er weather lands afar
Thick Darkness troddeth yet."
The Brighton Parish Magazine.

A very deep thought. We must try and think it out.



PRIZE WINNERS AT OUR FANCY DRESS BALL.

Mr. John Jinks, as George Washington's father. Master John Jinks, as George Washington. Master Tommy Jinks, as the Tree.

THE TRIALS OF GREATNESS.

M. Anatole France at the Pall Mall Theatre.

I had the pleasure of being present last Thursday night at the complimentary reception given to M. Anatole France, the famous French *littérateur*, by Sir Seebohm Forest in the dome of the Pall Mall Theatre. Many well-known figures in the London literary world found their way into the reception room, including Miss Carrie Morelli, Mrs. Annie Duck, Sir Clement and Lady Longeri'th'arm, Mr. Winymann, the famous publisher, Sir Knight Prescott, the Rev. Claudius Clear, Dr. Marcus Corker, the Rev. Sir Silvester Ivory, Professor Jesse Blogg, and Sir Nicholson Roberts, whose keen intellectual face would attract attention anywhere.

It was disappointing not to see the ever genial countenance of Mr. Edmund Gosse, so usual a feature at all gatherings of this kind, but he was, I was told, saving himself for the greater dinner to M. France, who has always been one of his *protégés*, at the Alsace Hotel. As some compensation, however, that undaunted intellectual gladiator and *ami de France*, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, was present.

Sir Seebohm Forest, who, I regret to say, looked somewhat pale and weary, made a charming speech in proposing the health of the guest, which, in deference to the views of the majority of those present, was drunk in dry ginger-ale. His comments on the literary merits of M. Anatole France were, so far as I could hear, remarkably happy and in perfect taste, and the comparison of his style with that of Mr. L. N. Parker was a striking proof of Sir Seebohm's appreciation of native letters. I thought that M. Anatole France, who had just attended a performance of Sir Seebohm Forest's great spectacular drama, *Jacob and Esau*, wore a slightly enigmatic expression. It was certainly a little unfortunate that in the hurry of introduction he had mistaken Sir Nicholson Roberts for Lord Roberts, with whom, as a pronounced anti-militarist, he could not be expected to feel much sympathy. Otherwise the evening passed off most pleasantly.

M. France's reply was a masterpiece of delicate elocution, but, alas! I caught too little of what he said. I gathered, however, that England appealed to him chiefly as a country in which the Nonconformist literary conscience was never hampered by the restrictions of public opinion, and that, as a student of imperial Rome, he rejoiced to find the *Apocolocyntosis* of Claudius perpetuated in the luminous pages of *The British Weekly*. It was to him peculiarly touching that the very flower of contemporary English literature of the weightier variety should have been thus culled for him by his gifted host. To be in such a company was the highest honour he could conceive.

It was pretty to see M. France saying good-night to Miss Carrie Morelli. There were many graceful bows on both sides. Somehow M. France made another speech, in which I understood him to say that while Greece boas'ed her Sappho and China her Dowager-Empress, England could proudly point to the literary triumphs and enormous emoluments won and earned by Carrie Morelli, who combined the tropical exuberance of the Italian temperament with the high ideals of English Puritanism. There was more popping of ginger-ale corks, and we all retired in high good humour with the cheery and phosphorescent hospitality of our host.

A FEW TRICKS FOR CHRISTMAS.

(*In the manner of many contemporaries.*)

Now that the "festive season" (*copyright*) is approaching, it behoves us all to prepare ourselves in some way to contribute to the gaiety of the Christmas house-party. A clever conjurer is welcome anywhere, and those of us whose powers of entertainment are limited to the setting of booby-traps or the arranging of apple-pie beds must view with envy the much greater tribute of laughter and applause which is the lot of the prestidigitator with some natural gift for legerdemain. Fortunately there are a few simple conjuring tricks which are within the reach of us all. With practice even the clumsiest of us can obtain sufficient dexterity in the art of illusion to puzzle the most observant of our fellow-guests. The few simple tricks which I am about to explain, if studied diligently in the week remaining before Christmas, will make a genuine addition to the gaiety of any gathering, and the amateur prestidigitator (if I may use that word again) will find that he is amply repaying the hospitality of his host and hostess by his contribution to the general festivity.

So much by way of introduction. It is a difficult style of writing to keep up, particularly when the number of synonyms for "conjuring" is so strictly limited. Let me now get to the tricks. I call the first

HOLDING THE LEMON.

For this trick you want a lemon and a pack of ordinary playing cards. Cutting the lemon in two, you hand half to one member of your audience and half to another, asking them to hold the halves up in full view of the company. Then, taking the pack of cards in your own hands, you offer it to a third member of the party, requesting him to select a card and examine it carefully. When he has done this he puts it back in the pack, and you seize this opportunity to look hurriedly at the face of it, discovering (let us say) that it is the five of spades. Once more you shuffle the pack; and then, going through the cards one by one, you will have no difficulty in locating the five of spades, which you will hold up to the company with the words "I think this is your card, Sir"—whereupon the audience will testify by its surprise and appreciation that you have guessed correctly.

It will be noticed that, strictly speaking, the lemon is not a necessary adjunct of this trick; but the employment of it certainly adds an air of mystery to the initial stages of the illusion, and this air of mystery is, after all, the chief stock-in-trade of the successful conjurer.

For my next trick, which I call

THE ILLUSORY EGG,

and which is most complicated, you require a sponge, two table-cloths, a handful of nuts, a rabbit, five yards of coloured ribbon, a top-hat with a hole in it, a hard-boiled egg, two florins and a gentleman's watch. Having obtained all these things, which may take some time, you put the two table-cloths aside and separate the other articles into two heaps, the rabbit, the top-hat, the hard-boiled egg, and the handful of nuts being in one heap, and the ribbon, the sponge, the gentleman's watch and the two florins in the other. This being done, you cover each heap with a table-cloth, so that none of the objects beneath is in any way visible. Then you invite any gentleman in the audience to think of a number. Let us suppose he thinks of 38. In that case you ask any lady in the audience to think of an odd number, and she suggests (shall we say?) 29. Then, asking the company to watch you carefully, you—you——

To tell the truth, I have forgotten just what it is you *do* do, but I know that it is a very good trick, and never fails to create laughter and bewilderment. It is distinctly an illusion worth trying, and, if you begin it in the manner I have described, quite possibly some way of finishing it up will occur to you on the spur of the moment. By multiplying the two numbers together and passing the hard-boiled egg through the sponge and then taking the . . . or is it the— Anyway, I'm certain you have to have a piece of elastic up the sleeve . . . and I know one of the florins has to — No, it's no good, I can't remember it.

But mention of the two numbers reminds me of a trick which I haven't forgotten. It is a thought-reading illusion, and always creates the *maximum* of wonderment amongst the audience. It is called

THE THREE QUESTIONS.

As before, you ask a gentleman in the company to write down a number on a piece of paper, and a lady to write down another number. These numbers they show to the other guests. You then inform the company that you will ask any one of them three questions, and by the way they are answered you will guess what the product of the two numbers is. (For instance, if the numbers were 13 and 17, then 13 multiplied by 17 is—let's see, thirteen sevens are—thirteen sevens—seven threes are twenty-one, seven times one is—well, look here; let's suppose the numbers are 10 and 17. Then the product is 170, and 170 is the number you have got to guess.)

Well, the company selects a lady to answer your questions, and the first thing you ask her is: "When was Magna Charta signed?" Probably she says that she doesn't know. Then you say, "What is the capital of Persia?" She answers Timbuctoo, or Omar Khayyam, according to how well informed she is. Then comes your last question: "What makes lightning?" She is practically certain to say, "Oh, the thunder." Then you tell her that the two numbers multiplied together come to 170.

How is this remarkable trick performed? It is quite simple. The two people whom you asked to think of the numbers are confederates, and you arranged with them beforehand that they should write down 10 and 17. Of course it would be a much better trick if they weren't confederates; but in that case I don't quite know how you would do it.

I shall end up this interesting and instructive article with a rather more difficult illusion. For the tricks I have already explained it was sufficient that the amateur prestidigitator (I shall only say this once more) should know how it was done; for my last trick he will also require a certain aptitude for legerdemain in order to do it. But a week's quiet practice at home will give him all the skill that is necessary.

THE MYSTERIOUS PUDDING

is one of the oldest and most popular illusions. You begin by borrowing a gold watch from one of your audience. Having removed the works, you wrap the empty case up in a handkerchief and hand it back to him, asking him to put it in his waistcoat pocket. The works you place in an ordinary pudding basin and proceed to pound up with a hammer. Having reduced them to powder, you cover the basin with another handkerchief, which you borrow from a member of the company, and announce that you are about to make a plum-pudding. Cutting a small hole in the top of the handkerchief you drop a lighted match through the aperture; whereupon the handkerchief flares up. When the flames have died down you exhibit the basin, wherein (to the surprise of all) is to be seen an excellent Christmas pudding, which you may ask your audience to sample. At the same time you tell the owner of the watch that if he feels in his pocket he will find his property restored to him intact; and to his amazement he dis-

covers that the works in some mysterious way have got back into his watch, and that the handkerchief in which it was wrapped up has gone!

Now for the explanation of this ingenious illusion. The secret of it is that you have a second basin, with a pudding in it, concealed in the palm of your right hand. At the critical moment, when the handkerchief flares up, you take advantage of the excitement produced to substitute the one basin for the other. The watch from which you extract the works is not the borrowed one, but one which you have had concealed between the third and fourth fingers of the left hand. You show the empty case of this watch to the company, before wrapping the watch in the handkerchief and handing it back to its owner. Meanwhile with the aid of a little wax you have attached an invisible hair to the handkerchief, the other end of it being fastened to the palm of your left hand. With a little practice it is not difficult to withdraw the handkerchief, by a series of trifling jerks, from the pocket of your fellow guest to its resting place between the first and second fingers of your left hand.

One word more. I am afraid that the borrowed handkerchief to which you applied the match really did get burnt, and you will probably have to offer the owner one of your own instead. That is the only weak spot in one of the most baffling tricks ever practised by the amateur prestidigitator (to use the word for the last time). It will make a fitting climax to your evening's entertainment—an entertainment which will ensure you another warm invitation next year when the "festive season" (*copyright*) comes upon us once again.

A. A. M.



Barber. "I'M SORRY, CULLY, BUT I OUGHT TO TELL YER 'FORE I START. I'LL 'AVE TO CHARGE YOU AS A LYDY."

THE TRIBULATIONS OF A THIRD-RATE SHOT.

I.

(*In his trap shortly after an early breakfast.*)

(*To himself*) Well, I'm in for it. Don't know what in the world induced Sir John to ask me to this show. The last day of the cover shoot is a pretty sudden jump from the annual garden party which has always represented the extent of our social intercourse. Shall certainly have to do my best to play up. A hard-working beggar like me, who has no time to shoot seriously, can't expect to be in the running with these experts. However, it's a mere toss-up. Depends very much upon how we are placed. A lot can go on at a cover shoot that no one ever sees. And I *may* be hitting them. I have had my useful days even among high pheasants. But I expect I'll miss 'em and wing 'em and tail 'em and have 'em running all over the place; and then a woodcock 'll come along and—— (*Shudders*).

Well, here we are. Good luck to you, my son.

II.

(*On his way to the first stand. He is walking with one of the other guns.*)

(*Aloud*) Been a rotten season, and he has very few birds, eh? (*To himself*) Dare say it is just as well. Won't pass over me in solid streams quite unscathed, as I feared. Doesn't want any hens shot? Well, hang it all, I generally know a hen when I see one. (*Aloud*) Only using one gun? (*Wisely*) Ah, yes. (*To himself*) That was a stroke of luck, as I never dreamed of bringing two. Haven't *got* two. This Captain Bowker must be the famous Bowker, I suppose. That's the feller that has three birds falling in the air at the same time. Heaven preserve me from that chap! (*Aloud*) Yes, a ripping day. What? What charge of powder am I using? (*To himself*) Hanged if I know. Just my luck. If he'd asked me the shot I could have told him. Wish they wouldn't propound conundrums. Must try to change the subject. (*Aloud*) Many woodcock come in yet? (*To himself*) Seems surprised. I wonder if woodcock do "come in"? Always supposed they did. (*In reply to an observation of his companion's*) Yes, nice warm covers. (*To himself*) Wish I knew how one cover contrives to be warmer than another; should have thought that depended on the weather. Shall have to find out about that. (*Moves on.*)

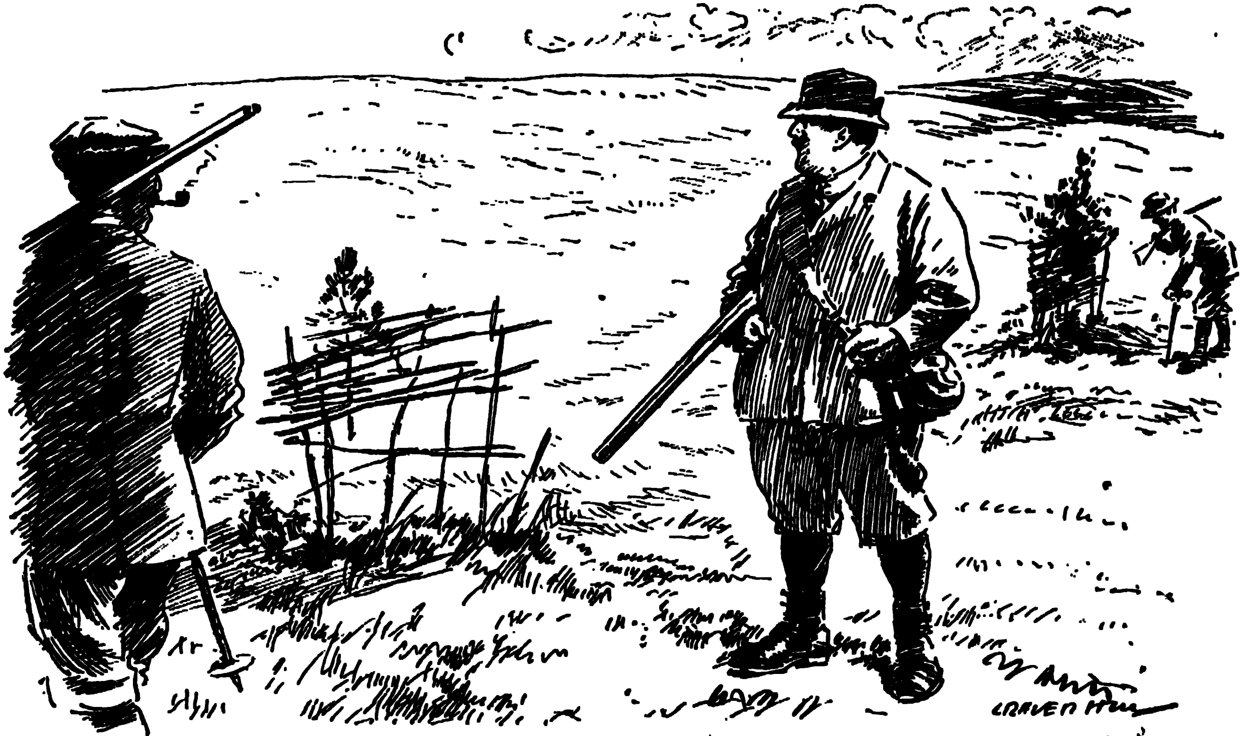
Here comes Bowker. Know he's going to ask me what charge I use. I'll have to get beforehand with him. (*Aloud, cheerfully*) Nice warm covers, aren't they—warm as toast. What?

(*In reply to a keeper*) That stand by the hedge? Right you are! (*To himself*) In full view of the experts! Just my luck!

III.

(*At the first stand. An asterisk denotes the shots of the speaker.*)

Now, my son, pull yourself together,



Host. "Number five—that's yours, Major." *Guest.* "Have *I* got to hide behind *that*?"

and let your watchword be, Through the neck every time. Hen! Only just saved myself. (*Rather feverishly*) Remember, they are shorter in the tail, you fool—no comparison, far shorter, miles shorter and not so pictorial. There goes another hen . . . and yet it had a goodish long tail for a hen. Markham's fired at it! Hang me if it wasn't a cock after all! That was a bad break. No mistake about this one. * * Never mind—pretty high bird, that. Hullo, Bowker has him down. Now how in the world can Bowker kill 'em from *there*? Here they come. * * Never mind. Load; don't fumble. * * Cheer up, you'll soon be on to them. * * Rotten. * * Ha, that one's down! But he's running, the brute, like a hare. Lord, he *is* moving! * * Skimming brutes. Why don't they get well up? (*Several shots down the line and shouts of* "*Woodcock! Mark!*" *He looks round trembling. Growing excitement. The bird comes straight for his head.*) * Now then, again. * No earthly good. To the left—quick! * That one's down. But it's a hen—*and* it's running. (*Looking after it*) Through the hedge and right up the hill; twenty miles an hour. * * (*Pause*) * * (*Pause*) * * You helpless idiot! Why did I ever leave my happy home? What on earth is this? Is it an owl or a crow? Seems to have a most extraordinary flight. I wonder why it flops about like that? Better leave it alone. (*In deep anxiety*) Can't see with the sun in my eyes—makes me look such a blamed fool. (*Suddenly*) I've got it! It's a hawk! Shall I fire? * Sure to want his hawks shot. * Well, it's down, whatever it was. Bet *he* won't run. (*Continues to blaze away without further result till the beat is over. During the pick-up he hears a voice behind him,* "I wonder who shot a tumbler pigeon?") *A tumbler pigeon?* (*In the deepest horror*) How utterly awful! (*He plunges into the cover out of sight.*)

IV.

(*Before the second beat.*)

(*Aloud*) *I* should like to walk, Sir John, if you want a gun with the beaters. Got a bit cold, standing.

V.

(*Before the third beat.*)

Let *me* walk. I like the exercise.

VI.

(*Before the fourth beat.*)

Yes, I'm walking, if you don't mind. I forgot to bring a sweater and I've got a touch of a chill, I think.

VII.

(*In the cover during the last beat, walking in line with the beaters.*)

(*To himself, enthusiastically*) Perfectly charming in the seclusion of these delightful woods! (*Strolls complacently along.*)

VIII.

(*On the way in after the shoot is over.*)

(*To his companion gun*) I had the sun in my eyes, you know. Sir John really is annoyed about it? Hates having anything shot that can't be eaten? (*To himself*) I'll eat it if that's all he wants. Beastly awkward. Here comes Sir John himself. Must keep him off the subject. (*Aloud*) Nice warm covers you have, Sir John!

IX.

(*At tea.*)

(*To himself*) Think he's forgotten all about it! No, by Jove, he hasn't! (*He listens to the voice of his host at the far end of the table*) "It isn't sport, and it can't possibly have been a mistake. I'm not going to have tame pigeons shot on this place." (*He rises hastily. Aloud*) I think my trap is waiting; so, if you'll excuse me——

X.

(*On the way home.*)

Well, that's over, thank Heaven. Suppose we shall now revert to the annual garden party.

"The playground is covered with red baize; a sand pit will be placed in a corner in summer. When the warmer weather comes the children will take their afternoon sleep in the verandah."
The Glasgow Herald.

Till the warmer weather comes, the children can draw a corner of the playground over them, and be quite snug.



FORE-ARMED.

Sir Edward Carson (*in course of promenade on the quay, to Customs Officer Birrell*). "Capital idea this of stopping importation of arms. Now there's a dangerous character; you should search him. That's just the sort of bag he'd have a couple of howitzers concealed in."



JOYS OF RESTAURANT LIFE.

Why be dull at home when you can dine brightly to music in a public room?

THE BOXIAD.

(*A Fragment.*)

Shades of the great, what make you in this hall,
Here where the British bays that erst you wore
Are by the Frenchman's ruthless hand defaced?
Lo, how they lie in ruin on the floor,
Each leaf a separate mark of impotence,
And every broken twig a fount of tears.
Shades of the great, what make you in this hall?

Then Jackson veiled his agitated eyes,
And passed in silence; Randall bowed his head,
And drooped his difficult and ravaging hand;
And Cribb and Bendigo and King were mute;
And Sayers averted his too mournful gaze,
That Sayers who held his own the long day through,
Spite of his shattered arm, and came to time
Again and yet again, and would not yield,
While with one dauntless fist he struck and bunged
The bold Benicia Boy's discoloured eyes.
And other Shades there were of lusty men
With flattened noses and with thickened ears,
Men who while yet the blood coursed through their veins
Had dealt and taken many a crashing blow
On face and ribs and chest and on the mark,
The much-desired uncomfortable mark—
Whose peepers had been closed, whose kissing-traps
Had rained to earth their fragmentary teeth—
Brawny, bull-necked and muscle-covered men,
With beefy fists and deadly driving arms—
All these were there and all were very low.
Shades of the great, what make you in this hall?

At last the Spirit of British Boxing spoke,
And he was cheerful, on his open brow
No frown was seen, nor sadness in his eyes:—
"If hearts ye have, lift up," he said, "your hearts;
Let not your manly minds be steeped in woe.
'Tis true Carpentier beat the Bombardier,
Jabbing him six times shortly in the stomach,
So that he fell and swift was counted out.
But this Carpentier is a proper man;
And you, old heroes, you may well be proud
To own a hero, though he comes from France.
And it may hap that on another day
Some beef-fed British boxer shall arise,
Cool in his guard and crafty in his blows,
Lithe and enduring as Carpentier is,
And turn the changing tables on the Gaul.
Dame Fortune shifts her smiles, but gives them most
To those who by their toil deserve them well."

So spoke the Spirit, and the thronging Shades,
Won o'er to cheerfulness, acclaimed his words.

AN ACADEMIC DISCUSSION.

In such time as she can spare from the frivolities of life, Matilda runs a school. As she believes in "keeping things separate," the frivolities are not permitted access to the school or to Matilda in her capacity as schoolmistress. Thus when I (who am one of her frivolities) presented myself I was refused admission. So I must needs resort to subterfuge, and disguise myself as a father with children to educate. Incidentally, I am no father and know little or nothing of children. Side-whiskers, an artificial complexion, and a falsetto voice completed my incognito. A borrowed visiting card gained me admission.

"I understand that you keep an academy for the young," I said.

"I keep a school," Matilda replied.

"Ah! Well, I wondered if you could undertake the care of some children?"

"That is one of my objects in keeping a school." (Matilda was not helping me much.) "Are they boys or girls?"

"Both," I said. "Boys mostly—two boys, in fact, and a girl. Does that matter?"

"I take both boys and girls."

"That relieves my mind. I should like them all to be together. I am looking for some one who will be a mother to my orphan children."

"They have no mother?" said Matilda sympathetically.

"None of them. Forgive me, but you look a little young for the post."

"How old are they?"

"Seven."

"All of them?"

"All but two. The others are either less or more. Let us say they average seven."

"As you please. You would like to see over the school?"

We visited the playing fields, gymnasium and other appliances for physical culture. At last I asked—

"Is any provision made for mental gymnastics?"

"Of course we don't neglect the mind. We teach nearly everything—dancing, deportment, music, French, German, algebra and trigonometry."

"Arithmetic?"

"Not directly."

"In my young days there used to be a person in vogue called Euclid. Is he still extant?"

"No, he has gone."

"Dead? Ah, well, I never liked the man and always thought that some misfortune would overtake him. Greek?"

"No."

"Quite right. It always struck me as the language of an untrustworthy race. History?"

"Ancient and modern."

"Like the hymns—what?"

We had reached the class-rooms and I observed a large flat bath which appeared to contain sand.

"What is that?" I asked.



THE CHARITABLE SEASON—HINTS TO MILLIONAIRES.

Employ professional readers to entertain the night watchmen who look after the street when it is up.

"That is part of the curriculum. The younger children draw maps and make designs in the sand."

"Delightful. Every school its own beach. And where do they paddle?" I looked round for the water.

"They don't paddle; they bathe at the baths."

"You don't teach paddling? That's a pity, but I suppose one can't get everything. You teach mixed bathing, of course? It is a most essential part of modern education."

"The children bathe together."

"Now, as to food. I suppose that they have meals and things?"

"Breakfast, dinner and tea."

"Do the children dress for dinner?"

"No, but they dress for breakfast. We insist on that even with the youngest."

"Then I suppose they will require clothes. It would perhaps be better to get the girl a different kind from the boys?"

"It might save confusion."

"Is there anything else they will want—beds, for instance?"

"We supply beds, but each child is expected to bring a spoon and fork."

"How many spoons and forks will that be? Did I say three or four children?"

"You said three. Three spoons and forks."

"I suppose they couldn't manage on less—take turns to eat, so to speak?"

"I think not."

"You supply everything else—measles, mumps etc.? I should like them to have all these things properly."

"We cannot guarantee disease. Indeed, we rather encourage attention to the principles of hygiene."

"And as to fees, is there any reduction on a quantity? Do you take three as two, or anything of that kind?"

"We make a slight reduction in the case of brothers and sisters."

"That will be all right then; they are all by the same mother. How would you like them sent?"

"Under suitable protection. And when may I expect them?"

"I cannot say definitely, not to a term or two. I shall have to consult their mother."

"I thought they had lost their mother?"

"Quite true, they have lost their mother—irretrievably; but I am something of a spiritualist. I believe in——"

"Excuse me, but your left whisker is hanging by a thread. Would you like to remove it and clean the rest of your face while they bring in tea?"

A communication from Reuter states that during the recent tumult in the Lower House of the Reichsrath:

"Two members (Herren Budzynowskji and Siengalewicz) had electric bells . . . while Herr Olesniczkiyj blew a bugle."

The noise they produced with these instruments, however, was nothing to the ear-splitting effect when they began to call each other by name—a custom which, we understand, is forbidden under the rules of the House, owing to its generally unhappy consequences.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Customer. "All these seem very expensive: can't you suggest something cheaper?"

Shopman (with views on commercial morality). "Certainly, Madam. I could suggest a piece of thin paper and a comb!"

TO ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK.

(After hearing "Hänsel und Gretel" for the fifteenth time.)

How strange that modern Germany, so gruesome in her art,
Where sheer sardonic satire has expelled the human heart,
Should also be the Germany that gives us, to our joy,
The perfect children's opera—pure gold without alloy.

I know there are admirers of the supra-normal Strauss
Who hold him, matched with others, as a mammoth to a mouse,
And, though they often feel obliged his lapses to deplore,
His "cerebral significance" increasingly adore.

In parts I find him excellent, just like the curate's egg,
But not when he is pulling the confiding public's leg;
Besides, the height of genius I never could explain
As "an infinite capacity for giving others pain."

No, give to me my Engelbert, my gentle Humperdinck,
Whose cerebral development is void of any kink;
Who represents in music, in the most enchanting light,
That good old German quality, to wit, *Gemüthlichkeit*.

I love his gift of melody, now homely in its vein,
Now rising, as befits his theme, to the celestial plane;
I love the rich orchestral tide that carries you along;
I love the cunning counterpoint that underlies the song.

Though scientific pedagogues that golden realm have banned,
He leads us back by pleasant paths to childhood's fairyland,
Till, bald and grey and middle-aged, we watch with child-like glee
The very games we learned long since at our dead mother's knee.

Our hearts are moved when in the wood the children lose their way,
And strange uncanny echoes mock their innocent dismay,
And when, clasped in each other's arms, they cast them down to sleep,
We know that real angels come and night-long vigil keep.

We thrill with apprehension of the risks that loom ahead
When they cross the magic threshold of the House of Gingerbread;
And O! with what contentment we at last behold them pitch
Head-foremost in her furnace-fire the broomstick-riding witch!

There 's not a bar of *Hänsel's* part that 's not exactly right;
There 's not a note for *Gretel* that 's not a pure delight;
And having heard it lately for (I think) the fifteenth time
I know I 'm talking reason, though it happens to be rhyme.

Then let us thank our lucky stars that in a squalid age
When horror, blood and ugliness so many pens engage,
One of our master-minstrels, by fashion unbeguiled,
Keeps the unclouded vision of a tender-hearted child.

THE SILHOUETTE.

We were having tea.

"No sugar," I said.

"Milk?"

"What tea is it?" I asked. "Ceylon, China, caravan?"

"Ceylon, I believe," she said.

"Then a little milk," I replied.

"But supposing it had been caravan?" she hazarded.

I sighed.

"Next time," she promised.

We talked about the usual things—the beauty and wonder of Carpentier; the gaiety of Hawtrey in *Never Say Die*; the charm of *Quality Street*; Romney's Sleeping Baby at the Grosvenor; Anatole France; the fall of Larkin.

Having completed this round, she asked me if I would like to see her silhouettes.

"Fearfully," I said.

She placed a little portfolio before me.

I turned over the black profiles.

"That's Jack," I said.

"Yes."

"That's his wife Marjorie."

"Yes."

"How clever you are! That's what's his name who lives near you."

"Yes."

"This is wonderful. But who's this?"

"Oh, that's the wife of a man who lives near Jack."

"I don't know her?"

"No."

"That accounts for my not recognising her," I said. "But it looks horribly lifelike. Won't you," I said, after a judicious pause,—"won't you do me?" (I am rather set on my profile. I have been told it is good.)

"I'd love to," she said tactfully.

"Right," I said. "How shall I sit for it?"

"Just like that," she said, getting her sketch block and sitting beside me. "Look straight ahead."

"I can't look straight ahead without something to smoke," I said.

She brought me a cigarette.

"Now," she said.

"Then you *draw* it?" I remarked. "I thought you cut it out with scissors."

"Oh, no. I draw it and then ink it in."

"Right," I said.

She worked diligently while I smoked.

"Do you want me to be realistic?" she asked.

"Of course," I said, fearing nothing.

"You won't mind?" she replied. (What an odd remark!)

"Why should I?" I asked, still in a fool's paradise.

"Nothing," she said, and continued.

I felt I would give a thousand pounds to face her, but I didn't dare. This was a profile. My nose, I knew, was good. I had seen it at the hatter's in one of those triple mirrors—clean cut, Roman, efficient. Then my blood ran cold: I suddenly remembered my chin. My chin, I say; I mean my chins.

"Why did you ask that about being realistic?" I said in agony.

"Nothing," she said.

I took another cigarette.

"There," she said, "that's done." She showed it me.

"Is that me?" I asked.

"Yes. Who did you think I was drawing: Lloyd George?" (That's the worst of letting girls go to music-halls, they pick up cheap sarcastic ways.)

I studied it. It did not look like me as I remembered myself from the last visit to the hatter's, and yet she had seemed to be clever.

"What's this?" I asked, pointing to a lump.

"That? That's your second chin."

"And this?"

"That's your third chin."

(Heavens! how rich I am!)

"But surely," I said, "the nose isn't right? And you've made the lip much too long."

"I don't think so," she replied coldly. "How do you know?"

"I don't *know*," I admitted. "I have a kind of instinct."

She forced me back into my position, something between the dentist and the photographer, and scrutinised me carefully.

"Perhaps it is a shade too long," she said, and shortened it. You can make all the alterations you like before the ink is applied.

"Now?" she said.

I looked again. "That's better," I replied.

"But how do you know?" she asked. "You must be very vain."

"I was," I said. "But never again. Look at that array of chins."

"I'll ink it in after you've gone," she said. "Then I'll send it to you."

The silhouette came home two days later.

I tried it all over the room—on the mantelpiece, on the tables, in picture frames. Then my landlady came in.

"Who do you think that's meant for?" I asked her.

She subjected it to minute study. "It's either Napoleon," she said at last (my heart gave a joyful bound), "or Danny Maher."

"But neither of them had three chins," I said.

"All real gentlemen have three chins," she replied bravely.

DRAMATIC EXCLUSIVENESS.

What with a Woman's Theatre established at one playhouse and a Children's Theatre at another, each with its appropriate dramatic fare, we are evidently on the way to a state of things in which every separate class of audience will have its suitable drama served up in a special building. We may then look for the following announcements:—

A fine performance of *The Taming of the Shrew* was given last night at the Misogynists' Theatre in Adam Street. This cosy little house, with its smoking and billiard rooms, was packed to the doors by an audience that applauded every point in the comedy with rapture. The grand Christmas pantomime, *Blue Beard*, is advertised for Boxing Day.

The latest addition to London's playhouses is the newly-built Socialists' Theatre, which will start its activities on Monday next with the production of *An Enemy of the People*. The building is constructed throughout of steel and asbestos, so as to render it suitable as a meeting place for conferences, etc. All the seats are equal in price, with the exception of the first tier boxes, which have been equipped with bomb-proof safety curtains capable of being lowered at will by the occupants, thus providing absolute security for Labour leaders visiting the entertainment.

The Theatre of the Advanced Symbolists, opened last evening, is said to be the first of its kind in Europe, and embodies all the latest views of its special patrons. Suggestion rather than physical comfort has been the chief result aimed at, the seats, designed on the cubist system, being so arranged that an interrupted view of the stage is permitted from all. The initial programme consisted of the first performance of the new Symbolist drama entitled *What?* and gave the highest pleasure to a distinguished audience. Silence and complete darkness prevailed both in the auditorium and on the stage. It was unfortunate that, owing to the careless duplication of the title on the bills, the masterpiece should have been advertised as *What, What!* thus creating a misapprehension as to its character, which explained the arrival of several parties really bound for the Postprandial Theatre next door, and a regrettable display of feeling when their mistake became clear to them. This apart, however, the evening was a deserved success.

Notices of the performances of *Money* at the new Financiers' Theatre in Copthall Avenue, and *The Odonto Girl* before the Society of Incorporated Dentists, are unavoidably held over.

THE APATHY OF ENGLAND.

(*To the Editor of "Punch."*)

SIR,—As one of years, authority, and high ideals, devoted to golf, the noblest of all pursuits, I beg permission to protest against the deplorably apathetic and frivolous attitude evinced by my countrymen towards the game in these days. I call it a game, but in reality it is more than that. Nor is it merely to be compared with a trade or profession, for in the heart of the true golfer it arouses a purer and more exalted enthusiasm. Clearly, it stands in a category by itself.

Now this apathy, this lack of interest, must be apparent to all. Take for example the space allotted by the Press to an event of such historic and national importance as a British or American Open Championship. Do we not find it passed over in as few columns as might suffice for the trifling matter of a pronouncement by a leading member of the Government? Instead of enjoying an exhaustive detailed description and criticism of every stroke played by every competitor, we have to be content with a brief *résumé* incorporating the more sensational incidents. But this is not my sole complaint. Golfing news from day to day is disgracefully microscopic. We find even prominent newspapers publishing only one descriptive or didactic article per week on the various aspects and difficulties of the game, instead of what is clearly demanded—a regular daily article. When, therefore, I see the Press paying so scant a regard to golf, I am not surprised at the indifference of the public.

They do not take the game seriously. It occupies a second, third, or even lower place in the order of their pursuits. They expend upon it a few meagre hours of leisure; they will frivol away half a day, sometimes even a whole day, at the office; linger over their luncheon; loiter at the club. And this is not all. Spendthrifts of their time, they are niggards with their money. I have heard of one golfer, indeed, who unblushingly declared that he spent only £200 a year upon the game. Few, perhaps, can emulate my friend A., who has cheerfully sacrificed fortune, worldly ambition, and the joys and comforts of family life to the ardour of his master-passion.

I desire to appeal to all exponents of this great art to correct their deplorable habits of levity and slothfulness; to wean themselves from the luxury of business and other distractions; to realise the pressing necessity for self-sacrifice. They should also conquer their foolish reticence and talk more freely on golfing topics. The benefits to be derived from airing a subject in conversation are inestimable; and golfers are noticeably backward in this particular.

And then there is the duty owed to their children. I cannot overestimate the need for impressing youthful minds with the vital significance of golf; that they may learn to approach it in a more earnest and respectful spirit. The humorous and ironical attitude increasingly manifest among caddies, too, is greatly to be regretted. It is, however, but another of those evils which must be attributed to the lamentable lack of seriousness on the part of golfers themselves.

In golf the pre-eminence of Britain is already questioned. Other Ouimets may arise. Soon we may descend from a plus to a scratch or minus power.

With this warning, Sir, I must conclude; only hoping that the country will be awakened to a more patriotic spirit, a loftier and sterner enthusiasm, before it is too late.

Yours, &c., BUNKER MASHIE.



STRICT GOLF.

"HERE, WHY DON'T YOU COME AND HELP TO LOOK FOR MY BALL?"
"SHOW ME THE RULE THAT SAYS I'VE GOT TO."

"Last night great beams of light shot slantingly upwards from the earth, as if they proceeded from a mighty lantern which had been discovered somewhere about Kom-el-Shogafa, and which Cyclops or some huge prehistoric cave dweller had seized with his great hands and swinging it about his head, caused the rays of light, miles long, to strike athwart the sky, crossing and recrossing each other incessantly, now forming themselves into wonderful diapers, anon clashing with and lighting up the fleeting clouds, giving curious, fantastic shapes, whiles, as a crouching gladiator, then as of an archer with his bow, and presently as of a Jack Tar stepping 'Jack's a Lad' atop o' the giddy mast."

Egyptian Gazette.

Actually the Fleet had just arrived.

AT THE PLAY.

"The Night Hawk."

I have never quite understood why it should be more difficult to rise from bed at one hour than another, if you have had your full allowance of sleep. Yet this appears to be a law of depraved human nature, and against it the *Hon. James Daubenay* had fought in vain. In the end he had given up the struggle to rise before luncheon, and only got up in time for dinner, going straight from his bath into his evening clothes.

This habit of turning night into day is one that moralists have ever deplored. Yet I have known editors of great daily journals who have followed it without visible loss of moral fibre; and the night-porter of my flat, if his inward graces are at all commensurate with his manly exterior, is a spiritual stalwart. But what is permissible and even admirable in the slave of duty may, in the case of a lover of pleasure, be matter for the gravest reprobation.

If virtue is its own reward, vice, I hope, is equally its own punishment. Not that there was anything traceably vicious in the character of *Daubenay;* but we were allowed to conjecture unutterable things from the character of his associates of the Night Hawk Club. Of the actual habits of this nocturnal bird of prey from which the club drew its symbolic name I know absolutely nothing; but a less seductive crew than the vulgarian females who used to sweep into *Daubenay's* flat by night on a whirlwind of noisy banality, I cannot easily imagine. Certainly the authors of the play have done their public no moral damage by making vice too picturesque.

Into the midst of this stupid orgy there entered one night a young girl from the country, a veritable dream of stage innocence. From that moment, even to the end of the play, our gifts of credulity were taxed almost beyond endurance. We were invited to believe that this prim little thing had come up to town for the day; had lost her rustic escort in a Trafalgar Square crowd; had then gone to look up her divorced mother at her old address (for, though they were on terms of secret intercourse, this unnatural parent had not confided to her daughter her change of residence); and was now anxious to consult the present occupant of the flat as to the next thing to be done. Moved to respectful sympathy, *Daubenay,* instead of putting her into the last train for home, insists on conducting her there in his motor. Safely arrived, he is captured by the girl's infuriated father—a man with an iron heart and a stout cudgel—and detained on suspicion. It was now that our simple faith underwent its worst strain. For the stern father compelled *Daubenay,* under threat of the stick for himself and banishment for the girl, to remain indefinitely on the premises, earning his feed by the sweat of his brow. To have seen this scion of the aristocracy employed in the menial labour of polishing harness in his evening clothes, with a little casual accommodation from the local wardrobe, would have melted the heart of a Lloyd George.

After this it was relatively easy to believe that the hero would be tracked by his Society friends to the scene of his alleged "rest cure" and be whisked off in their car; that the innocent girl, exiled by her Spartan sire, would appear again at *Daubenay's* flat in the middle of an orgy identical with that of the first Act, but this time herself in the gay attire of a Night Hawk, so as to compete on level terms with the other ladies of the club; and so would win his honourable love by those charms which innocence in the garb of vice always exerts upon the jaded senses of the *roué* of the footlights.

It will be guessed that it needed some pretty good acting to carry off a plot like that. Mr. Kenneth Douglas, on whose almost unaided shoulders fell the task, came very near to achieving it. He was practically never off the stage, and played with an extraordinary fluency and that natural humour of which he is so accomplished a master. Whether as a night-bird with no particular taste for the game, or as a man of ease compelled to undergo the grossest manual labour, and, subduing his Olympian habit, like Apollo in the demesne of Admetus,

θῆσσαν τράπεζαν αἰνέσαι, θεός περ ὤν,

or as a Londoner suffering the horrors of the countryside with its deadly noises of awakening nature, he was always quietly equal to the occasion. Miss Jane Cooper's pleasant angularity, proper to the part of rural innocence, made an agreeable contrast to Mr. Kenneth Douglas's mature facility of style. Mr. Fisher White, as the farmer-tyrant, demonstrated with the most unflinching resolution how the strongest religious convictions may be compatible with a total disregard for human charity.

I shall excuse myself from particular reference to the remainder of the cast, except to say that Mr. Stafford Hilliard, as *Daubenay's* man, whose personal health and private convenience suffered badly from the irregularity of his master's mode of life, bore it all with a most touching stoicism.

The humour of the play lies more in the situations than the dialogue; but a pleasant vein of fun runs through the talk, in which I gratefully acknowledge the absence of imported epigrams. My programme, which is very specific about the origin of the furniture, the motor-hats, the plate, and the gramophone, omits to give a definition of the genus of Messrs. Worrall and Merivale's play; so you may define it as you will. It is a blend of comedy and farce, too incredible to be purely the one and not boisterous enough to be purely the other. But the mixture will serve, if you are not too exigent. O. S.

THE MAN BEHIND THE FACE.

My old acquaintance, William Jones,
Is not a handsome man,
The physiognomy he owns
Is wandering in its plan;
Some careless person must have let
His features run ere they had set.

It would be difficult to lay
One's finger, I suppose,
On any special spot and say,
"Look, that is William's nose;"
One could but state, "'Tis somewhere here
The nasal organ should appear."

His general expression, too,
Betrays a vagueness such
As very seldom meets the view
Outside a rabbit hutch;
At times he almost has the air
Of one who is not wholly there.

Not once, nor twice, but oft have I
Heard strangers in the street,
When William Jones was passing by,
Exclaim with sudden heat:
"That man at large should never roam,
His proper place is in a home."

Alas! the superficial gaze,
How powerless it seems
To thread the soul's interior maze,
Where genius broods and dreams!
They err who think that Jones is what
The world calls barmy; he is not.

Forbear to scoff, look not askance
On William, for behind
That unimpressive countenance
Lurks a colossal mind;
In fact, fame whispers it was he
Who patented the Tango Tea.

The Modern Cinderella.

"If the lady who lost a black silk stocking at the dance on Wednesday evening will communicate with Box A., Saskatoon Daily Star, said loss can be recovered."—*Advt.*

"When the crew went on board the vessel yesterday morning they discovered she was under the water."—*Daily Mail.*

No doubt their wet feet gave them the clue, but they must have thought the boat looked rather funny from the shore.



Conductor of Village Band. "What's wrong, Duncan?"
Duncan ('cellist). "The drum's been playin' ma music and I've been playin' his."
Conductor. "I thocht there was something no just quite richt."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

All the time I was reading Mr. Frank Harris's *Great Days* (The Bodley Head) I was wondering where I had come across an earlier story written in the same style. Then I realised. *Great Days* is just like the fairy stories of my childhood, where the King's youngest son goes out to seek his fortune. Like the writers of the fairy stories, Mr. Harris takes it for granted that we shall be interested in the smallest details of his hero's career, however little they may have to do with the main theme or the development of his character; and, for myself, I must admit that he is not mistaken. I became so interested in *Jack Morgan* that I welcomed the information that he drank hot water at night after an evening at the inn, so as to avoid a headache next morning, and that he gave a little dinner to two friends, beginning with oysters and Sauterne, and was amused to find that one of his guests thought the white wine too thin. But *Jack's* career was not confined to these trivialities. Belonging to the great days that followed the French Revolution, and being by profession a smuggler and privateersman, he lived a very vivid life on both sides of the Channel. Mr. Harris has the admirable virtue of not being afraid to make his hero a real hero. When *Jack* is not running cargoes of old brandy, he is passing through passionate love adventures, thrashing bullies or capturing frigates. The culminating point of his exciting life is where the great Buonaparte himself offers him supreme command of the French Navy if he will sweep the English off the seas, as he has expressed himself able to do. Fortunately, *Jack's* patriotism is greater than his ambition, and England is still in a fairly satisfactory position as regards naval supremacy. But it was touch and go. We could manage France all right, but France and *Jack*—it does not bear thinking of. To sum up, a good, bustling yarn which kept me entertained from start to finish, and will have, I guarantee, a similar effect on others who believe in fairies.

Mrs. Wharton's new satire, *The Custom of the Country* (Macmillan), suffers, I think, from the bitterness of her indignation. In an earlier novel, *The House of Mirth*, she showed her fierce intolerance of the restless, grasping spirit of some part of the New York world, but with that fierceness there were mingled pity and even tenderness. I find no pity or tenderness in her new chronicle. There is in the quality of her work the hard, shining, metallic glitter of an American railway-line. *Undine*, the heroine, passing from stage to stage, from husband to husband, trampling remorselessly as she goes upon all those who have helped her, is, at the last, inhuman in her lack of contrast. Mrs. Wharton hates her so deeply that she will allow her no suspicion of human feeling or human softness. I failed, therefore, to realise that the gentle first husband and the courteous second one would have fallen at her feet. Something more of her than physical beauty those men would have demanded, and something more, perhaps, she had; but Mrs. Wharton will not reveal it to us. So with it all. The miserable side of human nature, the degraded, selfish instincts of society—these are emphasised. The book, with all its cleverness, lacks justice, and therefore truth. Here the artist, driven forward by her contemptuous disgust, paints her picture in dark, sombre colours, and has too readily allowed personal prejudice to darken her vision. Once

a lady called *Becky Sharp* dazzled, hoodwinked, tricked the London world. She was, I dare say, a wickeder woman than Mrs. WHARTON'S *Undine*, but her historian was, in spite of himself, fair to her. Mrs. WHARTON is never fair to her victim. The brilliance of the book remains; whether it be finance, social contrasts, the Old World or the New, French *châteaux* or American hotels, Mrs. WHARTON'S talent can most ably reveal them for us; but it is a hard and a cruel revelation.

I did not see *The Witness for the Defence* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) in its previous incarnation as a play at the St. James's Theatre. Hitherto I have always regretted this, but I hope Mr. A. E. W. MASON will not misunderstand me when I say that my regret is now banished. The reason is that I have been able to approach the book with an appreciation unhampered by those worrying memories of the theatre about which I have spoken before in similar cases. As a result I have enjoyed it greatly. The rule is that good plays do not make good novels, though authors are slow to believe this, and perhaps the fact of getting double profit out of one idea does not serve to quicken their apprehension. Anyhow, I am glad to find *The Witness for the Defence* a triumphant exception. It makes quite a good novel, picturesque, alive and convincing. In one way the story has gained much by its liberation from dramatic fetters We are now enabled to see something more of the previous relationship between *Thresk* and *Stella*, and this greatly helps the grip of the subsequent developments. You probably know what these are. A story does not enjoy a successful run in the West-End, and goodness knows how many provincial tours, and retain much of the charm of mystery. Still, Mr. MASON and his publishers were no doubt right in supposing that you would care to hear a little more intimately about the characters, and "their whys and wherefores." And to the benighted who, like myself, have not met them before, I would say, Do it Now.



Professional Palmist (absently). "THE MOUNT OF JUPITER IS REMARKABLY DEVELOPED. IT DENOTES AN EXCESSIVE LOVE OF POWER, A TYRANNICAL DISPOSITION AND EXTREME EGOTISM."

In *The Booklover's London* (METHUEN) Mr. A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK sets out on a pleasant gossipy round of the town in the track of characters out of his favourite imaginative literature, from BEN JONSON to GEORGE GISSING. I am afraid I suspect him of a little self-deception when he protests that in this or that place the imaginary folk throng about him and are more real than the whistling errand-boys and pompous, rotund merchants who are there in actual prosaic fact. It may, of course, be even so. More likely 'tis a harmless device to put his spirits in key for his enterprise and is justified by its entirely amiable results. One of these is to send you from the quotations with which the book is freely embellished back to the originals to renew their acquaintance. And that, no doubt, is one of the author's benevolent purposes. The chief of them, I guess, was to please himself by indulging a hobby—which is no bad way of giving pleasure to other people. Mr. ADCOCK has a thoroughly sound idea that the kind of fact that it is *not* important to know about London is that on a very clear day one may have a view of the Crystal Palace if one looks straight down Bouverie Street. The Sage who lives in this sacred congested thoroughfare has never noticed it, and, like Mr. ADCOCK, doesn't want to. An index makes this little volume a lazily convenient occasion of happy reminiscence.

What a passion for untempered veracity seems to have taken hold of our novelists! The latest professor of the system of withholding nothing is Mr. WILLIAM HEWLETT, whose new novel, *Telling the Truth* (SECKER), sufficiently explains its character by its title. In his introductory pages Mr. HEWLETT almost vehemently protests that no consideration shall prevent him from giving us the facts, even if, like GALILEO, he shall "suffer the penalty of public condemnation." Really I don't think he need have worried. These devoted truth-tellers always a little remind me of the hero of DICKENS'S *Holiday Romances*, who "fought his desperate way hand to hand to the lane," being "so fortunate as to meet nobody." Because, despite an occasional much-proclaimed movement of the libraries, no one is really very greatly concerned to interfere with them. Anyhow, the truth about Mr. HEWLETT'S central figure is that he was a cad; that he was a sentimental egoist as well does not alter this primal fact about him. After a boyhood during which his character causes a good deal of well-founded uneasiness to the authorities, he runs away from home and becomes first an actor, then (sounding deeper depths) a popular novelist. It is in this capacity, as the idol of society, that he is brought into contact with his soul-mate, who is, as you might expect, already the wife of another. Honestly, what I think must have been the matter with *Hugh Middlecomb* was a too-fervent admiration for the heroes of Messrs. H. G. WELLS and COMPTON MACKENZIE. This may explain his taking his bruised spirit to Cornwall in the final book, and thus giving his own author the opportunity for some pleasant descriptive writing. To be fair, the story has also some good passages of stage and journalistic life; but, on the whole, I hardly found myself in agreement with Mr. HEWLETT about its importance.

From an account of an R.S.P.C.A. prosecution in *The Liverpool Evening Express*:—

"Mr. J. B. Marston, of Mold, defended, and stated that the mare along with others was travelling to Chester, when a motor passed and scared all the horses, which jumped about, and the mare in question got knocked down and thus received the injury.

A large body of evidence was called for the defence."

This would no doubt be the body of the mare, the animal having been destroyed previous to the police court proceedings. (Our contemporary's actual words are "the Mayor was destroyed," but no doubt its reporter got a wrong impression of what had happened).

CHARIVARIA.

THE Emperor MENELIK has died again. He never quite rallied from his previous deaths.

* * *

The KAISER'S dislike of the Tango is well-known. His Majesty, who has recently been suffering from a cold, has now insisted on the CROWN PRINCE ceasing to be a Danzig man.

* * *

Seizures of rifles continue to be made in Ulster. It is said that the Government intend, if they catch sufficient, to re-arm our Territorials with them.

* * *

We understand that not only is there to be no postal strike just now, but the men do not even propose to show their dissatisfaction with present conditions by refusing to accept Christmas boxes.

* * *

A Norwood lady has left £800 in Consols to her dog. This is a striking commentary on the loss of prestige suffered by what was once our premier security.

* * *

A pathetic incident is reported in connection with the purchase of the Duke of BEDFORD'S Covent Garden estate. "Had I known," said an aged and wealthy burglar, with tears in his eyes, "that Bow Street Police Court was for sale I would have bought the thing myself and razed it to the ground."

* * *

"The various leaseholders on the estate," says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "were unaware of the transaction until it was announced in the Press, but they will, of course, remain unaffected." Certainly if they weren't affected when they had a Duke for a landlord it is unlikely that they will put on airs when his place is taken by a Commoner.

* * *

After the recent confusion between the names of the two plays, *Love and Laughter* and *The Laughing Husband*, we are not surprised that a muddle-headed friend of ours should have asked us the other day whether we had seen *Wu's the Lady?*"

* * *

JACK JOHNSON'S motor-car ran into a gate at a level crossing near Montreuil last week, and the negro boxer was badly punished about the head. The gate, it is said, is to be adorned with the inscription, "I knocked out JACK JOHNSON."

From New York comes a tale of the sale of a husband for a gold bracelet. As a husband ourselves we are pleasantly surprised to learn that we still have a value. Heaven grant that the bracelet was not of rolled gold!

* * *

We have noticed as part of the Christmas window display in a number of shops a fall of snow with exactly the same distance between each flake and its neighbours. This well-drilled snow must come, we fancy, from Germany.



First Urchin. "YUS, I ORLWYS SES ONE O' THESE 'ERE SHOWS IS WORTH '*ARF-A-DOZEN* OF THE OLD PUNCH AND JUDYS."

We hear that, since the return of the prodigal "Monna Lisa," other female portraits in the Louvre have been making some very catty remarks.

* * *

The entire Press will suspend publication on Christmas Day, and an appeal is made to events of importance to make this experiment a success by kindly not happening just then.

* * *

The Pan-American Association, a cable tells us, is considering plans for the erection of the tallest building in the world. The Association evidently does not know that the tallest building in the world has already been erected.

A HOUSEHOLD BOON.

"BUT how can I tell you of anything I want," said Philip peevishly, "when I've got two of everything, except razors, and seven of those, three safeties and four ordinary ones?"

"But aren't there any little patent contrivances I could give you that make for man's comfort and convenience?" pleaded Muriel.

"Oh, plenty," he replied. "A patent bootlace, for instance, that does itself up; a patent letter-answerer, or a patent razor that shaves me while I sleep. Those are the only kind of things I should find useful, *if you could get them.*"

Muriel stared at the fire and deliberated.

"Very well," she said hopefully. "I'll see what I can do."

On Christmas morning Philip found a soft parcel by his plate and Muriel looking at him with suppressed emotion.

"That," she said, "is a patent contrivance which guarantees you a good start for every day and adds to the happiness of the whole household in consequence—is that the kind of thing you wanted?"

"Just," said Philip, smiling incredulously as he drew forth about four yards of green silk cord. "But how does it work?"

"You stretch it along one side of your bed, from the head to the foot."

"What for?"

"Stops you getting out the wrong side!"

More Schoolboy Howlers.

From a paper on MILTON:—

"Milton wrote Thomas Antagonist.
Amaryllis is a name given to Milton's Tutor at Cambridge."

"The afternoon hunt from Clevewood was over the vale to the Hangings, and on over the hill to Yatesbury, where hounds were beaten."

Those which escaped the hangings, no doubt; but surely they deserved to be spared.

"Both streams are clear and in fair order. Grayling have been rising at midday."—*Field.*

They'll never catch the early worm if they get up so late.

Another daring Theft.

"Perugia states that the Louvre has been in his room in Paris for the past two years."
Sunday Chronicle.

Can he not be persuaded to come over to England and steal the Albert Memorial?

THE NEW LORD OF COVENT GARDEN.

[*Mr. Mallaby-Deeley's purchase of a large slice of the Duke of Bedford's London property has made him the Press-hero of the week.*]

I sing to your superb renown,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
Whose name like thunder shakes the Town,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
To whose exploit *The Times* has lent
As much of space as might be spent
Upon a shattering World-Event,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

Others have waked in quiet beds,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
With sudden haloes round their heads,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
But none of all historic feats
(Concerned with liquid lucre) beats
Your scoop of six-and-twenty streets,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

Alone you did it, so you state,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
Unbolstered by a syndicate,
MALLABY-DEELEY;
Simply, while walking down the Strand,
You found some millions loose in hand
And thought you'd buy a little land,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

A hobby, and, to you, I guess,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
Not worth recording in the Press,
MALLABY-DEELEY;
You must have been surprised to trace
What was alleged to be your face
Advertised all about the place,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

Such is true greatness: like the air,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
It breathes its benison unaware,
MALLABY-DEELEY;
This princely deed by which you won
A splendour second to the sun—
You hardly noticed it was done,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

And, as you tread your Covent Mart,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
Breaking each apple-woman's heart,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
Their flattering notes will be ignored
When buxom breasts with one accord
Cry out: "There goes our Garden's lord,"
MALLABY-DEELEY.

Yet every pumpkin I explore,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
Will have your savour at its core,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
And when, to crown my homely meal,
The Ribston pippin sheds its peel,
I shall recall your ducal deal,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

If in my humble stall I sigh,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
When *Tristan* still declines to die,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
I shall avert my weary view
And through my glasses gaze on you
Recumbent in the BEDFORD pew,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

And oh! to think the selfsame school,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
Taught me to serve and you to rule,
MALLABY-DEELEY!
That, while your fame was yet a dream,
We two have oared the ambient stream
Where fair Sabrina's tresses gleam,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

In those obscure Salopian days,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
Hyphenless both we went our ways,
MALLABY DEELEY;
But if I met you now—a god,
And I the merest worm (or clod)—
I know I should not dare to nod,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

O. S.

CHRISTMAS SUPERSTITIONS.

(*With apologies to our contemporaries.*)

NOTHING is more interesting or (to the journalist hack) more profitable than a comparative study of the many quaint and old-world beliefs concerning the present festive season that still linger in various places.

Thus in certain districts of Northumberland it is considered very unlucky to eat crab on Christmas Eve that has been boiled more than three weeks. If mince-pies be taken at the same meal the danger is supposed to be increased. There are many legends of persons who disregarded this tradition and perished miserably.

In some villages of the Lower Danube the peasants say that, if a householder takes a large pail of dirty water to his bedroom and leaves it all night upon the window-sill, it discourages the Herald Angels from singing outside his house on Christmas Eve.

"The mouth that is opened too wide at Christmas stays open for long," runs a Turkish proverb, based upon the story of the Sultan who broke five front teeth on his plum-pudding, and had to spend the next fortnight with his dentist.

Among the natives of the Gold Coast there is a saying that, if a dog howl all night on Christmas Eve, a stranger will come in the morning. Curiously enough much the same tradition is found in Acton and Ealing, with the difference that there the stranger is the next-door neighbour.

One of the most extraordinary beliefs to be found anywhere at the present day is the conviction amongst the inhabitants of Fleet Street that Christmas really comes at the beginning of November. The quaint ceremonial, observed about this date, of "Bringing out the Christmas Number," is evidence of this superstition, the origin of which is lost in the mists of obscurity.

The Descent of Man.

Latest type (commonly found in ballrooms).—The Orangoutangorilla.

"During the evening the chair of All Souls', South Hampstead, sang a few carols."—*Era.*

This must be one of the musical chairs we have often heard of.



SOLD OUT.

Father Christmas (*in Covent Garden*). "GOT ANY HOLLY AND MISTLETOE FOR ME?"
Duke of Bedford. "SORRY, SIR, I'M OFF. NOTHING LEFT BUT STRAWBERRY LEAVES."

"MONNA LISA" AND THE MAN WHO KNEW.

It is not often that anything happens in Europe or America without Harberry getting to know the why and how of it. The fall of a government, the crumbling of a monarchy, may be due to causes hidden from the common eye, but not from Harberry's. The most impregnable mysteries keep open house to Harberry. Allow him time and he will give you three explanations of any one you name, each more impeccably authenticated than the last, and all mutually exclusive.

Harberry was, I believe, the first person in Europe—at all events the first innocent person—to know exactly what had become of the "Monna Lisa" after her disappearance from the Louvre. The thief, it appeared, was—well, there was no need to name him—but he was a very high official among the Louvre hierarchy, and his wife's extravagance in dress was a by-word in three capitals. In the meantime "it" had been bought by an English grocer.

It was next Spring that I met Harberry again. He was just back from New York.

"Most extraordinary thing about 'La Gioconda,'" he observed in the course of conversation.

"Oh?" I asked. "Anything new?"

"Well," he said, "I suppose you know where it is?"

"Not absolutely for certain," I replied, "but I understood from you——"

"Oh, that story last September? That was only a dealer's rumour. But do you mean to say they haven't heard the truth on this side of the Atlantic yet?"

I intimated that Europe sat in darkness.

"Why, it was stolen by a downtown gang of New York cracksmen for X.—he mentioned a world-famed multi-millionaire—and now he's got the thing framed up in a little private gallery of his own, and spends hours a day cooped up with it, simply gazing at it. He has a whole staff of private detectives to watch it; and he's sent nearly half-a-million hush-money to the Louvre people to keep them quiescent."

I bowed amazed credulity. The crime of X. held the field until the Summer of 1913.

Meeting Harberry casually, I gleaned my usual harvest of first-hand international secrets.

"Anything new about 'La Gioconda'?" I asked, when his confidences drew to a close. "I suppose it's the most astounding theft——"



Mrs. Briggs. "SO THERE'S NOT GOING TO BE A POSTAL STRIKE AFTER ALL, MRS. JOHNSON."

Mrs. Johnson (remembering the Coal Strike). "WELL, YOU NEVER CAN TELL. BUT WHAT IT MAY COME AT ANY MOMENT; SO I SHALL LAY IN A GOOD STOCK OF STAMPS NOW."

"Theft?" thundered Harberry. "There never was a theft. I tell you every official in the Louvre wants hanging. That picture never left the galleries. They were trying on some new way of cleaning which the Curator thought he'd invented, and simply rotted the surface off the thing. And now the canvas is lying in the Departmental offices—along with the missing parts of the 'Milo'; and there it'll lie for evermore. It's nothing short of an international scandal."

It was a few days after the recovery of the picture that I ran across Harberry once more.

He seemed a trifle more subdued than usual, and, beyond the comparatively unimportant fact that WELLS had been drugged, he had little to communicate.

"What do you think about the 'Gioconda' now?" I was tempted to ask.

He came nearer blushing than I had thought possible to him.

"Think about it," he said. "I think it's a devilish clever business copied right down to the scratches. But if France is satisfied I suppose the rest of the world has no right to complain."

"What can a woman do against a burly ruffian who without any ceremony proceeds to prise the jewels from her like carbuncles from a fishing smack?"—*Globe.*

Answer. Explain to him the difference between a carbuncle and a barnacle.

ORGANISED HOSPITALITY.

In view of the unqualified success of the recent banquets to M. Anatole France and Dr. George Brandes, it is proposed to form a permanent committee of what might be called *Entrepreneurs* of Culture, whose duty it shall be from time to time to select foreigners of distinction worthy of being feasted in this country and to arrange for a fitting ceremonial, thus relieving Mr. Edmund Gosse of more hard work than ought to fall on any one man, however willing he may be.

A preliminary meeting to this end was held last week at the Café Royal, at which the chair was taken by Sir Sidney Lee. After having outlined the objects of the gathering, the Chairman added that it was held that in the future every effort should be made to avoid what he might call an *embarras de richesse*, such as had distinguished some recent manifestations of cordiality. It might not be generally known that, while M. Anatole France was in London, the great Danish critic, Dr. George Brandes, who had but just been put through the same ordeal, was still with us, but wholly in retirement; while no one could have helped noticing that M. Georges Carpentier was also gathering laurels on one of the nights that should have been the sole perquisite of M. France. It was felt that such a deplorable state of things must never occur again. One at a time must be the rule, and whatever arrangements were made as to hospitality they must always be conditioned by the programme of the National Sporting Club. (Loud applause.)

Sir Thomas Barclay said that a leader in *The Times* had suggested that a dinner was not the best form of entertainment to which to invite these honoured guests. Speaking from his own not trifling experience as a host of men of genius, he could say that it was. (Cheers.)

Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis rose to know whether there was likely to be any reciprocity in these matters. Were corresponding societies being formed in, say, Paris, Rome, Berlin or Copenhagen, for the entertainment of distinguished Englishmen? He asked only for information.

The Chairman said that he did not know; but it was to be hoped so. (General applause.)

Sir E. Ray Lankester rose to know if Americans were to be included among the guests.

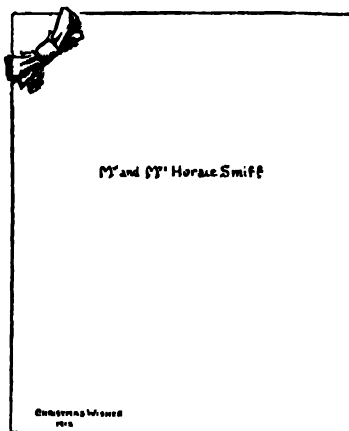
The Chairman said that that question raised a delicate point. There was one writer who, if he were still an American, would naturally be the first to be asked; but as no one quite knew whether he was or not, and his own reply to a request for information left the matter so much more vague than before he referred to Mr. Henry James (wild excitement) —it was thought that for the present America had better be excluded.

Sir E. Ray Lankester said he thought the decision was a pity as it shut out Mr. Silas K. Hocking.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll rose to point out that Mr. Hocking was an Englishman.



The old-fashioned Christmas-card was cheering.



But the modern kind can hardly be described as jolly.

Sir E. Ray Lankester. "Then he has no right to be not with a name like that!" (Cries of Order.)

Mr. Clement Shorter (author of *Giotto and his Circle*) rose to ask if it were not possible to extend the word foreigner, which now meant chiefly a European, to include the Scotch. If so, he begged to propose the name of Sir William Robertson Nicoll as a fitting guest for the society. It was monstrous that so illustrious a man as Sir William had had to wait so long for such an honour.

Mr. H. G. Selfridge said that he was for fair play and no favour. (Cheers.) Having recently honoured a Dane and a Frenchman, he thought we ought to look next to Italy. Wasn't there some one named Corelli?

Sir Claude Phillips begged to suggest the name of Vincenzo Perugia. He was worthy of the highest honour for having shown himself better able to take care of Leonardo's "Monna Lisa" than the Louvre was.

Mr. John Lane said that he was sorry that he had no guest to propose. M. France was the only superlatively great French author on his list.

Mr. Duckworth stated that he could offer no suggestion as he had ascertained that Dostoievsky was dead.

Mr. Heinemann said he did not see why retrospective enthusiasm should not be indulged. After all, one could eat as good a dinner to a great man's memory as in a great man's presence. He thought that a Tolstoi or Tourgenieff dinner would be equally delightful.

Sir Thomas Lipton said that it was a crying shame that so many of the greatest authors were dead. He would enormously have liked to meet Goethe; and might the best man win! (Cheers.) He could think of no name to suggest to the meeting.

The Chairman here interposed to point out that the purpose of the meeting was not to find suitable guests, but to form a permanent committee for hospitality. He would ask for names for that committee.

Omnes: "Sir Thomas Barclay." (Cheers.)

In the course of a few stormy hours the committee was formed, consisting of the Chairman himself, Sir Thomas Barclay, Mr. Gosse and Sir Joseph Lyons. The meeting then dispersed.

Further Decline in the Aristocracy.

"A large row of pink earls worth £5,000 and belonging to a well-known lady of the old French nobility has been restored to her."
South Wales Echo.

"Sheriff Fyfe said that this was a case of garrotting, a form of crime with which he had no sympathy."—*Scotsman.*

Sheriff Fyfe gives us the impression of a narrow-minded man.

"Reece *v.* Harverson.
A kiss closed Harverson's career at 27."
The Sportsman.

Another promising young life cut short but what a romantic end!

Magisterial Lore.

"A poor mother summoned at North London yesterday for not sending children to school pleaded that she had a family of thirteen, and that it was very difficult to get them all ready at the proper time.

The Magistrate: Thirteen children. It is a case of Mother Hubbard."—*Daily News.*

Thirteen children *and* a dog; poor Mother Hubbard!



Son of the House (collaring joyous guest). "LOOK HERE, YOU MUS'N'T ENJOY YOURSELF AS MUCH AS THAT! THIS IS *MY* BIRTHDAY PARTY!"

THE BIRD, THE BOUGH AND THE BARD.

(A Reverie of Blighted Love.)

I CANNOT pass the poulterers' shops
And notice how they hang them o'er
With evergreens from brake and copse,
Without becoming sore;
Such transports to my mind they bring
Of bitter-sweet remembering,
A savour just like acid-drops
Of hours that are no more.

'Twas springtide in the verdant dell
(The date I can't exactly fix),
When I was courting Amabel
Whose size in gloves was six;
Gold-haired, I think, but this I know—
We came across some mistletoe
In a wet garth where ran pell-mell
A troop of turkey-chicks.

And there I vowed a deathless flame,
And she, the siren, turned her head,
Swore she preferred her maiden name,
Then, softening and grown red,
"When yonder bough hangs in the hall,
When yonder poults get plump and fall,
Ask me once more," she cooed with shame.
"Done with you, girl!" I said.

The moons went by without a word
To ease my amorous care;
December brought the well-stuffed bird
But not the faithless fair.
I wrote. She answered me, the minx,
"Have sworn to marry H. J. Binks."
Whether she did I never heard;
I left the business there.

But underneath the Yule-tide bough
I stood, a fool forlorn and sad;
What comfort were its berries now?
They simply made me mad.
Most vile and parasitic growth,
Fit emblem of a perjured troth!
I still get vexed when thinking how
Supremely I was had!

And, when they twine the turkey's bier
With golden leaves for kinglihood,
I always stand and shed a tear . . .
But, having wept and stood,
I always smile again; for, though
That girl was false as mistletoe,
Turkeys I recollect that year
Were good, uncommon good.

EVOE.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

My young friend Bobby (now in the early thirteens) has been making his plans for the Christmas holidays. He communicated them to me in a letter from school:—

"I am going to write an opera in the holidays with a boy called Short, a very great and confident friend of mine here. I am doing the words and Short is doing the music. We have already got the title; it is called 'Disappointment.'"

Last week, on his return to town, he came to see me at my club, and when the waiter had brought in drinks, and Bobby had refused a cigar, I lighted up and prepared to talk shop. His recent discovery that I write too leads him to treat me with more respect than formerly.

"Now then," I said, "tell me about it. How's it going on?"

"Oo, I haven't done much yet," said Bobby. "But I've got the plot."

"Let's have it."

Bobby unfolded it rapidly.

"Well, you see, there's a chap called Tommy—he's the hero—and he's just come back from Oxford, and he's awfully good-looking and decent and all that, and he's in love with Felicia, you see, and there's another chap called Reynolds, and, you see, Felicia's really the same as Phyllis, who's going to marry Samuel, and that's the disappointment, because Tommy wants to marry her, you see."

"I see. That ought to be all right. You could almost get two operas out of that."

"Oo, do you think so?"

"Well, it depends how much Reynolds comes in. You didn't tell me what happened to him. Does he marry anybody?"

"Oo, no. He comes in because I want somebody to tell the audience about Tommy when Tommy isn't there."

(How well Bobby has caught the dramatic idea.)

"I see. He ought to be very useful."

"You see, the first Act's in a very grand restaurant, and Tommy comes in to have dinner, and he explains to Reynolds how he met Felicia on a boat, and she'd lost her umbrella, and he said, 'Is this your umbrella?' and it was, and they began to talk to each other, and then he was in love with her. And then he goes out, and then Reynolds tells the audience what an awfully decent chap Tommy is."

"Why does he go out?"

"Well, you see, Reynolds couldn't tell everybody what an awfully decent chap Tommy is if Tommy was there."

(You see how Bobby has mastered the technique of the stage.)

"And where's Felicia all this time?"

"Oo, she doesn't come on. She's in the country with Samuel. You see, the second Act is a grand country wedding, and Samuel and Phyllis are married, and Tommy is one of the guests, and he's very unhappy, but he tries not to show it, and he shoots himself."

"Reynolds is there too, I suppose?"

"Oo, I don't know yet."

(He'll have to be, of course. He'll be wanted to tell the audience how unhappy Tommy is.)

"And how does it end?" I asked.

"Well, you see, when the wedding's over, Tommy sings a song about Felicia, and it ends up 'Felicia, Felicia, Felicia,' getting higher each time—Short has to do that part, of course, but I've told him about it—and then the curtain comes down."

"I see. And has Short written any of the music yet?"

"He's got some of the notes. You see, I've only just got the plot, and I've written about two pages. I'm writing it in an exercise-book."

A shadow passed suddenly across the author's brow.

"And the sickening thing," he said, as he leant back in his chair and sipped his ginger-beer, "is that on the cover of it I've spelt Disappointment with two 's's.'"

(The troubles of this literary life!)

"Sickening," I agreed.

* * * * *

If there is one form of theft utterly unforgivable it is the theft by a writer of another writer's undeveloped ideas. Borrow the plot of Sir J. M. Barrie's last play, and you do him no harm; you only write yourself down as a plagiarist. But listen to the scenario of his next play (if he is kind enough to read it to you) and write it up before he has time to develop it himself, and you do him a grievous wrong; for you fix the charge of plagiarism on *him*. Surely, you say, no author could sink so low as this.

And yet, when I got home, the plot of "Disappointment" (with one "s") so took hold of me that I did the unforgivable thing; I went to my desk and wrote the opera. I make no excuses for myself. I only point out that Bobby's opera, as performed at Covent Garden in Italian, with Short's music conducted by Richter, is not likely to be belittled by anything that I may write here. I have only written in order that I may get the scenario—which had begun to haunt me—off my chest. Bobby, I know, will understand and forgive; Short I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting, but I believe he is smaller than Bobby.

Act I.

Scene—*A grand restaurant. Enter Tommy, a very handsome man, just back from Oxford.*

Tommy sings:—

> Felicia, I love you,
> By all the stars above you
> I swear you shall be mine!—
> And now I'm going to dine.

[*He sits down and orders a bottle of ginger-beer and some meringues.*

Waiter. Your dinner, Sir.

Tommy. Thank you. And would you ask Mr. Reynolds to come in, if you see him? (*To the audience*) A week ago I was crossing the Channel—(*enter Reynolds*)—Oh, here you are, Reynolds! I was just saying that a week ago I was crossing the Channel when I saw the most beautiful girl I have ever seen who had lost her umbrella. I said, "Excuse me, but is this your umbrella?" She said, "Yes." Reynolds, I sat down and fell in love with her. Her name was Felicia. And now I must go and see about something. [*Exit.*

Reynolds. Poor Tommy! An awfully decent chap if ever there was one. But he will never marry Felicia, because I happen to know her real name is Phyllis, and she is engaged to Samuel.

(*Recitative.*)

> She is engaged to Samuel. Poor Tommy,
> He does not know she's fond of Samuel.
> He *will* be disappointed when he knows.

Curtain.

Act II.

Scene—*A beautiful country wedding.*

Tommy (*in pew nearest door, to* Reynolds). Who's the bride?

Reynolds. Phyllis. She's marrying Samuel.

Enter Bride.

Tommy. Heavens, it's Felicia!

Reynolds (*to audience*). Poor Tommy! How disappointed he must be! (*A oud*) Yes, Felicia and Phyllis are really the same girl. She's engaged to Samuel.

Tommy. Then I cannot marry her!

Reynolds. No.

Tommy sings:—

> Good-bye, Felicia, good-bye,
> I'm awfully disappointed, I
> Am now, in fact, about to die,
> Felicia, Felicia, Felicia!

[*Shoots himself.*

Curtain.

* * * * *

That is how I see it. But no doubt Bobby and Short, when they really get to work, will make something better of it. It is an engaging theme, but of course the title wants to be spelt properly. A. A. M.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BREATHING SPACE.

ONCE upon a time there was an old pheasant—a real veteran who had come victorious out of many battues. Not perhaps wholly unscathed, for his tail was no longer the streaming meteoric plume that it once had been, but sound in wind and limb.

No one knew his lordship's guests so well as he, so often had he seen them in the coverts: old Sir Mark, who had an arm-chair at the angle of the two best drives; Sir Humphry, with his eternal cigarette in the long gold tube; the red-faced Colonel, who always shot too late; the purple-faced Major, who always shot too soon; the smiling agent, who would so tactfully disown a bird whenever it seemed politic; and all the rest of them.

How the veteran rocketer had escaped he could not say, but shoot after shoot found him still robust and elusive, while his relations were falling all around, some, to their dying satisfaction, thudding into the features of their assassins.

One morning three young pheasants came flying up to their Nestor in a state of nervous excitement.

"Quick! quick!" they said, "the gentlemen are leaving the Hall. Tell us where to go to be safe."

"Go?" said the old bird. "Don't go anywhere. Stay where you are."

"But they're coming this way," said the young pheasants. "They've got the same clothes on."

"Let them come," said the old bird. "There's no danger. Why don't you use your ears?"

"What do you mean?" they asked.

"Listen," said the old bird. "What is that sound?"

"It's too gentle for guns," said the young pheasants meditatively.

"Yes," said the old bird. "That's church bells. It means they're going to play golf."

L'Illustration on Paris:—

"N'est il pas, ne sera-t-il pas encore longtemps, et toujours, espérons-le, comme centre scientifique et centre d'art *the beast in the world!*"

This shows the dangers of the *entente cordiale*. Fifteen years ago the writer would have said it quite comfortably in his own language.

Science for the Home.

"M. Bunau-Varilla claims that with his torpedo-shaped hood the resistance of the air is practically nullified. Those present noticed that a match, lighted just behind the machine when in full course, burned as if in a vacuum."

Daily Telegraph.

This must mean that it went out. M. BUNAU-VARILLA will have to try again.



"I SAY—ER—DO YOU KEEP ANY MEN'S TOYS?"

NATURE STUDIES.

THE AMATEUR ACTOR.

THIS common but entertaining little creature will well repay observation. The present is one of the best periods of the year for such a purpose, as it has been proved that the two seasons when it flourishes and propagates most abundantly are the weeks about Christmas and those immediately preceding Lent. With the approach of warm evenings it usually retires into comparative obscurity.

In its habits this biped presents several strongly marked characteristics. Its chief distinction is the employment of what is known to naturalists as Protective mimicry. Thus the same specimen may frequently be found to simulate at one time SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER, and at another MR. EDMUND PAYNE, according to circumstances. This habit is not only employed for protection, but may very often be used for purposes of offence. We have seen an amateur imitation of SIR HERBERT TREE that was most offensive. On the other hand, the amateur, especially the female variety, is often both docile and engaging in manner, and may form a perfect pet for the household. It eats little, but usually drinks a lot. "Scratch meals" and champagne are its chief articles of nutriment.

Should any reader be contemplating amateur-keeping, the rules to be observed are very simple. A large empty room, in which they can play about undisturbed, is the chief requisite. At their period of full activity they take very little sleep, and that mostly in the early morning. They are perfectly safe, except that anything like unfavourable criticism irritates them to frenzy, and should on no account be permitted. With this precaution a few of these bright little creatures will more than compensate for the expense of upkeep, and provide a constant source of entertainment for a Christmas party.

"LADY DANCER'S SECOND SUIT."

Daily Chronicle.

Some lady dancers consider even one unnecessary.



OUR DRILL HALL.

We understand that the Army Council have written to the county associations suggesting that they might add to their income by letting out their drill-halls for entertainments, dances, etc. But why not, at the same time, add to the attractions of service in the Territorial ranks by letting the entertainments be given during recruit drills?

THE SWEETS OF SURPRISE.

At the recent farewell appearance of Mr. Harry Lauder at the Palace Theatre we learn that "the popular Scotch comedian, to his evident surprise and gratification, was presented with a huge wreath of laurels and white heather tied with a plaid ribbon."

It is pleasant to learn, on good authority, that the lives of successful public performers, arduous and fatiguing though they may be in the main, are, contrary to the view of cynics, largely redeemed by the frequent occurrence of incidents which entirely baffle the forecast of the most far-seeing artist.

Mr. Hardy Marvin, the famous actor-manager, who is now on his pre-ante-penultimate farewell tour in the provinces, was the recipient of a most gratifying testimonial to his abilities at Moreton-in-the-Marsh last week. At the close of the performance of the romantic drama, *The Pompadour's Pet*, in which he sustains the leading *rôle*, loud and repeated cries of "Speech" resounded from all quarters of the house. The famous histrion, who was quite overcome with emotion, remarked that this unprecedented demonstration, for which he was completely unprepared, would always remain enshrined in his memory as one of the most reassuring evidences of the intelligence of the British public.

Mr. Bamberger, the famous violinist, at the close of one of his recitals was asked by the headmistress of a well-known girls' school if he would kindly sign his name in the birthday-books of twenty of her pupils who had attended the concert. The famous Scoto-Semitic virtuoso, who was evidently taken completely aback by this sudden manifestation of goodwill, graciously consented to execute the request.

Mr. Alf Abel, the illustrious novelist, whose forthcoming romance, *The Passport to Paradise*, has already convulsed the literary world with palpitations of agonised expectancy, is the subject of a 10,000 word interview-article in the current number of *Praise to the Face*. The world-renowned writer, whose genius is only equalled by his self-effacement, describes himself as altogether overwhelmed by the request of the editor, and regrets that the lack of notice has rendered it impossible for him to do full justice to the occasion. We understand that this defect will be remedied in a supplementary interview of 20,000 words which will appear in next week's issue of *P. T. T. F.*

A fine portrait of Miss Poppy Flipper, the delightful *soubrette*, appears in last Saturday's *Giggles*. Interviewed on the subject by "Gobemouche" in Monday's *Daily Longbow*, Miss Flipper expresses the extreme surprise which this honour has given her. "I thought I should never get into *Giggles* without paying £25," remarks the famous comédienne, "and I'm jiggered if they didn't let me off for ten quid."



"IL GIOCONDO."

THE ENIGMATIC SMILE OF THIS OLD MASTER DISTINGUISHES IT FROM THAT OTHER NATIONAL TREASURE, THE "BONAR LISA."

A VILLAGE POET.

His was the red-roofed corner shop
(They pulled it down to build the station)
Into whose dimness one might drop
For bird's-eye or for conversation,
And meet what most of us have missed
A Poet-and-Tobacconist.

Delightful trades, of Heaven blent—
The homely, useful, aromatic,
With the divine, Olympian-lent,
The serviceable with the Attic;
'Twas good to meet a man whose views
Combined Tobacco and the Muse.

I do not mean to say you'd call
My friend a Shakspeare or a Milton;
He liked to write, and, after all,
That's what the *Iliad* was built on.
If Homer's job had been no joy
To Homer, who'd have heard of Troy?

The merchant first (although he found
His chief delight the reed of *Thyrsis*),
His navy-cut continued sound,
In fact much sounder than his verses,
Although *The Wealdsman* now and then
Would print a sample from his pen.

Of local happenings he would sing,
Of maidens too and how to love them;
He still had heart to hail the Spring
Though he had seen some fifty of them;
A jolly fellow, hale and stout,
Who knew of dressing flies and trout.

A desultory Unionist,
On Gladstone he could "speak satiric,"
And stop to serve an ounce of twist
Or read aloud his latest lyric;
Or, if that week there wasn't one,
To talk of Alfred Tennyson.

I recollect how he'd applaud
(His mind mayhap on some lost Mabel)
The genius that created "Maud"
And sang the loves of Arthur's Table;
Unwedded he—and quite content—
But very fond of sentiment.

Ah well, 'tis now this many a day
(How swiftly do the seasons pass us)
He's doffed, as he'd have said, the clay
And gone to find his loved Parnassus:
The gods of all the mysteries
Be good to him where'er he is.

His memory's green, his face stands out
Amid a score of friendly faces,
Cheery as then, nor do I doubt
He sojourns in congenial places,
Where on his jolly brow doth stay
The Weed's pale flower, the Poet's bay.



Quack Medicine Vendor. "Here you are, gents, sixpence a bottle. Founded on the researches of modern science. Where should we be without science? Look at the hancient Britons. They hadn't got no science, and where are they? Dead and buried, every one of 'em."

THE BULBARIUM.

"Hooray!" shouted my cousin George Biffin, rising to greet me as I entered his sitting-room. "You're the very man I'm looking for. You're just in time to help with my bularium!"

"Your what?" I enquired, with pardonable curiosity.

"Reginald, your classical education has been sadly neglected. Bulbarium is a term of Latin origin, derived from the two words *bulbus*, a bulb, and *arium*, an area or place, signifying a place for bulbs, a bulbary. Those," he continued, pointing to two large round-shouldered sacks leaning wearily against the coalscuttle—"these are the supplies of moss-fibre and crushed oyster-shell. Here are the bulbs" he indicated a number of paper bags with white labels, carefully arranged upon the writing-table. "And if you'll follow me down to the telephone-room I'll show you about forty vases, bowls, pots and soup-tureens which I have prepared for their reception."

I have always entertained a morbid dislike of telephone-rooms, but I meekly accompanied my cousin downstairs. On the floor of a chill and cheerless apartment on the ground floor stood a large bath containing a tin water-can, while all around was ranged row upon row of empty jars of every dimension.

"Are you going to have a bath?" I innocently inquired.

"No, no," my cousin answered testily; "that's what we mix the compost in."

"Mix the what?"

"Compost: the technical term for moss or cocoanut fibre."

"Oh, I see. But why not call it moss or cocoanut-fibre?"

George ignored my question. "I've borrowed Mother's hip-bath," he said. "I don't believe she wants it a bit—hips have gone completely out of fashion this year—and it's the very thing for the job. By the way," he added, "I wish you'd be an angel——"

"No," I interrupted firmly, "I utterly decline to be an angel. From earliest childhood experience has taught me that the angelic function invariably entails running upstairs and fetching something, and I'm much too old to run anywhere."

"Oh, very well," he sighed resignedly, "I suppose I must go myself. Don't touch anything till I come back."

George was only away about three minutes (during which I successfully resisted the temptation to touch his mother's hip-bath), and returned laden with the two sacks that I had already noticed in his sitting-room.

"I've brought a book of the rules, too," he remarked, "so that we shan't do anything silly."

"Speak for yourself," I said, "personally——"

My sentence was never completed.

"Look out! Stand clear of the gate!" shouted George, as with a vigorous heave he emptied the contents of the sacks into the bath. For a few moments the atmosphere was filled with thick yellow dust, and my eyes and lungs were choked with it.

"Now then, look alive," he added peremptorily, "we must do this thing properly. You roll up your sleeves and churn the fibre and the shell together while I keep the mixture damp with water from the can."

As I surveyed the condition of my fingers after a few minutes of this churning exercise I could not help recalling the beautiful old poem beginning:

> "There is a garden in her face,
> Where roses and white lilies grow,"

and wondering whether any modern bard might possibly be inspired to similar flights of fancy by the garden in my nails; but I knew it would be useless to try to explain such sentimental thoughts to George.

He was studying a small pink pamphlet he had produced from his pocket, and his brow was furrowed with care.

"I hope you're not letting me put in too much water," he suddenly remarked. "It says here that about four quarts to the half-bushel is enough."

"My dear George," I expostulated, "I may know how much a *quart* is, but how on earth am I to tell what half a *bushel* is like?"

"They don't seem to have taught you anything at all at Eton," he complained. "Surely you remember your table of avoirdupois? Two pecks one gallon—er—two gallons one peck—— Wait a minute. It'll come back to me directly. Two pecks one bushel; two bushels one rod, pole or perch; two rods, poles or perches, one——"



CHRISTMAS EVE.

Nutty Cousin from Town. "I SAY, EDWARD, I WISH YOU'D LEND ME A PAIR OF YOUR ROUGH SOCKS. MINE ARE ALL RATHER NICE ONES, AND I DON'T WANT TO GET THEM TORN WITH SOMEONE TRYING TO SHOVE A CLOCK-WORK ENGINE OR A CAMERA INTO THEM."

At that moment a large lump of soaking fibre that I was engaged in kneading eluded my grasp and fell over the edge of the bath on to my left patent-leather boot, causing me to utter a somewhat unparliamentary expression.

"Reginald! I'm shocked!" said George.

"*Ell!*" I repeated; "two perches one ell; two ells one rood——"

"Oh, shut up! The compost is ready now. Let's fill the bowls."

My cousin held each jar in turn while I packed it with sodden fibre, until at last the supply of receptacles was exhausted and the bath was nearly empty.

"The question now is," said George, "where are we to put the bowls? It says here"—he turned once more to the pamphlet—"'The jars or vases should be kept in a dark but airy cellar. To ensure success they must have constant care, like a mother gives her young children.'"

"That's all very well, George. I know I'm old-fashioned and all that, but I must insist that very few mothers moisten their young children and then put them in a dark and airy cellar."

"I believe they'd do best under Mother's bed," said George.

"But would that be healthy or hygienic?"

"For Mother, do you mean, or the bulbs?"

"For either," I said.

George was clearly more concerned about the bowls. "It says here," he went on, "that they must on no account be kept too wet, but that if they become dry, even for half-an-hour——"

"Like me," I suggested. "Mixing fibre's thirsty work."

"If they get dry for even half-an-hour," he repeated, "they go blind."

"That's just what I meant."

"Yes," he continued, "Mother's bed's the very place. She'll never know."

"Poor Mother," I could not help remarking. "Butchered to make a Roman Hyacinth!"

With a great deal of effort we carried the bowls upstairs one by one, and deposited them beneath the maternal couch. When at last our labours were at an end we descended to the Library, thankful that our task was safely accomplished.

As we entered the room George gave a sudden start, and his gaze became rivetted upon the paper bags that strewed the writing-table.

"Good lord!" he gasped.

"What is it?"

"We've forgotten the bulbs!" said George.

"The high figures that have been given are due to the fact that owing to the method of collection through a member of the sibship the chance of a sibship being recorded is approximately in direct proportion to its size."
Star.

Personally, so interested are we to see a sibship, we should record even the smallest one to the proper authority.

"He searched his pockets for Olide's car."
"Daily News" feuilleton.

"No, that's Thompson's," he said, fingering again the one in his ticket pocket; "I can tell by the feel of the bonnet."



THE BARBER'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

The Headless Knight of the Clanking Chain. "HAIR CUT, PLEASE."

TO A CENTENARIAN COCKATOO.

CREATURE of mystery, above whose head
More than a hundred years, I 'm told, have sped,
Strange Bird, who should by every right be dead,

Yet seem to all appearance just as well
As when your dam, with forest-splitting yell,
Proclaimed you issuing from your native shell,

I wonder, when you muse upon the lot
That 's brought you to this age of heav'n knows what,
If you congratulate yourself, or not.

Great are your blessings. You can still digest
Trifles like nuts and matches with the best;
You still retain a lively interest

In the vain plumage you so much approve;
And—inwardly I grieve to say, you move
Still in the same unalterable groove.

Your gift of speech does not advance with age;
It is not guarded, apposite or sage;
You have one joke, to lure within your cage

Some kindly finger, and, with sudden beak,
Transfix that member till its owner squeak;
As manners, this is poor; as humour, weak.

Far from that alien country in whose trees
Your wilding brothers had their little sprees,
Here you have sojourned in superior ease.

You did not share with them the daily risk,
That keeps the faculties agog and brisk,
Of passing to oblivion in a whisk;

And oft, no doubt, in this your easy state
You chuckle at the grim and tragic fate
That must have caught those others, soon or late.

Yet these your kin, however rough their lives,
Had active times and multitudinous wives;
While you, the sole relation that survives -

It never has been yours in Spring to screech
A mad love-music, not in human speech,
But in the language love alone can teach.

The flamelike crest that you so proudly raise,
Though you have flaunted it these myriad days,
Has ne'er been lifted for a female's praise.

The plumes that you have preened and kept so neat
You have but tended for your own conceit,
Not for the winning of some dearer sweet.

Musings like these may possibly have stirred
Your inmost soul - although it seems absurd,
They being suited to a younger bird.

Still, even with the old are moments when
Such feelings touch them lightly now and then;
Though you, for all I know, may be a hen.

DUM-DUM.

Official Candour.

From a G.P.O. letter to a correspondent who had complained of his (you 'll never guess what) —yes, his telephone:—

"While every reasonable endeavour is made to reduce the inconvenience occasioned by faults to a minimum, unbroken interruption cannot be guaranteed."

Meanwhile they go on trying for it.



BEFORE THE POW-WOW.

"*Red Hand*" / "*Black Thorn*" (*to their respective chiefs*). "LOOK HERE, IF YOU ARE GOING TO SIT DOWN AND SMOKE THE PEACE PIPE TOGETHER, MIND IT'S YOUR TOBACCO AND NOT HIS."

AT THE PLAY.

"ROBINA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND."

MR. JEROME K. JEROME has called his production at the Vaudeville "an Absurd Play." I have had no previous quarrel with MR. JEROME, but I am sure we should differ bitterly over the right application of this epithet. He probably used it in a modest, deprecatory way, to imply that his creation was just quaint nonsense. But I should want it to mean that the play was curiously bad. Now a bad serious play I can bear with some show of fortitude, but a bad funny play reduces me to a state of sombre despair.

Mr. JEROME'S old mechanical device of an exchange of dresses and identities leads in the end to almost as much bewilderment for the audience as for the actors affected. Myself, I should have preferred a frank buffoonery to this mental knockabout business. It is true that a comic policeman was introduced, but he did nothing to excuse his existence. The situations offered no matter for mirth; up to half-time the dialogue seldom lapsed from banality; and the whole play contained only one realisable character—that of an American, played naturally by Mr. BREON.

Miss ROWENA JEROME, for whose talents, I must assume, her father designed this unhappy opportunity, went bravely through the part of a minx under the apparent impression that it was humorous, but failed to convey her own convictions across the footlights.

When I have added that Mr. RICHARD EVANS was pleasantly pedestrian in his delivery of poetic sentiments, I have said all that needs saying about the cast.

There are mysteries, insoluble to the outsider, about the production of certain plays, and it is not for me to conjecture whether Messrs. NORMAN M'KINNEL and FREDERICK WHELEN made a contract with Mr. JEROME on the strength of his name without first seeing the stuff that they were to "present." But I prefer to hazard this guess, because the alternative explanation would be less flattering to their intelligence and experience.

As for Mr. JEROME, who has here done such poor justice to his undoubted gifts, I don't grudge him the right to any personal amusement he may have got out of this composition, but I do grudge him the privilege of wasting one of my evenings; and unless my temper shows a marked improvement it will be a long time before I take the risk of assisting, on a first night, at another Absurd Play from his pen.

O. S.

An Impending Apology.

"Mr. Chas. Preston presided and the attendance was particularly good considering."

Middlesex Advertiser.

"The Rev. W. V. Vickers, Rector of Bearwood, was awarded principal prize for calves."

Observer.

They ought to make him a bishop.

HOW TO SET ABOUT PURCHASING A CAR.

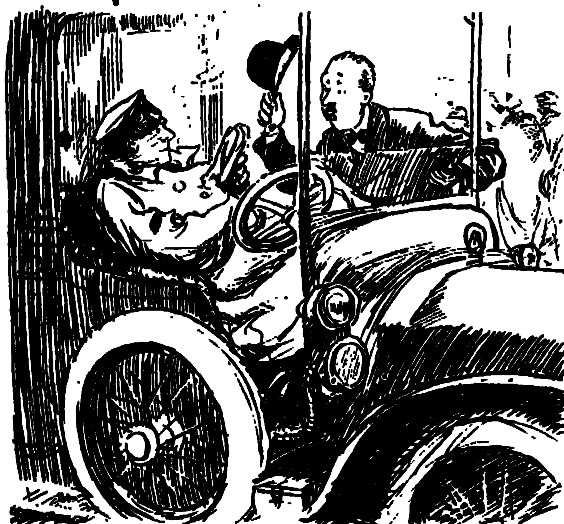
(Start with an open mind; seek unbiassed expert opinion.)



"EIGHT-TEN TOOTLETS! MY DEAR FELLOW, DON'T *TOUCH* 'EM."



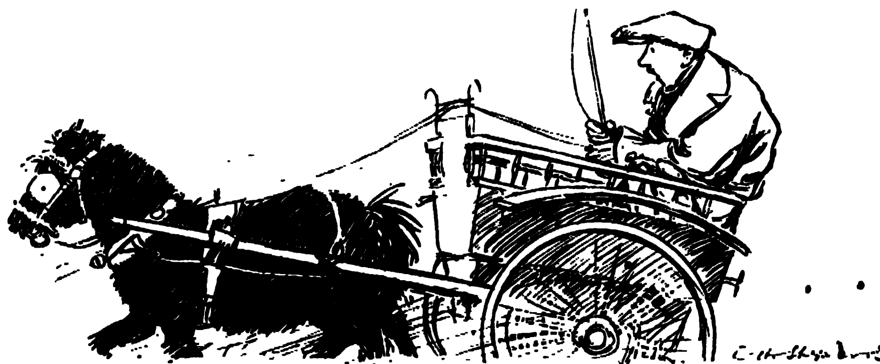
"TWELVE-SIXTEEN WURZELS!! KNOW 'EM? SHOULD THINK I DO. MIGHT AS WELL THROW YOUR MONEY INTO THE THAMES."



"SIXTEEN-TWENTY BLIPS!!! YUS; DROVE ONE ONCE; STEERING GEAR WENT WRONG; THREE WEEKS IN 'ORSPITAL WAS WHAT "



"TWENTY-FOUR SCORCHERS!!!! WELL, IF YER WANT TO COMMIT SUICIDE "



THE RESULT—RELIABILITY, SAFETY, ECONOMY AND COMFORT.

OUR DAILY POLITICAL FARE.

(*Being an imitation of the London Letter of every provincial newspaper every day.*)

[Note. The alternatives in brackets may be regarded as purely optional, to be retained or omitted according to the political opinions of the reader. They are not of any importance any way.]

Mr. Asquith's speech on Friday night is the sole subject of discussion in political circles here. Its importance can hardly be overrated. There is, however, much diversity of opinion. Some see in it the clearest possible hint of approaching conciliation, while others find themselves baffled by its manifest ambiguity. Still it cannot fail, following as it does upon the epoch-making pronouncements of the leaders of both parties at Ladybank, Leeds, Oldham, Newcastle, Widnes, Paisley, Carnarvon, Ballycoran, Chowbent and elsewhere, to have a profound effect on the situation.

Had it been made immediately after Mr. Churchill's reply at Portobello to Mr. Bonar Law's retort at Newcastle to Mr. Asquith's statement at Ladybank it would have been accepted by the Opposition leaders without hesitation as approaching more closely to the Aberdeen position, which, owing to the less conciliatory attitude taken up at Southampton, appeared to have been finally abandoned. But, coming as it does on the eve of the demonstrations at Baslow, Birmingham, and Beattock, its special significance cannot be ignored.

It may be said with confidence that there is no new element whatever in the situation. As I pointed out yesterday—and the day before, and the day before that, and any time in the last six weeks the attitude of the leaders on both sides is perfectly clear. Unionists demand a General Election. That is [not] a possible solution of the *impasse*. Radicals hotly maintain that the present Bill holds the field. Clearly it does [not] hold the field. If any conference is to take place it is indubitably [not] up to the Government to make the first move.

The exclusion of Ulster . . . (3,000 words on that).

The development of the federal idea . . . (500 words on that).

It must be borne in mind that, faced with the actual danger of a rising in the North of Ireland . . . (1,500 on that).

But all this is merely to repeat what I have been saying daily in almost the same words during the last two months. The vital point is that the time is short, the sands are running out. A terrible responsibility will be incurred if the position is not faced immediately by the Government [Opposition]. At the best I cannot hope to go on writing this sort of thing for more than another five months. For the crisis is at hand.

The Times by the way, commenting on last night's speech, sees in it a frank return to the position adopted at Leamington. *The Morning Post* draws a striking parallel between it and the Kinloch-Rannoch pronouncement. *The Daily News* is confident that in some points it directly controverts the Liverpool utterance, but it must be remembered that that was afterwards qualified by the St. Andrews deliverance. But this is surely to leave out of account the Prestatyn assertion, the Golders Green declaration and the Inverness pronunciamiento.

To sum up: both sides are still feeling their way and there is no change whatever in the situation. To-morrow I hope to discuss the position in precisely the same terms.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Professor de Banville's New Symphony.

Great enthusiasm prevails in Bootle in consequence of the announcement that Professor Quantock de Banville's new Choral Supersymphony will be heard there in the course of the next year. This great work, the words for which have been selected by the composer from the works of Confucius, Mr. W. B. Yeats and Rabindranath Tagore, is written in forty real parts, each of the four ordinary divisions of the chorus—soprano, contralto, tenor and bass—being divided into ten.

With the view of obtaining the due variety of *timbre* and colour desirable in an orchestra, Professor de Banville has provided the most elaborate instructions for the singers. For instance, some of the tenors are enjoined to sing always through their noses; in one passage the *soprani* are adjured to "emulate the tones of a terrified peacock;" in another the basses are bidden "to imitate the booming of the chimera in the void;" while in a third the *contralti* are enjoined always to keep a Carlsbad plum in their mouths to ensure a "rich fruity tone."

Again, though no instruments are employed, the Professor indicates means by which novel effects may be produced, as, for example, by clicking the tongue, or striking the jaw with the clenched fist, or again, as he graphically puts it, "bubbling with the lips." The libretto is partly in English, partly in Chinese, but in one striking chorus, perhaps the culminating moment in the symphony, no words are uttered at all, the forty different parts representing forty different animals and birds, including hyænas, gorillas, cockatoos, bobolinks, tapirs, capercailzie and giraffes.

No title has as yet been fixed upon for the work owing to a slight contretemps which has arisen from the composite character of the libretto, Yuan Shih-Kai having expressed a strong preference for a Chinese name, while Mr. Yeats holds out for a Celtic designation. During the composition of the work Professor de Banville lived entirely on China tea, rice and potatoes—in order to attune his system to the triplex nature of the libretto—and was arrayed in a costume which included a turban, a saffron kilt, and a pig-tail amongst its most impressive features.

It is hardly necessary to add that the difficulties of the new work are gigantic and Gargantuan. Professor de Banville, in an interview with a representative of the *Bootle Clarion*, declares that no choral singers have ever been called upon to perform such feats of sustained enormity as those which are demanded in his latest work. In the second trio of the third Scherzo the *soprani* have to sing a figure in rapid semiquavers for fifty-four bars at a stretch, ranging between C and F in alt. Professor de Banville admits also that the strain imposed on the semilunar ganglions of the diaphragm by the extraordinary *bravura* of the gorilla *motif* for the basses in the Finale is, perhaps, excessive. But he has been assured by athletic experts that this is of the greatest value for long-distance runners, and he has accordingly applied to the Olympic Fund for a grant of £5,000 for his chorus.

Professional Candour.

"Leaving Kelty Monday, 22nd inst., Madame ——, renowned Palmist, Crystal Gazer. Everybody pleased."

Cowdenbeath Times.

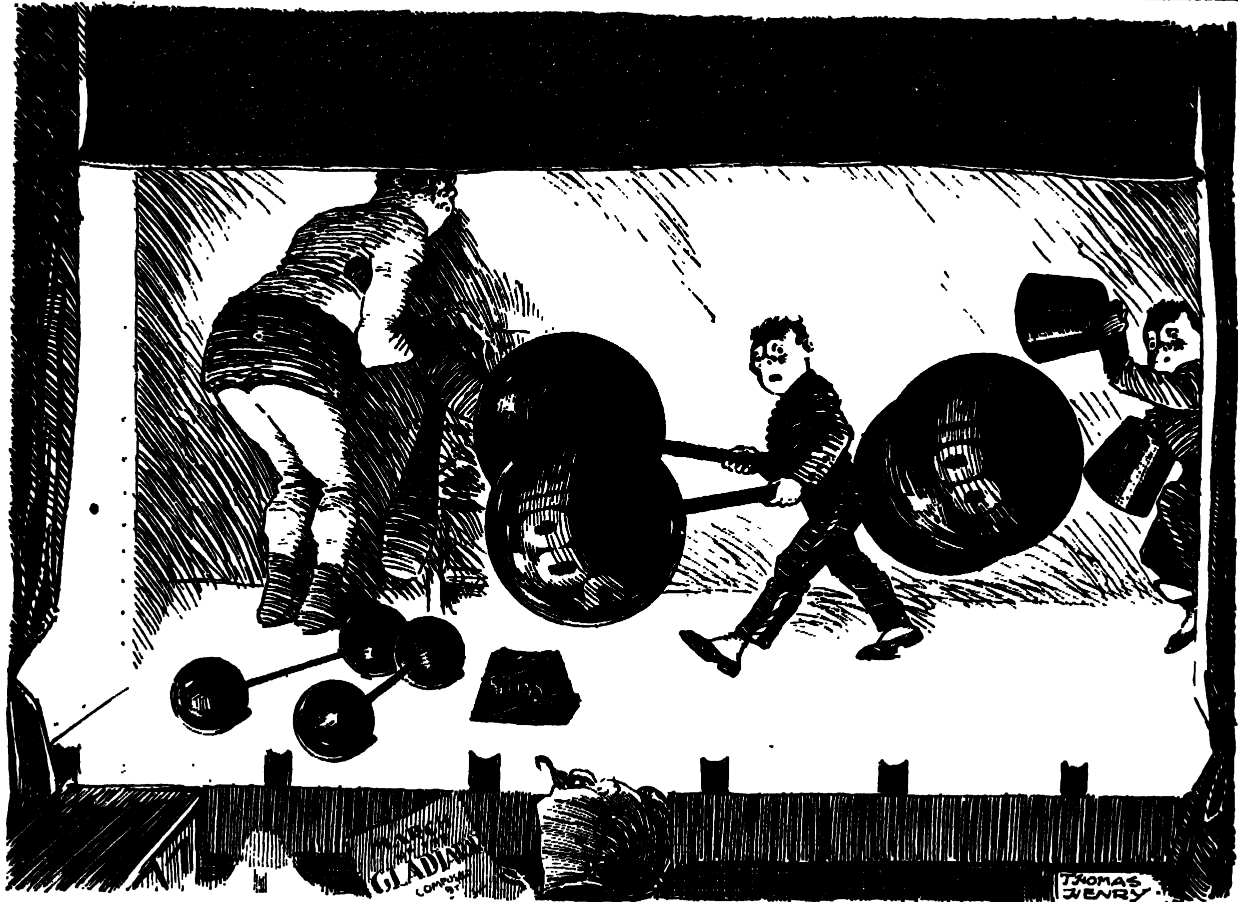
"Mr. Vachell . . . is perhaps most widely known as the author of one of the best modern stories of school life, 'The Hell,' in which Harrow is described."—*Bristol Daily Press.*

But that was the Harrow of some years ago, before smoking was stamped out.

From a letter in the *Ceylon Independent*:—

"The girls present at the Public Hall function were the *crême de menthe* of Colombo Girls' Schools."

In fact they impressed the writer so much (particularly the fourth from the end in the ninth row) that he has decided to become a benedictine.



THE TRAVELLING VARIETY SHOW AT OUR VILLAGE HALL.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CURTAIN THAT WENT UP TOO SOON.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE chiefs of the Clan Donald cannot trace their line of descent quite so far back as the fabled Phairshon, who swore a feud against the Clan McTavish. For he, if the legend is correct, had a son who married NOAH'S daughter, and nearly spoilt the Flood by drinking up the water. But, with that one possible or impossible exception, I doubt if any Scotch family can boast a more ancient lineage. They were sprung, according to the pedigree table published in Mrs. STIRLING'S fascinating book, *Macdonald of the Isles* (MURRAY), from CONN-CEUD-CHATACH, the hundredth supreme King of Ireland, who held his court at Tara in the second century of our era. Wherever he may be now, the said CONSTANTINE, Conn of a hundred fights, has certainly no reason to blush for the unwarriorlike qualities of his descendants. They have always been born fighters, and in their continual feuds with their neighbours and each other have never lacked the spirit that earned old "Centimachus" his hybrid nickname. But the clan has moved with the times. Two years ago the three rival claimants to the chieftainship—CLANRANALD, GLENGARRY, and SLEAT—agreed that henceforth, when any question of precedence arose between them, it should be decided *pro hac vice*, not with claymore and dirk, but by the spin of a coin or the drawing of lots. So that nowadays, if two of them happen to meet at the same flower-show or other public function, no bloodshed takes place. From beginning to end the story of the clan is rich in excitement and romance, and as a devout lover of Skye and a fervent admirer of the clan sentiment I tender my thanks to Mrs. STIRLING for the admirable way in which she has used the excellent material at her command. Her book is the most human and personal sidelight on Scottish history that I have ever read.

"England has long been in labour, but at last she has brought forth a man." Thus FREDERICK THE GREAT, summing up the character of WILLIAM PITT and the condition of affairs in Europe that he was called upon to face when in 1756 he formed his first Ministry. The story of his career, bound up with the destiny of England at one of the most critical epochs in her history, is treated in masterly fashion by Mr. BASIL WILLIAMS in his *Life of William Pitt* (LONGMANS). The opening pages show a tendency to overload the narrative with detail. One cannot clearly see the wood for the trees. But this defect, doubtless due to excessive conscientiousness, soon disappears with our introduction to the private life of the great statesman. A disposition to develop into what JOHN FORSTER'S cabman described as "a harbitrary gent" was aggravated by attacks of gout, to which he was a martyr all his life, and in particular at critical epochs when his presence was exceptionally desired. His hastiness of temper, his downrightness of speech, made him a host of enemies. But there was always balm for him in his home. To the end of a long married life his wife and he remained on the terms of lovers. Outside his home PITT lived a stormy life. GEORGE II. liked him not, and GEORGE III. long fought against the inevitableness of his being called to the supreme direction of affairs. Happily

for England PITT, born in due season, was inevitable. He based his Ministry on the principle of trust in the people, quite a novelty in the mid-eighteenth century, insistence upon it taking away the breath of successive GEORGES. Another of PITT's axioms of government, familiar enough in these days, recognised the Fleet as the first line of national defence. The royal GEORGES, anxious chiefly for the safety and prosperity of the pitiful State of which they were still Electors, spent millions of English money in subsidising the Hanoverian army "England should put herself on board her Fleet," said PITT, and spent his chief energy on building it up and maintaining it in the highest state of efficiency. The life and times of the Great Commoner are not to be dealt with in a paragraph. The study of both presented by Mr. BASIL WILLIAMS's two volumes forms a liberal education in English history at a prolonged crisis.

If ever dainty book was labelled "For Christmas," *In Powder and Crinoline*, a sheaf of fairy tales from many sources, retold by Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH and delicately illustrated by Mr. KAY NEILSEN, is that book, and the publishers, Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON, are heartily to be congratulated on its winning appearance. Not that it is a holly and mistletoe affair--nothing so obvious. The artist, deeply in love with the decorative possibilities of the crinoline, seems to have demanded a set of fairy tales that could be interpreted in that roomy mode, and the ingenious "Q." did his best to supply them. I can answer fully for their charm, their discretion, their fragrant, gentle, whimsical humour. Perhaps of all the stories that of "John and the Ghosts," the author's own puckish version of the Berkeley Square legend, is the most intriguing, but to say I read every word of all the others with delight is not to exaggerate. And, as for Mr. NEILSEN, he has taken the most pleasant liberties with his theme, involving in a common apotheosis the Trianon and the 1851 Exhibition with a happy audacity that lightly laughs at antiquaries. He will not resent being reckoned, along with so many contemporary draftsmen, especially in Germany, a faithful disciple of the brilliant and perverse BEARDSLEY. Indeed, his colour drawings are essentially patterns thought out in line, with the colour as a graceful afterthought. There are many of the authentic BEARDSLEY notes and phrases, but embroidered with an intelligence and originality which forbid any charge or suspicion of plagiarism. I began to wonder whether it was only the older children who would appreciate these retold tales and their attractive colour commentary, until I remembered that, barring perhaps the higher Cambridge undergraduate, there is no one in the world so old as our modern nieces and nephews. So I would urge the giving of this very charming book to both the young children and the old.

Should the reviewer meet with a collection of pleasant but undistinguished pot-boilers, gathered into volume form, and pretending to be something important on the strength of their author's reputation, he would be well justified in some severity of censure. But a collection of pot-boilers that pretend to be nothing at all but what they are is a different affair. I think I never read a more thoroughly disarming preface than that which Mr. HORACE A. VACHELL has written to the volume that he calls *Loot* (JOHN MURRAY). He chose the name, he says, "because whatever this volume may raise in hard cash must be regarded as plunder to which some critics may contend the author has no warrantable right." After that what is one to say? One may protest that the scope of the tales is too brief, and their action (being written for the popular magazines they are full of action) too crowded to allow of the delicate character-drawing in which Mr. VACHELL really excels; one may say that many of them are unlikely to the verge of the incredible; that (for example) young wives do not pass themselves off successfully for months as boy-waiters in order to support invalid husbands; or that understudies at West-end theatres do not leap in one evening to the prominence of whole columns in the daily Press. What would you? In the domain of the commercial short story these things are not only possible but compulsory. And the stories of Mr. VACHELL remain exceptionally good of their kind. Taken one or two at a time you will find them capital entertainment; in larger doses the repetition, every fifteen pages or so, of the matrimonial climax inevitable in this *genre* tends to produce some feeling of repletion, not to say indigestion.



Spoilt Youth (a few days before Christmas). "I SAY, NURSE, DON'T YOU THINK I OUGHT TO SCRAP THESE BEFORE THE NEW LOT COMES IN?"

I suppose the life of a reviewer of novels must always be one perpetual struggle between his prejudices and his conscience. "Oh, I say," cries Prejudice, "I don't like this book at all." "Read on," replies Conscience sternly. "It's a perfectly good book. It's simply your wicked nature that makes you object to it." I tried to keep an open mind while reading "IOTA'S" latest work, *Two Ways of Love* (HUTCHINSON), but it was not easy. You see, one of my prejudices in fiction is against the spectacle of two women fighting for one man. I never can bring myself to believe that any man is worth fighting for. And here Mrs. CAFFYN has so drawn *Lord Bentwicke's* character that I cannot conceive why a brilliant woman like *Gertrude Allonby* should have loved him; why *Denne*, the dreamy Irish girl, should ever have married him, and why somebody did not kick him. This made my enjoyment of the book intermittent. I could see the technical skill of it: some of the situations were handled with a firmness and delicacy which won my complete admiration; and among the many characters in the story there were few that were not excellently drawn. But I could not sympathise. Was this, as I have suggested, due simply to my wicked nature? It is worth anyone's while to read the book and see for themselves, if only for the sake of making the acquaintance of *Denne*, of *Elisabeth* her sister, of *Mrs. Charteris*, and of footman *George*. Those of you who happen to have been at Rugby must resist the temptation to throw the book down and stamp on it when you come to *Jerry*. That unpleasant little bounder can hardly be intended to represent a typical Rugbeian. Usually, in novels, the heroine's brother goes to Eton. It was a rare slice of luck for Eton that Rugby got *Jerry*.



Effie (*anxious to do something in return for her parents' Christmas largesse*). "WELL, BABY, I DON'T SEE ANYTHING WE CAN GIVE DADDY AND MUMMY IN THESE SILLY BOOKS—AT LEAST, NOT FOR THREEPENCE; SO WE SHALL JUST HAVE TO GIVE THEM THE MONEY AND TELL THEM TO DIVIDE IT BETWEEN THEM."

CHARIVARIA.

A SITE for a National Theatre to be established as a Memorial to SHAKSPEARE has now been secured. We are very pleased that steps are being taken to prevent the memory of this clever dramatist from perishing.

* * *

"CHRISTMAS PROSPECT.
RAPID CHANGES TO VERY COLD.
THE QUEEN'S SURPRISE FOR THE KING."
Daily Mail.

We doubt whether any other country has a Queen so influential as this.

* * *

"The luncheon guests at 10, Downing Street, last evening," said *The Cork Examiner* the other day, "included Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Sayre and Dr. Page." It is always difficult to impress Americans with our originality, but this looks like a very brave attempt.

* * *

M. PÉGOUD is to receive the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Will he, we wonder, wear it upside down?

* * *

Mr. B. C. HUCKS, last week, looped the loop for the eightieth time. There is nothing B.C. about Mr. HUCKS except his initials.

Considerable difficulty was experienced at the Zoo last week in getting the Polar bears to leave their old home and take up their new quarters. This was due, we understand, to a little bit of snobbery on the part of the bears. After having a detached villa to themselves they did not care about their address being changed to No. 1, Mappin Terrace.

* * *

We see from an advertisement of the "Wonder Zoo" that there are appearing at the Circus two "Comical Clowns." It was a good idea to have comical ones.

* * *

Paris having started the vogue, stout women are coming into fashion again, and many of them who have been in retreat for some years are returning to Town.

* * *

One of our revolutionary painters, we learn from a critique, is named BOMBERG.

* * *

"Why has practical joking on the grand scale died out in London?" asks a contemporary. But has it? What about Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Red Herring?

From *The Daily News*:—"The jury at the conclusion of the evidence for the defence stopped the case, and returned a verdict of 'Not guilty.' The Judge quite agreed with the verdict in every respect." It would have been unfortunate if the Judge had agreed, for instance, with only the second half of the verdict.

* * *

Sir CHARLES ERNEST SCHWANN, Bart., Liberal M.P. for North Manchester, announces in *The London Gazette* that he has changed his name to Swann. But it is still spelt wrongly, Sir. Try again.

* * *

The clerical benediction on "Who 's the Lady?" has, we hear, had an unfortunate result. Muddle-headed people are now mixing up Mr. LOUIS MEYER and the Rev. F. B. MEYER—to the great annoyance of both.

"The *Sydney Sun*, referring to the recent parade of cadets in Melbourne, says that the most significant feature of 'the seven miles and a half of khaki-clad Australian boys was the fact that 18,433 pairs of boots were clean, 18,433 puttees were neat and dapper, and 18,433 brass numerals were polished.'"

What was wrong with the other 18,433 puttees?

THE TRUMPET: A CURE FOR BORES.

"Major Hackett is extremely angry," said Lady Aldersley to me. "He insisted upon my giving him Mr. Norton's address. He intends to call on him. I wonder if Mr. Norton really is deaf? I wish you would go and see him, and perhaps give him a friendly warning."

"I will," I promised, and straightway took a taxi to Percy's flat, where I found him lounging in an arm-chair, in a mood of quiet self-satisfaction. Beside him, on an occasional table, stood an ear-trumpet—not one of those little modern devices that save labour for all concerned, but one of the regular old-fashioned trumpets that require to be held stiffly by the listener and violently yelled down by the other person. He eyed it in the friendliest manner and, almost before I'd had time to light one of his cigarettes, said:

"Look at that! It's given me the most delightful evening of my life."

"I've heard about the evening," I assured him. "Parts of it at least."

"Have you?" he said thoughtfully. "Lady Aldersley annoyed?"

"Major Hackett is. She wants to know if you *are* deaf."

"No," said Percy. "I could be again, if necessary, but I'm not—no."

"Perhaps you had better tell me just what happened," I suggested.

"If you like." He lit a cigarette himself and puffed at it serenely. "It was an experiment, as a matter of fact. I was reading the other day how old Herbert Spencer used to carry cotton-wool about with him to put in his ears when conversation bored him. It struck me as a neat idea, but boorish and incomplete. Why let bores go on boring? Why not stop them? That would be a lot better than merely ceasing to listen oneself. Well, I happened to notice that ear-trumpet at a pawnbroker's the same day that I read about old Spencer. Yesterday, in fact. It was eighteen-pence—a sum I possessed. So I bought it, and took it with me to Lady Aldersley's dinner. I knew there would be some bores there. Lady Aldersley's charming, but she likes a few foils."

"Like yourself?"

"Like Major Hackett," Percy corrected. "She ought not to have had him. He's one of those men that can't keep away from Lloyd George, no matter what you talk about. I could hear him hanging Lloyd George, and drowning Lloyd George, and poisoning that 'scoundrelly Welsh attorney' to the poor girl next him the whole of dinner-time, till she went dumb with fatigue; and the moment the women had gone out he tacked himself on to me to do it all over again. There are men like that—can't leave Lloyd George alone. I've no use for him myself—all the more reason why I don't want to hear about him every two minutes. So I got my trumpet ready and explained that I was a bit deaf, and we began to talk hunting. I forget what I said or what he said, but at the end of a minute there he was at it again.

"'All thanks to Lloyd George!' he said.

"'I beg your pardon?' I said, putting up my trumpet.

"'I said, "All thanks to Lloyd George!"' he yelled down it.

"'Didn't catch, I'm afraid,' I said, shaking my head; and he butted into the trumpet again.

"'I said it was all thanks to Lloyd George!'

"'All thanks to whom?' I inquired.

"'Lloyd George,' he shouted. He was pretty hoarse by then, having talked too much all dinner-time, but I gave him another chance to get it right, which he accepted, and then I said: 'I can't agree with you. I'm a loyal subject. I don't see that the King is in the least to blame.'

"I said 'Lloyd George—Lloyd George,' he bellowed, and I removed the trumpet with a pretence of indignation.

"'If you're a Socialist,' I said, 'I'd rather not discuss the matter further.'

"'Socialist!' he panted. 'Socialist! Me a Socialist!'

"'I'm afraid so,' I said.

"He tried to explain, and got purple doing it, but it was no use, and he could only sit and glare helplessly till we went into the drawing-room. There I heard him explaining pitifully to various people that he'd been taken for a Socialist by that deaf man. I lost him after a bit, and forgot that I was deaf for the evening. The fact is Lady Aldersley introduced me to a very pretty girl. We got quite friendly—I fancy she had escaped from the Major too. Anyway the trumpet was not in use, and we were chatting away as intimately as possible when I became aware of Major Hackett watching us. From his expression you might have thought I was Lloyd George. I tried to get the trumpet going, but the girl got up just then and said she must find her aunt or somebody, and, though I stuck to her for as long as possible, the Major stuck on too. The moment I was alone he was down on me, and I barely had time to elevate the trumpet when he began.

"'Might I ask whether you really are deaf, Sir; or was it meant for a joke?'

"'Didn't quite catch you,' I said as composedly as possible, and held him off with the trumpet.

"'If it was a joke, Sir—joke,' he stuttered.

"'Ah, you mean your remark about the King? I'm very glad to hear it was a joke. Not in the best of taste perhaps, but still— Good night, Sir,' I said coldly.

"I slipped into the crowd at that, trumpet and all, and said farewell to Lady Aldersley as soon as possible. Sorry she's annoyed."

Percy finished his narrative with his cigarette, and was about to begin another when the telephone rang.

"Excuse me a moment," he said, and went towards it. "By Jove," he went on, "if it isn't the Major. Come and listen to him, old chap. Take hold of the other receiver. Yes; this is Mr. Norton's. Mr. Percy Norton's. Mr. Norton at home? No. I'm his housekeeper. Is Mr. Norton deaf? Well, he keeps an ear-trumpet, Sir. Looks like he's deaf, Sir, don't it? You don't believe he is? Well, I never. Couldn't say when he'll be in, Sir. He's gone abroad. To Lourdes, Sir. To get his deafness cured. Faith-cure, Sir. 'Opes to come back with 'is 'earing restored. Is that all, Sir? Thank you, Sir."

The Major was rung off at that moment, and Percy hung up the receiver.

"Persistent old boy, isn't he? Care to buy an ear-trumpet, dear chap? Always useful while the present Chancellor is in office."

SOME NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

(We Hope).

The Prime Minister.—To see without waiting.

Mr. Garvin.—To wait before seeing.

Mr. McKenna.—To stiffen his back.

Mrs. Pankhurst.—To try reason.

Signor Vincenzo Perugia.—To confine his energies to Post-Impressionisms.

M. Caillaux.—To live and let live.

Lieut. Foerstner.—To grow up.

Terpsichore.—To recall the waltz.

The Central London Tube.—To run lifts in connection with trains.

"The Daily Mail."—To give no more portraits of Mr. Mailiby-Daily.

Mr. Thomas Hardy.—Not to allow any more of his inferior stories to be collected.

Mr. C. B. Fry.—To play first-class cricket again.

Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas.—To hit in England as in S.A.

Mr. Jack Johnson.—To keep out of the papers.

Mr. Lloyd George.—To have a little bit of mercy.



THE NEW BRUNSWICKER.

(*After Sir* John Millais' "*The Black Brunswicker.*")

Tariff Reform (*to Mr.* Bonar Law, *of New Brunswick and Bootle, Lancs.*). "DEAREST, *MUST* YOU LEAVE ME FOR THE ULSTER WARS?"

Mr. Bonar Law. "I FEAR SO, MY LOVE; BUT ONLY FOR A TIME, ONLY FOR A TIME."

TWO POETS.

I KNEW a poet once; as poets go
He was a most companionable man;
And oft with me, who have no lyric art
And cannot call a regiment of rhymes
To serve my purpose as a poet can,
He proved his skill and built his palace of song,
Rhyme set on rhyme and verse on gleaming verse,
And towers of music gay with flaunting flags,
So that I marvelled, saying, "If for me,
Who have no music, he can thus disclose
His high majestical and airy notes,
How will it be if he should chance to meet
Another poet tuneful as himself?
Then surely SWINBURNE will be left behind
And MILTON be out-Miltoned; SHAKSPEARE's self
Will own a rival and the Mermaid Inn
With all its coruscations be revived."
So did I reason, and one day it chanced
As I had hoped—he met a second poet;
And those two talked, and I myself was there
And heard the talk, and thereupon went home
And wrote it down, and this is how it ran:—

First Poet. Yes, that's a very comfortable chair,
And so is this; the cushion fits your back,
And you can stretch your legs. I like to stretch
My legs. It seems to make digestion work.

Second Poet. If my digestion could be got to work
But half as well as yours I'd not complain;
You've tamed your gastric juices.

First Poet. Yes, I've done
My best to tame them. Have a cigarette?

Second Poet. Thanks. Yes, I've got a match. Oh, blank the thing!
Its head broke off and burnt me—

First Poet. It's a way
These wooden matches have. Here, try another,
Or, better, light your cigarette from mine.

Second Poet. Puff, puff—I've got it, thanks—puff—puff—puff—thanks.
Where do you get your cigarettes? This one
Is really excellent; one always likes
To know the latest man for cigarettes.

First Poet. I'm glad you like them. I have always smoked
This special size. I get them in Soho
From Boxley—he is quite a little man,
But only sells the best. I buy them there
In lots of half a thousand at a time.

Second Poet. Thanks, let me write it down. Soho, you said?

First Poet. Church Street, Soho, and Boxley is the name.
I quite forget the number, but you can't
Mistake the shop.

Second Poet. I'll order some to-morrow.

First Poet. Mention my name; he's sure to treat you well.

Second Poet. Thanks. It's a very long time since I've been
In Soho, but I used to know it well,
With all its funny little restaurants.

First Poet. Things change so quickly, don't they?

Second Poet. Yes, they do.
London's much altered since I was a boy.

First Poet. That's very true; it's hard to find one's way.
The County Council's pulling all things down,
And what with taxi-cab and motor-bus
It's not too safe to walk in London now.

Second Poet. No, that it's not; however, there it is.

Such was the talk of these two poet friends.
There was much else, but the above may serve
To show the working of their mighty minds.

FURTHER DEALINGS OF MR. MALLABY-DEELEY.

WE have it on the highest authority that Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY purchased Manchester last week for a sum approximating to £16,000,000. Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY chanced accidentally to hear that Manchester was in the market when crossing Piccadilly. With the greatest nonchalance he paused and wrote a few figures in the mud with his walking-stick, dropped into a telephone box and bought the lot. It is, we believe, the intention of the enterprising Member for Harrow to spend about a million on washing Manchester, and then to put it on the market as a Garden City.

The purchaser of Westminster Abbey and the House of Commons, about whose identity so much curiosity has been expressed, is the Member for the Harrow Division, Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY. It is, we believe, his intention to erect a large up-to-date hotel on the site of the House of Commons. Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY is of opinion that London is sadly deficient in large, bright hotels, and he thinks that such a novelty would prove a successful speculation. He intends to reserve Westminster Abbey for his own use, and all admirers of business enterprise will hope that it will be very long before he finds a use for it.

It is understood that the purchaser of Berlin (including Potsdam) is Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY. He was approaching the fourteenth hole at Mitcham when a passing aeroplanist informed him that Berlin was for sale. Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY instantly marconied an offer.

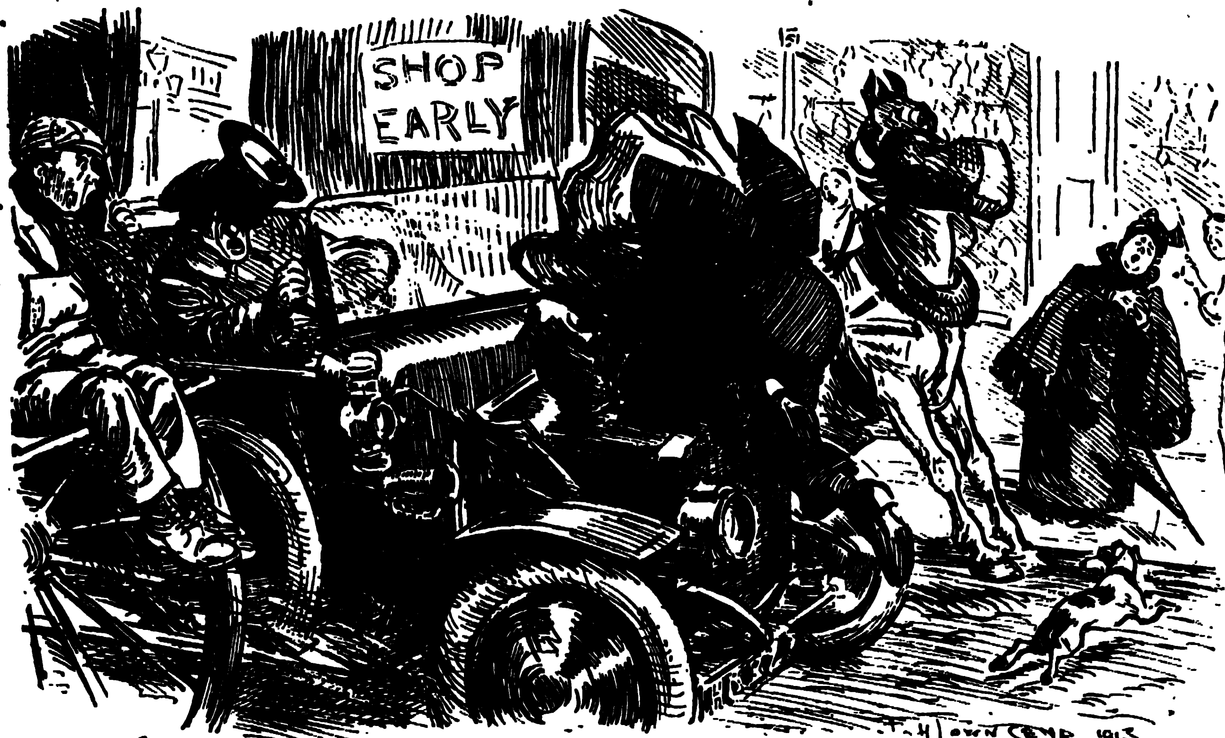
He wishes it to be understood that he intends to give no tenants notice to quit. In reply to a message of enquiry from a Very High Quarter Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY has sent assurances that so long as the Palace rent is paid regularly no questions will be asked, and the usual allowances for decorations will be made at the end of the Spring quarter.

Our own representative (who only gained access to him by the innocent pretence of being a Duke fleeing from the greedy hand of a Chancellor) found Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY engaged in opening telegrams. "Offers are pouring in on me," explained the enterprising M.P. "Only this morning I have been asked to buy the manorial rights of Pudsey, the Isle of Man (with sole use of its advertising agent), and two million acres of deer-forest; and here is a wire from General HUERTA asking what is my spot-cash price for Mexico. Of course to-day is not what I call a really busy day. Do look in to-morrow. Perhaps business will be stirring then." And with the greatest courtesy Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY bowed our representative out.

"Barbara was yesterday persuaded to leave her old quarters at the Zoo and rejoined her mate, Sam, in the new Polar bears' enclosure. A tempting dish of fish, after having nothing to eat for a day, decided the matter."—*Daily Express.*

Even a dish of fish will do desperate things when really hungry.

In reproducing the POET LAUREATE's Christmas Eve poem a contemporary prints, "Now blessed *by* the towers" instead of "Now blessed *be* the towers." This error will probably be cursed by the BRIDGES.



Delicate Lady (witnessing leap for life by old gentleman who has no time to escape except by springing on bonnet of on-rushing car). "DREADFUL MAN, DOING THOSE TRICKS, AND ME WITH A WEAK HEART!"

STUDIES OF REVIEWERS.

No. IV.—THE NEW TOLERATION.

A NEW novel from the pen of Mr. Hector Crow is like a benevolent bombshell. Sedative fiction, no doubt, has its virtues, but it is all to the good that we should be blown up occasionally—not in the sense of distention—by such stimulating writers as Mr. Crow. Cotton-wool is an excellent thing in its way, but so too is gun-cotton, and there is no author now before the public who exerts a more consistently explosive influence on the gentle reader.

His latest work, *The Savour of Sin*, is the life-history of a rebel. *Mordred Blurt*, for that is his aptly-chosen name, is expelled from a public school for stabbing his fag, a deformed and delicate boy, in the back, and resolves to be revenged on the social code which has interfered with the expression of his individuality. Entering the Army under the *alias* of *Philip Sidney*, he sells an important secret to a foreign power, but contrives to fasten incriminating evidence on an innocent brother-officer, who is sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years. Leaving the Army on the outbreak of war he marries a rich widow with three children, and after forging a will in her name, poisons her and the step-children and purchases a peerage by liberal contributions to the party funds.

To speak frankly, his career, judged by conventional standards, is open to criticism, but so convincing is Mr. Crow's art, so vivid his power of presentation, so plausible his arguments, that our sympathy is enlisted with the hero at every stage of his chameleonic career. Not since DUMAS has any romancer exploited the fine art of toxicology with such superb *bravura*, while the insipidity of orthodox morality has never been subjected to a more destructive or exhilarating criticism. At all points *Mordred Blurt* is *splendide mendax* and, judged by the test of uninterrupted success, he is justified all along the line in his radiant deviations from conventionality. It is, of course, possible that some minds may be repelled by the wholesale nature of his revenge, but there is an artistic fitness in its completeness which compels the unstinted admiration of all enlightened intelligences.

As a writer in a leading journal finely put it the other day, dulness and monotony have their inevitable penalties, while vivacity and courage have their assured triumphs. No broad-minded critic can therefore grudge Mr. Crow the vogue which he enjoys in virtue of his enforcement of this great doctrine. Whether his novel is altogether suitable for the nursery, or can be safely entrusted to readers who think they are justified in slavishly imitating the actions of characters in a novel, are matters on which we feel ourselves under no obligation to pass an opinion. It is enough for us that Mr. Crow has written a brilliant and beautiful book. More than any of his compeers he has revealed to us the endearing aspects of criminality and the compelling charm of the Cad.

"Histry Paper.

1. Six events in the reign of Henery VIIII.
   (1) He married Katherien of Araggon.
   (2) He soon got tired of her.
   (3) He wanted to get rid of her.
   (4) He wanted a divors.
   (5) He got a divors for her.
   (6) I don't no.

2. Wolsey was called the boy bachelour because he passed the labour examination when he was fourteen. My sister passed it when she was twelve.

3. On the side of the king there were all the people who had long hair but when they had their hair cut short they went on the side of parlyment."

Scene outside an Islington Picture-house:—

"SNATCHED FROM DEATH IN 3 PARTS."

It would, perhaps, have been kinder to leave him alone.

THE ANTIQUE.

(Anticipating an article in "The Magazine of the Curio Collector" for November, 2113 A.D.)

Granfer Jarge sat at the door of his model cottage, chewing his patent plug and apparently oblivious of the approach of the well-dressed stranger. The latter, James Wilberforce to be exact, appeared to be equally oblivious of Granfer Jarge and the model cottage, prominently displayed in the window of which was an old wooden box about ten inches long by six deep. Than this nothing appeared to be further from the thoughts of both, as they suddenly noticed each other and exchanged greetings.

"Ha!" said Wilberforce genially, "and how goes the world with you, my friend?"

"It be a pleasant day, Zur," said Jarge.

Conversation having continued in this strain for half an hour or so, Wilberforce at last mentioned, quite incidentally, the box. "A curious old thing," said he.

"Ay, that it be," said Jarge, and the conversation turned to other topics.

It was Jarge who brought it back. "My granfer, he used to keep his bits of string in that same box, and his granfer before him he used to keep his bits of string in it, and his granfer——"

"And you?" asked Wilberforce politely.

"I keeps my bits of string in it too."

Wilberforce picked it up and examined it with studied indifference. "I should rather like one of these," said he.

Jarge dared say he would. "They be hard come by these days and I wouldna part with that one for twa hundud pound, that I wouldna."

Wilberforce laughed merrily at this. "I expect if I were to offer you thirty shillings down——?"

"I wouldna part with that for twa hundud and *fifty* pound," said Jarge in an even voice, looking away into the far distance.

Wilberforce seized the opportunity to examine his face closely. Then he laughed again cheerfully. "We'll test that, my friend," he declared boisterously. "Just for the fun of the thing I offer you a hundred sovereigns for it now—not that it's worth a tenth of that sum."

"I wouldna part with that there box for three hundud pound," pursued Jarge with all the obstinacy of a foolish old man.

"We'll try you with two hundred," said Wilberforce jocundly.

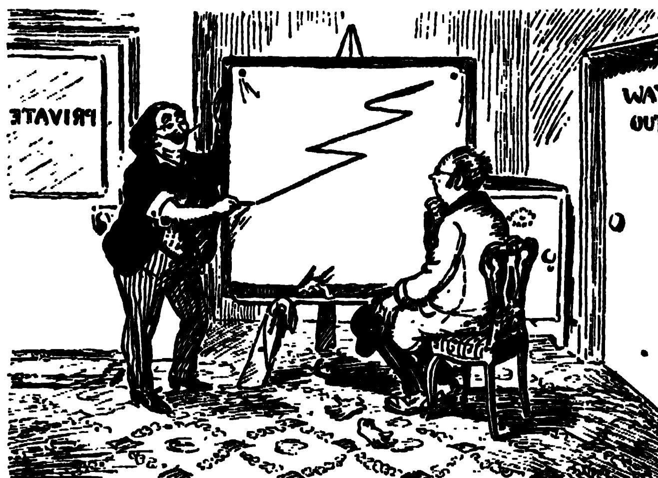
"But I might let you have it for four hundud, seeing as you wants it so bad."

"Pooh!" scoffed the other. "I'll not go a penny beyond two fifty."

Jarge became businesslike. "I'll tell you what I will do for you, Sir. I'll take three fifty, spot cash."

In his excitement Wilberforce did not notice, as you have done, that Jarge had dropped his various forms of lingo. He offered three hundred pounds, made it guineas, and the box was his.

* * * * *



HOW TO MAKE MONEY QUICKLY.

Advertise in the papers: "How to Draw. Become a Lightning Caricaturist in One Lesson. Fee, 2s. 6d. (payable in advance)."

"This, Sir," said the Bond Street Dealer in Curios and Antiques, James Wilberforce to be exact, "this is a genuine old English cigar box, twentieth century, no less. It is made of genuine cedar wood, now almost unobtainable; it is, as you will see, in precisely six separate pieces. Ah! you don't see work like that nowadays!"

The customer observed a non-committal silence; he was no amateur in these matters.

"You are aware, no doubt," continued the dealer, fingering the box delicately, "that before the hermetically sealed metal cases became known, and in days when the cigar was only smoked by the pick of the aristocracy, these elegant receptacles were used for the storing of the weed. How it is that so few of them have survived is a mystery, only to be explained by the vandal tendencies of the twenty-first century . . . Absolutely in its original state, Sir. A beautiful thing indeed."

The customer took it in his hand.

"I bought it," the dealer went on, "off an incompetent old man who had no idea what he was selling. He kept bits of string in it, if you please! If I had cared to deceive him, I could have got it for a mere song; as it was, I gave him five hundred pounds, and he thought I was mad. It is worth every penny of five thousand, but I'll let you have it for four. There!"

The customer was passing his finger over the surface of it gently and still said nothing.

"Real old cedar, the very best. Undoubted nails and a remnant of the quaint picture still attached to the inside of the lid . . . Dash it all, Sir, it is an absolutely authentic Colorado Claro, made by the hand of the Spanish Master himself," and he pointed to the signature on the end.

The customer opened his mouth at last. "Have you taken your penknife and tried to cut a bit off it? . . . I only say tried, for you could not succeed. Why, man, it's a fake; ingenious, if you like, but a fake. It is cast in one piece, with imitation nails and polish. Cast out of nothing more valuable than alumino-radio-platinum and not worth five shillings!"

The customer (in reality the secret buyer of another dealer) was right; the thing was cast metal, and it was Jarge that cast it . . .

* * * *

Is it not a dismal thought that the climax of universal education, upon which this century prides itself, so far from eradicating from the humble peasant all desire to defraud, should have supplied him with the necessary wits to do so? Is it not an even more dismal thought that the model cottage (with garden, acres and cow on the intensive system attached), in which Jarge now plies his profitable and nefarious trade, was built for him gratis by a kindly Government, on the distinct understanding that he had not a penny in the world wherewith himself to provide a roof for his poor old wicked head?

From the legend under a picture in *The Sphere*:—

"This charming camera study shows a little Lapland boy in the arms of his mother and singing away under the impulse of a Christmas feed which he already scents in the air. There is no doubt about this little fellow being the son of his mother."

We believe *The Sphere* to be right.



Belated Luncher. "I say, where *is* my waitress? The coffee's getting cold and there's no sugar and no ——"
Waitress. "That's 'er; she's off Thursdays at 3.15."

NARROW ESCAPES.

The Grand Duke Gabriel, while playing a round of golf at Biarritz last week, narrowly escaped what might have been a fatal injury. In the act of driving off from the thirteenth tee the Grand Duke sliced his ball with such force into the tee-box that, in bounding back, it narrowly missed his head, and killed a wood-pigeon in mid-air at a distance of some sixty yards. The Grand Duke, though naturally much shaken, is reported to be making satisfactory progress, and will, it is hoped, be allowed out in a week or so.

Sir Hubert Seebohm-Wood, the celebrated actor-manager, slipped on a piece of orange peel just outside the stage door of the Pall Mall Theatre last Saturday at 7.30 P.M. Being always is perfect condition Sir Hubert managed to avoid falling by cleverly clinging to the neck of a passer-by, and beyond a slight wrench to the metatarsal muscles of his medulla oblongata sustained no injury. He has, however, been ordered complete rest for two or three days, and is unable to respond to all the congratulatory telegrams which he has received on his fortunate escape.

It is not generally known that M. Caracole Prance, the world-renowned French *littérateur*, was within an ace of being permanently disabled during his recent sojourn in London. He was walking down Vigo Street in company with his inseparable friend, the eminent publisher, Mr. Long Jane, when, just as they were turning into Sackville Street, a boy who was playing tip-cat on the pavement smote the projectile with deadly precision straight at the face of the Master. With a self-sacrificing agility that cannot be too highly commended, Mr. Long Jane rushed forward, intercepting the missile on his massive chin. The force of the impact was so great that one at least of Mr. Jane's molars was slightly loosened, but being a man of iron constitution he was able to attend the Reception at the Richmond Galleries that night and to breakfast next morning along with M. Prance at Sir Albert Blond's. We understand that representations have been made to the Royal Humane Society with a view to their bestowing their Gold Medal on Mr. Long Jane for his conspicuous bravery. The offender, on the other hand, has been sent for ten years to Borstal.

Mlle. Nydia Vassiline, the Russian dancer, had an unpleasant adventure while staying for the week-end with Sir Samuel and Lady Hornblower at Kosherville Park. On Sunday afternoon, while the house party were taking a stroll in the demesne, a bull in an adjoining field, attracted no doubt by the red toque which Mlle. Vassiline was wearing, rushed up to the fence and emitted several menacing bellows. With great presence of mind Sir Samuel, reaching over the fence, which was only about six feet high, struck the infuriated animal several hard blows on the nose with his walking-stick, while Mlle. Vassiline was assisted in a prostrate condition to an adjacent summer-house. Dr. Bilbury Stoot, who was at once summoned, states that at her present rate of improvement Mlle. Vassiline ought to be able to resume her engagement at the Bolosseum in about a fortnight's time.

"The pilot waved his hand. It was Lord Edward Grosvenor up, alone, but very few people knew it. However, he kept his head."
Cheshire Observer.

Our aristocracy is not so effete as some people make out, if it can bear successfully a shock like this.

THE KING'S SONS.

"*Tell me a story,*" *said Margery.*

"*What sort of a story?*"

"*A fairy story, because it's Christmas time.*"

"*But you know all the fairy stories.*"

"*Then tell me a new fairy story.*"

"*Right,*" *I said.*

Once upon a time there was a King who had three sons. The eldest son was a very thoughtful youth. He always had a reason for everything he did, and sometimes he would say things like "Economically it is to the advantage of the State that—" or "The civic interests of the community demand that—" before doing something specially horrid. He didn't want to be unkind to anybody, but he took what he called a "large view" of things; and if you happened to ask for a third help of plum-pudding he took the large view that you would be sorry about it next morning—and so you didn't have your plum-pudding. He was called Prince Proper.

The second son was a very wise youth. You couldn't catch him anyhow. If you asked him whether he knew the story of the three wells, or "Why does a chicken cross the road?" or anything really amusing like that, he would always say, "Oh, I heard that *years* ago!"—and whenever you began "Adam and Eve and Pinchme" he would pinch you at once without waiting like a gentleman until you had got to the end of the verse. He was called Prince Clever.

And the third son was just wonderfully beautiful. He had the most marvellously pink cheeks and long golden hair that you have ever seen. I don't much care for that style myself, but in the country in which he lived it was admired more than I can tell you. He was called Prince Goldenlocks. I'll give you three guesses why.

Now the King had reigned a long time, so long that he was tired of being king, and he often used to wonder which of his sons ought to succeed him. Of course nowadays they never wonder, and the eldest son becomes king at once, and quite right too; but in those days it was generally left to the sons to prove which among themselves was the most worthy. Sometimes they would all be sent out to find the magic Dragon's Tooth, and only one would come back alive, which would save a lot of trouble; or else, after a lot of discussion, they would be told to go and find beautiful Princesses for themselves, and the one which brought back the most beautiful Princess—but very often that would lead to another discussion. The best way of all was to call in a Fairy to help. A Fairy has all sorts of tricks for finding out about you, and her favourite plan is to pretend to be something else and see what you do.

So the King called in a Fairy and said: "To-morrow I am sending out my three sons into the world to seek their fortune. I want you to test them for me and find out which is the most fitted to succeed to my throne. If it *should* happen to be Prince Goldenlocks—but, of course, I don't want to influence you in any way."

"Leave it to me," said the Fairy. "You agree, no doubt, that the quality most desirable in a king is love and kindliness——"

"Y-yes," said the King doubtfully.

"I was sure of it. Well, I have a way of putting this quality to the test which has never yet failed." And with that she vanished. She could have gone out at the door quite easily, but she preferred to vanish.

I expect you know what her way was. You have read about it often in your fairy books. On the next day, as Prince Proper was coming along the road, she appeared suddenly in front of him in the shape of a poor old woman.

"Please give me something to buy a crust of bread, pretty gentleman," she pleaded. "I'm starving."

Prince Proper looked at her sternly.

"Economically," he said, "it is to the advantage of the State that the submerged classes should be a charge on the State itself and not on individuals. The civic interests of the community demand that promiscuous charity should be sternly discouraged. Surely you see that for yourself?"

The Fairy didn't quite. The language had taken her by surprise. In all her previous adventures of this kind, two of the young Princes had refused her roughly, and the third had shared his last piece of bread with her. This adventure was going all wrong.

"Let me explain it to you more fully," went on Proper, and for an hour and twenty-seven minutes he did so. Then he went on his way, leaving a dazed Fairy behind him.

By-and-by Prince Clever came along. Suddenly he saw a poor old woman in front of him.

"Please give me something to buy a crust of bread," she pleaded. "I'm starving."

Prince Clever burst into a roar of laughter.

"You don't catch *me*," he said. "I've read about this a *hundred* times. You're not an old woman at all; you're a Fairy."

"W-what do you mean?" she stammered.

"This is a silly test of Father's. Well, you can tell him he's got *one* son who's clever enough to see through him." And he went on his way.

By-and-by Prince Goldenlocks came along. I need not say that he did all that you would expect of a third and youngest son who had pink cheeks, long golden hair and (as I ought to have said before) a very loving nature. He shared his last piece of bread with the poor old woman . . .

(Surely he will get the throne!)

But the Fairy was an honest Fairy. She did understand Proper's point of view; she had to admit that, if Clever saw through her deception, it was honourable of him to have said so. And though, of course, her loving heart was all for Prince Goldenlocks she felt that it would not be fair to award the throne to him without a further trial. So she did another thing that she was very fond of doing. She changed herself into a pretty little dove and—right in front of Prince Proper—she flew with a hawk in pursuit of her. "*Now* we shall see," she said to herself, "which of the three youths has the softest heart."

You can guess what Proper said.

"Life," he said, "is one constant battle. Nature," he said, "is ruthless, and the weakest must go to the wall. If I kill the hawk," he said, "I am kind to the dove, but am I," he said, and I think there was a good deal in this—"am I kind to the caterpillar or whatever it is that the dove eats?" Of course, you know, there *is* that to be thought of. Anyhow, after soliloquising for forty-seven minutes Prince Proper went on his way; and by-and-by Prince Clever came along.

You can guess what Clever said.

"My whiskers!" he said, "this is older than the last. I know this in my cradle." With one of those nasty sarcastic laughs that I hate so much he went on his way; and by-and-by Prince Goldenlocks came along.

(Now then, Goldenlocks, the throne is almost yours!)

You can guess what Goldenlocks said.

"Poor little dove," he said. "But I can save its life."

Rapidly he fitted an arrow to his bow and with careful aim let fly at the pursuing hawk . . .

I say again that Prince Goldenlocks was the most beautiful youth you have ever seen in your life, and he had a very loving nature. But he was a poor shot. He hit the dove . . .

"*Is that all?*" *said Margery.*

"*That's all,*" *I said.* "*Good night.*"

A. A. M.

THE PANTOMIME SONG.



TIME—*A few days before the Opening Night.*

Father (reading the words of new pantomime song)

"'Come with me to Demerara;
'Neath the palm-trees we will stray;
Bid farewell to pain and sorrow;
Our love will grow from day to day.'

THAT'S THE SILLIEST ROT I EVER READ. HOW *CAN* PEOPLE BE PAID TO SING SUCH BOSH, &c., &c."



Chorus. "COME WITH ME TO DEMERARA, &c., &c."
Father. "NOT BAD, EH? SEEMS DIFFERENT SOMEHOW WHEN YOU HEAR IT SUNG."



TIME—*A week later.*

The Family (all together, with zest). "COME WITH ME TO DEMERARA, &c., &c."



Female Spectator (to companion). "I DON'T 'OLD WIV DRESSIN' UP FOR A PARTY MYSELF. ONLY LAST NIGHT A GENTLEMAN UPSET A BOTTLE O' STOUT OVER ME!"

NO PRISMATIC HAIR FOR MEN.

THE DECISION OF THE NUT KING.

THE new fashion, which is being introduced into London from Paris, of brightly coloured hair for women, to go with different costumes, has been causing considerable panic in lower Nut circles, but happily their unrest is now over.

A West End coiffeur having expressed himself in print as favouring the new feminine mode, and recommended various shades of hair-dye in green and blue and purple, a number of the more noticeable Nuts began to wonder whether or not some such adjunct to their beauty would not also be forced upon them. But the heart of Nutville now beats normally once more. The fiat has gone forth.

Interviewed by a representative of *Mr. Punch*, the leading Nut, or Philopena, declared firmly against any such change. "Our trouble is this," he said. "We feel that we must keep pace with the girls. Yet no self-respecting Filbert could dye his moustache blue or green. For two reasons. One is that he dislikes the idea; the other, that very likely he has no moustache. All Barcelonas do not have moustaches. Some don't like them; others can't grow them. A Nut is no less a Nut because he is clean-shaved. It is the hair that tells with a Nut, not the moustache; and no Nut wants green or blue hair."

"But surely," our representative said, "if you had neckties and socks to match, your hair might be very charming if it were dyed. Think of the symphony; you might even be in danger of being stolen, like Leonardos."

"We are now," he said with pride.

"Do not be impetuous in resisting so alluring an adjunct, I implore you," said our representative as he rose to leave.

The Nut King pondered for a moment. "No," he said at last, "I think not. Let the ladies have it alone. We must be magnanimous now and then."

BEYOND REFORM.

GRIDLEY was an average sort of man, such as you may see in Throgmorton Street on any day of the week except Sunday. Voneril, on the other hand, was a teetotaler, non-smoker, early riser, two-meal-a-day vegetarian—and, if you can think of anything else of that sort, he was that as well. Still, Voneril was sometimes human; he had not always been those things.

Being a plain, normal man, Gridley possessed a capacity for making good resolutions; and the end of the year found him talking to Voneril at the club with that anxious expression on his face which the turner-over of new leaves is accustomed to wear.

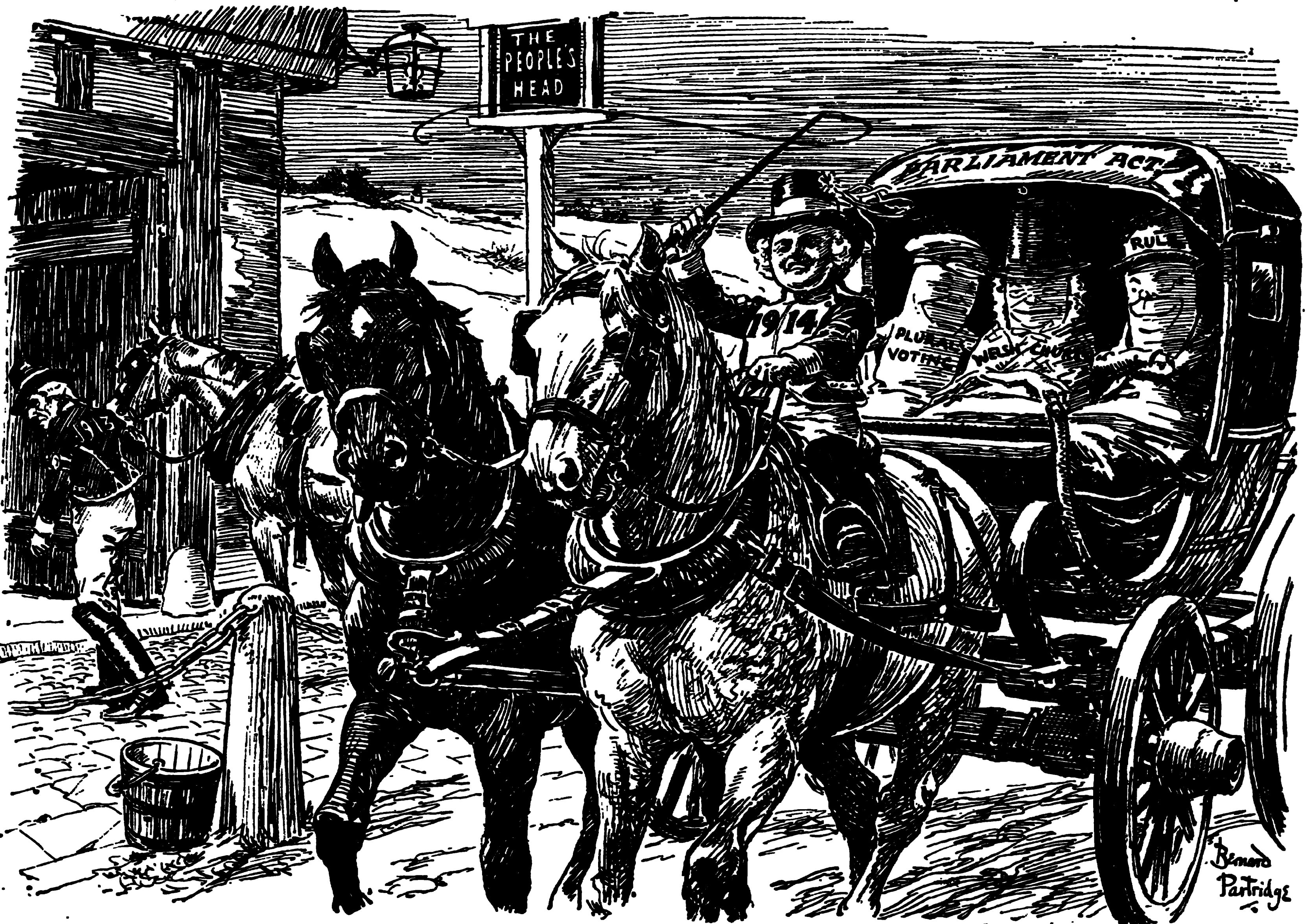
"Thank you for telling me all about vegetarianism," said Gridley gloomily, "but I really do not think it would suit me. At the same time I must make an effort to limit myself to, say, three square meals a day in the New Year. And I am not sure that it would not be well for me to knock off a cigar or two"—and as he continued his appearance became more and more dejected.

"Well, Gridley," said Voneril briskly, his healthy face beaming genially, "while I admit that men with habits like mine have a rotten time at Christmas, you must agree that they are saved a lot of worry when the New Year comes."

English as she is wrote.

"The sort of Champagne one's guests, on tasting the first glass, turn to their host with an unspoken look of admiration."—*Advt.*

Can it be that "return" is meant, the admiration being for his pluck?



THE THIRD STAGE.

NEW YEAR NOVELTIES.

Mr. Punch is glad to note that the sensible custom is spreading of choosing gifts that will be of practical use to their recipients during the New Year. He is pleased to give publicity to a few of the novelties displayed:—

Messrs. Armstrong-Bilberry have devised the "Civilwar Surtout," a smart slip-on garment that should be very popular during the social inclemencies of 1914. This sound and protective storm-coat is woven throughout of the finest Harveyised steel, and reinforced over the heart by three-inch plating. Loopholes for revolver fire in street fighting are cleverly masked by the large black-and-white check pattern which is painted on this really natty overcoat of the man about town. They also ensure the ventilation so essential in all heavy garb.

The "Civilwar" has already caught on. Orders have been received from Mr. John Redmond, Lord Londonderry, Sir Edward Carson, Mr. James Larkin and several other leaders who favour a stout equipment against the disturbances of what promises to be an exceptionally stormy year. Travellers contemplating the crossing of the Irish Sea cannot be given a more useful present than the "Civilwar Surtout."

The increasing number of golfers who naturally resent the interruption by business of the real game of life will welcome the sporting little "Puttumbrella" sold by Messrs. Hopago and Co. The removable knob of this umbrella is a veritable "gutty," disguised by Japanese carvings that give an excellently true run. The ribs and silk cover are instantly detachable, leaving a perfectly balanced putter. The familiar disc on to which the frame of an ordinary umbrella fastens is of convex aluminium, and makes an ever-ready "hole." The "Puttumbrella" is undetectable by partners, employers, head-clerks, supervisors and all other pests, and it can be re-fixed (according to tests that Messrs. Hopago have made in their own offices) between the time a tread is heard on the stairs and the opening of the door.

A really timely novelty has been invented by Madame Clarkson Pomeroyd, the famous beauty specialist. The "'Gioconda' Toilet Casket" is sure to find a place on the dressing-table of every butterfly of fashion. We cannot divulge the secret of this charming preparation. Let it suffice to remark that its basic ingredient consists of a priceless and ancient Florentine cosmetic which has the miraculous power of giving to the lips of the fair user the subtle and enigmatical smile which will be the society rage of the coming year.

No better advertisement of this new face cream could be devised than the letter of the Bishop of Dalston to the Press:—"The 'Gioconda' Toilet Casket is the most actively evil emollient of our decadent age."

The custom of all classes is sought by our great modern emporiums. With this in view Messrs. Whiterods are advertising "The Sympatheticon," an ideal gift for any ardent trade unionist. This little invention is something more than a mere scientific toy. It is like a watch in appearance and can be worn in the pocket or fastened to a belt. It is fitted inside with a delicate mechanism of wireless telegraphy. If an employer of any sort discharges a British workman for any cause whatever, an alarum rings in the nickel case and continues until the owner has declared a sympathetic strike. Messrs. Whiterods anticipate a sale of millions of these faithful little friends of the organisation of Labour. They can accordingly offer them at the trivial price of one shilling each—or, with extended affiliation to the Continent, at sixpence extra.



THE TAPESTRY MODE.

The Millionaire (declining to purchase post-impressionist creation). "Noth'n' doin'! Why, my maiden a'nt cud *darrn* a better picture 'n that."

WINTER SPORTS.

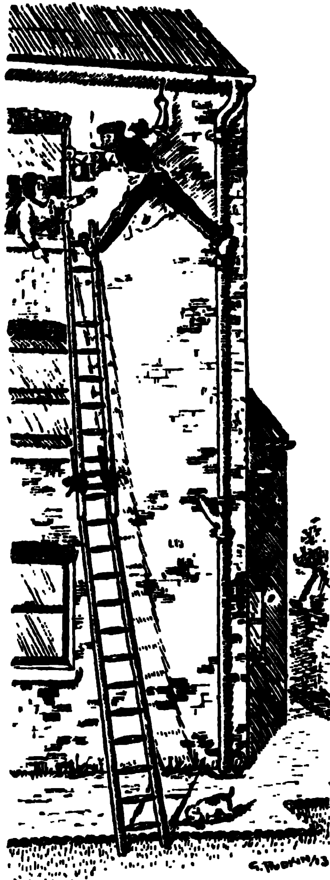
HOW TO CHOOSE A SWISS HOTEL.

"IN order to estimate the style of a hotel count the bathrooms and private sitting-rooms and roughly measure the size of the reception rooms. The ratio of these to the size of the hotel will be in inverse ratio of life in the hotel to the simple life." That is the advice given in *The Public Schools' Alpine Sports Club Year Book*, by a Director of Alpine Sports, Ltd., and no doubt he ought to know; but, although it is a good idea in its way, it does not really take us very far. The thing is getting more difficult every year. It is not, I would have you understand, that there is any lack of *data* on which to form an opinion. Quite the reverse. You cannot in this matter begin to make the faintest, most timid and tentative enquiry without being instantly overwhelmed, glutted, smothered in information. If the people who run these things would be content to send you particulars of only two hotels—one obviously good and the other clearly rotten—you might, without any surrender of your right of unfettered choice, know what to do; but as it is I have an economical friend in the North who no longer finds it necessary to take in a daily newspaper in winter as there is always a supply of material for lighting fires since the day, two years ago, when he sent an enquiring post-card about Swiss hotels.

There are some who choose by the picture at the top. That is a mistake. You will be disappointed. The three small spruce trees covered with snow which stand in a row on the extreme left will not be there when you arrive. The flag will not be flying like that, or if it is it means that there is an abominable wind which makes the place quite unfit to live in. The skating rink will not be covered with all those graceful people doing those beautiful figures. There will merely be a few ordinary people, like yourself, scratching round in the usual way. And the old gentleman on a toboggan, who is uproariously flying down the slope in front of the hotel at such a breakneck speed, with his comforter trailing behind him, will probably—when you arrive—be painfully prodding himself along with a stick in either hand. No, it is a mistake to choose by the picture.

Some choose by the altitude, but there is apt to be a touch of snobbery about that. Some choose by the name of the proprietor. I admit that I like one with a hyphen myself, such as Baumgrab-Egger or Rikli-Metzenheim. But this is a chancy method at best.

I really think it is simplest after all, although at first sight it seems a desperate course, to choose by the plan of the rooms. Get some pins and spread the sheet out on the table. First mark down the lift. If there is no lift, do not accept a photographic dark-room as a substitute, but give it up and try another hotel. Then hunt out the dining-room and observe if it happens to have any windows that open upon the outer air. If it is buried in the heart of the building, with winter-gardens on three sides of it, give it up and start again. You will now mark down the reception-rooms, count the bathrooms and carefully estimate the number of square metres in the passages. (People always put their empty luggage in the passages, and you want to know, of course, if you are likely to fall over it in the dark.) Roughly calculate the number of balconies, then turn back to the picture and count the chimneys.



Lady (anxiously, to reckless painter). "DO BE CAREFUL, MY GOOD MAN; MY LITTLE PONGIE'S JUST UNDER YOUR LADDER!"

Now we may make a few helpful calculations. The balconies multiplied by the bathrooms, with the chimneys added, will give us a useful index number as to the standard of luxury maintained. This may be divided into the bedrooms, plus the length of the ballroom in metres. Now throw in the lift, and the result will be in inverse ratio to the probabilities of Tango Teas. If you want to know whether you may look for finger-bowls, discover first of all if any charge is made for the band. If not, it is an excellent sign. It may mean that you are to get your music for nothing, and that is good. It may mean that there is no band, and that is magnificent. The price of the band, if there is one, in francs, multiplied by the radiators in the ballroom and taken in the strictest proportion with the size of the winter-garden, will give you a sound working idea concerning the prospects of fancy-dress balls.

To get at the quality of the food it is not a bad plan to estimate and consider the number of miles to the coast (fish); to Paris (eggs—so they say); to Berne (salads and fresh vegetables); and to Ceylon or China (tea). But the question of the tea is not so simple as it seems. Afternoon tea is not inclusive, you must understand, but in order to checkmate the exodus to the cafés it is charged at a fixed rate of so much a week, so you may as well drink it, anyhow.

We hope that these few hints may be of service to those who like to go into a matter of this sort and make themselves masters of it. For our own part, when the time comes to make up our mind, we generally blindfold ourselves and pick our hotel from the waste-paper basket.

Another Impending Apology.

"Although he was detained in St. George's Hospital, it is not expected that his recovery will take many days."—*Daily Telegraph.*

More Street Noises.

"As a result of the development of Barking, it was agreed to write to the Postmaster-General, asking that Barking should be included in the London district postal service."

The Standard.

A Callous Comment.

"FOOTBALL.

LONDON'S LEAGUE CLUBS DO WELL.

TWO PLAYERS' LEGS BROKEN."

Daily Mail.

"The old bride at Berwick-on-Tweed connecting England and Scotland by the Great North-road is becoming dangerous owing to motor traffic."—*Daily News.*

It sounds like a relic of Gretna Green.

"In the current number of a golfing weekly J. H. Taylor gives a description of the early days at Westward Ho! Golf was played then in a state of nature."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

No doubt it encouraged a free swing, but didn't the Bishop of KENSINGTON object?



Christmas Holiday Sportsman (whose dilapidated hireling has got his foot over a rein). "WHAT'S TO BE DONE?"

Runner. "WELL, WIF A HORNERY 'OSS YOU COULD LIFT 'IS LEG, BUT WIF THIS 'ERE 'OSS, IF YOU LIFTS 'IS LEG, I BELIEVE 'E 'LL FALL ON 'IS 'EAD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE mainspring of one of the current *revues* is an adorable lady who sings sprightly syncopated songs from time to time and, in between, smiles expansively and chatters volubly at the audience, leaving the stoniest critic with not a word to say against her, except, possibly that, if anybody else did what she did, it would be thoroughly bad art. It has now been my luck to meet in a novel this same intimate cheeriness, which assumes or creates a corresponding vivacity in the person addressed, and is, as far as I can see, a gift peculiar to the American artiste. In *Van Cleve* (MACMILLAN) MRS. MARY S. WATTS operates on material of a different and, happily, very much better class than the plot of a music-hall production; she tells the tale of a young man's life in the States, who encounters every kind of domestic, military and commercial complications and is involved in love affairs of all sorts. There appear in the tale also a boastful major who has never seen action in his life, a weak-kneed youth addicted to strong drink but otherwise excellent company, a *semi-demi-mondaine* with an eye to the main chance, and a bevy of the most unreasonable and amusing female relatives I have ever met. The sinking of the *Maine* looms large and real, and about the whole situation, at home and abroad, MRS. WATTS rattles on with a lively exuberance of phrase and a breadth of mind that are rarely found together. With the manner of spelling in which she, with the cussedness of her race, persists, I shall always quarrel; but with her humour I am content. If it is typically American in form, it is essentially English in spirit.

If, before reading MR. ERNEST THOMPSON SETON'S *Wild Animals at Home* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), I had been compelled to face that fearsome inquisition, a General Knowledge Paper, and had been asked to write chattily about the chipmunk, the coyote, and the sneak-cat, I should have sat inactive in the seat of the scornful. Now, however, I am not only prepared to tell you a great deal about these animals, but also to encourage you to believe that it would be my fault if you were bored in the telling. Without being in the least didactic MR. SETON is teaching all the time, and I never put down a book of his without realising his marvellous store of knowledge and his admirable manner of imparting it. Occasionally he is more than a little startling, and I was afraid that he was meaning to be humorous when I read, "I have a profound admiration for the skunk. Indeed, I once maintained that this animal was the proper emblem of America." But before I had finished the chapter I was equipped to defend the skunk against all comers. Respectfully I raise my hat to this brilliant *advocatus diaboli*. The sketches and photographs with which the book is illustrated cannot be beaten in quality, but they are apt, by force of numbers, to interfere with a pure enjoyment of the text. For MR. SETON'S pen is even mightier than his camera.

When you secure your copy of MR. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM'S collection of sketches of Irish life, entitled *Irishmen All* (FOULIS), please do not begin reading at page 1, for the opening sketch may lead you to suppose that MR. BIRMINGHAM is in a less rollicking mood than is customary with him. Go to page 137 and start on "The Publican."

It is quite the funniest thing its author has ever written. I can imagine Mr. W. W. Jacobs reading it and wishing that he had thought of the idea for one of his *Bob Pretty* stories. But then the atmosphere is so peculiarly Irish that it may be that only Mr. Birmingham could have handled it satisfactorily. I have met people who do not enjoy this author's humour, but I think that even they would be thawed by this story of *Mr. Peter Fogarty*, the inn-keeper, and his manœuvres to counteract the baleful influence of the temperance reformers in his village. But of all the sketches in the book perhaps the one calculated to give the greatest pleasure to the Saxon reader is "The Exile from Erin," as satisfying a satire on a particularly irritating pose as I have ever read. *Desmond O'Donoghue* and his Chelsea circle are a delight—from the two earnest young men, both atheists, who learned to dance Irish jigs because, being possessed by the idea that Irish priests were opposed to dancing, they "hoped to do something towards breaking the power of the Church by becoming expert jig-dancers," to the young lady who danced jigs, "hoping in that way to get in touch with the fairies." As for *Mr. O'Donoghue* himself, "there is," says the author, "so far as I can find out, only one thing which he will not do for Ireland; and that is, live there. But we must not blame him for that. Unlimited patriotism is too much to expect from any man."



Old Lady. "P'raps you wouldn't mind just nudgin' me when we gets to the next station—I'm a-goin' to 'ave a wink o' sleep."

I hesitate to recall how long it is since first Mrs. Hodgson Burnett enlisted my sympathies; but here she is doing it again as freshly and skilfully as ever in her latest story, to which she has given the perplexing title of *T. Tembarom* (Hodder and Stoughton). Perhaps, indeed, I should be justified in calling this the latest version of a before-told story, as you will understand when I explain that *T. Tembarom* is the nickname given to an American youth of obscure and apparently humble birth, who from the position of ill-paid reporter on a New York paper is suddenly translated to be the owner of Temple Barholm in Lancashire and seventy thousand a year. But if *T. Tembarom* is somewhat obviously a relation of the famous *Fauntleroy* he is certainly none the worse for that. Better indeed, for what Mrs. Hodgson Burnett does not know about the picturesque details of coming into unexpected affluence isn't worth knowing. There are scenes in *Tembarom's* initiation worthy to rank with that immortal moment (how beloved of my youth!) when his little velvet-suited lordship is shown the room full of toys. There is also much else that makes for a pleasant entertainment: a mystery, some slight roguery, and at least one character, the *Duke of Stone*, quite excellently portrayed. The mystery, perhaps, is no great matter; just transparent enough to keep us mildly impatient for its revelation, and in a state of flattered superiority to the characters in the tale, who could not perceive that *Strangeways*, the man without memory whom *Tembarom* had picked up in the streets, was really the missing—well, you know. A happy and picturesque novel, untroubled by realism, that I have much enjoyed, both for its own sake and for what it pleasantly recalls.

Kate Douglas Wiggin makes a charming little chronicle of simple loves and joys and sorrows out of *The Story of Waitstill Baxter* (Hodder and Stoughton) and her half-sister, *Patience*, in their obscure New Hampshire village. For the sake of her little sister, *Waitstill* puts off her devoted lover, *Ivory Boynton*, until *Patience* makes her own secret, happy, romantic match, and then, in defence of her, explains to her father, *Deacon Baxter*, a miracle of sordid meanness and petty tyranny, her long withheld opinion of him, with a candour which even so good a girl must have found extraordinarily pleasant when once she got going. I wonder if I am right in detecting some carelessness in Mrs. Wiggin's later methods. Does she not tend just to deal out the sections of her story to her characters and make them pass them on to the reader without troubling about subtleties of characterisation? Of course this does not apply to her grotesques—she draws her curmudgeon of a deacon with gusto; but doesn't she give her nice ordinary people rather long and unlikely narrative speeches? I know it is a jolly simple method which I should undoubtedly adopt myself, but that would be for lack of the skill and experience of the author of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. However, here is a pretty story, prettily told, and it has the rare and surely not always unwelcome quality of rather accepting and making the best of a traditional morality than of attempting a brand-new one trimmed to the very, very latest requirements.

On the crushed strawberry paper-wrapper round the cover of *One of the Crowd* Messrs. Chapman and Hall assert that the pages of Mme. Albanesi's new novel "scintillate with the glitter of the footlights, which do not, however, outshine the deeper flame of love." On the fly-leaf Mme. Albanesi herself has written, "Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us;" but it is only fair to add that she acknowledges the sentiment to be a citation from *Ecclesiastes* i. 10. Personally, if I may be allowed to get in a word edgeways, I found that where the authoress was dealing with the life of mean lodging-houses and the language and behaviour of musical-comedy favourites, both "on" and "off," her book was exceedingly bright and entertaining; but when she strayed outside this field to thrill us with genuine romance the construction of her story and its characters were of a very commonplace and conventional kind. *Sophie Beamish*, the derelict daughter of a great actor, being forced to adopt "the" profession in order to earn money, became the friend of *Miss Boodie Gaye*, a transatlantic star whose orbit was apparently at the eastern end of the Strand; and for *Miss Boodie Gaye* I have nothing but the sincerest admiration. Not since "The Chorus Lady" left London have I heard such a fine flow of American theatrical back-talk as gushed from this siren's lips, and I guess that *Sir Robert Devrington*, the "mother's joy-boy" who for so long "did the dog Tray act" after her, but eventually married *Sophie*, will sometimes weary for his old flame. Further, I am practically certain that the author of *Ecclesiastes* would have been startled some if he had been introduced to *Miss Boodie Gaye*.



MUNITIONS OF PEACE.

An Episode at the Belfast Customs.

Now it began to be recognised that there was a general prejudice in the country against Civil War. It is true that nobody—not even the Earl of HALSBURY—could remember from experience what even a sort of Civil War at home was like; but history showed that fratricidal strife had never suited the national genius or been really popular in these islands. Consequently the practice had fallen into desuetude during the last few centuries.

There were reasons, too, why a Civil War would be peculiarly inconvenient in the conditions of the time. Although Sir EDWARD CARSON had been at pains to say that the Army was bound, by all the laws of loyalty, to shoot at him if it was told to, it was felt that the spectacle of British troops fighting under Mr. REDMOND'S two flags—the Irish and the American—against the bearers of the Union Jack, would have in it the essential elements of a Music-Hall *Rêvue*, which is to say that, while those who took part in it might find it humorous, it would greatly shock the intelligence of the spectator.

Then, again, a Civil War would be a bad example to Mexico; and, once more, at a moment when our Military Forces were a bit below themselves in point of numbers, it was not fair to Germany to throw fresh temptation in her way.

Finally, a Civil War would distract people's attention from the prior claims of the Land Campaign.

Under these circumstances there was a feeling that the leaders on both sides ought to meet and talk things over together. And, indeed, they even went so far as to talk separately about talking things over together. And this they did on party platforms, where the other side is never present. And each side protested that all this shouting at one another on party platforms was rotten, and kept on doing it.

And, as a basis for conversations (in case they ever took place), the one side said that, if they could only have their own way about all points that really counted, they were fully prepared to make concessions about anything that didn't matter at all. And the other side said just the same.

And the trouble was that the one side, having committed themselves very deeply, wanted to save their faces; and that the other side, not having any faces to save, wanted the People to be consulted. "For," said they, "if the People are against this great wrong being done to Ulster, they will put us into power and the great wrong won't be done; but, if they are in favour of it, then we wash our hands of the Civil War."

But it was never made quite clear why Ulster should be any better pleased at having this great wrong done just because the People thought it would be good for her.

O. S.

Meanwhile, since it seemed probable that, unless somebody began to do something, Civil War would be well advanced before the conversations had started, it was thought that, if we were to have fighting at all, it would be best for only one side to be armed. So a Proclamation was issued in the KING'S name that no unofficial weapons or other deadly wherewithals should be admitted into Ireland.

Now the Customs House Officers, fearful of imposition, were instant to investigate all baggage, whatever profession was made as to its contents. And in this way a great amount of material designed for the destruction of snipe and woodcock was detained under suspicion. But also much clever work was done, and many disguises penetrated. Thus, a gun-case labelled "Monna Lisa" was not allowed to enter the country. And a very large trunk, though it bore the deceptive superscription, "Canary Seed," was also debarred from admission, on the ground that a bayonet was observed to be protruding through a fissure in its side.

Now the Right Honourable AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, being the Chief Secretary for Ireland and therefore responsible for its integrity, presided over these detective operations. And in the execution of his duty he came upon a box that bore a strong similitude to a cartridge-magazine. And, giving it an authoritative tap, he said to the owner, who had the air of an inveterate sportsman, "Have you anything to declare? Ammunition, guns, rifles, pom-poms, maxims, howitzers, submarines, mines or pea-shooters?"

"I have nothing to declare," replied the proprietor of the box, "except that I am a Sage. Sages should be exempt from suspicion."

"I am a bit of a Sage myself," replied Mr. BIRRELL, "yet I am not exempt from public suspicion. And, though Philosophers profess to ignore externals, they are quick to suspect a brother Philosopher when appearances are against him. Hence I ask, How comes it that, if its contents are not lethal, your box should so closely resemble what I am told is known as a cartridge-magazine?"

"That is only my humour," explained the Sage.

"I am a bit of a humourist myself," replied Mr. BIRRELL; "yet I am constantly reminded that there are certain affairs of which a light treatment is not permissible. Only the other day I read a leaderette in *The Globe* headed 'Dangerous Humour,' in which that guardian of the public weal attacked *Mr. Punch* for publishing a gay article entitled 'A Vision of Ireland's Armageddon.'"

"It baffles my poor comprehension," replied the Sage, "that a journal which in all heavy seriousness has done its best to encourage Ulster to prepare for Civil War should object to an article which, if it were likely to produce the effect predicted of it, would only be assisting towards the same result. But as a matter of fact, as you well know, Sir, there is no better solvent of a strained situation than clean and impartial ridicule. I take no shame that the article in question should have appeared in one of my own pages."

"My dear old friend!" exclaimed Mr. BIRRELL. "Your hump had escaped me, for my attention was confined to your front view. But I ought to have recognised you by your genial countenance. Permit me to pass your baggage unopened."

"On the contrary," replied *Mr. Punch*, "I insist on revealing the matter within; for in my humble and unbiassed opinion it constitutes the most desirable of imports. Its nature, I admit, is explosive, but it only operates when brought into contact with kindred natures made for mirth. Without its presence in the home, no form of Home Rule, even by consent, is conceivable; on the other hand, Ulster will adore it, and Ulster will be right."

And on this note of optimism *Mr. Punch* unlocked his magazine and exposed to view his

One Hundred and Forty-Fifth Volume.





Cartoons.

Articles.

Articles—*continued.*

Pictures and Sketches.

